

THE DUEL OBSERVER

Tyler Boudreau Golden Issue

"It's euhhh the best voice." -Patrick Warburton

Stardate 5.24.2020

CONGRATULATIONS, TYLER!

We are eagerly awaiting the best ever David Byrne/Star Trek/Aeneid crossover podcast

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 Schuylar '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 gurning out if it's physically possible to touch myself while Flocka plays 'No Hands.'"

PROSPIE ACTUALLY PROSPECTOR

Searching for nuggets of wisdom and gold

By Mr. Boudreau '20

GEMS AND MINERALS DEPT.

(SIUDA HOUSE) After volunteering to host a prospective student in his dorm room for the weekend, Aaron Piewright '21 was surprised on Friday to discover that the prospective student he was assigned to host was, in fact, not a scared high school senior, but a grizzled sixty-three-year-old prospector. The prospie, Horace W. Farnsworth, arrived at the admissions building packed with nothing but his trusty pickaxe, a pan, and a hankerin' for discovery.

"I was going to do the usual prospective student stuff, take him to McEwen, try to convince him that Dunham isn't trash," Piewright said, "But all he's interested in doing is panning for gold in the stream under the Martin's Way bridge."

"I jus' know there's gold in this here river! The problem is, I keep seein' yellow, but it's jus' some worthless newspaper floatin' down the river that don't make no sense!" a frustrated Farnsworth said through his two rotting teeth while holding a crumpled Keystone can he "discovered."

"I guess I could take him to sit in on my geology class," Piewright said, "But I don't know if he'll be interested in differential weathering; I think he only cares about finding gold. Also, I don't think any mineral deposits have ever been found around Clinton."

Farnsworth was also reportedly very excited at the prospect of rushing at Hamilton. "I 'member the ol' days of rushin' for gold in California. I sure hope these Greek fellers are as keen on diggin' as my pals back in the day."

Reports say that the brothers of Delta Iota Kappa were highly receptive to the prospie. "Dude, I love Horace! He's jacked from swinging that pickaxe all day, and the dude drinks like nine bottles of whiskey every night!" Derek Nader '19 said.

Overall, the overnight visit was considered a great success by Farnsworth. "There may not be no gold at this here school," the prospie said, "But my new friends at DIK helped me discover sump'n better than all the rare minerals in the world: Vineyard Vines."

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 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 once, and boy was it awkward the next morning when he found his once 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.

In this issue: "Tyler's essential." -All of us

Tyler's Forecast

5 YEARS	10 YEARS	20 YEARS
		
Professor Boudreau	President Boudreau of Phillips Exeter Academy	"Are those students writing about my dick AGAIN?!"

CONGRATS ON PICKING A REPLACEMENT WHO CAN'T READ



See, "Managing Editor Goes International," pg. FA20

THE DUEL ZODIAC

January 8, Tyler - This zodiac is the best damn lit student you'll ever have. All Tylers are extremely kind, give good hugs, and have good album recs (*Maybe You Should Drive*, *Snacktime!*, *Fake Nudes*). Tylers always know where the comma should go, and we will miss his endless patience with terrible articles.



Rime of the Ancient Martinez

Argument: How the Deane of Students was driven Down the Hill; and how she thence traversed the dangerous climes of Clinton; and the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Deane returned to Hamylton.

It is the Dean of students there,
She dines inside the pub,
“Oh Dean, how did you come to be,
Here munching on this grub?”

She sets her garlic pizza down,
“I took a trip,” quoth she.
“To where in this domain?” asked I.
“Below the Line of tree.

“I drove a Jitney down the hill,
With students nine in tow,
To seek a spot of adventure,
Each other to get to know.

“Then suddenly a STORM-BLAST came
The Jitney swerved and swound,
The snow was here, the ice was there,
‘Twas frozen all around.

“At length did cross a frat bro lot,
Propounding manly aid,
But ilk of such I care for not,
Their help I thus forbade.

““God save thee Dean called Martinez,’
The students nine decried,
‘For now entombed in this snow bank,
We’re trapped here by your pride.’

“Ah! Well a-day! What evil looks,
Did they bestow on me,
For stuck in van in storm in snow,
Soon dead we all would be.

“Four plus ve my students then,
All frozen to their core,
Eschewed me from the van to cope,
With my bullshit no more.

“Alone I wandered that harsh land,
The hours myriad seemed,
When sight of buildings up ahead,
I feared as though I dreamed.

“At last I stumbled through a door,
The stench of booze arose,
The Village Tavern I had gone,
And there I saw the bros.

““Dean, come join us, take a seat,’
The fratern’ty exclaymed,
‘O’erjoyed we are to drink with you,’
Those boys I once defamed.

“I downed a shot of whiskey thrice,
My chill then disappeared,
And when I conquered ball-o-foos,
The crowd around me cheered.

“Alas it came the time to brave,
The storm which brung me there,
But lent I was a ride inside,
Nick’s shiny Jeep Wrangler.

“And thus trekked we back up the hill,
And o they dropped me here,
And now my tale I seek to tell,
To any who will hear.”

“I fear thee so, Dean Martinez!”
But she ignores my scorn.
A chiller and a wiser Dean,
She rose the morrow morn.

Recited by Mr. Boudreau ’20

Friday Five: : Cheap Jokes We Won’t Make Anymore

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

Long-time readers of The Duel Observer may be aware of the many jokes that serve as crutches for our writing staff. In an attempt to keep things fresh and challenging, we have compiled a list of obvious jokes that have become overplayed and clichè, which we vow to not make anymore.

5. *Greek Life.* Sororities and fraternities are very easy targets for satire. In recognition of the fact that it’s not sorority girls’ faults that they have to make up for their lack of personality by joining together in a homogenous blend of chardonnay-drinking basicness, nor is it frat boys’ faults that their boys’ club is just a thinly-veiled excuse for acting out their homoerotic fantasies, we hereby promise not to make jokes at their expense. We also promise not to make jokes about ELS, although they haven’t been relevant enough to warrant mockery for years. Secret frats are still fair game.

4. *David Wippman Is a Sex God.* President Wippman’s sexual prowess might be the defining feature of the zeitgeist here at Hamilton. Everyone knows Daddy Wipp can lick a vag like a rock star and that his dick is nine inches long. is is such a frequent topic of discussion at meals and subject of academic discourse that we feel it would be fruitless to try to mine this concept any further.

3. *Campus Safety.* As a satire publication, e Duel Observer always strives to punch up. However, since most of us are just privileged assholes, the only injustice we ever face is campo trying to stop us from getting drunk and high all the time. As a result, we often end up just complaining about campus safety or making them subjects of erotica. Fortunately, we’ve reached an agreement with campo wherein we won’t make fun of them this semester, and in return, they’ll give us all the drugs they can scate.

2. *Crow Boy.* A staple of satire is reporting on people and events that aren’t real. One such fabrication is the famed Crow Boy, the student who was reported to have been born and raised in the crow aviary. It is with great remorse that we officially announce that Crow Boy does not actually exist. As such, we vow not to make any more jokes about ctional characters.

1. *Justin.* RIP

WHY I’M NOT VOTING THIS YEAR

By Softboy Sam ’20

For the last few days, there’s been this whole hubbub about voting. My Insta feed is full of people posing with their “I voted” stickers. We even brought a bunch of mediocre comedians to campus and they spent the whole time telling us how important it was to vote. Sure, I paid to see the show, but I wasn’t happy about it. Why? Because voting is an archaic practice that historically has done nothing but put evil men in power. People voted for Hitler, they voted for Donald T***p too. Why would I want to participate in such a horri c social institution?

at’s why this year, I’m standing in solidarity with all of those voices who have been silenced by not being able to vote. My personal Postmates driver is way too busy bringing me sushi for three meals a day to take time to vote. I stand with him. My most recent hookup is only seventeen and isn’t old enough to vote in the eyes of the government. I stand with her. My mother, who works three jobs for a \$4.75 minimum wage so I have enough money to go to this school and support my nicotine addiction, can’t afford to take an hour of work. I stand with her.

I’m also not voting because I don’t want my voice to drown out the voices of all the people who do get the chance to vote. I’m a white male. I founded Western civilization, and I’ve had three-thousand years of dominance. It’s my turn to take a step back and let the people I have oppressed make their voices heard. If only women voted, they’d almost certainly succeed in electing a woke white man to represent their voices in Congress. I want Anthony Brindisi to know that I’m not the person he should be ghting for. I’ll be ne without him.

I also think this not voting thing is going to get me hella laid. I can’t wait to tell the next girl who sucks my dick that I support her right to be heard. en, after I squirt on her face, I’m going to listen to whatever she has to say. She’s going to be so impressed by the sacri ces I’ve made, she might even consider sleeping with me a second time.

Anyway, that’s why I think voting is bullshit. I’m pretty sure there’s a whole John Oliver episode about how it sucks, too. As long as I have my civil rights, I’m going to do everything I can to protect everyone else’s by not using my own.

Found scrawled on an absentee ballot by Mr. Boudreau ’20

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TYLER A BOUDREAU
MANAGING EDITOR
HERR HYPHEN
LANGUAGE EXTRAORDINAIRE
KING.
RABBLE-ROUSER
BROCCOLI PIZZA FIEND
EDUCATOR OF OUR FUTURE GENERATIONS
MENACE TO THE ADMINISTRATION
REAR ADMIRAL OF STARFLEET
GAMER (BUT LIKE BOARD GAMES SO COOL)
TRAVIS HILL’S FRIEND (AND OURS)



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