

Now INTRODUCING: PRESIDENT’S GALA
Shittier Event, Douchier Name!

ALCOHOL SURVEY CREATOR JUST
WANTS TO KNOW HOW TO PARTY
Asks the important questions

By Mr. Hossain ’18
FREE SUB DEPT.

(LISTSERV) The NESAC recently conducted its second survey on alcohol use in order to improve campus policies. However, the survey creator Hadley Ayer ’02 had his own agenda.

Since graduating, Ayer’s knowledge of how to be “a cultured partier” has become increasingly out of date. The survey maker decided to remedy this by using his job to examine college partying to improve his own reputation off-campus. He was hopeful that enough informed college students would fill out the survey so he could educate himself on proper drunken etiquette.

“I’ve become a bit of a lightweight,” Ayers said. “Usually when I’m out, I take shots of tap water, remind my friends that they can’t drink away their problems, and then I recite some Shakespeare. Recently though, my friend beat me up for directing ‘Sonnet 130’ at her.

RA BEGINS ACTUALLY
ENFORCING RULES

ResLife really pissed

By Ms. LaSon ’17

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT DEPT.

(HIDING IN FEAR SOMEWHERE IN KEEHN)

Life on the Dark Side has been unusually tense over the last week due to the actions of one particularly dedicated RA. Simon Daugherty ’17, RA for the third floor of Keehn, has initiated a new policy for his advisees, which he calls, “actually following the rules!” Since last Friday, Daugherty has reported over six dozen incidents to Campus Safety. While no one can argue that Daugherty’s efforts created a safe, law-abiding residence hall, public response to what many have termed his “Reign of Motherfucking Terror” has been overwhelmingly negative.

Several freshman agreed to provide an inside perspective on life in Keehn.

“It’s terrible,” Michelle Spinner ’18 stated. “When Simon came by my party Saturday night, I offered him a dirty girl-scout—the party theme was ‘Sluts and Candy’—but he said he was writing all of us up instead!”

“You can’t even take a piss without getting points,” Turner Rickman ’18 complained. “Like, literally. I was pissing out my window, and the asshole reported me to Campo! I even apologized for getting it in his coffee!”

When asked what inspired his sudden determination

She was drunk, although I probably deserved it. But since then I’ve realized I need to learn. So, I thought, why not learn from the best?”

“The best,” Ayer decided, was a bunch of undergrads. “I want to know so much! Like where the best place to throw up is – whether it be outside of a Denny’s at midnight where everyone can watch or on my friend’s leather couch – how naked I should be, whether or not I should blackout, how often I should wake up in the hospital,” Ayer said. “You know, just the basic amateur stuff.”

Unfortunately, he might not receive the desired information. Many students have reported they have not filled out the survey or, worse yet, lied.

“Yeah, I just checked the ‘I don’t drink’ box,” a student who wished to remain anonymous said while chugging a bottle of vodka. “Who the fuck cares anyway?”

The NESAC administrations, upon discovering Ayer’s intentions, remained largely uninterested, with the exception of Dean Nancy Thompson.

“Well,” Dean Thompson said, “I don’t mind his plan for the survey. But if he wanted to learn how to party, he should’ve just asked me.”

to enforce even the most trivial of campus rules, he cited his recent completion of the entire *Law and Order* series (and all of its spinoffs) and his desire to “be as awesome as Ice-T.”

The college administration is particularly displeased by Daugherty’s sudden decision to abide by its policies.

“I don’t know what the hell he thinks he’s doing,” Director of Residential Life Travis Hill said. “Does he have any idea how bad this looks for the school? We’ve been forced to have more disciplinary hearings in the last week than we did over the entire last semester. Monica Inzer is really going to have a hard time putting a good spin on this.”

Fortunately, this situation will soon be resolved. ResLife recently sent an email to the residents of Keehn, assuring them that Daugherty would be removed from his position and that someone significantly less concerned with morals and safety would be appointed next week.

Rumor has it that RA trainee Hunter S. Thompson ’16 will be filling the position.



“Dude, he’s getting the clipboard!”

YODAPEZ MURDER
MYSTERY SHOW ACTUALLY
ASSASSINATION PLOT

It was Colonel Mustard

By Ms. Reading ’16

CANDLESTICKS DEPT.

(IN THE DINING ROOM) The Hamilton community is reeling after news broke that the beloved improv group Yodapez has been accused of murder. On Thursday evening, Yodapez hosted their first ever improvised murder mystery show. As usual, massive crowds gathered in anticipation of the event, but what started out as seemingly innocent fun soon turned deadly.

Thirty minutes into the show, amid much laughter and redundant references to the board game Clue by the audience, troupe member Kelly Wilson ’17 unsheathed a shimmering sword and dramatically plunged it into the “willing” and “randomly selected” participant. The poor man’s cries were muffled by audience suggestions of “dicks” and “collanders.”

Jess McGarrison ’16, treasurer of Yodapez, admitted that the group’s budget had recently been cut, and that pressure to raise funds had been causing tensions among group members. They decided that the obvious solution was to become paid hitmen.

“I was 36 hours into watching *How to Get Away with Murder*, when I realized that I could totally do that!” McGarrison said. “I hit up Craigslist and found an employer within minutes. Ferret breeders are a vindictive bunch.”

When McGarrison presented her idea to the group, not everyone was on board. “I wanted to bake cookies full of love and rainbows, wrap them in ribbons, and hand deliver them to everyone on campus,” Colleen Springley ’16 confessed, “but I suppose assassination was the next best thing.”

In a bizarre twist, support for Yodapez has reached a new high on campus. When asked why that might be the case, Adam Sullivan ’15 said, “I like their new avant garde direction. Real comedy with real stakes!”

In this issue: “Who the fuck is Brian Burns?”

BRIAN BURNS WINS PUBLIC
SPEAKING COMPETITION



See “Alright Alright” pg. Alright

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
CARDBOARD CUTOUT JOANIE!



Somehow more transparent.

SPRING BREAK FORECAST	3/13	ISLAND TIME	3/29
	Pre	Break	Post
	 60% chance your ride home bumps his mixtape on a four hour loop.	 Low probability your parents stop having sex.	 “Good thing I have RAC to look forward to!”

POLITICAL MURDER-PIT!

The Duel’s column, “Political Murder-Pit,” challenges the College’s politically murderous journalists to symbolically stab their way to superiority in Hamilton’s blood-soaked political arena. We arm our guest columnists with a pen and paper and invite them to stab and jab their way to social justice and political lucidity. As the Pit’s surviving veterans will tell you: “You only get out of the Political Murder-Pit by climbing a cold pile of enemy corpses.”



In Defense of the Dark Arts
By Lucretius Capella ’16, Slytherin House



To defend the Dark Arts on this godforsaken campus is basically suicidal these days. But then again, I don’t want to live in a world where I can’t use the Imperius Curse to make Muggles drink their own urine.

Now look, I’m not going to sit here and “defend” the Dark Arts. But in another, more real way, I’m absolutely going to sit here and defend the Dark Arts. Sure, the Unforgivable Curses have caused some ruckus in the past, but the fact of the matter is this: Unforgivable Curses don’t hurt people—Wizards do. We don’t need the administration to charge in on a hippogriff, hold the Elder Wand to our throats, and threaten to chuck us in Azkaban if we so much as torture Muggle Studies Anthropology majors for sport.

Free and unregulated practice of the Dark Arts is essential to the future prosperity of this campus. Open your eyes, sheeple! I’m not saying we should let our future children Avada Kevadra each other in the basement. I’m not saying I’ll use the Cruciatus Curse on you if you disagree with me (though I totally will). I’m just giving you the cold hard facts. When the Muggles come with their pitchforks and their 3D-printed military-grade weaponry, I think we’ll all want a few nasty curses in our arsenal.

As I scribble this in the dungeons, I can already hear the disdain. “LOVE!” they’ll tell me. “LOVE is all we need. LOVE is how Harry defeated the Dark Lord. LOVE LOVE LOVE!” You morons make me sick. I have some knowledge to drop on you: even Harry fucking Potter delfed in the Dark Arts. Don’t you remember Book Seven? Harry was using Unforgivable Curses left and right, Imperius-ing goblins and torturing professors without a care in the world! It was his right as a free Wizard to do so, and the world was saved because he exercised that fundamental right.

Riddle me this: was famous Harry just supposed to let Amycus Carrow SPIT in Professor McGonagall’s face with no retaliation whatsoever? I’m only raising questions here, but let’s do a thought experiment, shall we? Let me spit in your face at your earliest convenience, and then we’ll see who’s resisting using the Cruciatus Curse. Not so easy, eh?

If Harry Potter has taught us anything, it’s this: even heroes need to torture people.

Edited by Mr. Lanman ’15

missed connections

★ Looking for Mother Figure (M4W)

I miss my mom so I need a female to teach me the ways of the world. For one, how do I fold a fitted sheet? Is the dryer always supposed to smell like something’s burning? Can I still drive with a flat tire? Is it okay to have bonfires in the common room? Where’s the best place on campus to take a shit in solitude? Is burying someone in snow illegal? If so, where can I find a lawyer? I would write you a check for your services but I don’t know how to do that either. So I guess gratitude will have to be sufficient.

★ Cuddle Buddy Wanted (W4M)

Someone came into my room and stole Mr. Sniffles! I’ve had that teddy bear since I was 7 and haven’t gone a night without him. So now I need to find a replacement. Just warning you now, I will call you Mr. Sniffles regardless of what your real name is. Also, you may be required to wear a red bow on certain occasions. I expect the utmost support when I vent to you about the rude girl down the hall or how the cute senior in my English class continuously ignores me. You will need to sign a two-year contract pledging your down-time and weekend nights to me. Wages can be discussed after you pass a trial run to see if you are capable of filling Mr. Sniffles shoes.

★ Yellow Snow (M4W)

I was staggering back home after a night of crushing beers with my boys. You had your skirt hiked up and were squatting to pee outside of South. As you looked side-to-side to make sure no one was around, and let out a steady stream, I realized I really like the way you urinate, girl. I could tell from the way that you relieved yourself on that plant that we were meant to be. I would totally hook up with you at least once, maybe even twice. I already have a song picked out for us – Coldplay’s “Yellow.”

★ Hipster #27 (M4M)

I was sitting in KJ trying to look like I wasn’t watching porn when I saw you, you hunk. You had sandy brown hair, were wearing square glasses, and were reading (swoon) a book by Proust. You look like you go to the gym, and also look like you always tell people you go to the gym. Your plaid Vineyard Vines shirt still has the \$100 price tag on it. You probably work at Opus. I’ve narrowed it down to 72 possible men, but I know in my heart that you’re the one for me, and you don’t have to bother checking your privilege.

★ Add Me on Snapchat (W4W)

I saw you on Martin’s Way. You were looking at your cell phone, I was looking at my cell phone. You crashed into me, and for the millisecond I looked up from scrolling through my Twitter feed I saw you. It’s been years since I looked up from my screen and saw a girl. Then you just kept walking, still looking at your screen. If you ever want to find me on Tinder, I’m the girl who looks like a young Danny DeVito.

★ Are You an AHI Fellow? (L4R)

I have a dirty little secret – I’m a Libertarian. It makes me horny when you tighten up on my government. I’ve never been to a College Republicans meeting, but I’ve seen the way you talk about Reaganomics late at night in the pub, and let me tell you the real trickle down effect is what was happening to my panties. I want you to do to me what you think Obama is doing to this country, because the only place I’m liberal is under the sheets. I want Dr. Ron Paul to deliver our babies, and I want them to grow up to be hardworking Americans who don’t have to take handouts from the government. And just remember.... the way you make me moan is protected under free speech.

Compiled by Ms. Hawkins ’18 and Mr. Burns ’17

FRIDAY FIVE:
THINGS WE WISH WERE
HAPPENING THIS WEEK SO WE
COULD WRITE FUNNIER ARTICLES

By Mr. Kraft ’17

Nothing even remotely conducive to good satire is occurring this week, but with the help of this list, you can create your own, all through the magic of Pure Imagination™!

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5. **Hamilton Space Society Encounters Crashed UFO.** The Space Society attempts to obtain Student Assembly funding to help repair the alien vessel. They are rejected, “I Want to Believe” parody posters appear all over campus, and we write an article comparing the unfortunate stargazers to Agent Mulder. The members promptly leave with the extra-terrestrial beings, cursing the rest of campus in the name of their god, Neil deGrasse Tyson.

4. **College Selects Duel Observer Suggestion as Replacement for President Stewart (See Front Page for Today’s Presidential Hopeful!).** We are so overcome with glee at our newfound relevance that we pledge our loyalty to the new President and publish increasingly ingratiating articles about the administration, eventually becoming little more than a Soviet-esque propaganda rag. No one mourns the loss.

3. **Enquiry and the Monitor Declare War on Each Other.** Enquiry’s writers attempt to channel the Spirit of 1776 by wearing breeches and cocked hats to classes. The Monitor’s writers complain on Tumblr, using much caps lock and little punctuation. We publish a brilliant story framing the conflict as a rematch of the famed Civil War battle between the ironclads Monitor and Merrimack. Three people get the joke.

2. **A Bear Is Sighted in the Glen.** Our issue is packed with articles about the Milbank Bear King. Our audience, fed up with the joke, storms our next meeting and forces us to come up with more original content. We subsequently experience a surge in popularity and start our own highly successful satire show on YouTube. An episode is retweeted by Jimmy Fallon. The resulting fame and riches allow us to donate funds for a new residential building named Bear King Hall. We get the last laugh.

1. **Spring Break.** We write best when we don’t.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Editor-out-Chief/ Rope

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY

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Managing Editor/ Candlestick

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO

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Senior Staff Writers

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MARY SUZANNE RICE

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS

Staff Writers

BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY

ISLA CLARE NG

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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.

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