

CHAINSMOKERS CONCERT MOVED
Now at table outside Opus

HAMILTON DOOMSDAY PROPHECY: CONFIRMED

By Mr. Spinney ’16

Over the last several weeks, the Committee to Undermine Lies Told (CULT), a division of the Futile Observer, has dredged up numerous pieces of evidence (not to mention witnessing a few) that point directly to the imminent demise of the College along with the entire planet.

The prophecy that foretold this end was uttered under the hushed breath of Alexander Hamilton as he cradled his dueling pistol on that fateful eve with Aaron Burr. It was recorded by the small, club-footed invalid whom Hamilton had carry his gun case because “You never know when a musket-fucking ramrod will want to rumble.” If all signs are witnessed, Hamilton foresaw a beautifully apropos destruction to all who have found solace on the Hill:

All followers of mine at that College on the Hill
shall with fate foretold become terribly ill
the jaundice shall turn their skin sickly and yellow
and the air in their lungs will leave as a travelling fellow
for their wickedness with the green and the glory-crowned brew
their bodies in death will fall, buff and blue.

Here are the prophecy’s tenets, in no particular order:

- The French Queen shall fall to her vices and the Hill shall roll onward into the great horizon of a new chieftain. (Joanie, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN US?? You’re choosing margaritas and male-model parades over us? For shame.)

ADMINISTRATION LETTING
JUST ABOUT ANYONE
GRADUATE NOWADAYS
Anyone up for a quick game of slap-a-child
before Commencement?

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15

BUREAUCRATIC LOOPHOLE DEPT.

(J BOARD) Following the decision to administer a relative slap-on-the-wrist to students after an instance of severe, to the point of repugnant immorality, the Hamilton College senior class is rejoicing in the knowledge that they can now do just about anything and still leave this place with a clear record.

“The decision has really taken a lot of stress off of me,” Lucy Jacobs ’15 said, cracking open a Keystone. “I mean, if those people can do that and get away with it, what’s stopping me from carrying an open container? Sort of renders the points system irrelevant, doesn’t it?”

“I was really buckling down to try to finish the

semester with honor and dignity,” Mark Reynolds ’15 said. “But with this news, it’s time to rethink my plans. I figured it’d be too risky before, but now I feel completely comfortable cursing out the next elderly lady I see! Bucket list accomplished!”

While some members of the campus community are condemning the decision as a blatant failure in preserving the well-being of the student body, the administration points the finger instead at a need to revamp the school’s judicial system.

“I understand the students’ frustration,” Dean of Students Nancy Thomspon said when reached for comment. “These are some shitty people we’re dealing with. No one doubts that. But we’ve done all we can legally do.” She paused as though about to continue before placing her head slowly on her desk and taking a few deep, steadying breaths.

Although the administration has its hands tied, students and rational people alike may hope that the real world will not be so forgiving.

- The Great Mt. Johnson will rumble with the threat of unending fire. Elders will herd their flocks from the sun while criers shout of sequester and siege. All will remedy in time. (Remember the stockades of penetrating boredom the bomb threat caused? Well it’s coming back for round two like leftover chili con carne. Prepare your rectums.)
- The Salmon Serpent shall shed its sludge-drenched skin and emerge ghost-like as a conch whispering chaotic and bull-headed waves to its weary listeners. (Enquiry, once again and finally, fuck you.)
- The stones shall tremble with the stomps of one-thousand trumpeting demons and their romp-fostered glee shall burn holes in the night like glowing disks. The Universe herself shall hear their substance-strewn yawp. (My suite. Every night. Y’all been there. Y’all seen it. Peep my soundcloud. No apologies to my haters.)
- The Elders shall declare the fledglings of their flocks as they who are most sacred and grant them the homes of those who have come before. Unrest will rise in voices of the departing and be heeded by the Elders like the lion heeds the gnat. (This could be the 1st and 3rd amendments. This could be the freshmen-housing catastrophe. I choose to interpret it narcissistically.)

So, on this, the glorious C&C Day, in the face of our unstoppable derailment, let hedonism fill the crevices of self-loathing with its warming spirit. We are those who shall not suffer the toils of death, but will revel and laugh in the face of our too-short lives. The void will enfold us in stupor and the sublime and we, the lucky doves, will float with her as if our wings were hearty as time. CULT heals all.

OH YO HEY, THERE’S AN ARTICLE HERE
Guess I’m actually going through with this

By Mr. Boudreau ’19

BOUDY DEPT.

(DUUUUUDE) Alright yo check this shit out. Here goes nothing. Some serious news stuff, coming right at you. Are you ready? ARE YOU READY? ARE YOU READY TO LAY DOWN FOR THE SCENE?

“Man oh man do we have news for you,” local source Knub Stumper said. “This news is gonna knock you silly. But first let lay down for my scene.”

The scene? All the Duel does is lay down for the scene!!!!

“I, too, lay down for my scene,” local fuckboy Henry Rol-lins commented. “I would die for my scene.”



Okay, time to do the news. News. News. News...

HAPPY C&C Day guys!! I mean, I know it’s not actually C&C Day, but let’s pretend. Aren’t you already pretending this is news? Well you shouldn’t have to pretend, because it is. But alas. Sigh. Isn’t it a beautiful day to be on the Hill?

Alright, so it turns out there isn’t much news to report, so I’m outtie. Bye bye.

HAMILTON COLLEGE DRINKING GAME
Make every day Class & Charter Day!

8:00 AM: If morning poop exceeds seven inches, take a shot. If not, writhe in shame and contemplate the incompetence of your sphincter.

10:00 AM: Wrestle security troll lurking on Martin’s Way. Reward yourself with a flagon of mead (bonus pint if your wand goes up his nose).

12:00 PM: Take advantage of the bounty of Commons by shoving twelve packets of oyster crackers up your left nostril. Take two shots if successful. Cheaters will be castrated.

2:00 PM: Gnaw off own arm. Use dismembered limb to gently stroke strangers’ earlobes. Give bloody stump a name. Name it Jean. Bathe in gin.

3:00 PM: Whittle the stump down to a nub. Disinfect the wound with moonshine and imbibe the remaining alcohol via your defective sphincter.

5:00 PM: Chug tequila until it burns a hole through your stomach. Patch hole with a poultice of calk and tapeworms.

Tested and Approved by Ms. Chappell ’15

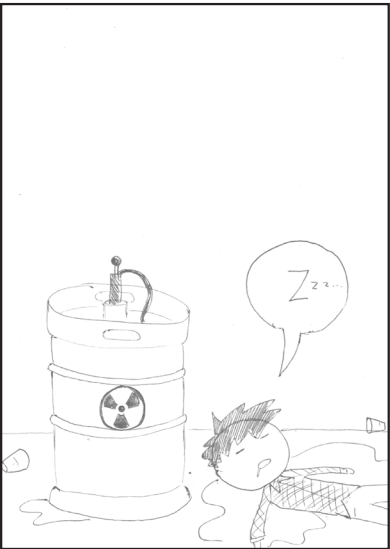
Hi there! Looking for that Super Secret Keystone? Try the bottom of the back page!

Keystone right here! Hahaha PSYCHE. Maybe it’s on the left side of this page?

THE ADVENTURES OF DICKHOLE JONES

Conceived by Mr. Burns '17
Art by Ms. Alatalo '18

After butt chugging a keg of radioactive Keystone, an ordinary Econ major turns into a real douche.



THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF OF A DUNHAM CEILING TILE AS TOLD BY KANSAS'S "DUST IN THE WIND":

Stage 1, Denial: As I look around at the shards of my brethren scattered around the ground, I am reminded of the ephemeral nature of life. I'm also reminded that I'm a ceiling tile. Don't hang on, nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky. But it's fine.

Stage 2, Anger: The tiles have been replaced, but the mental scars still remain. How can these students walk around these halls that weren't twenty minutes ago stained with the blood and dust of my brothers? I try to call out in anger, but I am unnoticed by my oppressors. I close my eyes only for a moment, and the moment's gone.

Stage 3, Bargaining: I heard from a veteran ceiling tile that if you have the right connections, you can secure a reassignment. Maybe someday I'll get out of this hellhole, settle down in Rogers with the wife and kids. Maybe this is the same old song, just another drop of water in an endless sea.

Stage 4, Depression: Friday night, and I hear "Dip" by Danny Brown being played from four separate rooms. My demise is near. The ceremonial slaughter of the lamb as sacrifice to Bacchus. All we do crumbles to the ground, though we refuse to see.

Stage 5, Acceptance: All we are is dust in the wind. All we are is dust in the wind.

By Mr. Johnson '18

ARTICLES WE WISH WE COULD WRITE:

Hamilton Trustees transfer school endowment from US dollars to dead chickens as part of punch line of long forgotten joke.

School drug trade now just walking aimlessly around Dunham quad with wad of cash in hand.

Gnar Club's 'Electric Playground' a sizzling hit among Hamilton populace, 38 survivors.

Enquiry switches to white paper, subtly officially dead.

New Hamilton college transfer students look suspiciously like pre-fed Gremlins.

Proust's Porno of the Week!

Duel Observer writer opens up Word document, takes hit of joint, hopes for the best.

Duel Observer's ridiculously gorgeous layout editor offered seat in presidential cabinet, flatte

Is chocolate milk racist? Cows weigh in.

Administration purchases literal rug to pull out from under class of '19's feet.

Hamilton College constructs two giant mirrors on either side of campus, becomes first infinite college.



"Seriously, this is a problem dividing the nation. Equality is essential to our moovement."



"I don't find this marginalizing amoozing."

STEVE: A WORDSEARCH

S D E O R B I Z T E O L S K X X S W Y P T K X P
G P P D A D O D R A C U L O I D R I T O G Z A
R N A S I K X S O A C N E W I T G Y M G R D C T
A B I J A P L C W R H K R P K D A I J A A Z D
N A D O K R S K E D O D M P K S C J C D D S P B
D K X S S F A D V S L A O V U S U E Y M E C N Z
N G U G D K X W Q K T U W T G B I O I A H K R
A N K M E N D R P E A K S C N Y A D N K T W T S
M I T G A D I Z U V U E H K A K X O L H P Y M
Q K D A K X Y S A Q W T K O B R A K I D L O I
A L S C D R O D K H P Y A N K D K I I A E C N K
E E N S U M C F L E A D T O L S L O L E F D O L
R I J Q E I R Z V R O H P K F H E A L T Y K X M
S L U K K A D O Q E C V U Z D R B J H F L J C
M U N E D E K X S F H K W T M I Q P O W E R P
E O V U R Y Q E K Z D L S A D O V U Y C N E W T
I H W T S X Y I M I N I K X S W T S H K R P Y
U G P Y M S D U N A N A N A P Y D G K K S F
O A D O L E J S A D V U R T R A D K P C B A Z
E N K X S P N I K K X W T S V I N K D P U Z T M
T U N W T S J Y B D R P Y M C H O L S U L L C K

HINTS

- Steve's favorite color
- Steve's best friend's name
- Steve's nickname for his dick
- The name of Steve's favorite camp counselor from middle school
- What Stephanie said to Steve when he asked her out
- The day of the week that Stephanie broke Steve's heart
- Steve's preferred shade of poop (not brown)
- Capital of Arkansas
- Steve's favorite capital of Arkansas
- Steve's favorite song
- The girl Steve met 15 years later who resembles Stephanie?
- How much money would Steve sell his kidney for?
- How much money did Steve sell his kidney for?
- Steve's car
- Steve's favorite Wahlberg
- Steve's favorite *Paul Blart* film
- Steve's favorite Starburst color (NOT fucking orange)
- Steve's new BAE
- Steve's password (It's Steve)
- What Steve *really* thinks about Y2K
- Steve is a DJ. This isn't a clue. Just look for the mixtape. It's dropping this summer. Pls share.
- Steve's orgasmic moan, onomatopoeically

Compiled by Ms. Suder '18 and Mr. Wesley '16

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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