

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXI, ISSUE IV “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 9, 2018

HEY, DOES ANYONE WANT 400 CAMO *DUEL* HATS? We’ve made a huge mistake.

19 SENT TO HOSPITAL IN BLOODIEST BUFFERGRAM SEASON IN HISTORY

Don’t sing so close to me

By Mr. Paull ’20

UNWANTED INTERRUPTIONS DEPT.

(ST. LUKE’S HOSPITAL) Nineteen members of the college community were rushed to the hospital in critical condition this afternoon after a string of merciless beatings at the hands of the Buffers, Hamilton’s premier circle jerk, during their annual Buffergrams.

“It was awful,” witness Julia Stiglitz ’19 said. “My friend John and I were walking down Martin’s Way when all ten of the khaki-wearing hooligans came out of nowhere and starting singing ‘Sexual Healing’ to John. When we tried to walk past them, a baritone took out a night stick and shattered John’s kneecap.”

“We were just tired of everyone trying to escape the Buffergrams,” an anonymous Buffer said. “I mean, why do people try to flee from a group of strange men singing aggressively at them in class or in public? If they just appreciated our talent, we wouldn’t have to beat them to within an inch of their lives.”

HAMILTON STUDENTS FURIOUS ABOUT CAMPUS INCIDENT

Administration indifferent, confused

By Mr. Case ’21

GENERAL OUTRAGE DEPT.

(A CERTAIN PROTEST AREA) The College was rocked this week by a momentous and truly shocking incident.

“I cannot believe that in this day and age, something like this can happen,” Adrian Waldo ’20 said. “It’s mind-blowing. We pride ourselves on being a progressive, safe liberal arts college populated by smart, socially conscious individuals, but it is events like these that lead me to reconsider whether or not we are or are not as woke as we think we might be. One thing is for sure: the student body must work together, in conjunction with any other relevant parties to remedy this particular situation.”

The event, now infamous, occurred at a certain time and at a certain place this week, which according to Ankle Rubin ’19, is incredibly significant. “When you look at the context surrounding these kinds of events, it’s easy to see why students are so outraged,” Rubin said. “It is not just the incident

Students weren’t the only ones affected by these attacks. Some professors also experienced ferocious beatings.

“They barely even sang to me,” professor of Nautical Studies Richard “Chubbs” Saunders said from his hospital bed. “They just came into my office half heartedly singing ‘Come Sail Away’ then started to viciously whack me with my decorative canoe paddles. How inhumane! Those paddles were expensive.”

An FBI memo later revealed that the Buffers were actually paid primarily as hitmen, who also happened to sing while they pulverized their targets to keep spirits up. “I really didn’t care if they sang,” Keith Toboggan ’20, a sender of a Buffergram, said. “I hired them to get revenge on everyone who has ever wronged me. It was an added bonus that they tortured them with music on top of the physical pain.”

In an effort to show that not all a cappella groups are something to be reviled, the other groups on campus decided to not disrupt anyone’s day by singing at them. “We just feel that having a captive audience defeats the whole purpose of singing. The Buffers and Keytones can fuck off and just chill a little bit,” Claudia Duarte ’21 of Tumbling After said.

itself, it is the circumstances surrounding the incident that make this a really pivotal point in Hamilton’s history. The way I see it, the administration have a clear and definite choice: they can either decisively and efficiently deal with the aftermath of this mess, or not. It is that simple.”

“In situations like these, the blame has to be placed on the perpetrator,” David Wippman said in a press conference given between two and 36 hours after the incident. “If we find there is no blame to be laid, then we, administrators, will not sanction members of the student body related to this incident, but do maintain the right to take complete and decisive action against anyone found responsible, if and only if the relevant parties agree to such a condition, or potentially if they do not agree, pending review by the Board of Trustees, or possibly not.” In the back of the press room, Hamilton College’s chief legal counsel could be seen softly rubbing his nipples.

At press time, students could be seen marching into Clinton hoisting nonspecific signs and chanting generally angry chants.

CROTCHETY PROFESSOR GOES INTO HIBERNATION TO RECHARGE RAGE METER

Students take opportunity to recover from hearing loss
By Ms. Granoff ’18

WORSE THAN TALKING TO YOUR GRANDPARENTS DEPT.

(DEEP WITHIN THE LIBRARY) Despite rumors that Professor Pop Baguette in the Department of Kids These Days had retired in disgust after freedom of speech “issues” that took place last semester, he has in fact only extended his sabbatical in order to renew his reserves of disgust over how “this campus is going to shit.” Students, upon hearing that he will indeed be returning to teach classes next semester, agreed that something needed to be done.

“I have had professors who are passionate about their subjects, but this is more than I bargained for. During Baguette’s class, we hid under our desks because he was deafening us with his declarations about how our iPhones were making us go blind!” Jane Brant ’19 shouted, recently released from the Health Center where she was being treated for punctured eardrums.

Brant has formed a coalition of engaged students interested in convincing Professor Baguette that it is not worth his while to return. “There are two possible outcomes here: either he realizes that ‘kids these days’ are standing up for what we want, or he thinks we’re more trouble than we’re worth,” Brant declared.

When asked about their strategies for convincing Baguette to break his tenure, another member of the Hamiltonians Against Hearing Loss, Laura Brown ’20, responded that “the plan at the moment is to Wile E. Coyote his office in the library. All we need is a giant rock, some paint, and the expectation that he’ll be running really fast when he hits it.”

Reports confirm that the librarians are not impressed by this plan. Additional reports confirm that they will overlook it because they, too, want Baguette gone.



Pictured here on a good day.

In this issue: “I can’t wait to Google words in the *Duel* today!”

DUE TO SNOW, ADMINISTRATION SUSPENDS ALL RULES, CONSEQUENCES



See “Short-lived freedom,” pg. 2:41 p.m.

DECLARING MAJORS FORECAST

10 A.M.



10% chance you make it to the registrar and back.

12 P.M.



High probability you switch from chemistry to theatre... again.

4 P.M.



“This isn’t your form, this just says ‘the’ really big.”

Hamilton Kama Sutra

Sex Tip of the Week: When your partner refuses to give you 250 orgasms because it’s “way too many,” say, “Okay,” and then demand 400. It’s just a general sort of power play.

AN HONEST COVER LETTER

Dear Internship Coordinator,

I am an undergraduate at Hamilton College, pursuing a double major in Finance and Biochemistry, with a minor in Unconventional Rhythmic Studies. I am interested in applying for the 2018 Summer Internship at your company. My demonstrated commitment in everyday application of the knowledge acquired in a class setting, as well as my involvement in co-curricular activities at Hamilton, makes me a strong candidate for this position.

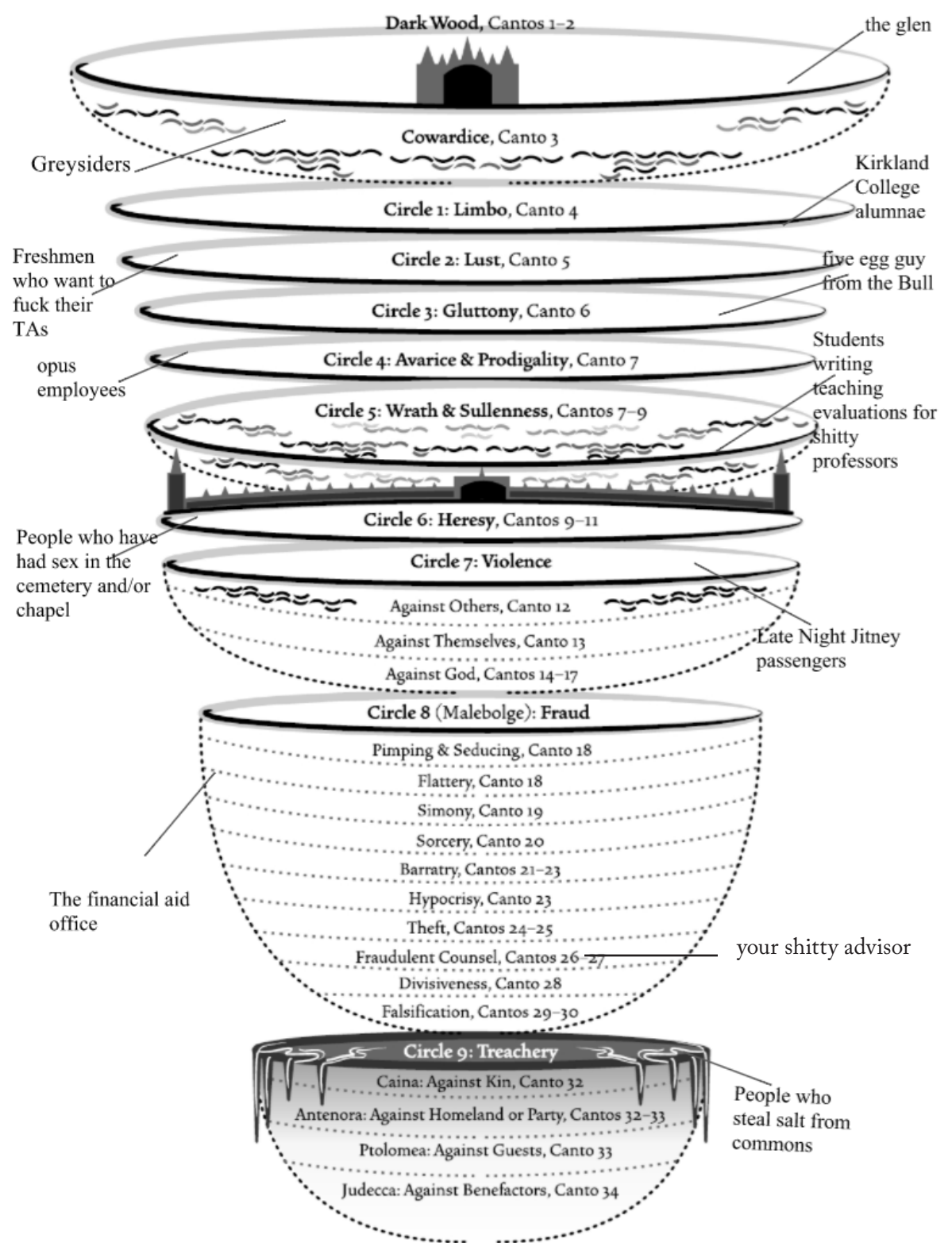
I became the president of Hamilton RARE (Relational Aesthetics and Related Endeavors) after my freshman year in order to apply my knowledge in Finance and budgeting. In this position, I expanded my grant writing skills and successfully bankrupted the Student Assembly funding budget in order to acquire the most expensive and unnecessary equipment I could think of. I organized and executed social events open to the entire campus community, providing a platform for both entertainment and hook-ups. As an eager member of the Streaking Team, I have learned to appreciate the value of healthy competition and the shape of the human body. I have developed strong problem-solving skills during our recreational runs as we were forced to think on the spot and pursue a less traditional route when encountered by Campo. My involvement with the KeyTone Lights, Hamilton’s only all-inclusive, co-ed a capella group, has allowed me to become more confident in my skills, regardless of what the other a capella groups choose to define as a “good” “singing” “voice.” Through the interaction with my fellow singers, I have discovered the potential of human creativity and the endless possibilities for failure when inebriated in a public space. Additionally, my experiences tripping acid in the Glen have provided me with a broader understanding of the human psyche, the social construction that is time, and the connection between the body and the Earth that has miraculously given birth to our extraordinary souls.

I am able to work independently in self-designed projects, as proven by the non-academic grants I have completed during my time at Hamilton. After spending last summer on campus completing an Emerson Grant titled Practical Everyday Implementation of Neuro-Hallucinogenic and Dissociative Substances, I successfully applied for a Smallen Grant to explore the musicality of movement during sexual intercourse as impacted by the consumption of bath salts. I believe I have the skills necessary to succeed in this industry, as I am able to put forward a non-traditional proposal and successfully execute it.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I look forward to the opportunity of interviewing for this position.

Mailed in as a paper airplane by Ms. Rey ’19

HAMILTON’S INFERNO



Used as instructions by Ms. Naston ’20

Conspiracy Theory of the Week: Streak Team Six

The Few, The Proud, The Naked

By Aleksjaander Joseffsen ’20

I don’t know how we didn’t realise that they’ve been among us for years. It’s been right under our noses this whole time. A group of people unlike ever before. Always naked. In bed? Naked. In the shower? Naked. In class? Those aren’t clothes, kid—that’s just clever body paint. This is an elite task force dedicated to spreading nude frivolity every minute of every day. A group combatting the never-nudes like myself. A group of streakers known as Streak Team Six.

“How did you discover this?” you might ask me. In response I say, “Open your eyes, you blind fuck!” Ever notice that cheesy smell of genitalia during your 9 A.M.? Seen your neighbor walk to the shower without a towel on every fucking day? Watched a small but familiar group of streakers brave below zero weather, shrinkage be damned? This small but dedicated group is here to make sure you never forget that the Streaking Team walks among us every minute of our Opus-enriched lives.

The real question we should be asking is, “What are they planning?” I posit that this group was created to overthrow Hamilton’s clothes-wearing administration and instate a nudist colonial rule over the entire campus. If you need any proof, I say, just watch them. Watch them run naked through events where powerful alumni are gathered. Watch them frolic past President Wippman’s window during his open hours, titties bouncing frivolously. They’re making their presence known, an ever looming threat on the horizon. Why do you think Bon Jovi’s daughter really “left Hamilton”? She didn’t leave, she knew too much and was about to expose the team’s five year plan! They ran her out of town, privates flapping with every step. They are here, they are dangerous, and it’s only a matter of time before the coup begins.

Found in the Conspiracy Theorist Club’s email by
Ms. Collins ’19

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