

HEY ANNE CARSON—YOU THINK YOU’RE HOT SHIT?
Try coming up with 13 issues of dick jokes every semester

CAMPUS SAFETY BUSTS
HAMILTON’S ONLY DEALER
Feels kinda sorry for ruining everyone’s weekend

By Mr. Baize ’18
ABSOLUTELY NO CHILL DEPT.
(BOWELS OF MILBANK) Students looking to light up this weekend were dealt a serious blow by the arrest of one John Mario ’17. Across campus, students everywhere came to the same realization: Mario was the College’s sole supplier of weed, and he’d mysteriously disappeared in the Thursday night.
“When my dealer, John, stopped replying to my texts, I honestly wasn’t even worried. He’s kinda dramatic sometimes, and I figured I could just hit up my friend’s dealer, Jon,” local toker Clint Williams ’17 explained. “Here’s the deal, though. ‘John’ with the ‘h’ and ‘Jon’ without the ‘h’ are—and wrap your head around this—actually different spellings of the same name, belonging to the very same person. Shit’s pretty wild.”
When asked for comment, Campus Safety Officer Steve Peña was quick to accept praise for this surprising development. “The Bundy Cartel was no easy nut to crack. We had to come up with a highly coordinated, deep-cover sting operation,” he claimed,

RAS DECLARE EMINENT
DOMAIN, SEXILE ADVISEES
You can take it up with Res Life

By Ms. Granoff ’18
MAD WITH POWER DEPT.
(COLD, HARD, COMMON ROOM COUCH) Last weekend, many juniors and seniors were surprised to learn that, despite living in singles, they had been sexiled from their rooms. In a new expansion of authority, many Resident Advisors declared eminent domain and assumed the right to have sex in whichever advisee’s room pleased them.
“I really couldn’t be bothered to decorate my room this year,” RA Dean Wesley ’17 commented, “many of my enthusiastic underclassmen’s rooms do a much better job of setting the mood.”
Reactions to the new policy have been mixed. Some students have protested on the grounds that “fire inspections are not intended as an opportunity to search our rooms for fun-looking sex toys or particularly comfortable mattress pads,” but such




pointing to a hastily-assembled web of vague sketches connected with string. “But we finally got the son of a bitch,” he intoned, softly humming the *Narcos* theme to himself.
Other reports of the incident, however, did not quite back up Peña’s assertions.
“From what I could see, the dude was standing on a bench, urinating and shouting obscenities in the general direction of the fast-retreating late night jitney, as tends to happen on Thursday night,” Manny Frisch ’20 reflected. “I actually don’t think Campo would have done anything had he not offered them a blunt then and there. But yeah, I can totally understand confusing dumb luck for somehow tracking this guy down like he’s Walter fucking White.”
Campus as a whole, meanwhile, has yet to recover from this interruption of the supply line. However, Economics Professor S. Dogg assuaged those fears. “Since demand is high enough, and ever-increasing, it’s only a matter of time before some new player enters this alluringly vast, untapped, and, if we’re being honest, hugely inflated market,” he said. Sometimes you just have to supplement a meager professorial income.”
In unrelated news, Bon Appétit has since reported a mysterious fifty percent decrease in mid-afternoon Diner patrons.

arguments have failed to win over either the RAs or the administrators.
The new Area Director, Ms. Shaden von Freude was eager to explain the change in policy. “Well you see, we’ve had such an unusually high number of RAs quit in the first five or six weeks of school. It’s a shitty job. So in order to prevent everyone from quitting as a result of my other existing new policies, I needed to give them a reason to stick around!” Ms. Freude declared, impervious to questioning glances of those around her.
Some Government majors have contacted Ms. Freude and other college with concerns that RAs cannot legally exercise the power of eminent domain, particularly because sexiling advisees is not exactly “civic use.”
Ashley Place has since responded, “While I appreciate your enthusiasm the campus community, this is a college. Normal law doesn’t apply here! Save your critical thinking for the real world.”

FRAT DAD DISAPPOINTED HIS SON
IS A FUCKING PUSSY
Visit to college turns into *Porky’s* sequel

By Mr. Burns ’17
WILL FERRELL’S SLOPPY SECONDS DEPT.
(THERAPY) Scott Foley ’20’s weekend on campus was spoiled by the sight of his father, Chad Foley ’88, former DIK brother, making out with his son’s AA crush while doing a naked keg stand—during which he was fully erect. Mr. Foley was then hospitalized for a heart attack, only to come back strong later in the night, crashing a campo car into Diner B and raiding all the condiments in the chaos. And to the elder Foley’s astonishment, his son didn’t even wake up with him on top of the KJ roof the next morning.
“All I’m saying is I’m glad your mother, RIP, made me get that vasectomy so I can raw-dog it with eighteen-year-olds, bro,” the elder Foley said at Commons the next morning as he flavored his turkey sausage with a suspicious amount of ketchup.
The younger Foley has expressed his horror at his father’s ’80s sex comedy values, from another time when you could get away with literally anything if you were a white guy.
“I consider myself a feminist,” Scott said as he pushed his glasses up on his nose, which would have automatically made him a “nerd” in the ’80s but now just make him normal. “I also don’t feel like alcohol is necessary to have a good time.”
The elder Foley is reportedly unhappy with his son’s decision to be, in his words, “fucking LAME, man.”
“It’s always been my dream for my son to pledge DIK, the frat that goes so hard that a member must maintain a hard-on for the rest of his life,” Chad Foley said while stuffing his pockets with Vineyard Vines condoms. “I’ve crushed so many PBRs against my head that I’ve absorbed five pounds of metal in my skull. Scott can’t even construct a full wizard’s staff out of beer cans before noon on a Tuesday. Sometimes I can’t believe he’s my son. Where did I go wrong?”
Indeed, to his father’s horror, Scott has gone to every class and regularly practices all the rules of consent.
“I want to be a Creative Writing major. Frats aren’t really my thing,” the younger Foley, who just took a job as the coffee sommelier at Opus, said. “I just want to talk about my feelings and which philosopher I would fuck.” Foley is rumored to have already been rushed by the secret society ZAG.
“I’ve got to admit, I’m disappointed,” the elder Foley said as he drank Franzia from the preserved liver of the founder of DIK. “But I’ve gotta say I think my son has inspired me. I should probably finally finish my Econ major.”

In this issue: Dave Wippman please acknowledge us

BIPARTISAN DEBATE WATCH FORECAST	9 P.M.	10 P.M.	10:30 P.M.
	Register	to	Vote
			
	High probability Donald Trump uses words... Dear God.	85% Chris Christie makes surprise appearance, eats all snacks.	100% chance one of these people will be our president.

NEW, ADMIN. APPROVED HUMANS V. ZOMBIES
Everything you loved about HvZ,



minus everything you loved about HvZ.
See “NPCs rejoice,” pg. 9/25

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



“Hi honey, I appreciated you playing “Cats in the Cradle” on your radio show. Your dad would’ve loved it.”

A PISS-STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

My surprise encounter with the President

Oh geez oh geez I need to pee. I really shouldn't have had twenty-three cups of coffee before class. Where's the closest bathroom? Ah, here we go.

Aaahhhhhh. Much better. All the stress just flowing out through my--oh no, someone's coming in. I hate when this happens. I can't pee with someone next to me, I have a shy bladder!

Holy shit, that's David Whipman. He's whipping it out and—yup, David Wihpman is peeing next to me. Why did he take the urinal right next to me? There's an open one further away. Ugh.

Do I say anything? He's the president, after all. This could be my chance for some face time. Some real head to head bonding. But what if it's too awkward? What would I even say? Oh man. I can't pee under this much stress. Maybe he'll be quick.

He's not being quick. And his stream sounds like a god damn firehose. How much water does he drink? Hm. I wonder...nah, I shouldn't look. That's too weird.

But he *is* the president. I'm sure lots of people would like to know if David Wiphman is packing heat or not. Alright. This is happening. Just be casual. Lean over a little. Take a quick peek and—oh my god! Oh my god! That's—that's unbelievable! I mean how does he even buy pants with that—shit he saw me. Act natural. Compliment his tie. God, I hope he's wearing a tie.

Ok, that threw him off the scent. Speaking of scent, he must really like asparagus. Maybe he didn't see my face. Look straight ahead. Don't say anything. Don't even breathe. Is he looking? Good god, how is he still going? The man is like a reservoir. Oh. Ok, he's done. He's washing his hands. Still washing his hands. How long does it—oh no, he's checking himself out in the mirror. He doesn't even have hair to style, what could be taking so long? There we go...phew. He's gone. Now I can pee in peace.

Oh no, not the door again. Please don't—oh god, it's Dave Thompson.

Found scrawled on a bathroom wall by Mr. Letai '19

2016: A WASTE ODYSSEY



“All hail the Pabst. Tonight, we drink like kings!”

Found etched on a cave wall in Kirkland Glen by Mr. Kraft '17

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: LIST ART CENTER IS SUPERVILLAIN PRISON

Okay, so, this is going to sound weird, and believe me, I already know it. You think my roommate hasn't started making snide comments about how crazy I am? Because he totally has, and it's making our *Ancient Aliens* marathons really awkward and—actually, nevermind, because that's not the point.

The point's this: the abandoned List Art Center is a supervillain prison on the D.L. Literally, because it's underground. Underground. Down low. Get it? It's right there in front of us, people.

I can hear you asking, “What the fuck is List? The arts building is called the Kennedy Center, you moron, get out of my suite.” To that I can only say: shows what you know, and also, no. Cause guess what? Underneath Schambach and Wellin is an abandoned labyrinth of soundproof practice rooms where no one can hear you scream Joss Whedon dialogue. What do you think they use those little concrete fear boxes for? Use your NESAC brains! You think the Avengers are above the military industrial complex? Why do you think Loki wasn't in *Civil War*? It all tracks. Your goody two-shoes American heroes defeat the bad guy and you think all is well, but behind the scenes they're getting shoved into East Coast Guantanamo while the Hamilton College Board of Directors lines its pockets with Wayne dollars.

I'm, like, 90% sure the Commons people are in on it too, cause I saw Marge walking into List with a bunch of carrot cake in a duffel bag to slip to Cobra Commander when Campo wasn't looking. The worst part is that I heard they're going to start letting them audit classes. Now, why would a school like Hamilton let supervillains take classes? Simple: so they can add to the list of famous alumni. Toby from *The Office* and Ezra “I'm a fucking psycho” Pound aren't cutting the mustard anymore. In like three years prospies are going to look on Niche and see a review that's all like, “I sat next to Magneto in Abnormal Psych and he kept copying off me but when I complained he bent my pen around my finger with his mind and now I only have nine fingers. B-.”

Whatever man, fuck. You don't have to agree with me, that's just, like, your opinion. Wait, did you still want an eighth?

Recorded during a butt-dial to Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

FRIDAY FIVE: HAMILTONIAN BABY NAMES

By Mx. Stevenson '19

So, something in your life went horrifically wrong during pledging and you're now expecting a little Continental! Here are some of the cutest, most unique names for your newest tiny roommate who will somehow produce more noxious odors and bodily fluids than all of Carn combined.

5. **Jitney:** If your morning sickness is conjuring fond memories of backseat bouts of nausea as you careened down the hill en route to Target, then this is the perfect name for your little girl! A modern update to ever-trendy names like Hailey, Hayley, and Haighleigh, it's short, sweet, preppy, and you can't help but smile when you say it—or grimace as bile creeps up your esophagus again.

4. **Howard:** Bad choices at 2 AM on Saturday lead to weight gain, so kill two birds with one stone by naming your ~~food~~ baby after campus's beloved Howard Diner. Your little Howie (how cute is that?) will definitely not be developmentally impacted in utero by the soothing sounds of Major Lazer at 100 decibels on the jukebox as you irritably wait for your pancakes. Maybe it's just the broken neon, but you're absolutely glowing!

3. **Manfredo:** A strong choice for a baby boy, Manfredo is an ancient name meaning “guardian,” “protector,” and “killjoy.” It's also got great potential for adorable nicknames, such as Manny, Freddie, or Dodo. If you want your little daycare warrior to be conscientious, diligent, and proficient in the use of an ineffective point-based disciplinary system, this is the name for you!

2. **Opus:** Maybe you're actually the type of person to play traditional Mongolian throat-singing to your fetus while you align its chakras with a kombucha infusion after prenatal sunrise yoga. Or maybe you're just really craving breakfast burritos. Either way, Opus has you covered! This cool, artsy name also works just as well for very fraternal twins. But hey, next time, you should definitely ask for a Magnum.

1. **Aaron B.:** Well, aren't you just sooo edgy.

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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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