

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVIII, ISSUE VI “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” SEPTEMBER 30, 2016

IF YOU’RE PRONE TO PETTY EMOTIONAL OUTBURSTS, IF YOU THINK YOUR ACTIONS HAVE ANY CONSEQUENCES IN THE REAL WORLD, Tear here

DUEL PAPER BOY FORGETS TO DELIVER PAPER ON TIME

Campus descends into chaos
By Mr. Dickinson ’18
DOOMSDAY DEPT.
(SKULL PILE ON DUNHAM GREEN) Last Friday morning, the regular pace of campus life was rudely interrupted when students noticed that their favorite satire publication was not readily available at the dining halls. Noticeable distress throughout the student body proceeded to escalate when rumors surfaced that there was no edition for the week, or worse still, that the *Duel Observer* was cancelled due to a Ponzi scandal, which would explain all the mayonaise.

“The air just didn’t feel right,” Rachael Weather- spoon ’20 commented. “Almost as if all outlet for cre- ative criticism of societal norms was lost. I suppose the intense sulfur clouds were out of the ordinary, too.”

As the day progressed, the situation became direr.

“To be perfectly honest, the first thing that I noticed were the meteors the size of dogs crashing everywhere,” George Shyanne ’17 said. “Not very big dogs, mind you, but considering they’re meteors and

not dogs, that was a bit concerning. It certainly ex- plained why the sky was red, though.”

After a few hours of celestial disaster, reports of a very strange presence became prevalent.

“A few men on horseback showed up around noon. Normally, I wouldn’t have paid them any mind except that they were breaking windows, de- stroying campus, bringing about the end of civiliza- tion as we know it,” Mac Adelphio ’17 said. “But then I realized, ‘Wait, Class and Charter Day isn’t until the end of the spring semester.’ Then I knew something was up.”

Come three o’clock, Duel Enforcers intercepted the culprit while frantically passing out the paper six hours late.

“Yo, man, my b,” Dom Edjet ’18 said. “I had a paper due at eleven. I was expecting some distress, sure, but more like walking on the left side of Mar- tin’s Way and leaving the toilet seats up sort of an- archy.”

After things settled down, the Duel Observer E-Board stated that things have “literally not even changed.” Turns out Commons and McEwen throw out all the copies on the weekends anyway.

WITCH DOCTOR SETS UP IN GLEN

Has better hours, is more reliable than Health Center
By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19
SHAMANISM DEPT.
(100-YEAR-OLD SACRED OAK) The return of fall on the Hill has brought with it hundreds of cases of sick students. However, the Health Center has re- ported a decrease in the number of students they have treated in the last month. After further investigation into the Center’s declining case numbers, it has be- come apparent that students have instead been visiting local Witch Doctor River Bonjuju, who recently began camping out in the Kirkland Glen.

Sandy McPherson ’18 paid a visit to Bonjuju on Tuesday afternoon when the Health Center slammed the door in her face at exactly 4:01 P.M., even though her face was visibly jaundiced and she was unable to speak above a low whisper. “Visiting Bonjuju in the Glen was my roommate’s idea,” McPherson said. “She saw him crushing bark and leaves into a tin can on her run earlier that week.”

COMMONS ACCIDENTALLY FEEDS STUDENTS MAGIC MUSHROOMS

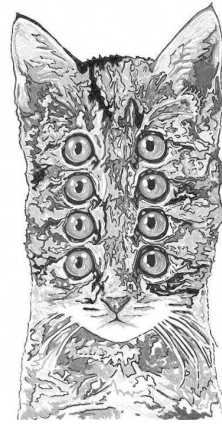
Philosophy papers especially good this week
By Ms. Hammer ’20
HIGH TOLERANCE DEPT.
(WHY ARE THE WALLS CRYING?) Through a mix up in shipping, Soper Commons has been forced to use magic mushrooms in dishes as opposed to the un-magic kind. Under any other circumstance, what is being deemed “The Shroom Situation” would have only affected a small population of students. However, the delectable fungi were introduced at the omelette bar Sunday morning, when Commons was most populated by intellectuals crawling, some literally on all fours, to fill the void in their memory through their stomachs.

Freshman and Seniors alike found themselves face down in their plates of mashed potatoes, claim- ing Alexander Hamilton was cornering them in a dank bathroom, and staring blankly at that lone beer can outside your dorm for hours on end. Most professors reported not noticing a change in student behaviour until administration got involved.

will not be issuing an apology anytime soon. “Wait, let me go check in the back,” Soper Commons Spokesperson Amy Wurst declared. After twenty minutes she returned with a blank stare, “We clearly label all our food at Com- mons to accommodate for all diets. The purple swirl sticker should have made it clear there were hallu- cinogens in the food,” she said, hastily shoving a purple Sharpie into a cook’s hand.

Dean Nancy Thompson, crusader of student safety, released an email summing up the events: “It just goes to show that no system is perfect. There’s always shroom for improvement.”

The supply of the imposter mushrooms is cer- tain to run out some point this coming week. Until then, students have two choices: avoid Commons or embrace it. *Because, yes, the squirrels have been talking shit about you all week, how can you not tell?*



“Gnarly.”

After walking for twenty minutes off the paths, McPherson finally found the witch doctor sitting cross-legged on a large boulder in the middle of an eerily still pond. Bonjuju diagnosed her ailment by spinning around her in a clockwise motion while flinging dried butterfly wings, then shouting a series of incomprehensible noises. Treatment involved wait- ing until the sun was exactly thirty degrees above the horizon, then rubbing McPherson’s torso with the furs of six decaying squirrels. According to McPherson, the strange remedy had “kinda worked, a little bit” and left her face smelling like “week-old roadkill.”

“Still,” she said, “better than the salt packets and cough drops the Health Center gave me.”

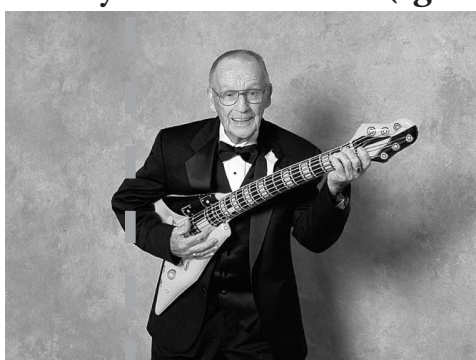
Often, due to high demand of Bonjuju, students wait in groups surrounding the healing pond. “One time I watched this guy chug ground-ants and pine needles and then lay naked in the healing pond,” Rob- ert Giles ’20 said. Giles also reported seeing a few Health Center staff watching Bonjuju from behind the bushes.

“Maybe they’re coming to learn from him,” he said, “or maybe they’re wondering why his proactive meth- ods are working better than their traditional method of doing absolutely nothing, waiting for students to get better on their own, and then claiming credit.”

OKTOBERFEST FORECAST

10 P.M.	11 P.M.	12 A.M.
Culturally  20% chance they let you in without leder- hosen.	Appropriative  High probability calling it “bier” does nothing to improve taste.	Debauchery  “I hope they do this next month!”

UPTOWN BOOTY PLAYING BARN SAT. The boys are back in town (again)



See “Alumni Weekend Already?” pg. ’14

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM You might want to call her back.



“So Parents’ Weekend is coming up—we’re bring- ing our laundry for you to do.”

FACE OFF: PROCRASTINATION OR PROCRASTURBATION?

Procrastination

David Joyce '19

Listen, we all want to be that guy or gal who goes and gets their work done right away, but it's just not humanly possible. I can't count the number of times when I have been studying and I decide to take a quick break for a little *Diners Drive Ins and Dives*, and I find myself ten episodes deep drowning my work-stress sorrows in Guy Fieri's signature dragon's breath chili. Guy Fieri aside, procrastination is perfectly natural and even has major benefits. For one it allows you to maximize your funtime, doing the activities that make college so great like surfing the web on your laptop or trying to beat your high score in hopscotch.

You may be thinking "what if I overdo it on funtime and don't have enough time for my scholarly duties?" This is a valid point, but what this really teaches you is to really crank out work like a man possessed. What's the big deal with taking a little break? So what if your final Econ paper that is worth 102% of your grade (accounting for inflation) is due? You have much more pressing issues to deal with. Don't be bothered by avoiding things that may or may not dictate the entire course of the rest of your life. There are just no substitutes for procrastinating. It just can't be beat, especially not by "beating it."



Procrasturbation

Deborah McGrath '18

You have been sitting at your computer for an hour, staring at the essay you are writing but have only managed to write a proper MLA heading for. Your hand idly wanders down south of your belt line, slips into your pleated khaki pant, and as the blood starts to flow into your erectile tissue the magic begins. Congratulations, you have started to procrasturbate.

Procrasturbation is the avoidance of work through self pleasuring, and oh baby is it fun. It's way more reproductive than regular procrastination and anybody can do it. All you need is a pair of hands. Put down that research paper on the effects of avian cruelty on farm output and choke your own chicken. Stop investigating the ancient Aztec ritual of bean flicking and flick your own bean. The best part about procrasturbating is how quick and easy it is. After a quick two minutes of sheer orgasmic pleasure you can get back to your work, reinvigorated and rejuvenated. I've even heard of some people procrasturbating four or five times a night. Sometimes you got to get your mind of working and focus instead on jerking.

Overheard while jerking it by Mr. Paull '20

PLAYLISTS FOR DIVERSE SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS

Have you ever been crawling to climax and thought, "Man, I wish I had some sweet ass jamz to make this moment that much better?" Well, worry no more! We've come up with some playlists for every type of situation so you're never left without a beat to thrust to.

Spread-Eagle Sex with an Ornithologist in the Crow Aviary:

- Accidentally In Love—Counting Crows
- As The Crow Flies—Newsted
- 33 Crows—Kula Shaker
- Oh Josephine—The Black Crowes
- Northern Downpour—Panic! At the Disco

Marathon Sex in the 24 hour room:

- All Day All Night—Moon Taxi
- Lessons in Love (All Day, All Night)—Neon Trees
- All Night—Icona Pop
- You Shook Me All Night Long—AC/DC
- Sixty-Minute Man (x24)—Billy Ward and the Dominoes

Sex With That Weird Guy From Your Intro Psych Class:

- The Psychiatrist Is In—God Help The Girl
- Getting Naked, Playing With Guns—Andrew Jackson Jihad
- Sorry Bro—Andrew Jackson Jihad
- Send Them Off—Bastille
- Recover—CHVRCHES

Sex on the Pizza Counter With a Commons Worker:

- Pour Some Sugar on Me—Def Leopard
- Misery Business—Paramore
- Cheeseburger in Paradise—Jimmy Buffet (Ha!)

- Truffle Butter—Nicki Minaj (feat. Drake and Lil Wayne)
- Eat That Up, It's Good For You—Two Door Cinema Club

Sex with that Weird Emo Kid After Burning Down a Church and Sacrificing Your Firstborn to the Almighty Lord and Savior Marilyn Manson:

- A Fungus Among Us—Vaginal Mustard
- Disparate Youth—Santigold
- Pity Party—Melanie Martinez
- Guilty Pleasure—Attila
- Welcome to the Black Parade—My Chemical Romance

Boring, Vanilla, Upper-Middle Class White People Sex at 9pm on a Tuesday with Martha and Chad:

- Careless Whisper—George Michael
- Careless Whisper—George Michael
- Careless Whisper—George Michael
- Careless Whisper—George Michael
- Careless Whisper—George Michael

Tested and thoroughly endorsed by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20 and Mx. Collins '19



"Yeah, I'm gonna need you to pour yourselves out if you want to come in..."

By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

CONSPIRACY THEORY: SQUIRRELS ARE BEING KILLED TO MAKE TOUPEE FOR PRESIDENT WHIPMAN

Everyone thinks I've gone mad. My parents won't talk to me, my roommate only rolls her eyes when I start explaining, and I can't go to sleep. I even tried to call PETA—they threatened to throw blood over all my sweaters if I didn't stop holding up the hotline! So, *Duel Observer*, you're the last chance I have to come clean.

Have you all seen that one tailless squirrel around Sadove? Usually, I can't stand squirrels—I know they just seem like harmless rascally pests now, but wait until one of those moldy, rabies-infested dirtbags skins your face off trying to pry your last container of Diner honey mustard from your hands. But there was something about this rodent that perplexed me: where had that tail gone?

Well, it just so happened that, as I was waiting for ice cream machine at Commons, I found none other than David "Squirrel Poacher" Whippman scooping the final remains out of the mint chocolate chip carton. As he sadly scraped the remains of the pint, I noticed a few small hairs fall out of his pocket. I tried to hand the hairs back, but he was already making a beeline to the men's room.

The hairs' grimy smell of stale fries and cow manure... it was all too familiar. I raced to the door, and through the crack in the door, I could just barely make out David Wehpmann checking himself out in the mirror, with a freshly shaved squirrel pelt atop his shiny bald egg of a head.

Sure, Whiipman just wants to fit in—he can't go crawling around campus looking like a lizard person and expect to make friends! But it's only a matter of time before that little squirrel tail outgrows him and he wants something bigger—a squirrel mohawk, a squirrel mullet, maybe even an ombré rainbow squirrel man bun to blend in with the Opus crowd. And it's already growing. I walked into a CAB meeting last week only to find the Barn filled with sweaty freshmen gutting and sewing the remains of dead squirrels, with Whhepman at the front screaming that "the wig isn't going to make itself!" Sure, you might be grimacing at those little critters digging up acorns now, but one day, when all the squirrels are placed atop power-hungry Wehhepman like a redneck crown, you're going to miss those coked-out, idiotic, second-hand hamster bastards.

Squeaked out by Ms. Buiocchi '20

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