

THE PASSWORD FOR OUR ORGY IS GROUPOLOVE
Do more with your tongue than tie it

FRESHMAN STUDENT HAS TO
FIGHT DRAGON TO OBTAIN
ALCOHOL

Class of 2017 risks life and limb for booze

By Mr. Burns '17

DRAGON AND TROLL SANITATION DEPARTMENT
(THE DRAGON'S LAIR) Saturday night, freshman Jason Ortega was forced to engage a dragon in combat in order to secure a beer from the fridge of a group of seniors. It was a dramatic end to a night that involved Ortega solving the riddle of the trolls under the bridge on Martin's Way and saving a prospie trapped by a giant spider on the third floor of the Chapel, all in an attempt to get his hands on some booze. It was all part of what upperclassmen call "an ancient prophecy, or whatever."



"I can't keep doing this ancient quest thing every weekend," Ortega said as he repelled the dragon's fire with a shield given to him by a mysterious, yet wise, warlock. "I have homework, too, guys."

The freshmen that make it as far as Ortega are thrown into a pit with a dragon as upperclassmen watch from high thrones. Those who survive are granted a can of Miller Lite nobody else wanted.

"The dragons used to be bigger when I was a freshman," Evan Grant '14 said as he sipped a beer he had readily at hand. "They also had eyes that would turn you to stone. These kids have it easy."

Ortega is one of many freshmen risking their lives to acquire booze.

"I had to fight my way through two hobgoblins and the reanimated corpse of Alexander Hamilton to make it the top of the Chapel, only to be told the prospie was in another castle. What kind of bullshit is that?" Ian Jacobson '17, who lost his eye in a swordfight with Hamilton, asked.

Even the helpful warlock who appears to guide the freshmen on their journey admits that their assignments are a tad extreme.

"I have to tell you, it hasn't been easy doing this job. That dragon isn't one of those McEwen vegan-breeds. I've seen many floppy humans get gobbled. The carnage gets to you after a while," the warlock said before disappearing in a cloud of cocaine.

After realizing that they had to fight a beast born from the fiery asshole of Satan, many freshmen decided to continue to look for another party or simply went home.

The bridge trolls declined to comment for this story.

ROGERS ESTATE, WERTIMER
HOUSE SECEDE

No one notices

By Mr. Wesley '16

NON-ESSENTIAL FUNCTIONS DEPT.

(IN THE GRAVEYARD) Sometime probably recently, both Wertimer House and Rogers Estate seceded from the College, declaring themselves the "Confederate States of Hamilton." However, it took until this Monday for students to notice.

The dispute began when the people of Rogers Estate sent a carefully worded letter to Joan Hinde Stewart, declaring that they were taking their personal chef hostage unless Hamilton College gave them autonomy. The letter, composed of magazine clippings from Miniature Railway Weekly, stated that their chef, Gordon Ramsay, would be chopped if their demands were not met. This was understandably met with shock and uncertainty, because according to both Bon Appétit and Joanie, Gordon Ramsay doesn't host the show *Chopped*.

Simultaneously, the denizens of Wertimer House, disgruntled because no one wants to hang out with them, sent a declaration of war via email. The leader of the Wertimites, Eric Hildreth '17 said, "I was so tired of people making fun of my lands that I finally decided to declare war on the

rest of campus as a massive up-yours!" He went on to describe how on Tuesday, both he and the leader of Rogers Estate, Lindsay Iuppa '16, met over the grave of Secretary of War Elihu Root, Class of 1864, to form an alliance and formally declare their secession from campus.

Predictably, this has prompted the question, "Which one is Wertimer?" In an attempt to calm the student body down, Nancy Thompson sent an email entitled "Rogers and Wertimer Leave... Whatever."

"So that's where that road leads," John Rockwood '15 said. "I always thought that the random road by Eells was for Physical Plant or something. Who in their right mind would want to walk that far for alcohol?"

At last report, Wertimer residents had barricaded themselves on the second and third floors in preparation for what they call the "War of Higher Aggression." In addition, the inhabitants of Rogers Estate staged a march from their dorm yesterday but had to turn back citing the unbearable cold and complete exhaustion of the troops.



HAMILTON STUDENT
FOUNDS NEW RELIGION

First Commandment: Hegemony is next to Godliness

By Mr. Boudreau '14

VERSACE VERSACE VERSACE DEPT.

(THE CHAPEL) In its attempts to provide students with a rich and varied spiritual life, the College has begun offering regular worship services for the recently formed Church of the Newly Enlightened, Conspicuously Attired Consumer, or NESAC.

"The acronym was a total happy coincidence," Abby Stockville '15, the church's founder and chief prophet, said. "Uhhh, I mean, the acronym totally came to me in a vision."

When pressed to define what makes her new religion different from other faiths, Stockville was candid.

"We believe in the Holy Trinity," she said.

"You know: Patagonia, Barbour, and J. Crew. We also believe that there is no God but God, and that He only wears Vineyard Vines."

Every Sunday, worshippers put on specific religious apparel before the service begins. Men must don the sacred brown Sperry Topsiders, while women slide their feet into the holy Hunter rain boots.

NESAC worship has proven immensely popular among apathetic Hamilton students who are discouraged by the dietary restrictions, boring music, and "preachiness" that characterize traditional religions.

"This new religion is so easy," Tyler R. Lansingburgh III '17 said. "I already had a ton of the sacred clothing in my closet, and I think I'm on the fast track to sainthood because I wore Sperrys and a Lacoste polo today."

See "The New Sunday Best," continued on back page.

In this issue: Idk, you write it

HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON HELPS
YOU SLYTHERIN TO BED






See "Use protection. Leaky Cauldrons make babies," pg. 9 3/4.

JIMMY'S SHUTTLE SERVICE!



\$20 trips to Syracuse. All you can eat candy and puppies! No windows? No problems! Still safer than Utica Cab.

SEXILE FORECAST	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	Senior Pub  90% chance you close your eyes and pretend to be asleep.	GROUPOLOVE  Low probability you can join in.	Farm Party  "I swear if you refer to my bed as the big green tractor again..."



NATIONAL WRITING WEEK MAD LIB!

It's National Writing Week here at Hamilton, which means that we get to slack off by making you write part of our back page. To get an authentic feel for what it's like to write for the Duel, fill this in at, like, 3 am on Monday morning, and have someone yell at you constantly to simulate an editor.

It sure is hard to teach good (subject that ends in “-riting”). Thank God that here at (ritzy upstate NY liberal arts school) we have such a dedicated staff of (animals) in the (on-campus location that certainly shouldn't be the Nesbitt-Johnson Writing Center) to help us with our (subject that still ends in “-riting”). These (positive adjective) tutors sure are (positive adjective about their odor), and well-hung! Also they (passive-aggressive compliment)! Which is seriously great.

We also have a really rich variety of on-campus media. The Spectator has (tired, cliché-ridden joke that the Duel makes every week), and then of course, there's WHCL, which is always pumpin' the (unit of measurement) into your (word that rhymes with unit of measurement). They don't really write much on the radio, I guess, but they're still a bunch of (profanity-laden compliment).

But don't even get me started on the Duel Observer. Now there's a publication that really doesn't have its (profanity) (profanity) standard of acceptable writing up to (golf term rhyming with “bar”). I mean, they publish some seriously (adjective) shit, and if I could, I would totally (mild death threat) them all.

CAMPUS CUTIE: President Joan Hinde Stewart

By Mr. Johnson '14



Name: Joan Hinde Stewart, aka Joanie AKA the Joanster AKA Da Big beHinde

Class Year: Class of '65 – SENIORS REPRESENT!

Prospective Major(s): The most obscure French texts known to man.

Favorite place for studying? Men's rugby. ;)

What's your spirit animal? Walter White. Don't read into it.

If you could give any advice to the Class of 2017, what would it be? Stay out of my territory.

What's your favorite food/food combination from the dining halls? Hahahaha, you think I'd get caught eating anywhere on this campus? I know what goes into that stuff and brother it ain't pretty.

What's your favorite building on campus and why? The ones I no longer have to raise millions for. Which is none of them, because you destructive assholes make us have to renovate them every five years.

Describe yourself in three words: Drunk, ambitious, intelligent, and drunk.

Favorite color(s)? At this point in life, anything that isn't

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, DUNHAM?

Dear asshole who returned home last night at two in the morning,

I was under the impression that those of us living in Minor had silently, yet conclusively, agreed that Minor is not the dorm where loud parties or drunken exploits take place. Minor is where we go to quietly experiment with drugs or discretely explore our tenuous grasps on sexuality before attending parties elsewhere. I fully believed that we all understood and respected this agreement, but alas, you proved to me that this was not the case.

You strode into the building with brazen disregard for the rest of us. You held a twenty minute conversation (though “shouting match” might be a more apt description) in voices that reverberated everywhere from the first floor to the third. You thundered through the hallways with an absolutely deafening disloyalty to your dorm-mates. And while I will admit that I admire the tenacity that allowed you to ignore the six other voices I overheard across my floor pleading for your silence, it would appear that at some point that tenacity trans-



Minor Resident

Buff and Blue. Anything.

Major celebrity crush? Hillary Clinton—why do you think I paid her a quarter mill to come? By the way, we're hiking tuition again.

What are the top 3 songs on your playlist this week? Vivaldi's “Winter,” Beethoven's “Fifth,” Big Sean's “Ass.”

U.S. or Europe? You spend 50 years studying the French, then tell me how much you want to share a continent with them.

Favorite time of the year? Summertime—I can hear the Clinton fire horn and not freak out that you all set the town on fire again.

Favorite movie to quote? 2004's *Soul Plane*: “Screw your shit on tight and enjoy the flight!”

Stripes or polka dots? Friday is always polka dots, and you're a perv for asking.

What adventurous thing would you like to do in the future? Tell our “generous alums,” “diligent staff,” and “gifted students” what I really think of 'em. Just four more years to retirement...

Light Side or Dark Side? Oh, you start out on this job all happy and optimistic, let's do what we can to help everyone, but you spend YEARS raising MILLIONS to help the financial aid kids get in, then realize you've got to spend almost ALL of it on some new edifice to their generosity, some absurd art museum or performing arts center, or they'll stop giving FOREVER and THEN YOU BUY THEIR MONUMENT TO SELF-CONGRATULATIONS WHILE MONICA INZER TALLIES HOW MUCH YOU CAN SPEND TEACHING KIDS, AND YOU TELL ME IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE PART OF THE DARK SIDE.

Oh, wait, did you mean in the campus sense? Totally Dark Side still 420 burn it.

THE NEW “SUNDAY BEST”

Continued from “Hamilton Student Finds New Religion.”

“I just—Sorry, *God* just told me he wanted to design a church that was truly accessible to everyone,” Stockville said. “So really anyone is welcome to participate in our worship at any time.

“Provided they're wearing the right brands, of course,” she added.

Stockville has zealously combated heresy in her new church. Anyone caught wearing clothes from American Eagle or The Gap is immediately burned at the stake.

This new Church appears to have provoked genuine changes among the student body—chiefly the desire for salvation. “I used to think Heaven was an American Apparel outlet,” new convert Jaime Aarondell '14 said. “But the Church of NES-CAC has shown me that heaven is so much more; it's like a magic 80% off coupon!”

Other more earthly changes have also occurred. Fuck buddies of new converts

formed into downright ass-hattery. Not everyone in the dorm appreciates your pre-dawn chorus of “Wrecking Ball,” or the sound of vomit splattering the stairwell.

Ultimately, a trust was broken last night. You treated our dorm like a party dorm—not with the respect you would have shown to Ferguson, nor with the self-deprecating admiration dedicated to the suites in Milbank or Babbitt, or even with the good-natured war between disgust and endearment directed toward Bundy. No, you, dear asshole, transformed what was once a beautiful and sacred atmosphere of tranquil marijuana and sex into what can only be described as a Dunhamesque environment. We are not fucking Dunham.

Sincerely,
Your thoroughly betrayed and sleep-deprived dorm-mate.

Found in a Minor common room and reprinted by Ms. LaSon '17

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU

Editor-in-Chief/ tUnE-yArDs

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

Editor-out-Chief/ oOoOO

SARBINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY

Managing Editor/ !!!

JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY

Layout Editor/ Ke\$h

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS

Artiste/ James A. GaRfieL.d

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JOHN ANDREW CARLYSLE JOHNSON

SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL

COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY

Staff Writers

J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL

MICHAEL LOUIS DYER

ADAM PATRICK GWILLIAM

NATHAN TAYLOR GOEBEL

SAMUEL CLIFFORD WAGNER

WYNN ROSE VAN DUSEN

ZOË BIGGE BODZAS

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS

Contributors

BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY

KATHERINE XIN WANG

TAYLOR CELESTE LASON

Copy Editors

KIM WANG

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/