

MUTUAL MASTURBATION SCANDAL ROCKS CAMPUS Faculty fingers students; Joanie: “It goes deeper than I thought.”

BUFFERS FIND GOD

Turn into Christian boy band Ms. Caswell '14

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGULOUS STUDIES (THE CHAPEL) By the end of last Friday night’s opening a capella concert, audience members were gear-ing themselves up for the raunchfest they knew would come with the night’s closing act: The Buffers. Renowned throughout the campus as “those drunk guys who sing ‘Bomb Diggity’ and deliver really uncomfortable Buffer-grams in February,” the Buffers have a reputation for de-bauchery that they’ve been building for decades.

Concertgoers were shocked, however, when they found that their be-lovedly brash Buffers had seemingly turned a new leaf.

As they quietly, respect-fully, and soberly walked on stage, head Buffer Cam Kirkman '13 took the mic.

“I know you all were ex-pecting our usual dirty rou-tine, but this year things are a little different. We found God!” he cried. He then explained how the Buffers had collectively come to find the word of the Lord, and that they were turning their sexual—I mean singing—prow-ess to a greater cause.

Fan favorites like “Fat Bottomed Girls,” “Signed, Sealed, Delivered,” and “Ignition” were replaced with tunes like “Jesus Loves Me,” “You Can’t Get to Heaven on Roller Skates,” and “The Lord’s Prayer.” Fan un-favorites, like jokes about abortion and that song about rain in Africa, were replaced with inter-song prayers for the Duely Noted. Fans were trepidatious and tentative at first, but they remained really fucking confused the whole time.

But one Buffer, who only spoke to us on the prom-ise of anonymity, had inside information on what may have prompted the change.

“I think Cam actually thinks he found God...like in the woods behind his house,” he said. “I’m pretty sure it was just an old homeless guy though. Cam did a lot of shrooms this summer.”

To Buffer fangirls, however, this news was quite up-setting, as each of the Buffer boys has taken a vow of chastity and now wears a purity ring in honor of that choice. They’ve asked their ‘girlfriends’ to do the same.

In related news, the vast majority of the desperate freshman girl population on campus now seems to be wearing purity rings.



Buffer fangirls also upset by this.

ADMINISTRATION LIFTS BAN ON HARD ALCOHOL

Students respond responsibly By Mr. Olsson '14

NO MORE BONUS POINTS DEPT. (ROOT FAC APP) There was much cheerful, sensible rejoicing this week as returning upper-classmen found the ban on hard alcohol that had long lain heavy over campus unexpectedly lifted after summer break. While there are still legitimate concerns over the continued inability of freshmen to stop at any point short of “Holy shit, I think he’s gonna die,” the ban had only been useful at scar-ing freshmen into a secret ménage-à-trois with an illicit handle and a porcelain god.

“I’m gonna be quite honest with you on this,” administration spokesman John Nitterman Jr. said early in ‘so-how-was-your-summer’ week. “I deep-sixed the ban because I’m just fucking tired of this shitty place. I’m hoping one of you will wind up dead in the shower with three hookers in the closet and some Everclear on the floor, and they’ll just clear out the whole administration in

the ensuing investigation.” The apocalypse, though, has yet to occur. Last weekend, no freshmen were found face-down in the mud, there was only mild kecking on the Breakaway bus, and Nancy Thompson found no cause to send another deeply bitter, fan-tastically snarky email.



Most Perverse Act? Ménage atrois.

“It was kind of nice to drink my margarita in peace,” Sara Lazarus '14 said. “It was like, well, they’re treating us like adults now, ya know, so I guess maybe I should act like one? Mind you, I think I wound up at the Reggae party in naught but knee socks and a lei, but still... re-sponsibility?”

Nitterman, however, has not taken the (ab-sence of) news well. “Fuck you guys—I’m literally asking y’all to drink yourselves silly for me, and you can’t even do that right. And Christ, think about the Utica hospitals—you punks must be the closest thing they get to humor. Drink for them. Please.”

CLASSICS MAJOR RUNS OUT OF WAYS TO REBEL AGAINST CARING, SUPPORTIVE PARENTS

Misses the point of “first world problems” By Ms. Kerper '15.

CLASSICS DEPT. (WHY SAY LANGUAGES WHEN YOU CAN SAY LANG-VAGES) In a turn of events nearly as tragic as the stories of Oedipus and Lindsay Lohan, Classics major Olivia Drake '13 has finally run out of ways to rebel against her parents, whom she described as “too goddamn supportive.”

“When I told my parents I wanted to be a clas-sics major, I couldn’t wait to have my first ever dis-agreement with them,” she said. “I had this beauti-ful image of my father lying on his bed, sweaty and naked except for his tie, holding the telephone and yelling, ‘What the hell are you going to do with a classics major?’” Drake continued with a long-ing sigh. “Instead, all I got was another ‘We’re so proud of you,’ just like the time I pierced my own tongue.” She then stuck her tongue out, revealing a tiny metal replica of the Coliseum protruding from the muscle.

“I made it myself in sculpture class back when I thought I was double majoring in art, but I dropped that idea as soon as my parents told me they ‘always wanted an artist in the family.’”

When asked about Olivia’s piercing and other displays of reckless behavior, her mother Ja-nine responded, “That’s what college is for, right?



This is what Daddy Is-sues look like.

Take crazy classes, try some heroin, get a few piercings here and there... it’s what we all did.”

Drake’s father Herman added, “I’m so proud of the way she’s embraced her in-dependence, never asking our opinion on any of her decisions! All I want is for her to be happy. And if she wants to sacrifice her independence after graduating and borrow our money until she can afford to live on more than just Cheez-its, I say, why shouldn’t she?”

Drake, possibly driven mad with the un-fulfilled desire to disappoint someone close to her, is rumored to have attended the first meeting of the Hamilton College Republicans.

In this issue: Shane Koyczan’s Glorious Chin-Rug

3LAU CONCERT CAUSES NERD RIOT



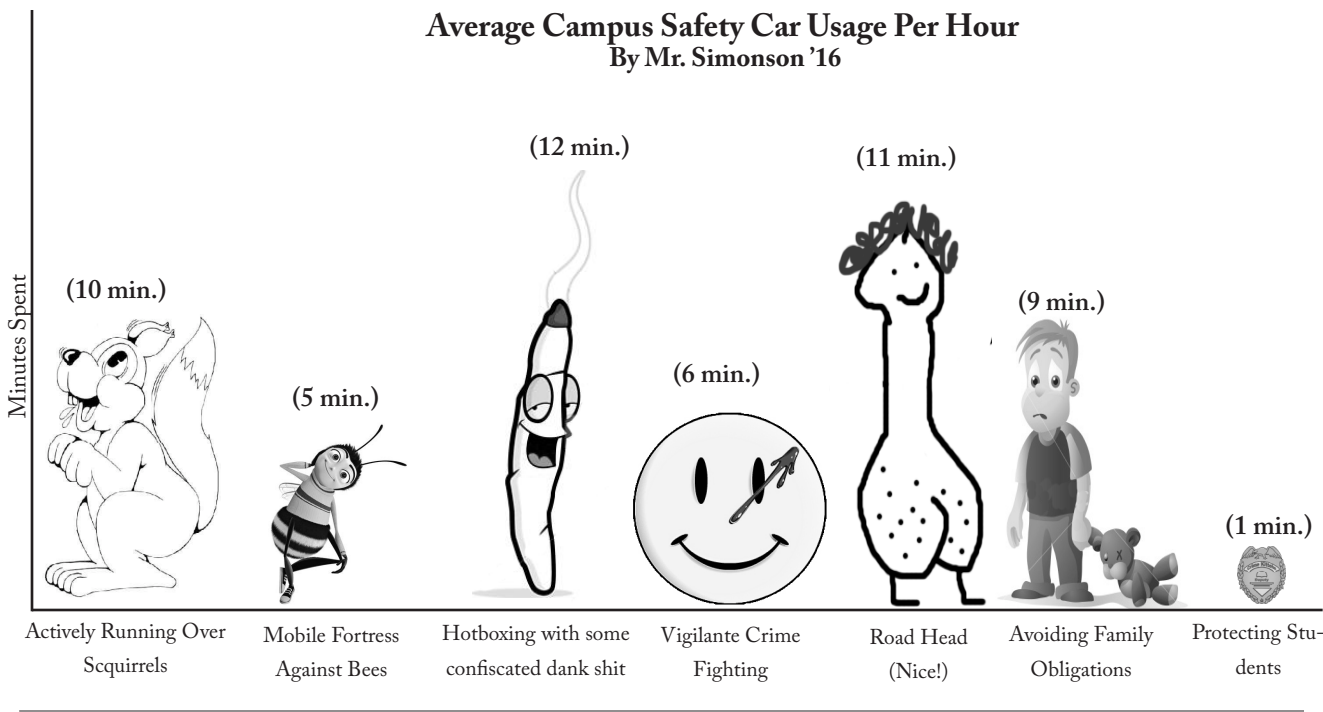
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CYNICAL PAT REYNOLDS’ INTERNAL MONOLOGUE



“Oh, Shakespeare in the Glen? I suppose that’s better than Shakespeare in a Half-Filled Auditorium.”

BURKE B-DAY FORECAST	8 P.M.	12 A.M.	2 A.M.
	High Circulation	Midnight Snack	Bar Hopping
			
	High probability people check out more than just books.	75% chance 3rd floor <i>Power and the Gloryhole</i> is most fun.	“They should call this the all-night RAGER room.”



AN OPEN LETTER: WHY I'M TERRIFIED OF BEING EATEN ALIVE BY UTICANS

Some people are afraid that their roommates secretly don't like their Coldplay poster. Some people are afraid that people will find out that they actually use a bidet at home on a regular basis. Some people are afraid that the Jonas Brothers will break up. Me, I'm afraid of being eaten alive by a naked man in broad daylight, smack dab in the middle of Martin's Way. Why?

Recently, Utica became the U.S. capital of bath salts abuse, which is scary as hell (*Editor's Note: Fucking true. Google it.*). But let me be clear: I'm not suggesting that if I have a little soak with a dash of 'Lavender Fields' fragrance that I'm going to smell so goddamn good that someone can't help but have a little taste.

Bath salts are a new kind of drug that are widely considered the number two most dangerous substance to put in your mouth, second only to the chicken from Commons. They have been known to cause anxiety, high blood pressure, and turn you into a motherfucking zombie. Bath salts make PCP hijinks sound like an episode of *The Brady Bunch*. ("Oh my! Peter just lifted a car off of the ground! That boy gets so excited! Now he's tearing off his ears!")

About a month and a half ago there was a naked guy in Utica who got tasered by the police because he was running around waving a tree trunk in the middle of the street. Ever since then I've been having awful nightmares. I have this one

where I'm walking up from Bundy after a great Friday night when I see a naked guy walking down College Hill Road. I think, "Oh hey! There's the asthmatic from the streaking team!" and pay him no mind. I stop to pee on the sidewalk, and then he jumps up behind me and clubs me to death with a bear carcass.

Still not scared? Think CamPo can take care of it? Here's a scenario: you've finished lunch at Commons and you're walking through the crosswalk when a fifty-year-old nakie lady pounces on you and starts ripping your throat out with her mouth. Luckily, CamPo shows up and tells her to pour out her drink or they'll have to give her a point. Unfortunately, her drink is your jugular vein and it's already being poured out.

It's only a matter of time before they're here. And a balled up sock won't stop them. Run, you fools!

Sincerely,
Joffrey King '16

Edited by Mr. Dyer '16



Not on bath salts, just a Wally J resident.



WORDS TO THE WHYS:

Have you got questions? Well Isaac from the Love Boat, the Duel Observer's Spiritual Guru, has answers! Text your questions to 315-282-5426 or email duel@hamilton.edu and he'll bequeath upon you infinite wisdom and turn your blues to news, hepcats.

Dear Isaac,

Long time reader, first time writer. I'll cut to the chase: I really want to prostitute myself to Prof. [NAME REDACTED] for some experimental fetishistic knife play. Since he works in the Econ department, I think he'd be interested. Should I email him or visit during office hours? Please advise.

Hopefully he'll like my cleavage,

Some Lovelorn Adolescent Seeking Help

Dear SLASH,

In my experience, email is the way to go.

Snag that Bloody Stag You Kookie Lass,

Isaac from the Love Boat

Dear Isaac,

Sorry to bother you, but my roommate keeps drawing pictures of Allah in his sleep. Will the fatwa be issued against him or the whole quad?

Concerned but definitely not a racist,

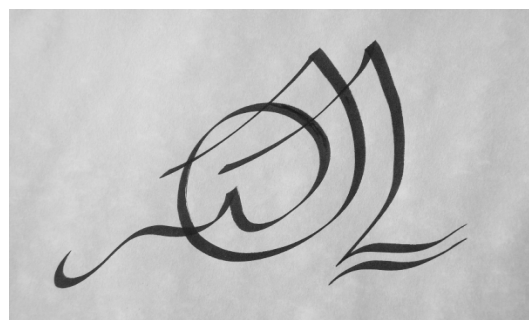
Wry Hampton Inhabitant Typing Editorials

Dear WHITE,

Having consulted Wikipedia, it appears that in Grand Ayatollah Sayyed Ali Hosseini Khamenei's most recent ruling on the correct way to order chai from an Israeli Buddhist, footnote 23 allows for forgiveness in the case of sleep-drawing Allah only if induced by music from Katy Perry's latest album. It looks like you may have some wiggle room here as long as you're willing to turn your collegiate dreams into a Teenage Nightmare. Ha! Just kidding! That would be funny though, right? In truth, American Muslims tend not to adhere strictly to their more fundamentalist brethren's strictures. As long as you afford them respect and don't publish the pictures in Denmark, you're probably fine.

Venlig hilsen bro,

Isaac from the Love Boat



He's got 99 names, but bitch ain't one.

FRIDAY FIVE: GROUPS YOU WON'T SEE AT THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES FAIR

1. Manga for Breakfast!?

This club (though really they're more of a society) is a great place for anyone looking to enjoy the most important meal of the day the right way—y'know, with manga. Please note: this is a club intended for fans of only non-pornographic manga.

2. We're into Leather

For too long, sadomasochists and bikers have been without a place on the Hill to discuss their mutual love of tanned bovine hides. No longer. All are welcome. Just remember, the safe word is "vichyssoise."

3. The Neck-Beard Coalition



Does the omnipresence of impressive and sometimes intimidating facial hair on campus leave you down in the dumps? Are the pubes growing under your chin ineffective at attracting the opposite sex or getting you into bars? Then join NBC, where you'll find a welcoming gaggle of the few people on campus as awkward, greasy, and disgusting as you.

4. The Bob Marley Shirt Club

Rasta! Blood Clot! 4/20! Are you unique and interesting? Is your taste in clothes and music? If not, you'll love speaking in a shitty patois and smoking out of apples with the "dopest" club on campus.

5. Girls Who Admit They've Had Sex With Me

No, this group has never had an "official member," so to speak, but maybe this is the year. Meetings are a great judgment-free forum to voice your interesting mix of disgust, disappointment, and anger. Please stop ignoring my texts.

By Mr. Glace '16

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