THE DUEL OBSERVER "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself." VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE X November 7, 2014

FARM PARTY The only farm where it's uncouth to sow seeds

PLATONIC FRIENDS HAVE SEX FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT

Literally no one has ever thought of this before

By Ms. Suder '18

Student Health Dept.

(DIMLY LIT MILBANK SINGLE) Dennis Mallard '17 and Hillary Buckfield '16 made campus-wide news last weekend when they publicly admitted to engaging in sexual acts together even though they're not in a monogamous romantic relationship. This shocking revelation catalyzed a wave of frantic shouting from the administration regarding the failing morals of modern youth. Meanwhile, the news sparked a quiet shift in culture among fellow college students because of what a frickin amazing idea it is.

"Looking back, I can't believe we didn't start doing this earlier," Buckfield admitted regarding her earth-shattering sex life. "I mean, I used to be a normal girl, thinking that I could only get some action if I first went through the tedious ordeal of dating a mindless jock for six months, but now I've realized that the emphasis on an exclusive rela-

TAYLOR SWIFT'S 1989 RUINS FRIENDSHIP

Baby, now they've got Bad Blood

By Ms. Whitmer '18

CATTITUDE DEPT.

(OUT OF THE WOODS) Last week Taylor Swift released her fifth album, 1989, and pop culture enthusiasts across campus could not be happier. However, the album has caused a rift between best friends Jeremy Benkley '16 and Abigail Daniels '17.

Daniels downloaded the album approximately one minute after its midnight release, and Benkley immediately biked to his best friend's single for an intimate listening party.

"Abigail and I have been listening to Taylor Swift together since Fearless came out." Daniels said. "As usual, we were blown away by Taylor's talent and overall perfection."

tionship is a function of society's collective fear of sexual expression."

"I'm horny, she's horny, but neither of us wanna put in the effort to date," Mallard said. "At first, I was kinda worried it would ruin our relationship as platonic friends, but after a while, it became obvious that the addition of casual sex doesn't actually change anything in a well-established friendship. Crazy, right?"

Peers recounted how Mallard and Buckfield, after becoming good friends last year, made the ground-breaking decision to help each other out with their mutual sexual frustration. "It's amazing how they thought of that,"Tracy Piazza'16, Buckfield's roommate, exclaimed. "Who would have thought that consenting adults can actually make the decision to fuck whomever they want and not confine themselves to the rigid, puritanical rules regarding sexuality that society beats over the heads of young adults? I would have never even thought that it's, like, possible."

Mallard and Buckfield have set a shining example for the rest of the sexually repressed campus. The Health Center is expected to promptly receive a new shipment of raspberry condoms this coming week.

seem like a dick."

While Daniels didn't disagree, she admired Swift's admission of past relationship mistakes.

"I think one of the 1989's main themes is a thirdwave embrace of sexuality. Taylor has evolved in a way that allows her to vocalize her own desires as well as her flaws in a relationship," she said.

However, Benkley didn't shake off his initial argument. He found the genderism promoted in "Welcome to New York" a bit disconcerting. "Boys and boys and girls and girls? Way to promote hegemonic conceptions of gender, Taylor," he scoffed.

Daniels credited her friction with Benkley to something a little less lyrical. "I think Taylor's transformation from country to pop really aligns with this transition in Jeremy's and my friendship," she said. "It's something we could ignore when Red was released, but I'm so inspired by how sonically cohesive 1989 is that I can't imagine living my life without that same, like, coherence or whatever," Daniels explained.

COLGATE REVEALS PLANS FOR GREATER NAMES SPEAKER Also promises Vance Joy concert By Ms. Alatalo '18

INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

(BETTERIN HALL) Despite striking similarities to all the other "Little Ivies," Colgate University recently announced that it has a program in the works that will truly set it apart. University spokesperson Rebecca Hawthorne revealed that the university will be hosting talks by renowned celebrities, politicians, and athletes called the Greater Names Speaker Series.

"Oh, this has nothing to do with what they've been doing over at Hamilton College," Hawthorne said during a press conference. "But it will be so much better than their program!" she quickly added.

Hamilton students have expressed doubts about Hawthorne's claims. "No matter who they get to speak, it will never compare to finding a Yankees player that Red Sox fans actually respect," Steven Clarke '17 said. "Greater" Names Speaker



At press time, Hawthorne conceded that while Colgate's planned speaker will not be an athlete this year, they "will have the charisma of Carter, the voice of Cosby, and the body of Tutu."

"We were going to have Michelle Obama speak, but on the day we proposed she was scheduled to appear on the Rachael Ray Show to talk about the benefits of beets," she explained. When asked who would be taking the spot instead, Hawthorne quickly flipped through several pages on her clipboard and stuttered, "Well, nothing's set in stone yet, but it will be amazing... Did I mention we're a D1 school?"

Many view Colgate as Hamilton's closest rival, but some members of Hamilton's student body claim the competition is manufactured. "I mean, we're all small private liberal arts schools in central New York, so I don't see what the big deal is," William Sullivan '18 said. "No matter which school you say you go to, no one will know what you're talking about anyway."

When asked about the rivalry and the new program at the competing university, President Joan Hinde Stewart expressed little concern. "At the end of the day, at least we aren't located in a town named after our rival school, or use money with their namesake on it. And besides, our chapel is much bigger than theirs."

However, their mutual admirations turned sour when Benkley brought up gender binaries in modern music. "I find it offensive that guys are constantly blamed for relationship issues in Taylor's songs," he explained. "Granted, that John Mayer guy really did

Unfortunately, Taylor Swift could not be reached for comment due to her busy schedule baking cookies for neighborhood children with her cat, Olivia Benson.

ACT II ACT I INTERMISSION A DREAM PLAY FORECAST **Earnest Plug** Nightmare Lunesta© A DREAM PLAY High probabil-ity brought to you by a creepy stalker moth. 75% chance if you die in the go see the Mainstage." dream, you die for real.

In this issue: Daily dose of culture

ENGLISH DEPT: "WE'RE LITERALLY THIS CLOSE TO UNLEASHING CRYOGENICALLY FROZEN JOHN KEATS"



See "Actually, figuratively," pg. 26.



A SEMINAR ON INFOMERCIAL ACTING



LETTER TO THE EDITOR: HILLCARDS GOT ME LIKE ...

To Whom It May Concern,

Back in the good old days of 2010, a HillCard meant something to someone. This was before I left Hamilton, mind you, when I could eat all the meals my eyes could fix upon. If I had the right mind, I could go into the bookstore and buy all the San Pellegrino bottles and Jhumpa Lahiri short story collections my heart would desire. You should see how many copies of *Interpreter of Maladies* I have.

But one day, four years of classes and a Philosophy degree later, disaster struck. Soon I was stuck in the big city with only a pair of Doc Martens on my feet and a thesis on Kirkham's definition of knowledge in my pocket. I was out of money because apparently Mom and Dad's credit cards didn't have unlimited swipes. Now how was I suppose to know a steak at the Café Carlyle cost more than a Commons paper cup filled with crunchy rice and grasshopper ice cream?

Unaware that my daily Nyotaimori and Golden Ossetra caviar buckets were such an expense, I soon found that my credit cards had stopped giving me magic money. Unable to pay my rent, I was homeless without any academic advisor for guidance, all alone in the big scary city. But, with good advice from my fellow hobo Wet Joe-Man, I stowed away on a Hamilton jitney coming back from a performance of *Waiting for Godot* and found my way back to campus. Man, is it good to be home, with all this food just sitting in the dining halls. Enjoy it while it lasts, because before long you'll be eating your pigeon children Bernice and Thomas over a trash fire after yet another unsuccessful night of rummaging through the trash. But it's after 11, so could one of you all open the door and let me in? It's mighty cold out here.

Fondly,

Isom Folorish

Found stuffed under the door of Dunham by Mr. Hartel '18

Rejected Red Weather Submissions

A Fantasy of Love

My Angel

Through the sticky fog In that room in the Co-op Made of vegan sweat And organic beer breath I saw you, and smiled

Though the lights were quite low You seemed to glow and glow Like a burning trash can I was a homeless man And you warmed me up Our love tastes like a hashbrown from your grill It's crunchy with a moist center. My love for you burns Or that might be the bacon mess I just ate. "Will you ever notice me?" I wonder as you ask me my order. As the steam rises from the grill, I know my love will never be returned. I can only wait and watch you in your apron. And hear you say the words. Order up.

By Shaggy Potato '18

My Emerson Grant Presentation: "Chanting 'Cage Match' and Seeing What Happens"

Dear friends, family, and my otolaryngologist,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research on shouting "cage match" and seeing what happens.

This research was driven by an experience last spring when I

accidentally drank half a bottle of José Cuervo and then fell on a plate of "space brownies," eating them all. Sometime between then and twelve subsequent *Adventure Time*-induced giggle fits, I distinctly remember walking into my common room to make some ramen. All my suitemates were chanting "cage match" at two ants fight-



ing over a bread crumb. Those two words—"cage match"—resonated in my head. It made me wonder, what would happen if I went to a random location and just chanted "cage match?"

After a lengthy application process [*Editor's Note: He literally stuck a sticky note on Joanie's door*] I secured an Emerson Grant to further investigate this phenomenon. I began my research earnestly, chanting "cage match" at any large gathering I could find. My screams elicited a variety of responses. Shouting next to a playground resulted in countless small children screaming and running away as well as a brief overnight stay at the Kirkland Sheriff's office. Chanting "cage match" at a nearby center for the deaf resulted in no reaction at all. Back on campus, the Chemistry faculty at their meeting didn't understand what a cage match was and asked me, "What is a cage match?" Similarly, repeating the procedure at the Philosophy Faculty Meeting elicited, "But what *is* a cage match?" as well as an hour-long discussion on the metaphysical essence of a "cage match."

There are many more gripping reports featuring the Clinton Church, the Utica back ally crew, and those cows over the hill. Using what's left of my grant after all dat weed living costs, I have prepared a report on my summer spent chanting "cage match" in various areas. I will present this in the outdoor amphitheater on Monday, November 10th at 4:10 pm. There will be snacks, boxing gloves, and throat lozenges provided.

Sincerely,

Holden Stradlader '16

Edited by Mr. Wesley '16

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Your eyes are like blue glass That complement your ass And your elbows are nice Do you mind I have lice? I am very lonely now

We will go far away And you will be my bae And together at last With our problems long past I'll ask you your name

By Rufus Redding '18

edited by Mr. Renero-Soulé '17

Licking Myself in Shame

I went as a cat for Halloween. I thought I would look cute But so did all the other girls. I am in a room full of felines. Who am I? Do I even matter? Am I just a cat in a crowd? Do people know the real me? Am I a cat or am I human? I want to bark like a dog But I can only meow. *meow.*

By Moscow O'Nealy '15

edited by Mr. Burns '17

edited by Mr. Burns '17

Happy Birthday, Bob Saget

Where did you go, Danny Tanner? You left D.J., Stephanie, and Michelle Uncle Joey is addicted to heroin Uncle Jesse and Rebecca divorced You had an affair with Kimmy Gibbler. How could you leave us? We only see you on Nick at Night. Come back to your Full House. Come back Dad.

by Serbío Montenegro '16

edited by Mr. Burns '17

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