

GLEN PARTY THIS WEEKEND  
B.Y.O. Effigy

CAB CANCELS WAKA FLOCKA,  
HOLDS PRIVATE CONCERT

No refunds either, suckers

By Mr. Boudreau '20

AUTOFELLATIO DEPT.

(NOT THE ANNEX) After weeks of less-than-anxiously anticipating the annual fall concert, headlined by the surprisingly prolific and ironically fire-retardant Waka Flocka Flame, much of the student population was disappointed to learn that their dreams of getting drunk and being in a room with a mildly famous rapper would not be coming true. The reason: the Campus Activities Board has canceled Flocka's Annex performance in favor of a private performance for the g-board in a Milbank suite.

“Basically, we’ve been holding our weekly g-board circle jerks every Friday night, and none of us wanted to ditch that for the concert that we booked and planned,” G-Board Member #6 said. “So, we figured we would just have Waka Flocka perform only for us while we all masturbate to the fact that we can do this.”

The one student not in CAB who was actually excited to see Waka Flocka Flame, Cody Virjan '22, has not taken the announcement well. “How am I supposed to go ‘Hard in Da Paint’ now? In

the words of Flocka himself, ‘A party ain’t a party till I walk in it.’ Fucking CAB. If it wasn’t for that dope-ass music video they made I would be legitimately pissed right now. FLOCKA!”

Latest reports say that CAB wasn’t even planning on announcing the change in plans. “We were just going to let all the drunks swarm into the Annex and play the Flocka Pandora station. I doubt anyone would have noticed,” G-Board Member #11 said. “The only reason we announced the cancellation was because we wanted everyone to know that we’re better than them.”

A larger contingency of the student body has become justifiably upset at the CAB g-board for being so full of shit. “It all started at the ‘Stand Up and Vote’ show when they reserved the first three rows of Wellin for themselves,” Kylie Schuyler '19 said. “Then they book another mediocre artist, and they can’t even post the announcement video when they say they will? What are all those g-board members even doing, other than filling seats at acoustic coffeehouses?”

Despite all the backlash, none of it seems to be phasing CAB. G-Board Member #19 said, “The only thing I’ve been worried about is figuring out if it’s physically possible to touch myself while Flocka plays ‘No Hands.’”

thought the yelling I heard when walking to the Science Center after 4:00 PM was echos from the boys who think screaming while lifting weights is a better way to let out their toxic anger than therapy. Guess they’re letting out that masculine rage by throwing things instead!”

However, the people most shocked by the loss were Hamilton’s players. “You know, we beat Wesleyan fair and square, but this Osteo-whatever team... I know they cheated,” Sam Armstrong '20, a linebacker said. “When I was on the bench before the game, I saw some of them taking pills before they went onto the field. Why would the brittle-boned team need medicine? I bet they’re taking steroids.”

Even though many were filled with heavy hearts after the loss, there were still some students on campus who celebrated the news. “This may be the best thing this campus has ever done for those with disabilities!” Alice Wool '19 exclaimed upon hearing the news. “Who knows, after this maybe they’ll consider putting more ramps around campus!”

NEW LEVITT CENTER GRANT TO  
GIVE COMPLETE AUTOCRATIC  
CONTROL OVER SMALL CENTRAL  
AMERICAN COUNTRY

World Politics majors confused, aroused

By Mr. Case '21

SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG STICK DEPT.

(THE GUEVARA LEVITT CENTER) In an unprecedented move, the Levitt Public Affairs Center is now offering a grant that gives Hamilton graduates a stipend to assume complete authoritarian rule over one of five pre-selected Central American states. The Levitt Center will work in conjunction with resistance groups in the recipient’s preferred country to stage a military coup designed to destabilize the existing democratic government and allow one lucky member of the class of 2019 to rule the country with an iron fist.

“I’m so excited to see what will come of this opportunity,” said Teddy Rosenfelt, director of post-graduate programming for the Levitt Center. “This grant marks the first time Hamilton College will work directly with paramilitary organizations since we offered an ASB trip to help dig mass graves in impoverished communities. We think that our open curriculum and writing intensive requirements will prepare our graduates well for the mass bloodletting we expect from this program’s recipient.”

“I definitely see it as the next step in advancing my liberal arts education,” said Buck Nasty '19, a Government major looking to apply in the spring. Nasty has held smaller scale dictatorial positions before, serving as the captain of his high school lacrosse team, which was known for its ability to dominate the crease and further artificial delineations based on class and ethnicity. “I have always been a natural leader and have developed a knack for making those around me live in fear of my temper ever since Dad left. I believe that these traits will serve me well in the pursuit of unquestioned authority on behalf of Hamilton College and the greater caucasian community as a whole.”

Some students have taken issue with the grant, leading them to organize a protest in downtown Clinton, which is scheduled for this coming Sunday. “We as a student body,” reads the protest’s Facebook event page, “cannot stand for this kind of injustice and brazen disregard for our consciences. We ask that the Levitt Center immediately rescind this grant, or at least not talk about it so much.”

On Friday morning, when asked about how the town would help facilitate the protests, Clinton’s mayor John Bath simply commented, “Oh shit, they’re doing another one.”

HAMILTON FOOTBALL TEAM  
LOSES TO BRITTLE-BONED TEAM  
Football team can’t keep up with an aggressive, collagen-deficient defense

by Mr. Projansky '21

Disability Services Dept.

(SWEATY, TEAR-FILLED LOCKER ROOM)

This past week, the Hamilton campus was not surprised at all to hear that the Hamilton College football team lost 0-70 to St. Mary’s Hospital’s own Osteogenesis Imperfecta Type I Football team. Despite breaking a collective 36 bones during the match, the St. Mary’s Scleras managed to come away with a win.

Many students on were disappointed to hear of yet another loss for Hamilton’s most iffy team. “At this point I feel like they have to be losing on purpose, right?” Aaron Hammerstein '20 commented. “Right? It’s just disappointing to hear, honestly. College football should have the mercy rule for teams like ours.”

“Wait, we have a football team?” Jeremy Facto '22 asked when questioned about the loss. “I always

In this issue: Mutations on the COL1A1 or COL1A2 genes

HUMANS VS. ZOMBIES ENDS



Weird guy no longer has excuse to  
be standing outside KJ

See “Also, Andy wins again,” pg. 28

BOOKSTORE DEAL

FINAL  
CLEARANCE  
ON ALL PBX  
APPAREL

WAKA FLOCKA FORECAST

7:30 P.M.



High probability  
fire department  
called on Mr.  
Flame

8:30 P.M.



80% chance Papa  
Flocka reprimands  
Waka for  
missing curfew

9:30 P.M.



“Wow, ‘Hard in  
Da Paint’ is a lot  
longer than I first  
thought...”



DIARY ENTRIES FROM ASHLEY PLACE

Day 1: I'm fed up with the students' complaints that Rogers is far away. Ugh, can't they go bully someone their own size? I've decided to go down there myself and have dinner with the current residents and then walk right back up, to prove once and for all their "messages of concern" are horseshit. I just put on my hiking shoes and I've got my Nalgene, so I'm good to go!

Day 2: Oh no. It's been 26 hours since I left Ferg lot already!? The last real landmark I remember is that crushed can of PBR along the side of the road during the first turn. I've been weaving through trees and grass for hours. Sometimes I come back across the road, but other times the road just completely disappears, sometimes from right below my feet. It feels like a mirage.

Day 4: Haven't been able to write because I've been running away from what I think is a bear, or at least a huge, furry, four-legged thing, for the last 36 hours. It took my Nalgene while I was napping against a tree, so I'm drinking what I can by sucking the dew off blades of grass early in the morning. I'm sure someone will come looking for me; I haven't been in the office in days. I'm surviving off pinecones and the occasional Mott's Fruit Snacks I find thrown into ditches. Surely, I must be getting closer to Rogers.

Day 9: I have not gotten closer to Rogers. I'm not even sure if I'm in New York anymore. Every once in awhile I hear the screeching of tires along wet pavement, but I truly can't tell if I'm hallucinating them or not. Oh my god, I see lights! I think they're headlights.... It's a jitney on the way back up from Rogers! Woah, the road was right there the entire time?

Day 10: I finally made it down to Rogers and the students had dinner waiting for me right there on the table, that was so nice. I've lost 30% of my body weight and am severely dehydrated and I definitely need to go to the hospital, but at least I was able to have a frank conversation with them about the realities of living in Rogers. And I hate to say it, but... I think they may be right. Rogers is really, really, far away. How do they do this twice a day?

Found in a mud-soaked notebook in the Rogers Glen by Ms. Dickmeyer '19



Guess What Sig Style?

There's a new fashion mag on the block. Here are the Duel Observer's hottest fall looks.



Created by Mr. Fergusson '20

Friday Five: People I Will Settle For

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

*The first breezes are sweeping through campus, and we all know what that means: cuffing season. Hamilton is a small school, but this shit has gotten out of hand, and by "this shit," I'm referring to the fact that precisely no one is trying to get with this. I spend approximately 90% of my free time trying to find exactly what combo of Patagonia quarter-zips and sheer panel leggings is going to get me laid, and it's just not sustainable. Since I have no desire to improve myself (it sounds hara ☺), I've decided to lower my standards, starting with...*

**5. Literally anyone in DPhi.** If I'm going to lower my standards, this is the obvious place to start. I've had no luck nabbing an athlete or future stock broker, so it's time to turn to one of the lesser fraternities/burnout incubators on campus. Strategies include wearing a slutty *Rick and Morty* t-shirt and and then walking past Babbitt multiple times in the cold so my nips look extra appealing to any brother who might be cleaning his bong inside.

**4. A club leader.** Up until this point I've had a firm no e-board policy in the bedroom. I'm not trying to have my sexual partner leave out of nowhere just because there's a scissor funding emergency for Collage Club while I'm trying to get my record scratched. However, the situation is dire, so I'm letting myself go a little and opening myself up to men with responsibilities. But no artsy clubs, no clubs with long names, and no clubs that send out cutesy emails. If I'm going to hook up with a club leader it better be one who's just trying to pad his résumé so his pops will let him go to Mykonos in the spring.

**3. Guys who use the elliptical.** Is there anything less masculine than the four-way butter-churn of an elliptical machine? Ellipticals are for soccer moms, aging former track stars, and girls trying to pretend they work out when they really just want to wear a headband, i.e., yours truly. However, I've come to realize that not only are there more men in the gym than the ones using the free weights to bulk up for semifinals, but that none of the latter are into me anyway. It's time to get these shrimp boys into a different ocean, if you catch my drift.

**2. A Computer Science major.** I'm not proud of this, but it's true. I mean, there's got to be some skill transfer between types of button-pushing, right? Other benefits include high potential incomes and pathological obsession with problem-solving, so I'd be getting a good ROI for the hours of physical labor I would need to spend getting this man into show condition. I've also always wanted a digital outfit customizer like the one from *Clueless* so I may be able to kill two birds with one stone here.

**1. Men in socks.** Socks might be sweat bags for hobbit feet used by poors who can't afford boat shoes, but I'm willing to overlook their presence as long as I don't have to look directly at them. I'll even tolerate them during sex if you want. You can wear moon boots for all I care as long as you touch my goddamn clitoris. Birkenstock wearing may be permitted as a reward for good behavior.

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