

DEAR CHALLAH THIEF/LOAF LIFTER/ASSHOLE:
You’re not Jean Valjean; no amount of singing will save your ass

FRESHMEN PROTEST McEWEN
INJUSTICE

All other class years respond ambivalently

By Mr. Slovin ’18

SERIOUS SATURDAY MUNCHIES DEPT.

(SHAKING THE CHAINED ROCK SWING) This past weekend marked the first instance of student activism this year as over three hundred freshmen lined up in front of McEwen dining hall to protest its hours. Unlike the rest of the school, the class of 2019 had no idea that the dining hall remains closed Friday afternoon through Sunday.

“I just don’t understand,” said Josh Cornaglia ’19. “They haven’t even provided us with a chauffeur and they expect us to make our own waffles?”

The protest, which began peacefully, turned dangerous as students commenced bumping into the person in front of them, a tactic seemingly meant to make the line move more quickly. Some of them even attempting to tip over the baby gate blocking the entrance to the closed dining hall. The demonstration, however, quickly ended Sunday after-

SOCIAL DARWINISM CLUB
HOLDS INAUGURAL MEETING

Not just another frat

Mr. Letai ’19

HAMILTONIANS’ BURDEN DEPT.

(FINCH AVIARY) The Hamilton Social Darwinism Club held its first meeting this Wednesday. The club describes itself as “a place for like-minded and like-blooded individuals to come together and promote a better, stronger student body. Maybe you’re a die-hard Social Darwinist, maybe you don’t even know what it is. Come and chat!” Cider Mill donuts were available to those who completed a test of physical strength.

“Club’s sort of a misnomer,” Club founder and president Tommy Malthus ’18 said, speaking in front of the fireplace lounge in Sadove. “We’re not a club so much as an elite society.” He went on to explain the many virtues of the club, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. “There are rigorous membership criteria,” he continued, listing the requirements, which include a literacy test, and a detailed personal survey.

“We need to make sure they’re the type of person we want in our club. You know—social conscience, good attitude, advantageous genotypes. That kind of thing.”

A meeting of the club involves a variety of activities, ranging from political debate to literary discussion. “We’re reading *A Modest Proposal* right now,” Malthus added. “I’m

noon after the administration ordered the Diner to make emergency distraction curly fries.

“Where do you think the deans eat on weekends?” Dean Monica Inzer commented. “And do you really think we are going to share it with those grimy students? Do we look like a bunch of Commies?”

Most freshmen can barely recall the event this week. Several of them simply commented that they heard the line in McEwen got pretty long this weekend. The protest leader, who could only be identified as Yellow Sailboat on Yik-Yak, says he plans several more protests in the coming months. Some of these include a sit-in demanding that freshmen be allowed to have on-campus cars, an occupy Jitney movement insisting on more frequent shuttle services, and one artistic project to raise awareness of the need to have Powerade always stocked in vending machines so students can consume copious amounts of Svedka, without the burn.

Other students have commented, calling the protestors “idiotic,” “overdramatic,” and “real freshmen about the whole thing.” [Editors’ note: Duel claims full responsibility for McEwen Oopening on Friday. Know our power.]

a big fan of Jonathan Swift. He’s such a visionary!”

“My biggest concern is our public image.” Malthus said, putting aside his copy of *The Descent of Man*. “I’m worried people will think we’re like a frat because we’re so exclusive. But it’s not just for socializing—we feel that it is our responsibility to take care of campus—especially those who are having trouble with college life.”

Vice President Joseph Gibbs ’17 explained their methods: “We have a ready supply of transfer forms for anyone who we feel deserves them—and a direct hotline to the Colgate admissions office. We want to make Hamilton the perfect place for everyone who we want to be here.” Malthus explained that this is just one part of the club’s community outreach program, Excellent Universal Gain Each Neighborly Improvement Can Shape.

Public reception for the club has been mixed. At the informational meeting, Bridgett Sander ’19 said, “Um, that spells ‘eugenics’. Is nobody else concerned?” This reporter was unable to reach the student for further comment, as she has not been seen since.

“We’re all really excited to institute this program here at Hamilton,” member Pasty White-Kidd III ’17 said. “I can’t wait to see the results! I just hope people understand we’re unconnected to Greek life on campus. I wouldn’t want anyone to have a negative impression of the Social Darwinism club. Remember—we’re the best, and we want to stay that way!”

GROSS, PERFECT COUPLE
RUINING LONELINESS-INDUCING
HOOKUPS FOR THE REST OF US

Blech, I hope they die in a hole

By Ms. Hendry ’19

FORNICATION UNDER CONSTANT KONSIDERATION DEPT.

(SEXUALLY TENSE BUNDY DINING HALL) This past month, dissatisfaction has grown concerning Chad Bolton ’17 and Gabriella Montoya ’17, the couple charmingly voted as “Most Likely to Trigger Your Gag Reflex.”

The sheer beauty and purity of their relationship has led to the drying of the proverbial sexual watering hole. Hookup aficionado, Ida Bangyu ’16 remarks, “I can’t enjoy a one-night-uncomfortably-mediocre-stand. Every time I walk across campus the next morning, I think about how fucking perfect Chadriella is, and I just break down. When I finally get back to my dorm and count my fifty-plus hickies, I feel so unfucked.”

When “Chadriella”, as they are colloquially known, first started dating, everyone on campus was simply enthralled with how good they were together. and collectively “aww’d.” After so much PDA, spooning, and monogrammed teddy bears singing nothing but Al Green songs, students had had enough. The rest of the student population no longer feels comfortable continuing their random fuckery, marked by awkwardness, prolonged eye contact, and solitary walks across campus in the pouring snow.

“There was a time, pre-Chadriella, where we were all equally unhappy with our sex lives. A time where we could fuck someone and then unsuccessfully avoid them on Martin’s Way. But Chadriella has robbed us all of that. Now it’s all about love, My parents taught me that love was a lie,” complained Nadia Virginia ’18.

Chadriella still has a good two years left at Hamilton, much to the chagrin of the campus community. “I wish that Chadriella would have their perfect little family, get married, and get the fuck off campus so the rest of us can deal with the mediocrity of our own love lives,” a close friend of the couple snarled in a completely non-aggressive manner.

In this issue: Old people, new tricks

FISHMONGER LEAVES CAMPUS AS
SALMON GOES OUT OF SEASON



See “Also out of style,” pg. S/S 2016

PUPPY PROPHET’S HARD TRUTH
OF THE WEEK



Every bite you take feeds Monsanto.

Monsanto is hungry.

ALUMNI WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Drink	Drunk	Drunk
	 High probability notches on bedpost no longer a mystery.	 80% chance they come to your party, steal your booze, & sleep in your bed.	 “Your points have no power here!”

“Swamp Thing Pt. 2”



Disguised as a nondescript frosh, Swamp Monster wanders among the booze-blinded youth.

Swamp Monster comes across an underclassmen leaving putrid piles of his night in an unadorned receptacle. He questions if this human existence is happiness.

Disheartened and disgusted, Swamp Monster contemplates returning to his comparatively clean protozoan soup.

FACE OFF: OPERA MASTERPIECE OR DRUNK SCREAMING?

Opera: An Art Form for The Ages

By Tommy Blair '18

As all great artists will know, Saturday morning at 4 a.m. is a marvelous time to share my magnificent operatic vocal abilities with the campus. The clear, brisk September night air is the perfect medium to carry my sweet, sweet notes into the willing eardrums of my admiring student audience. What say you, fellow stragglers passed out on the sidewalk outside Milbank? Isn't it wonderful? My aria lifts the spirits of the poor hangover-doomed freshmen who have been stuck in the maze of the darkside for twelve hours. I've been building up to this moment of performance my entire life. Bear witness to my magnum opus. The “Habanera” from Bizet's great masterpiece, *Carmen*, along with my improvised tap-dancing accompaniment, has never sounded so good. The darkside is my stage, unconscious students on their suite floors are my captive audience, and the world is my oyster.

Drunk screaming: Shut The Fuck Up

By Bruce Stevenson '18

Oh my god. Some drunk fucker is screaming like a goat outside my window. It's 4 a.m., douchenozzle. I'm trying to sleep. Why do people think it's okay to yell at the top of their marinated lungs in the dead of night? Stop reminding me that you had more fun last night (two hours ago?) than I did. So what if I cried myself to sleep because my CAB sticker collection is my only friend? I was all cozy in my quiet single and your shrieking is ruining my chill. The dude is trying to sing that theme song from *Carmen* in a falsetto three keys too high for his voice, while simultaneously banging bottle caps on the ground out of synch. Avoiding the piss-drunk idiots in Bundy was pointless, because their brethren live on the darkside too. Who knew? Now, please excuse me while I fill some water balloons to throw at the next fudgesicle who makes ear-shattering dying animal noises outside my window. Go find yourself an AA group, you inconsiderate assholes.

Edited by Ms. Suder '18

THE DIARY OF A CONSPIRACY THEORIST

These may very well be the last words I ever write. They are coming for me; I hear them climbing up the stairs now. I am the last of us, of the few who knew the deep, dark secret the administration was hiding. We tried to tell people, tried to expose the truth, but nobody believed us. And now, I am the last living prey in this game of cat and mouse we play.

Two weeks ago, the Conspiracy Theorists Club jokingly came up with a new idea: That President Joan Hinde Stewart did not, in fact, exist. Some of us were stirred with our superior senses of danger and decided to look into this. The unspeakable horror that we found was a far crueler revelation than we could've ever dreamed in our worst nightmares. The President of our college is none other than the Queen of the Reptilians.

Our elite group of truth-seekers delved deeper. We looked through the oldest archives, finding that this college has been the safe haven of the lizard-folk. Even Alexander Hamilton was one of the demonic scourge.

But time is up. They have found me. To whoever finds this, spread the truth. Make Hamilton wake up before it's too late for you, too. They are here. Farewell, whoever you are.

Found on the ground outside of List by Mr. Collins '19

and were now in full control of its awesome abilities. As the new Supreme Leader of the world, he demands that people take him seriously...please?

New York City, New York

Many TV watchers were in shock this week when what appeared to be an unannounced GOP debate aired on Wednesday. Republican voters were outraged that they had not been told in advance to watch what is such an important event in the upcoming election. NBC has since commented saying that it was actually just a rerun of *The Celebrity Apprentice*.

Los Angeles Desert, California

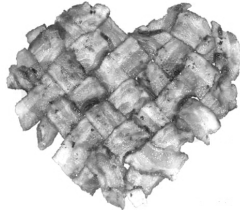
NASA's announcement of signs of flowing water on the surface of Mars has rekindled the excitement about space and the possibility of life elsewhere in our solar system. A worldwide movement to keep searching for more information has begun and it's growing by the second. Not everyone was happy with the news however, as the entire state of California gave a unified middle finger to the sky.

Faithfully reported by Mr. Groll '19

FRIDAY FIVE: DINER B CURES FOR DRUNKENNESS

By Mr. Wesley '16

- Omelets:** For those who think they're a cut above the rest. Don't worry, they'll find out in a couple hours that pretending to live the high life by burning \$40 of Grey Goose in a night is pointless when it all ends up in the toilet. Also in Diner B. Omelets suck and those snobs kidding themselves if they think otherwise.
- Bacon Mess:** Will take care of your drunken friend who is still a mess over that relationship he got out of last month. Doesn't matter that he found out that she was cheating on him, nor that he just got ditched by his rebound due to alcohol induced "performance anxiety," the bacon mess will make it all better... at least until he wakes up tomorrow.
- Hash Browns:** The matrix of starch and fry oil creates a concoction that pretty much everyone is happy with. I mean, at any given time after 1 a.m. at least twenty-seven people will be downing a hash brown chaser. In fact, its general good qualities make it almost like the beer of diner food. Except y'know it gets you undrunk.
- Bacon Egg & Cheese on Bagel:** Perfect for the drunkest of drunken people. Reportedly used with hash browns by HCEMS shamans to treat four intoxicated freshmen and reportedly cure another's broken leg.
- Water:** Uses the mystical power of "metabolism" to preemptively cure hangovers. Thow it back—trust me you'll thank yourself tomorrow morning.



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