CONGRATULATIONS, COLLIN!
Look in the mirror—You were the Milbank Bear King all along

NEW ANXIOUSLY WAITS 
SEMIESTER'S FIRST PACHINE 
ATTACK
Rehearsal self-defeating statements
By Mr. Spinney '16
January 22, 2016
Countdown to Meltdown Dept. (A QUIET SUITE SINGLE) As seniors return to the Hill for their final semester, it is hard not to hear the jungle of conversations concerning bucket lists and post-grad aspirations. Though some shrug this off as “expedited concern” or “totally bummimg them out,” many feel the mas- sive, responsibility-fitted night terror of the “real” world bearing down closer and closer than ever before. Senior Psychology major Monica Shpil- kes ‘16 admits she’s a bit concerned about how the whole thing is affecting her mental health. “Lately I’ve been staying up all night waiting for the reality of my unpreparedness to dawn on me,” Shpilkes confessed. “How can I not see how fucked I am? My last internship was at a raccoon counseling facility, for shit’s sake.”

Shpilkes’ friends said that they really under- stand what she was so upset about, and that her erratic concern was really getting on their nerves. Natalie Pisnerman ’16, a roommate of Shpilkes, was especially irked when her pre-traumatic- stressed roommate let her nail biting habit spread further than her own fingers. Shpilkes has also been taking constant showers to try and man- facture a spontaneous epiphany.

“It just all feels so surreal,” she said. “Like, there’s more pressure than ever and I’m just float- ing through it, unaffected, waiting for my dreams and reality to crash into each other. My anxiety- ridden past and present are suspended in this small window of nonchalant avoidance. Honestly, I’m petrified.”

At press time, Shpilkes could be found in her dorm room watching episode upon episode of Cupcake Wars, staring at course syllabi, and convincing herself that getting a resume together is “just so damn hard.” I was just waiting for the punch line, but it never fucking came,” said Ron Barston ’14, the Cafe Opus worker at the time. “It got so bad, that people started asking for whisky and the loudest fucking pita chips you have when they came up.

The performance was halted when Turello pulled out a boom box and attempted to read the note from the end of The Breakfast Club. This reporter attempted to reach out to Turello in order to get the true story behind his performance, but only received an email response saying, “I wish to be alone now. Tell my father he’s a dick.” The Duel Observer reached out to Mr. Turello with his son’s message and received as short email back: “I know my son’s a real pain in the ass. He did the same thing when we sent him off to summer camp in the Catskills his freshman year of high school. Said something about death marches or some shit. Just tell him to calm the fuck down and then he’ll get over it in two weeks. How much money do I owe Joanie for this one?”

In other news, Turello has been recently spot- ted holding a sign outside McEwen that reads, “PREP SCHOOL DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR THE PAIN.” Needless to say, the diner has been very packed these last couple days.

MILBANK BEAR KING: 
September 6, 2013 – Forever in Our Hearts

MILBANK BEAR KING SAYS FAMILY WEEKEND COULD HAVE GONE BETTER
17 confirmed casualties
By Mr. Spinney ’16
October 30, 2015
AREN’T PARENTS THE WORST? Dept. (FAMILY MINIVAN) The campus was shaken this past weekend when the terror of a wildl beast befell Hamilton and its visiting families. Campus was the scene of an enraged and unpredicted bout of violence that resulted in the grizzly ends of several beloved community members. The culprits: the four estranged family members of Milbank Bear King’17.

Having been admitted to campus in an effort to increase diversity, King has led a fairly mild-mannered existence on the Hill. Save for when he first got here, and accidentally slw a bunch of AA hotshots who probably had it coming. And triumphing over the giant anthropomorphic snow squid last winter. And the Unfortunate Housing Misunderstanding of Spring 2015, where King was robbed of his continued rule of Milbank and responded with quite a bit of claw slashing. But most of the time, he’s been trying to keep his head down and get by.

“I’m double-majoring in Dance and Environmental Sci- ence,” King said. “And most of the time I’m too busy with my classes to really get out. But my parents remind me of Yosemite so much that—I don’t know. I guess it got a smidge out of hand.”

The initial estimate is that the school faces $50M in dam- ages along with lawsuits from multiple families. Not only did the King family evince KJ in a reunion only David At- tenborough could narrate, but they then proceeded toward the Barn where English prize-winners were reading original work, The bloodstream was swift and unimaginable.

“My dad just doesn’t get non-roming poetry,” King tried to explain. “He’s always been a real conservative about things: don’t excessively rub a tree to mark territory, no drooling in public, don’t try to reason with the deer before you rip its throat out. Y’know, dad things.”

But students and families are being a lot less forgiving than in the past. Kandra Brent ‘18 was enjoying a Saturday morning walk with her family when the violence broke out. “They looked like huge hairy hellhounds hurlding down Martin’s Way. I knew we had one bear, but four? I’m all for inclusion and access to education, but can’t we draw the line at opposable thumbs?”

Other critics have wondered whether having a bear on campus is safe at all.

“I mean, were we expecting some other result?” Prof. Claudia Hooper of Environmental Science asked. “Mil, as we call him in our department, is a very bright student who could do a lot for this campus. But his family is a bunch of wild animals, and allowing them on a campus full of city- dwelling families was brazenly asking for trouble. It’s like if we put a gun in every household in America and expected nobody to get shot. People, like bears, aren’t smart enough to miss that kind of opportunity.”

The campus continues to hold its head in mourning and only hopes to pick up the claw-strewn pieces and rebuild. And for now, King has sequestered himself to the woods where he practices his ongoing, environmentally conscious dance piece, “At a Moss for Words.”
THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACK NORTH FACE
by John *Doe* Anonymous ‘15

I
Among sweating Bundy bodies,
The only sobering thing
Was the loss of my black North Face.

II
I was a crying eye,
Like a snowflake
Melting on the collar of a black North Face.

III
The black North Face shivered in the shad
owed corner.
It was a small part of the foreplay.

IV
Bean boots and leggings
Are one.
Bean boots and leggings and a black North Face
Are one.

V
I do not know which to prefer,
The warmth of fleece
Or the warmth of dawn,
The black North Face enveloping
Or just after.

VI
Jackets filled the long window
With woolen drapes.
The outline of the black North Face
Copied again and again.
The room
Gaped for its guests;
A yonic host.

VII
O trite forms of bliss
Why do you imagine gilded nights?

FUCK YOU, YOU PRICK:
I’m not a damn upperclassman!

Dear Inebriated Asshat,

I understand that you find it hilarious to get all “turnt up” on malt liquor and ruin others’ good times, but where do you get off? How dare you come into my shit-stained, Dunham 8’ X 8’ quad and call me a junior? No, I did not want a sog of your 40 for old times’ sake. I’ve been here a fucking month. What old times could we possibly

The phenomenon of sniffing—of taking up odors into our blessed nostrils—first struck me when I was behind Bun-
dy Dining Hall vomiting last spring. I was leaning over and
thrusting my head toward the ground in a heap of masculinity
when I caught a whiff of something: dry chicken mixed with
Everclear and bile. (Editors Note: See Scratch & Sniff sticker for simple.) It was intoxicating and enveloping and suddenly I got
to thinking, what am I even doing to smell this? Like, is this a
choice? Like, am I the one causing the smell just because I
think it’s there? And then I thought, I wonder if anyone would
pay me to figure this out.

So when I started my research I just dove right in, nasal cavity
first. I smelled buildings and people. I smelled fruits and vege-
tables. I smelled some old woman, who then called the police.
I smelled my ex-high-school-girlfriend’s lock of hair I’ve kept in
my pillow for the last five years and then cried myself to sleep
for three hours. But the real breakthrough came when I smelled
a little devil called benzoylethylcgonine, or to the common
man, cocaine.

Holy shit was that amazing. For my research, I mean. It just
opened so many doors into the world of smelling and things to
be smelled. I smelled so much of that magical, research-pro-
pelling drug that my $4,000 ran out in three weeks. And then
Hamilton wouldn’t give me any more funding—those stone age
bureaucrats! So with the last of my resources, and the last of my
little helper, I constructed a 150 page epic poem on the subject
of smelling with an accompanying short film called The White
Savior. It’ll blow your mind.

Presentation of this research will be co-sponsored by the
F.I.L.M. series and take place in the back KJ elevator at 2:45am
on Tuesday, November 19.

Found in the Health Center waiting room trash by Mr. Spin-
ney’16
November 8, 2013

MY EMERSON GRANT
PRESENTATION: LIKE, WHAT IS
SMELL, Y’KNOW?
An invitation to a summer research presentation
by James L. Turin ‘14

Dear friends, faculty, and associated colleagues,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research based on the age-old question: What, for chrissake, is smell? I mean have you ever thought about it? Have you? Yeah, that’s what I thought. The following is a short synopsis of my re-
search.

The phenomenon of sniffing—of taking up odors into our blessed nostrils—first struck me when I was behind Bun-
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THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Dad’s Suck
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Gangy
Rick Moranis
Nightman, champion of the
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sex
larks
As (comedy)
Dali
Galileo’s Blaster
Chicken and Stars
Rape
Nerd in a Beanie
Hox Hei
Shiba Inu
W
The Daily Spit
Large Hadron Collider
Kenyon
Collin’s Super Happy Fontainleville
Infinite Clean Car Expansion
Brangolina
Stirred in the Stone Strength Training
Freshman Girl Dress as Cat
Kepler Belt
Creative Off the Back Counter
Racial Equality
One Who Shoots It
Caandi Galore
AKA Punctuation

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

Please don’t blow me up
from the inside.

http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/

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