

THE SOPHOMORE SLUMP IS REAL
And the junior one, and the senior one, and the post-grad one...

CAMPO CONFISCATING
CONCERNING COUNT OF
COUNTERFEIT ID’S

“These are some sophisticated fakes”

By Mr. Dickinson ’18

ADEPT ALLITERATION DEPT.

(CAMPO JAIL) Fake ID’s have been confiscated for as long as students have used them, but Campus Security has reported seizing a staggering number of counterfeits this past week. Officer Edward Winter, campus’ counterfeit specialist, was particularly troubled with the recent spike in acquisitions.

“There is a high attention to detail on these licenses. Holographic and watermark images, security threads, microprinting, everything you would expect on a real ID,” Winter reported. “They even have a five-year-old picture of the individual printed on them. It’s almost as if they obtained these ID’s back when they were 16. They are indistinguishable from real licenses.”

Administration and security notwithstanding, the student body has expressed concern over the outbreak. “I don’t even understand how someone gets connections like that,” Dorothy Valentine ’19 said. “What will they smuggle into campus next, mari-

WOMEN’S STUDIES COURSE
CONVERTS BRO TO FEMINISM

One down, four billion to go

By Ms. LaSon ’17

I’M WITH HER, AND HER, AND HER DEPT.

(The YWCA) When Rafael Domingo ’20 enrolled in Intro to Women’s Studies during his first semester, he was not aware of exactly what the course would entail.

“The course description talked about hot chicks on T.V. and cosmetic surgery!” Domingo said to the registrar while begging for an add/drop form after the first class. “This is a liberal arts school! I thought I’d get to study some hot women! How was I supposed to know these people think boob jobs are a bad idea?”

However, despite his initial desire to leave the class, Domingo now calls the registrar’s refusal to grant his request “the best thing to happen in the history—sorry, herstory of my life.”

After learning of the inequality women face throughout the world, Domingo has become one of the most active participants in his 101 class, and has become a vocal member of the campus’ activist community. Women’s Studies professor Maryanne

juana cigarettes?”

Even those found in possession of these licenses sounded surprised. “I can barely believe it myself!” Damien Damienson ’17 said. “When I went to get my driver’s license all those years ago, I had no idea the DMV actually slipped me a cheap fake! This whole time I was under the impression that I had actually turned 21. Now I’m wondering why I waited in line for three hours.”

Officer John Banner provided more information on these imitation card holding students. “Each and every one of them has the same shocked look of disbelief on their faces, like they know they’ve been caught,” Banner said. “We try to get them to tell us where they purchased these fakes but they always claim they’ve ‘had them for years’ and that they ‘really are 21, officer, my birthday was just over the summer.’ They all say the same dribble.”

“What is interesting is that the demographic usually caught with these fakes are juniors and seniors, who usually are the students already over 21 anyway,” Winter added. “I don’t know how many students think that they can circumvent the law of the land, but we’ll catch them for sure, you can count on that. Nothing gets by us.”

Volopus ’78 is proud of Domingo’s drastic new understanding of sex and gender, and was extremely pleased with his recent paper, “The Glass Ceiling: Not Actually a Place to Look up Ladies’ Skirts.”

Unfortunately, Domingo’s peers have not responded to his recent change in attitude as positively as his professors have. Basketball teammate Ron Singleton ’19 described Domingo’s change in behavior as “really weird, and actually pretty creepy.”

When asked to elaborate, Singleton explained, “I’m all for equality, but I walked in on Rafael sitting down on the urinal to take a piss since ‘girls can’t stand to pee, so why the hell should we?’”

Misha Ratri ’20, who lives in Keehn with Domingo, initially expressed her excitement at meeting another self-proclaimed “social-justice warrior-womyn.” However, in a more recent interview, Ratri admitted that she has recently grown uncomfortable with the level of Domingo’s commitment to the cause.

“He went through the dorm handing out tampons to all the boys, saying that they weren’t allowed to be afraid of them anymore,” Ratri said. “Then he shouted, ‘I think natural is beautiful!’ and stole all the girls’ razors and makeup.”

STUDENTS BEGIN BUILDING
DORM ROOM ECHO CHAMBERS

Chambers, chambers, chambers...

By Mr. Riopelle ’17

LIBERAL ARTS DEPT.

(THE SAFEST SPACE) The opening weeks of the school year have seen the introduction of a new addition to housing options at Hamilton. In an effort to “protect inclusivity in a hostile environment,” some students have come together to provide their fellow classmates with personal echo chambers.

“It really is the best way to protect people from evil, non-liberal ideas,” project leader Sarah Janice Wesley ’18 said. “Safe spaces are good, but they don’t provide perfect inclusivity. Our new Protection Capsules do just that, by shutting out any ideas that might make a student feel less included.”

According to Wesley, each P.C. can hermetically seal its occupant inside, allowing him or her to listen to his or her own opinions for hours at a time without any noise interference from outside arguments. Opening the door at any time activates a surround-sound speaker system that blares “Trigger Warning” at high volume, in order to alert the occupant that he is about to interact with the outside world.

“It’s calming, you know?” one student, who wished to remain anonymous and unchallenged, said. “I love knowing I can just shut out everyone with those upsetting conservative views. I mean, why don’t they support Bernie Sanders? Why don’t they endorse absolutely everything Black Lives Matters says and does without question? Why don’t they condemn every use of every gun in every situation? I just don’t understand it. And now, thanks to my P.C., I don’t have to try.”

When asked, “Okay, but what about—,” the student darted into her P.C., locking herself in with her own thoughts and, as a consequence of the airtight sealing, her own flatulence.

The group of students responsible for the P.C.’s petitioned Hamilton Administration for funding, but was declined. The reasoning, according to Dean Nancy Thompson, was that the project is “completely anti-theoretical to rational discourse” and “not actually inclusive.”

Wesley admits the setback was hard, but remains determined. “It’s really an innovative solution to an ongoing problem,” she said. “After all, a place of learning as prestigious as Hamilton should never force its students to contend with information they haven’t already learned.”

In this issue: “I just want everyone to be sad.”

CELEBRITY DEATHS FORECAST	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.
	Betty White	Robert De Niro	Tupac
			
	80% chance she dies doing what she loves—a male stripper.	High probability he dies choking on a steak at Scorsese’s house.	“I knew he was alive! Well, never-mind.”

WANT YOUR OWN MASERATI WITHOUT
PAYING FOR IT?
Join Phishing Club!



See “All Princes Welcome,” pg. 101011101

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



“An 85-year-old woman has a 7.59% chance of dying this year. Also, Grandma says she misses you.”

Journal of Nicholas Nemo '20, Whale Hunter

August 16th

Today I embark upon my journey. I have heard tell that a Pink Whale roams freely on the campus of Hamilton College, and I intend to subdue it. It comes from a place called the Vines of Vineyard of which I know nothing. I predict that nothing highly unusual will transpire, but I will keep this record nonetheless.

August 23rd

I have seen the Whale, which somehow roams on men’s backs. It is, astonishingly, around every corner, borne by every other man I see. Is it their God? Have I stumbled across a foolish cult which worships the icon of this beast? I will ask the fellow with whom I share a room—perhaps he can be of some assistance in my pursuit of this ubiquitous creature.

September 1st

The Pink Whale follows me openly now. I see it everywhere: It jeers from water bottles and backwards-facing caps, from nightshirts and satchels, from each end of the earth. My room-mate is no help, for he thinks I have lost my wits, and perhaps he is right—I cannot imagine anyone could resist being driven mad by such an unrelenting foe...

September 2nd

The Whale is at once nowhere and everywhere, borne by the unseeing and unfeeling masses. I feel no sympathy for these people; they dare not fight the beast. Such cowards. I alone oppose the Beast of Vines of Vinyard. Such is my fate.

September 5th

It is clear to me now that I am as damned here as I would be in Hell itself. My room-mate has shut me in our chamber, attempting to ‘reason’ with me, as he sees it. He intercepted an attack I attempted on the Whale as it passed our dormitory window on the trousers of a young, slack-jawed man. He wrestled my harpoon out of my grip and broke it over his knee. I will never forgive him this transgression.

If there is a God He has created me to slay the Whale from the Vines of Vineyard. Of this I am certain. There is, in the eternal end, none but it and I, and if I must burn every tote bag on this infernal planet in order to destroy it, then so be it.

Stupid fucking whale.

Retrieved from the fireplace of Sadove by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

FACE OFF: WHY ARE STUDENTS WEARING NON-HAMILTON APPAREL

Victims of Mass Delusion

By Gordon Timbsby '18

You’ve seen them around: kids walking between classes with gangly arms dangling from the sleeves of Dartmouth and Yale t-shirts, or football recruits lounging in Commons with the words CRIMSON TIDE or FIGHTING IRISH stretched dangerously tight across keg-shaped chests. Attending one college while openly expressing via wardrobe the desire to attend a different one may strike you as both unbelievably douchey and unbelievably pathetic, but I urge you not to be so quick to judge. There is good reason to believe that the wearers of the offending apparel are just profoundly mentally unhinged.

I recently attempted to catch up with one such individual, a freshman outfitted in a Harvard sweatshirt wandering aimlessly across the Dark Side. He hurriedly brushed me off, stating that he was on his way to his “cah,” which he had “pahked in the yahd.” As he walked away, I heard him mutter under his breath, without any apparent context, “How do you like them apples?”

Is the American college system to blame? Have decades of elitism and broken dreams inspired wish-fulfilling fantasies in which students succumb to the delusion that they are attending better colleges than they actually are? Will the girl in my Econ class continue to wear her Stanford tank top into January, under the insistence that “it’s, like, 80 out every day here”? Will my roommate stop drinking Sam Adams from a Princeton tumbler and just chug Utica Club out of a Solo cup like a true Hamiltonian?

Only time will tell.



Fashion Choice

By Shelly Yates '19

In my time on this campus, I’ve seen far more Birkenstocks than I have ever wanted to see. I’ve seen cutoff jean shorts. On MEN. I’ve seen head-to-toe outfits composed completely of tie-dye. I’ve seen enough Lacoste shirts to feel more victimized by alligators than the kid who bit the big one at Disney World.

So is it really even worth noticing when somebody busts out a Cornell hoodie every now and again? Maybe their aunt or their cousin or somebody went there. At this point, so long as that hoodie doesn’t feature a dick pic collage of Harambe, I really can’t find it within me to find it that egregious.

Sorry.

Found crumpled in the front pocket of a Columbia sweatshirt by Mr. Lane '20

FRIDAY FIVE: WAYS TO FAKE BEING SMART

By Mr. Boudreau '20

It’s the beginning of the fall semester, and everyone’s got one thing on their mind: sex. And you know what they say, the best way to get into someone’s pants is through the brain.

5. **Be the first to talk:** Don’t even raise your hand. Just shout out some interesting sounding words like esoteric or floccinaucinihilipilification. People are sure to be impressed if you get your shit together fast enough to answer the question before the professor even finishes speaking. In fact, it works even better if you just yell constantly while the professor is talking.

4. **Take notes the whole time:** Just literally write down every single word that is said as if the fate of the world depends on it. If you can’t keep up, just scribble in some iconographic language (this adds the bonus appeal of people thinking you’re a linguist). If you run out of notebook paper, write in the margins, or write over whatever you just wrote until the paper drips with blue or black ink. No gel pens please. Also, bring an electric pencil sharpener, the louder the better, so when your pen runs out of ink you can sharpen it.

3. **Say “Going along with that”:** This one’s already pretty popular. Here’s an example, try it out: “Just, like, going off of what that student said just repeat some like smart sounding words and like reiterate what everyone else said. It totally makes me sound intellectual!”

2. **Answer a question with a quote:** If you can answer a question with a direct quote from a book, everyone will think you’re straight out of *Fahrenheit 451*. Or, if they haven’t read that classic novel that most people with a high school diploma have read, they’ll be like, “Damn does he have this shit memorized?” Plus, it doesn’t even have to be a real quote. If someone calls you out, just tell them, “Stupidity is a talent for misconception.” I think that was Einstein, or Lincoln, or maybe L. Ron Hubbard.

1. **Don’t show up to class:** Nothing screams that you already know the content more than not attending class. Your absence is a clear indication that you already read the whole textbook and know everaything there is to know about the subject. If your professor emails you, just reply that there is no such thing as absence, only a lack of presence.

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