

DUEL OBSERVER STAFF NUDES LEAKED  
Campus ambivalent, disappointed, bemused

ADMINISTRATION FORCES  
HAMLET DIRECTOR TO ADD  
MENTAL HEALTH COMPONENT  
Cast underwhelmed

By Mr. Case '21  
CHECKING OUR PULSES DEPT.  
(F. EUGENE ROMANO THEATER) In what has been referred to as a “classless” move by the Theatre Department’s director of *Hamlet*, this spring’s main-stage production will focus on the Danish prince’s psychological well-being in the college’s latest attempt to address the state of mental health on campus.

“We heard our students’ grievances at the recent Town Hall, and we have taken action to improve the state of mental care here at Hamilton,” Kathleen Marlowe, Dean of Students, said. “When we realized that the Theatre Department would be putting on a production of *Hamlet*, we saw a great opportunity to address our students’ little issue. After skimming the play’s Sparknotes page, we discovered that *Hamlet* is actually pretty bleak, so we took it upon ourselves to make some changes to that big ol’bummer of a script.”

“In theory, the changes aren’t a terrible idea,” Marcus Angle, the director, said. “But after reading the revised scene where Hamlet sits down with his

father’s ghost to discuss the impact of his parenting style on Hamlet’s ability to form meaningful relationships, I knew that we had a problem. Frankly, the altered script is misguided at best. Instead of referring to his mother and uncle’s marriage as ‘foul incest,’ Hamlet says that ‘it is difficult for me to process this relationship, but in sum I respect your choices and hope that Claudius gives me ample time to come to terms with his new role as my father figure and my king.’”

“On the plus side, rehearsals are much easier now that the runtime has been cut to about twenty minutes,” Liam Caback '20, who plays Polonius in the show, said. “The rewrites completely got rid of the final three acts and instead replaced them with a five minute monologue in which Hamlet ultimately decides to go for a run and take a nap instead of embarking on a fury-fueled quest for revenge. The actor who plays Laertes was initially pretty pissed that his role was reduced but luckily he was double-cast as Hamlet’s therapist, Validatio, who advocates for the use of essential oils over prescription medication.”

“Overall, we think the production will be a smashing success,” said Dean Marlowe. “At the very least it’ll get all you whiny little shits off our backs until the end of the semester.”

FRESHMAN SHAVES BALLS  
Now all he needs is someone to share them with

By Mr. Boudreau '20  
DESPERATION DEPT.  
(DOWNSTAIRS) In a misguided attempt to jumpstart his non-existent sex life, Harry Sachs '21 sheared off all of his pubic hair earlier this week. This act of desperation was first reported when his Residential Advisor entered a shower in the third floor of Major and discovered it to be carpeted with pubes. The identity of the pubes’ owner was confirmed to be Sachs by his roommate, Fletcher McCoogan '21.

“Since I’m such a catch in all areas except for one, I figured the only thing standing in the way of losing my virginity was my unshaven scrotum,” Sachs said, while blatantly disrespecting his female hallmate’s privacy by coming through her dirty laundry for pairs of underwear. “It should be any day now.”

“I knew something weird was happening when Harry left the room to take a shower with just a razor and a bottle of shaving gel,” McCoogan said. “Then after twenty minutes, he came back, and he clearly hadn’t shaved his face. My suspicions were confirmed when he spent the next three days

scratching his taint.”

When asked to comment on his sad attempt to make himself more appealing, Sachs said, “My balls were pretty hairy. So I figured if—I mean, *when* I get with a girl, it’ll be much better if I’ve got some smooth jewels than if I had ratty nads like most guys. I don’t even know if I did a good job. My balls are pretty big, so there was a lot of ground to cover.”

The jury is still out on whether Sachs’s latest strategy to have sex will pay off this weekend. “The problem with Harry’s newest plan to get laid is that it assumes that he’ll be able to get into a situation where a lady will see his slick sack,” The *Duel*’s sexpert, Bryan Berns, said. “The problem was never his hairy balls, the problem was that he treats women worse than Matthew Mconaughey treats Channing Tatum in *Magic Mike*—like objects.”

“Look, I know my plans to lose my virginity in the past have been stupid. Maybe my Halloween and Valentine’s Day tactics were ‘naïve’ or ‘creepy’, but I’ve got a really good feeling about this one,” said Sachs. “Although, maybe that good feeling is just my clean-shaven coin purse.”

GRAY SIDE FINALLY FILLED IN  
WITH CEMENT  
Hill becomes more of a cliff

By Mr. Letai '19  
CONSTRUCTION DEPT.  
(BENEATH THE PAVEMENT) This past Wednesday, ResLife finally completed its plan to fill in the Grey Side with cement, and the entirety of campus downhill from Campus Road is now forever entombed beneath a cold, grey slab. Work on the new Health Center was paused so the construction crew could focus on burying the Grey Side under forty tons of concrete.

“We think covering the Gray Side in cement will solve a lot of the problems we have with housing,” Res Life director Ashley Place said. “People are always complaining about the living conditions in Bundy or having to walk up the hill. With the Grey Side gone, that won’t be an issue anymore!”

When asked how Res Life would deal with the resultant loss of housing options, Place said that students are free to pitch tents and build makeshift homes atop the massive concrete block that was once the Grey Side. Alternatively, some students have resorted to digging tunnels in the monolithic mass of cement.

“It’s pretty exciting, actually,” Anthony Oakland '19, an Archaeology major, said. “This is a great opportunity for the department to do some real excavation. This morning we discovered what’s either the corner of Wally J or a human femur.”

The administration has officially denounced the practice of boring paths into the immense cement cube, but students are undeterred. Sales of rock hammers, flashlights, and Raquel Welch posters at the bookstore have skyrocketed.

“Honestly, that makes it even more fun. There’s something really special about the thrill of hiding from Campo in a hand-carved tunnel. Just you, the rats, and some fossilized beer cans,” Mike Fortunato '20 said. “And there’s cool stuff in there, too. My friend Monty said he found an unopened keg in the remains of Bundy. He’s gonna take me down to check it out on C&C Day.”

At the conclusion of the cement pouring, Place announced that the Rogers Estate would be disassembled and moved to Utica in November.

In this issue: the cure for rickets


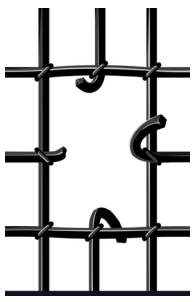

PERSON COMPLAINING ABOUT  
WEATHER REALLY ADDING A  
LOT TO LUNCHTIME CONVER-  
SATION



See “And don’t get me started on Commons food,” pg. 41

Hamilton  
Kama Sutra  
POSITION OF THE WEEK:  
The Lying on Your Back  
Next to Your Partner  
Because You Got So High  
You Forgot You Intended to  
Have Sex in the First Place,  
and What, Like, *Is Sex*  
Anyway? Self-explanatory.

THESIS PRESENTATIONS FORECAST

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
		
5% chance you've finished the written part of your gator gene thesis	High probability you suddenly can't find your super gators	“In conclusion, the gators have escaped.”



# How to Manipulate Your Way Through the Housing Lottery

*Uh oh, it looks like you are dead last in the housing lottery! What’s that? You don’t have any friends to pull you, either? Well, don’t hang your head in despair. You aren’t quite doomed to a bleak and unfulfilling life in a Bundy single just yet. Here are a few things you can say loudly during the housing lottery so that you can scheme and dream your way to the residence hall you desire.*

- “The Dark Side is so far from downtown Utica. What if you have to go and get a colonoscopy? Can you really spare the extra minute it takes to get down the Hill?”
- “I know the Ferg four-pulls are really nice, but did you know that the college used to rent them out to Pornhub over the summer for filming? Yeah, there used to be two, three orgies a day in those rooms.”
- “My great grand-pappy was Andrew Carnegie, so you should definitely pull me into that Carn quad. Or actually a suite would be dope.”
- “I just a wittle baby. Waaaaaaah. Baby can’t live by self. Baby need somewone to pull me into G-road. Pwease, baby need somewone to wipe wittle bum.”
- “Root 420? You don’t want to live there. I’ve heard that room has a weird tradition of people mas-turbating into desk drawers. Fucked up shit.”
- “If you pull me I will make sure that the fridge is literally always stocked with Utica Club.”
- “I can sense people’s auras, and yours totally screams Bundy. Definitely not Eells. Yeah, I don’t know, you just have a very dismal grey glow about you that suggests that you will be unhappy anywhere, so you might as well let someone else be happy, right?”
- “Yeah, all my friends got pulled in different directions and I got left in the dust. What friends? You know... Toby... Keith... you get the point.”
- “I’ve watched a lot of HGTV, so if you pulled me I could totally revamp your shitty interior design.”
- “DAVID WIPPMAN!!!!!! I CHALLENGE YOU TO COMBAT. IF I WIN I SHALL TAKE UP RESIDENCE IN YOUR MANOR AND ALSO SHALL RETAIN VISITING RIGHTS TO YOUR GIRLFRIEND’S DOG.”

Written while yelling, “I could have had a fucking suite!” by Mr. Paull ’20

Notifications (1)

The Trustees request \$ 54,080.00  
for tuition

2m

Drop OutHave Parents Pay

Notifications (1)

The Trustees request \$ 13,870.00  
for room and board

2m

Drop OutHave Parents Pay

Notifications (1)

The Trustees request \$ 68,490.00  
for next year too, probably

2m

Drop OutHave Parents Pay

## Friday Five: Rachel’s Top Tips for Consuming Cannabis

By Mx. Alatalo ’18

*Hello, fellow young adults! I, just like you, attend college, and I, just like you, have been exposed to a lot of what we all affectionately call “weed” (that’s marijuana, by the way!). And like you, I’ve struggled to get the hang of blazing it, as it were. I’ve been told to “be careful,” to “please, for the love of God, step away from the bong,” and to “stop. Just stop. Right now.” But that was in the past! Over time I’ve gained experience and inhaled a lot of secondhand smoke, and I’m here to share my knowledge with you!*

**5. Get over your crippling fear of fire.** Unless you want to take an edible and risk ending up in the emergency room like my D.A.R.E. officers warned me, chances are your method of consuming grass (that’s also marijuana, by the way!) is going to involve fire to some capacity. That means you’re going to need to take your all-consuming fear of holding an open flame so, so close to your thumb (like seriously look it’s almost already touching it and what if it’s windy), put it in a little box, wrap it up in a lot of duct tape, and throw it out the metaphorical window. Sure, you might need to take the safety off your lighter, but that doesn’t make it less “safe,” right? Right??

**4. Firmly grasp it.** Trust me, there’s nothing more embarrassing than standing with your pals behind door four, patiently waiting for your chance to puff, puff, pass, only to fumble the bowl at the last second! Especially since it turns out a lot of them are made of glass and crack more easily than you would think. So yeah, save fiddling with that little hole/air vent/spit valve on the side for when you’re more advanced; for now, grip and don’t let go.

**3. Embrace the cough.** I know, hacking up a lung every time you take a sick rip from the tube might seem like you’re doing it wrong, but trust me, you’re supposed to cough. It’s gets the smoke farther into your lungs and you’ll get more high. At least, that’s what everyone keeps telling me. (Oh, and pro tip: make sure you’re breathing in, not out.)

**2. Learn to make smoke rings.** Okay, full disclosure, I still don’t know how to do this. But it seems really important to the process. Bonus points if you get a cool picture of yourself surrounded in smoke for your Insta. But maybe save incriminating photos for your finsta (that’s “fake instagram,” by the way!)—my mom still won’t talk to me, and she’s my best friend.

**1. When in doubt, just get someone else to light it for you.**

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Declined by Ms. Suder ’18