

SLOW FOOD SPEEDS UP
Let’s get McDonald’s, baby!

COLLEGE LAUNCHES 69LIVE
It’s like 25Live, but for sex

By Mr. Boudreau ’20
HICKEYS AND HOOKUPS DEPT.

(KJ 109 9-11PM) The campus community is rock hard with excitement after LITS announced the launch of a new room reservation service exclusively for sexual encounters called 69Live.

The new program has been quickly embraced by the campus’ sexually active. “I’ve never had trouble finding sexual partners,” Kirsty Rzepa ’19 said with a coy smile. “But it’s always been a pain in the ass to find the place to do it. 69Live is easily the best thing to happen to my sex life since I discovered I liked analingus,” she said. “Giving and receiving,” she later added for clarification.

Despite their excitement, the promiscuous population has had some difficulty with the new technology. “For one thing, I feel weird having to log in to MyHamilton just to have sex,” fuckboy Nate Pinewood ’20 said. “And then you have to fill out a bunch of information, like which room, how long

DUEL WRITER QUILTS AFTER
GETTING LAID

Suck it, Spec
By Mr. Chillrud ’22

HISTORY MAKING DEPT.
(BELOW THE BELT) On Saturday, February 2 at 10:21 PM, the near impossible happened: one of *The Duel’s* own writers got laid. As specified in *The Duel Observer’s* rule book, “Once a member of *Duel Observer* becomes too cool, they must immediately leave the publication.” As of today, the writer, who wishes to remain anonymous and will be referred to as “Richard,” has quit and all his remaining depression will be passed down to a subordinate *Duel* writer as per protocol. Though the writer chose to remain anonymous because he “doesn’t want to brag,” several students overheard the writer bragging to one of the servers in Commons.

“The dude would not shut up about it or get out

are you gonna be there, how many people are going to be in attendance, do you need AV services? I’m trying to lay pipe not take a fucking quiz.”

Even the school’s less-than-licentious have taken a liking to 69Live. “It’s always been awkward when I’m trying to find a classroom to watch anime with my platonic friends, and we walk in on some randos making out under a desk,” David Perrault ’22 said while avoiding eye contact. “69Live gives me the power of knowledge: I can either avoid occupied rooms, or, you know, if I want to catch a glimpse, I know where to look.”

There still are some kinks to work out in the 69Live system. “Strangely, the system right now allows students not only to reserve classrooms, but also bathrooms, common rooms, and even hallways,” LITS representative Julia Oppenheim said. “There was even a situation yesterday where someone had reserved David Wippman’s office, and boy was it awkward the next morning when he found his office in shambles with jizzum on the ceiling.” When reached for comment, the President refused to say whether the incident was totally gross or actually kind of impressive.

of line!” Kylie Morton ’21 said. “He seems like a sad individual. [Richard] was constantly beating his chest and yelling at the sky ‘Who’s the alpha now, DAD?’” *The Daily Bulls* own Chad Boggs ’19 was at the scene as well. Boggs said, “So [Richard] was screaming and wriggling on the floor a lot, but when he actually described what happened...uh, seemed like he just kissed a girl for the first time so-”

“Boggs is clearly mistaken,” *Duel* Editor Tammy Levine ’19 said, “but we at the *Duel* show all sides to a story as part of our journalistic integrity. Something *The Daily Bull* is not known for having.”

In filling out the *Duel’s* “reason for quitting” letter, Richard left his hookup’s name blank and provided a phone number instead. Upon calling said number, Levine reached Richard’s mother, who said that Richard “is a good and honest boy,” which is all the proof *The Duel* requires to announce that one of its own has finally gotten some action.

DUNHAM RESIDENTS HAVING
LEAST SEX ON CAMPUS

Dirty D lacks dirty deeds

By Ms. Grenis ’22
REPRODUCTIVE BIO DEPT.
(FULLY LIT DUNHAM BASEMENT) Three weeks ago, the Jan class of 2022 arrived on campus. While some students schlepped their miscellaneous Pottery Barn paraphernalia to North or South, most found themselves in Dunham. Hannah Green ’22, one such Dunham resident, claims the dorm is not all it is cracked up to be.

“While I’m no celibacy aficionado, there are nights when I don’t have a conga line of strapping Hamilton lads filing into my room to pleasure me, and it gets lonely,” Green said. “I think my neighbors have it worse, though, and I feel for them.”

Her platonic Jan companion and fellow Dunham inhabitant Cullen Lutz ’22 added, “One guy on the floor above me is a music major, so I can always tell when his obviously high libido is unsatiated. Some nights when I’m studying, I’ll hear a morose trombone melody permeating the still, peaceful halls, and occasionally some Lil Jon when he’s trying to drown out a porno.”

Lutz’s RA, a senior, provided her perspective on the hardship. “I know it’s sad, but honestly the metronomic beat of his wanking really helps me career plan,” she explained.

“I’m a Jan, you don’t understand!” Lutz said. “I just got here and know exactly what I’m doing already. I have no homework ever, and my classes are painfully easy. Nothing would better ease my adjustment than the sexual fulfillment of my distant acquaintances.”

Roommates in a women’s quad a few rooms down are similarly stricken by the abstinence Hamilton imposes on attractive athletes. In the wee hours of Tuesday morning, Dunham echoed with the sound of lacrosse balls pelting against its stucco walls in an emulation of vigorous thrusting. “My heart aches for myself and my poor, chaste, conventionally attractive roommates,” one of the friends commented. “So sad!”

Despite the obvious sexual deprivation of Dunham’s majority, some residents insist the issue is not nearly as pandemic as believed. “I’m a light sleeper,” Jan Joey Tanner ’22 said. “Dunham walls are notoriously thin and Dunham beds are incessantly creaky—I know exactly when and where you animals commence raucous intercourse.”

Tanner’s best friend Marty Thompson ’22 agreed and proposed a universally satisfying remedy. “Sex is cool; you’re cool; you having sex is way cool!” he said. “Congratulations, your genitals work, and someone wants to sit on them at 4 AM on a Tuesday. But from now on, I will be demanding compensation for my insomnia in the form of NyQuil family packs. You guys suck, literally.”

In this issue: Ants: Can They Be Splashed?




JUICE TO PERFORM AT CO-OP



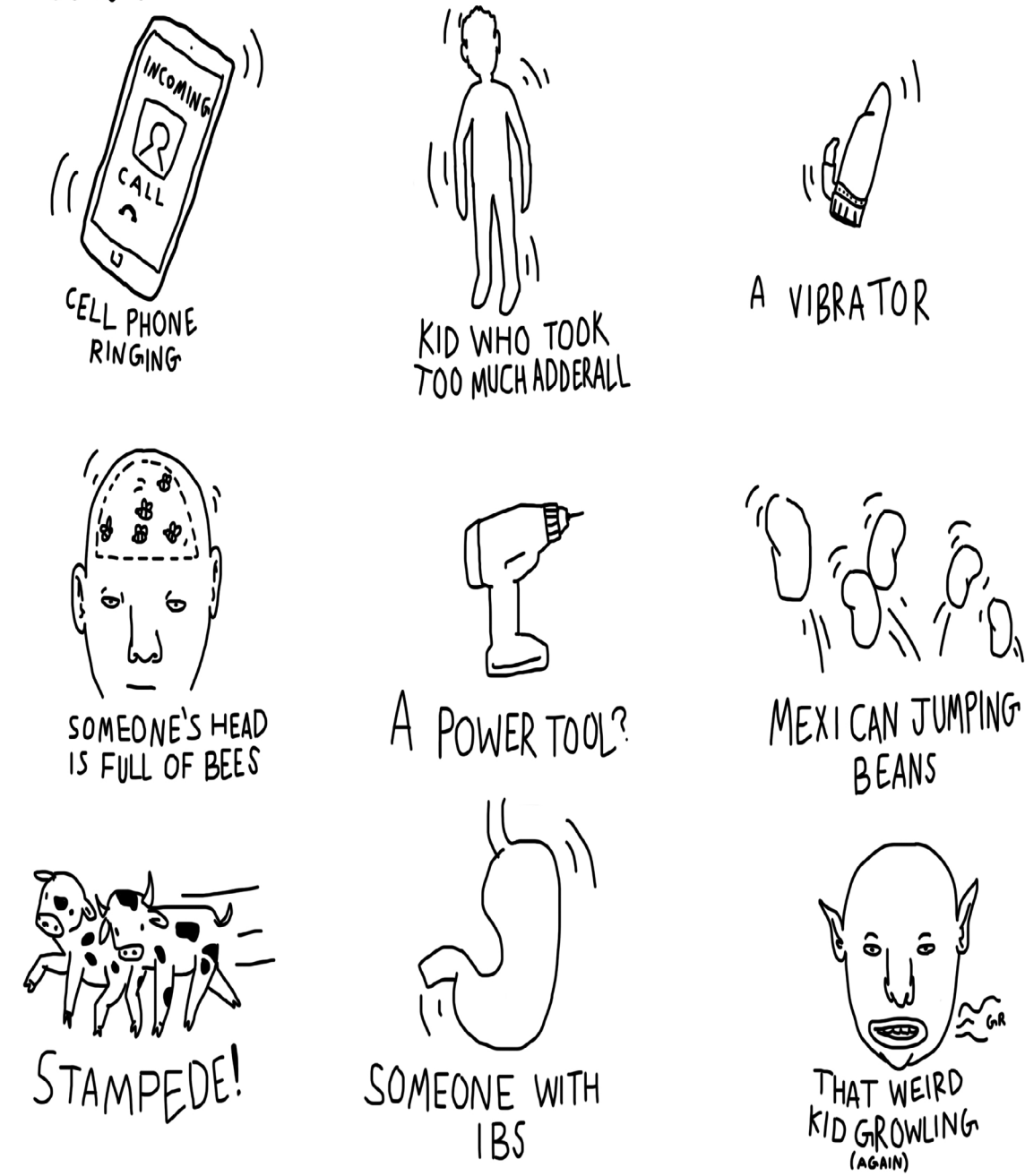
Brings guitars, drums, supplies to last the semester locked in basement
See, “None of you are RAs, right?” pg. ’17

THE DUEL OBSERVER
LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“The Exact Same
Information That
Was in the Reading”
A PowerPoint by
Your Professor

BUFFERGRAMS FORECAST	10:00AM	1:00PM	11:59PM
	 80% chance your professor puts on a blazer and joins in	 Low probability this is anywhere close to arousing	 “It’s fine, I didn’t even want one anyways!”

WHAT KEEPS VIBRATING IN CLASS?



Beautifully rendered by Mr. Sciarappa '22

CONSPIRACY OF THE WEEK: WHAT’S REALLY GOING ON IN BUNDY CAFÉ

The industrialization of Hamilton College has led to overcrowding and pollution. With the campus’ natural chicken riggie resources exhausted, nourishment for the population has long been provided by Bon Appétit, a “company” that makes “food.” Their latest venture is Bundy Café, a thinly disguised Midwestern church basement full of long-lost panties and high-energy breakfast pastries, which is more nutritious and palatable than its predecessors, Commons and McEwen, but located literally in Bundy so it’s hard to tell if it’s really worth it.

My roommate and I remembered the before-times, back when meal swipes were limited and Opus was still reliably turning a profit. Something about this whole Bundy Café thing seemed almost too good to be true.

So we decided to take things into our own hands.

Wearing an ill-fitting Campo uniform, I gained access to a Bon Appétit operative’s home and took their classified recipe books, as well as a signed box set of Big Boi’s entire discography and a few of those dope-ass croissants. I then visited the chapel to see if anyone had made any suspicious confessions lately, but I got distracted by Lily the Priest-Dog and dropped the trail. In the meantime, my roommate delved into analyzing the recipe books to see what could be deduced from the ingredient lists.

President Wippman caught wind of the investigation and politely encouraged us to desist, but we persisted. Soon, we noticed an uptick in the number of varsity athletes attempting to whack us to death with their sports-sticks. Could there be a correlation? Could we have stumbled upon something we weren’t meant to know?

After a harrowing all-nighter in the biochem lab with the recipes, my roommate came back with disturbing news. The levels of protein and flaky deliciousness in those high-energy breakfast pastries were off the charts, beyond even quinoa and seitan combined. He told me that Bundy Café was serving something that science couldn’t explain.

Not long after, my roommate, disgusted at the prospect of living in such a degraded world, mysteriously decided to transfer, seduced by glossy brochures of faraway campuses with sunshine, free menstrual products, and well-behaved squirrels. I followed him down the hill to the Registrar in farewell, but then—what I saw behind there terrified me, and you need to know.

I don’t know how much time I have left now. I can hear the varsity athletes coming. I don’t know how many more whacks I can take before I have to get EMT’d. But you need to know—
BUNDY CAFÉ IS PEOPLE!

Derivatively composed by Mx. Stevenson ’19

^{rejected} RED WEATHER: *A Meaty Monday Night*

In throes of passion Monday night
(My girlfriend’s Dark Side room)
I tried to go and suck her dick
She looked at me with doom.

“‘Tis meatless Monday darling dear,
As McEwen decrees,
So therefore not tonight shall you
Go down upon your knees.”

I jumped away for fear of sin;
This truth did disappoint,
For meatless Monday was the day
No jizzum shall anoint.

But wait! I thought, I can still score
This cock shall still be sucked,
For I have but a little plan
To get my face a-fucked.

“‘Tis true,” said I with cheeky grin,
“That meat they shall not serve,
But fear not, you can still get
The oral you deserve.

We cannot consume animal
Like cow, crow, deer, or lamb.
Platypus is off the board;
Goose liver will not stand.

And chicken too is strictly banned,
But dick is quite okay,
Your phallic friend, exquisite so
Is only cock in name.”

“Alas!” she cried. “You are quite right.”
Her face all filled with glee
“A blowjob now is what you’ve sworn—
Your dinner shall be me!”

**A true story relayed in poetic format
to Ms. Collins ’19**

THE DUEL OBSERVER

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI
Editor-in-Chief/ Station Eleven

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES
Editor-out-Chief/ Matched

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE
Managing Editor/ A Clockwork Orange

MADELEINE BELL CAVALLINO
Layout Editor/ Back to the Future II

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers
NOELANI MARIA STEVENSON
ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER
ERIN C. COLLINS

Staff Writers
ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSON
GRAHAM LEITER PAULL
TYLER A BOUDREAU
PETER JUDSON CASE
PETER WILLIAM KELLY
JOHANNA C. BOWEN

Contributors
LILY ESTHER GRENIS
ALASTAIR LEOPOLD CHILLRUD
FRED THOMAS SCIARAPPA

Copyeditors
SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN
KENNETH STEVEN TALARICO

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/