

Roll me into a thin tube...
See, I'm a dildo!

CLASS OF 2019 STATS
INDICATE PROMISING STEAMY
JOCK TO SITUATIONALLY
HILARIOUS NERD RATIO

School hopeful about decreased ratio of apathetic sorority girl to psychotic killer

By Mr. Johnson '18
KEYSTONE ICE DEPT.
(ANDERSON FRONT PORCH) Saying she was “very excited” by the recent findings of a ten minute Facebook-based anthropological survey of the incoming freshman class, President Joan Hinde Stewart told reporters at a press conference last Tuesday that the 2015-2016 calendar year was going to be the raunchiest one yet.

“I envision many instances of comically miscalculated late night panty raids in the coming year, not to mention the inter-fraternity shenanigans at the big State vs. Tech game,” the soon-to-be former Hamilton College President said. “My only regret is never getting to show Kappa Kappa Epsilon what the boys were made of.”

Other auspicious figures taken from the study

ADIRONDACK PROGRAM
ACTUALLY JUST BLAIR WITCH
REBOOT
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!? WHAT
THE FUCK IS THAT?!?

By Mr. Hossain '18
CINEMA AND MEDIA STUDIES DEPT.
(DEEP, DEEP IN THE WOODS) Oliver Sterling '15 stirred some controversy after revealing that Hamilton's new Semester in the Adirondacks program held a secret trial run last semester. Sources indicate that said trial was, in fact, a reenactment of the cult classic film *The Blair Witch Project*.

Sterling, Timothy Boon '15, and Roderick Day '15 were the three unfortunate students chosen to partake in the program. On their first day they were blindfolded and driven to the Adirondacks where they were left stranded in the woods with nothing but a month's supply of plain Commons bagels, spoiled orange juice, and a copy of *Artemis Fowl: The Arctic Incident*. They were required to find a cabin hidden within the

included a record-low 15% of the class with a last name of 'Poindexter,' as well as a staggering 38% of the student body that could chug a handle of Captain Morgan and belch out the Soviet national anthem.

“Hamilton College has long been the model of high moral standards,” President Stewart added, winking and holding an invisible joint to her mouth, much to the enjoyment of her two henchmen, Bobby ‘Drainage Ditch’ Jones and Tom ‘Concussion’ Jenkins.

“Anyone who thinks otherwise is probably just some loser pledge,” Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer interjected, making sure to note that the ratio would be key in the upcoming year, else there may be worry of some major “cock-blockage.”

Not everyone was pleased with the admissions decisions, however. Rejected student Paul Rodgers '19 expressed dismay after receiving his admissions decision. “They said I was too well rounded,” the star athlete, theater nerd, and mathlete exclaimed. “But they did say if I up the douche factor, I may have a shot at transferring.”

woods, where a driver waited to take them back to campus.

Administrators and students in need of extracurricular activities meticulously constructed the program. Theatre majors were hired to frighten the three students, acting as paranormal entities to simulate the existence of the witch.

“There's at least three hours of footage of the three of us huddled in a circle just crying, warming one another with our tears,” Boon said.

“One day, we were just strolling and this toothless woman who looked like Nancy Thompson in a dirty gray wig started yelling at us to leave. We all ran as fast as we could,” Sterling told the press.

The students searched for three weeks. Upon finding the cabin, they were greeted by Janelle Schwartz, who congratulated them by facing the corner of the basement for an hour, doing nothing but standing still in complete silence.



“Nothing's vegan!”

DUEL HIRES INTERN TO TELL
ALL OUR SECRETS

Turns out, we're worse people than we thought
By Ms. Yurkofsky '15
CATHARSIS DEPT.

(HUDDLED IN THE CORNER) Tired of never being able to voice or print their more offensive jokes, the Duel Observer editorial staff hired an intern this past week, whose only job is to listen and keep the judgment to a minimum.

“We just wanted someone to soak up all of the terror inside of us, so that we can lead a relatively carefree existence,” Editor-out-Chief Collin Spinney '16 said. “Sort of like in that Taylor Swift movie *The Giver*.”

The intern, Hallie Brownstein '18, was initially optimistic about her role with the newspaper. “She kept telling us how excited she was,” concerned friend Roberto Bartlet '18 said. “I mean, the Duel's not really her kind of humor, but she was hopeful the experience would help her get a job at a worthwhile publication down the line.”

Less than a week into her new position, however, the work seems to have taken a toll on Brownstein. The initially cheery and sociable freshman has become reclusive, leaving her room only for daily brainstorming sessions she's required to attend. When



asked about the nature of these sessions, Editor-in-Chief Nate Lanman '15 was surprisingly forthright.

“We just take turns whispering to her the most offensive, immoral, usually overtly sexual, often necrophilic, jokes we've thought of that day,” he said, smiling fondly. “Then we eat some Pizza Hut.” When asked if Brownstein received any sort of compensation for her work, Lanman shrugged. “I mean, we give her some pretty solid material.”

Some editors, however, have taken a different approach. Abroad Layout Editor Zoë Bodzas '16 reportedly calls in and confesses secrets to Brownstein for hours at a time.

Though Brownstein was initially unwilling to comment, she agreed to meet in a room free of natural lighting. The eighteen-year old had aged forty years over the past week and, when questioned, would only stare in the distance, eyes foggy from sorrow or premature cataracts, and let out a single long, shaky breath.

In this issue: Humblebrags

THE JAUNTEE: DON'T TELL US TO
PLAY “FREE BIRD.” WE'RE NOT
GOING TO PLAY STUPID FUCKING
“FREE BIRD.”



See “Free Falling? Absolutely,” pg. 7.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ZAYN MALIK!



Taking Hamilton in the best direction.

“I want to leeeeeeaaaaaad.”

WIGO FORECAST	THIS WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT MONTH		
	Obsession	Apathy	Moving On
	High probability unites Spec and Enquiry.	15% chance you check it before going out.	“Have you guys heard about the new app, iCome?”

T-PAIN SPEAKS OUT ON C&C DAY SNUB

I'm T-Pain, and as I said in my song "Buy U a Drank (Shawty Snappin')," you know me. Every year I'm listed on the survey for performing at Class & Charter Day, and every year I'm passed over (speaking of which, shalom to my Jewish fans currently observing Passover) for the indie-band-of-the-week. Now the only pain T-Pain feels is the emotional kind, Shawty.

If Hamilton was a girl, she would be one I would wanna do the night thang with. I love this school more than I love the left ass cheek. Hamilton perfectly fits my target demographic: white people who were too young when R. Kelly was around. Also, the concert would allow me to fulfill my dream of playing for a crowd of 2,000 people or less. But for some reason, every year I am consistently snubbed for bands who have had maybe one popular song in the past six months. You are short-sighted, and I know what that feels like because these sunglasses I wear are actually prescription.

T-Pain is at least the most famous rapper from Florida not named Flo Rida since 2005. Without me, who would say "yea yea yeaaaah" and "oooh weeee" in the background of songs by more famous people? Who would sing about the universal experience of meeting a fly girl in a club, the only place I seem to meet girls in my songs? Why don't I try online dating, you ask? Why don't I take a girl out to a nice brunch? I have no idea! I'm the man who single-handedly brought back the top hat. I am also the only rapper in the game to have been involved in a golf cart accident, which is hardcore.

Why won't you let me lick that booty, Hamilton? Is it because I use too much auto-tune? Well let me tell you my secret—that's actually my real voice in every one of my songs. I've long faced criticism for having a naturally auto-tuned voice—there are dozens of people like me who live with this unique disease. But I'm happy to say I'm on the road to recovery. My doctor/rabbi, Dr. Orpheus Rex, has told me I can cure my illness by drinking bong water every day.

I don't want to beg, Hamilton College, but I also need the cash from this concert. It may be all those drinks I'm forced to buy when I go out to the clubs, but I'm straight up broke. Right now I'm living out of my grey Cadillac, and my other Cadillac, and my black Mercedes. Please help T-Pain out before I'm forced to sell the rights to my songs to Kidz Bop.

Autotuned by Mr. Burns '17



Will still be attending Chainsmokers.

Letter to the Editors

Dear Duel Observer,

I have a serious sexual problem, but every time I try to ask someone for advice, they just get mad at me or think I'm joking. I know you guys must have run into similar problems, since all of your writers are basically sexual gods (Editors' note: Thank you), so I was hoping you might be able to give me some advice.

Here's the thing: I am WAY TOO GOOD AT SEX.

I mean, I love pleasing my partner, but sometimes I wish it weren't so easy. It doesn't take any concentration anymore! Where's the excitement, the challenge? Everything I do is perfect. Just once, I'd love to hear her say, "Um, actually, I don't really like that." Instead, in less than a minute, she's lying there in orgasmic bliss, and I'm just like, I've been having sex for weeks, and I still have blue balls.

The worst part, though, is that all the sex is really getting in the way of my day-to-day life. I haven't gotten a full night's sleep in weeks! There's always someone at my door, stopping by for a quickie, no matter how late it is. Just last night, I had six people visit me. I failed my Bio lab last week because when I showed up the whole lab period somehow dissolved into one big orgy. We never even made it to the rat-dissection part, and I was really looking forward to that!

I finally got up the courage to ask my best friend for help yesterday, but it didn't really work. I told him how jealous I was that he'd never even kissed anyone before, and I begged him to tell me his secret for warding off attraction. He told me that I was being a jerk. I tried to convince him I was serious and even asked if I could join him the next time he went to play Magic with his other blessedly sexually inept friends, but he just punched me in the dick several times and left.

Please help me. I just want to fuck normal.

Signed,

Tragically-Terrific-Tallywacker

P.S. Seriously, this isn't a joke, my complete mastery of sex is ruining my life.

Ethics of publically printing a private letter ignored by Ms. LaSon '17

A COMIC
"The Cycle"
Hastily Scawled by
Ms. Alatalo '18



FRIDAY FIVE:
CREATIVE FISH FOOD

By Ms. Suder '18

Given that the only pets allowed in Hamilton's dorms are fish, the fish is a popular choice among students, second only to training cockroaches to do circus tricks. In a pinch, when you forget to buy more fish food (which you inevitably will), here are some safe alternatives to keep your beloved bottom-feeder alive.

- Failed Calc II exam:** Every student has at least one. Tear the pages dripping with red ink and frowny faces into small strips and float them in your fish's tank. One page will provide enough sustenance to last two weeks.
- Hamilton Serves shirt:** There are mountains of these shirts all around campus, filling closets, blocking doorways, and clogging drains. If you can figure out a way to get rid of these shirts, you'll be doing the student body a favor.
- Used condoms:** It's fine if you don't have any of your own (loser), but your roommate probably has a ton. Go rifle through the trash. Or the laundry pile. Or in your sheets. Don't ask how they got there.
- Nancy Thompson's emails:** We used to see more of these, but they have become an endangered species. Open an email on your laptop (go find it in your trash folder, unread) and dunk your laptop screen into the fishtank.
- Your roommate's fish:** Cannibalism is a human construct. Your goldfish doesn't know the difference between land-animal flesh and sea-animal flesh. Cut another fish into tiny pieces and just throw it into the tank. When your roommate asks where the other fish went, reply with some form of "survival of the fittest."



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