

HAMILTON CHANGES NAME ON FACEBOOK TO
WARD OFF PROSPECTIVE APPLICANTS

BURR MEDIA GROUP
COMPLETES TAKEOVER OF
HAMILTON’S ON-CAMPUS
PUBLICATIONS

Help us, *Monitor*, you’re our only hope

By Mr. Baize ‘18

LATE CAPITALISM DEPT.

(SMOKE-FILLED CONFERENCE ROOM)

At an unusual emergency meeting of the Media Board late Thursday night, Burr Media Group announced its acquisition of the *Duel Observer*, thus establishing absolute control over every publication on Hamilton’s campus. Best known for its critically-panned reinterpretation of the beloved Lin-Manuel Miranda musical, which painted Alexander Hamilton as an illegal immigrant from a “shithole” Caribbean island, the group’s history of rigid editorial control and expanding monopoly on campus news-rooms have raised some concerns among students and faculty.

“At first, I was all for it,” *Enquiry* editor-in-chief Sharon Sinclair ’18 said. “Rigid, top-down determination of ideological and cultural values are exactly the intellectual diversity that this campus so desperately needs. But then,” Sinclair continued, “the Burr stuff started to get pretty weird, especially when they asked us to make every article say that Aaron Burr was America’s greatest president, even the articles that had nothing to do with him.”

ON-CAMPUS BOYFRIEND
SOMEHOW WORSENER OVER
WINTER BREAK

Less like wine, more like cottage cheese

By Ms. Bowen ’21

CANCELLED VALENTINE’S DAY PLANS DEPT.

(A BUNDY WEST APARTMENT) Lizzie Gray

’19 was disheartened to find that her boyfriend of four months had not returned from winter break a changed man, like he had promised. Jack VanDyke ’19 had spent most of his four weeks at home, playing video games and eating Doritos while his girlfriend chose to use her time building houses in Ecuador.

“He always promised that he’d be more interesting and less self-centered,” Gray said. “Instead he just kept sending me snapchats of him wearing the same Patriots t-shirt for weeks on end. And the one time it got washed was when he paid his sister to do his laundry.”

However, Sinclair’s great rival at the *Spectator*, editor-in-chief and history major Nancy Frank ’19, took the opposite position. “We at the *Spec* pride ourselves on educating the public on the many accomplishments of Burr’s administration,” she said, citing among these “sweeping tax reform” and “a concerted effort to return America to a greatness that it had not yet achieved.”

Among the faculty, economics professor Oliver Johns voiced his discontent at the media ecosystem left in the acquisition’s wake. “Used to be, if you wanted insightful commentary on the nation’s political life, you’d pick up the *Duel*; if you wanted to get the latest scoop on inter-faculty feuds, you’d flip through the *Spectator*, and if you were a real waste of oxygen who enjoyed consuming literal trash, you could even read the *Topical*. Now, you can’t even pick up the *Bull* without being bombarded with think-pieces on how Burr’s frequent outbursts were actually part of an intricate political strategy. We only have the illusion of choice.”

The administration has denied any relationship between the new media organization’s editorial position and President Wippman’s unveiling of a new Aaron Burr statue in front of the chapel last week. High-level coordination between the executive and an independent campus press would indeed be troubling, but since the administration, like President “Honest” Aaron Burr, cannot tell a lie, then the campus has nothing to fear.

VanDyke had promised Gray that his New Year’s resolution was to be a better boyfriend, but so far he had proceeded to sleep through their breakfast date and his first two classes. His roommate, Thomas Reyes ’19, said, “Jack can clean up okay, but most of the time when Lizzie is over he’s unshowered and unbothered. She tries to sit down but between his beer-stained sheets and all the crap on the floor, she usually ends up sort of huddled in the doorway. She’s definitely way out of his league.”

Gray elaborated: “I knew when he told my family at Thanksgiving that he thought Larry David’s SNL monologue was hilarious that the relationship probably wasn’t going anywhere. Santa didn’t make him cooler, like I wished him to. I just don’t understand how he could let me down like this. Was that girl in *Gremlins* really onto something?”

JUNIOR VARSITY CHRISTIAN
FELLOWSHIP LOOKING FOR NEW
MEMBERS

For those not quite as good at loving God

by Ms. Warren ’18

DEPT. OF REMEDIAL RELIGIOUS STUDIES

(OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL) Division III soccer player and twice-a-year Christian Annie Lawlor ’18 founded the Junior Varsity Christian Fellowship (JVCF) last semester after a grueling practice left her wondering whether there was a point to it all.

“I didn’t feel there was anywhere on campus that catered to my needs as a Christian athlete who can’t wrap her head around that story where God is like ‘Abraham, go kill your son so I know u rly like me.’ And then Abraham is fully about to murder his twelve-year-old when God says ‘Imao ;) jk,’” Lawlor said. “Think about how needy and possessive that is. If my ex-boyfriend did that and I wrote an op-ed about it for *Glamour*, it would go viral.”

In their second semester on campus, the JVCF looks forward to team bonding during a Denominational Crawl and maybe giving something up for Lent (but maybe not). Lawlor encourages anyone who is confident at game time but wracked with uncertainty when they contemplate the Hereafter to join the JVCF.

“Sometimes when I’m out on the court really loving the Lord, I remember that He decided the first three Ten Commandments should be all about Him,” Kyle Baker ’20 said. “I just feel like one of those could have been ‘thou shalt not rape?’”

Lawlor recruited Baker to the JVCF after noticing a lot of Communion imagery in Baker’s Intro to Creative Writing pieces. “I’m good at soccer but I’m great at sniffing out people whose religious upbringings left them kind of fucked up,” Lawlor said with a shrug.

Lily Nuñez ’20 says she enjoys the JVCF but hopes to join the Varsity Christian Fellowship as an upperclassman.

“If being a good Christian just came down to guilt and sexual shame, I could have made varsity this year,” she said. “But during tryouts I fumbled the meaningful relationship with Christ.”

The JVCF anticipates an exciting season in the NE-SCAC Doubt Tournament in April. “The Bates College Agnostics are our main rival,” Lawlor said. “But the Amherst Lapsed Catholics Who Find Beauty in the Sacraments but Have A Really Hard Time Reconciling With It All have a strong lineup this year too. I’m just looking forward to playing hard and seeing what happens.”

In this issue: render unto Obama

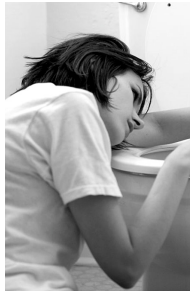

HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE
A SNOW PLOW



See “Cleaning up the streets,” pg. 18

Hamilton
Kama Sutra

POSITION OF THE WEEK:
The Fallen Angel. While one partner makes a snow angel on the ground outside of KTSA, the other partner falls onto their genitals out of a tree.

FIRST WEEKEND BACK FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 10% chance you remember everyone’s names	 High probability your alcohol tolerance is in the toilet	 “It was good.”

THE VALIDITY OF THE MODERN MALE LIFESTYLE: A Discussion on the Distinction Between Nice Guys and Softboys

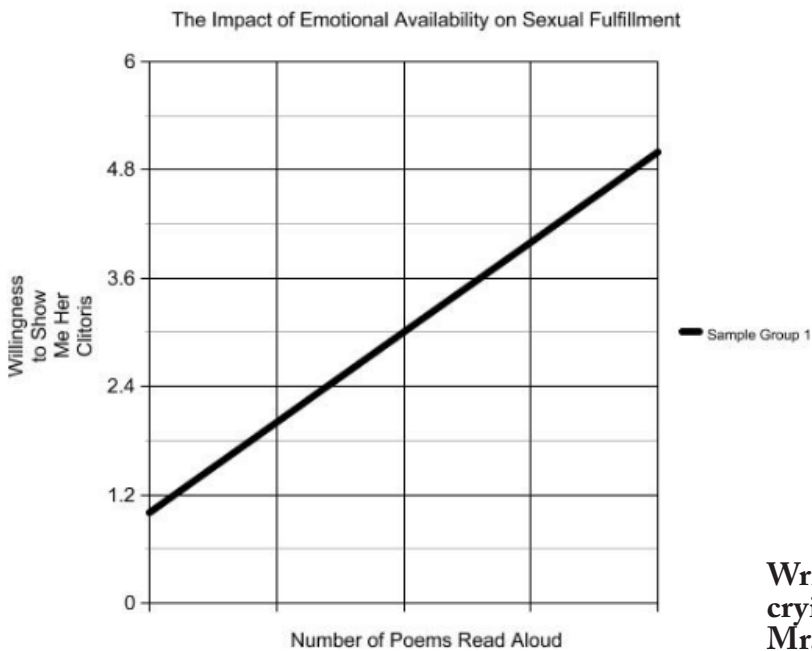
There exists in our supposedly “progressive” society a severe prejudice against a chronically disenfranchised group whose interests are routinely ignored by the public: nice men. In recent years, kind, polite males have been subject to discrimination, exclusion, and slurs. The stereotypes applied to this brand of millennial man are insensitive and rooted in sexism that is completely new and has never before been seen in our society. Offensive women will call these polite, cultured gentlemen “softboys” or “pigs,” just because these men will occasionally request nudes on Linkedin. Sometimes, nice guys will be subject to holding doors for upwards of a minute, waiting for a group to pass through. Reports have even been filed by some men stating that women have refused to let men grind on them, even after being offered a nice IPA. But where is our NAACP, our ACLU, our RAINN?

The perpetrators of these inequalities are, for the most part, women who for some reason always choose douchebags who play lacrosse or curling or something. These women are incredibly uncultured, and probably couldn’t even identify half of Nat King Cole’s albums (I play bass guitar, ask me about it). There are a lot of nasty things to be said about women who prefer these types of men, but as a mature adult I refuse to disrespect those particular sluts.

Now, the feminist movement is extremely important to me, and has achieved some incredible feats over the last century, such as women’s suffrage and the right for me to pressure her into getting an abortion. But this routine persecution of the progressive straight white man is unacceptable. Some men solely want to get women naked and that is unequivocally disgusting. Some of us, however, treat women with respect in order to get them naked. If that isn’t equality I don’t know what is.

The statistics do not lie. My research dictates that over 100% of women surveyed would rather date a nice man than a man who physically or mentally abuses them. About 68% of paraplegic women surveyed stated that my poetry was better than the experience of being disabled. According to a focus group I made up, emotional availability and artistic creativity is actually more attractive than having muscles or a nice face (See Table 1). What this evidence conclusively dictates is that even if I was not the strongest, most attractive, or best-dressed man in the world (I am, but that’s beside the point), women want what I have to offer. It’s just that they haven’t realized it yet.

In conclusion, there is a definite distinction between being a nice, civilized gentleman, and a soft-boy. Softboys solely use the facade of being respectful and kind in order to get laid, while us nice guys do not need a facade. We are simply genuine, emotionally available men who are looking for genuine, kind, physically flawless women who are able to see the prejudices and stereotypes we, as vulnerable men, face.



Written down between
crying/masturbating by
Mr. Case ’21

Duel Observer Orgy Quote Box

“I know the Eventbrite said that we’re starting at 10:30, but we’re really going to begin at 10:45 because I figured some of you would be late.”

“So, who’s the observer this week?”

“Can we begin by reading campo literotica again?”

“I understand that every orgy has its ups and downs, but I really hope that there’s more ups than downs this time.”

“The safe word is the entirety of the Declaration of Independence.”

“How many points is this worth?”

“Can we put the sugar glider outside? I don’t like that it’s just sitting there, watching.”

“Wow, you have awfully tiny hands!”

“And so the bartender is actually a dog! That’s funny, right? Right?”

“Well cock-a-doodle-do-me, I didn’t know you were such an early riser!”

“Unlike other roosters, I crow when the sun don’t shine.”

“I’m just going to leave if you guys keep making chicken puns.”

“You know how the psychologist Samuel Janus argues that that humor and tragedy are inextricably linked? Well, I think that the reason I’m so funny is that my mom never hugged me enough as a child. Anyway, fuck me harder.”

“The ball is in your court.” “OMG get it out!”

“Is that Cheeto dust on your fingers?”

“You’re being a real pain in the ass right now.”

“Don’t quit your day job.”

“But we already recreated this scene from Bruno!”

“My mom bought me this pepper spray before I came to college and I thought we could do something with it maybe?”

“If only the *Bull* could see us now.”

“Okay guys, that’s a wrap! Please rate your experience on the anonymous online survey and remember: What happens on the Hill could quite possibly bring you closer to hell. See you next Tuesday!”

Heard outside KJ 101 by Ms. Terhune ’21

How to Move On With Your Life When You’re A Sugar Glider Released From A College Dorm

First, we know it’s hard to be in your situation; after all, you’re just a young marsupial, trying to make your way through life like all the other marsupials out there. Could you have predicted that your owner, who you thought would love and protect you, would take you to a frozen tundra planet and then immediately lose track of you?

Well, you’re safe now (we assume; we don’t actually know what happened to you), and it’s time to cut your losses and move on with your life. But how can you parlay your fifteen minutes of fame on an isolated college campus into a life worth living? And how do you handle all of the questions you’re receiving, like, “How does somebody even get a sugar glider?” or, “Where are you right now?”

Assuming you don’t mind using your tiny, adorable mouth or tiny, adorable claws to re-tell your harrowing tale, you may very well choose to take your story to the press. Go on interviews with local news stations or poorly-formatted, feminist-for-commercial-reasons listicle websites. Write a tell-all book exposing your treatment at the hands of your captor. Be sure to include all of the details of how you were heroically saved by Francis Coots; readers will buy your book out of a slavish devotion to his DILF status. There is a lot of money to be made here, and in a tiny community like this with very little to latch on to, that can mean big bucks for you to buy whatever it is sugar gliders like. Sugar? Helmets? Tiny pairs of glasses to complete the “Mother Nature Basically Put A ‘Kick Me’ Sign on My Back” Look?

Another good idea is therapy. Face it, you’ve been through a lot. You probably want to go back to the sugar glider community, assuming you live in communities or even exist in large numbers outside of captivity. We really can’t stress enough how little we know about sugar gliders. In any case, you should probably get somebody to root around in that little noggin and find some... cubes...? I guess?

Look, we really know nothing about you, your owner, your species, or your current whereabouts. But if you need a hand, we, the *Duel Observer*, will be here. Glide on over.

Released into police custody by Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

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