NEWSFLASH: GIN AND MOLOTOV COCKTAILS!
(Because we can advertise alcohol and arson)

NEW CLASS AND CHARTER DAY POLICIES LEAD TO PASSIVE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT
Related passive-aggressive resistance movement falls apart due to infighting, general bitchiness
By Mr. Robinson '12

HOLIDAYS AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS DEPT.
(FASCIST ITALY) Dean of Students Nancy Thompson recently revealed that on this coming Class and Charter Day, "all campus policies remain in effect and will be enforced." A resistance movement, Students Against Crushingly Totalitarian Administrative Policies (SACTAP), was founded mere minutes after the all-campus email was sent.

"I believe...uhh...that the change we can believe in...like, uhh...can bring about peace in our times and stuff," SACTAP President and presumably drunk philosophical major Reginald "the Reginator" Gandhi '10 slurred. "And I have a dream that there is no peace. Peace and vodka.

SACTAP has already organized a drink-in, which was followed by a puke-in and a sit-in (which turned out to be more of a slouch-in). Unfortunately, the management of the VT was neither impressed nor had any idea why everyone was getting especially shitfaced on a Tuesday.

Plans to carry out actual protests on campus were derailed by excessive drunkenness and short attention spans.

"Given the success of Silent Disco, we were going to lead a silent protest," Co-President Benny Thrillson '11 explained. "Unfortunately, we have no unified sense of rhythm and are easily distra—sorry, just got a text, we're shotgunning in front of the Hamilton status, gotta run!"

The majority of students have resigned themselves to the new fascist regime.

"I understand that the Administration has to do what it has to do," Evan Evans '12 stated. "After all, there are almost as many EMT calls on C&C Day as there were for sub-fresh Root in the first week of school last year... which was well above five, for the record.

"My only complaint is that in the Student Assembly minutes, the first thing they said was that there would be no new policies, and the second thing they said was that only school provided water bottles would be allowed outside. Am I missing something here, or is Student Assembly just getting drunk without us?"

GREEKS WIN THE BATTLE OF TROY
Nancy Thompson and Orlando Bloom are no match for Brad Pitt
By Mr. Charman '13

DEAD HORSE DEPT.
(OUT IN THE OPEN AGAIN) Greek organizations at Hamilton have emerged from the wreckage of hell week in relatively good form, adorned with embroidered hats, sweatshirts and tattoos that are supposed to be a secret.

"The clothing is really what it's all about," new DIX brother Matt Stafford '13 commented. "I realize that when you lie to your friends about what you are doing for nine weeks, you are bound to lose them all, but these sweatshirts are just so darn comfortable."

FRESHMEN ANNOYED ABOUT BEING FRESHMEN
Riots ensue over housing lottery system
By Mr. Zappala '12

SOMETHING NEW AND EXCITING DEPT.
(FANTASY ISLAND) After another typical corruption, strife, and despair-ridden housing lottery, the Class of 2013 has decided to put their collective foot down. However, their demands for change are no longer adorably naïve, but interminably obnoxious.

"Look, we know this has happened to freshmen for decades, but that doesn't make it okay," riot leader Peter Larmore '13 said. "Though we may still lack facial hair, we deserve to be treated like adults, not Jan Amdt."

"Everyone should be treated as equals and put in the same lottery," Melissa Rowe '13 suggested. "We should also all get to register for classes at the same time. Oh, and everyone should get booze at the Pub, no one should have to pay tuition, it should never snow, and Joan Hinde Stewart should give everyone a ride on her unicorn."

Still, several have made legitimate points.

"I spent a year in a Dunham quad with three bros," Francis Ayo '13 complained, "all of whom vomited in my underwear drawer at least twice. I've earned a single in Eells."

Upperclassmen, however, have their disagree.

John Mellon '11 explained, "Try following up that Dunham quad with a split double in Bundy where the guy in the next room blasts Justin Bieber all day and has sex with his shrilling girlfriend that sounds suspiciously like Justin Bieber all day. Maybe then you'll earn a single in Eells."

Oh, the campus needs to move on to more pressing issues, like...well...freshmen.

"Being an imbecile is just part of growing up," spokesman John Nitterman explained. "It actually happens every year, but we dont say anything because they need to learn a lesson for themselves: freshmen are not people too. That, and the housing lottery blow. And when the cretins are stuck up asshole sophomores, they'll understand both these facts."

CHINA SEA®
REJECTED FORTUNES
By Ms. Tomkin '12

HILARIOUS PICTURE TITLE
See more on hilarious title, pg. 8
SAMUEL KIRKLAND’S TWITTER DIARY

Compiled by Mr. Leubsdorf ’10

Historians studying early 19th Century diaries have noted that Mr. Leubsdorf has kept a stylistically similar to twits, except without the annoying name. Here are some examples of these entries, taken from Hamilton College founder Samuel Kirkland’s diary.

4/24/1813
Jonathon Wermter doth complains about a sprained wrist. Me thinks he spends too much of every night bohning himself.

4/25/1813
Board of Trustees, esp. Gen. Steuben, harassing me about curriculum standards. I hit the bottle HARD.

4/26/1813
Campus is quiet, most students have gone to town, looking for female companionship and wine.

4/27/1813
The townsfolk came up with pitchforks, yelling slurs accusing us of witchcraft. Turned cannon on them. Grapeshot solves lots of problems.

4/28/1813
Students from Methodist Justice Initiative came to Open Hour to discuss campus climate. Spent all night with good friend rum.

4/29/1813
Caught South residents engaging in backdoor intercourse. Poor Ethan Root was dressed like a saucy cow maiden. Weird.

5/1/1813
@Colgate: Your campus smells like farts.

5/2/1813
Wasted last night, posted a link and nasty comment on Phillip Bristol’s wall. He was upset that I defaced his room.

5/3/1813
Bristol keeps demanding I remove the iron link from his wall. Fuck him.

5/4/1813
Caught Greek societies shooting at pledges feet with muskets. Told them to continue; good for the froshers’ manliness.

5/5/1813
Run rum run; it’s warm in my tummy!

5/6/1813
RT @AHamFan Aaron Burr’s face looks like his dad

5/7/1813
Faculty meetings sucketh. They all complain about budget cuts/being paid in chickens. Thank the Good Lord for the sage advice of Jay G. Williams.

5/8/1813
Class and Charter Day is da bomb! Slip ‘n Slide on G-Road rox!!!


4/21/1813: “Yeah, suck on that bitch. Joel: have no idea what you’re talking about.

5/20/1813: “What the hell is with this dumb weather? Snow in April? Jeez. Yo, look over there! Oh shit, I just made a bounce

5/21/1813: “Ah! Air horns, silly masks and genitalia… it was the streaking team! The wild rumpus had arrived, and it was beautiful, nut, glorious! I so badly wanted to strip off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not.

5/22/1813: “Holy shit. What the fuck is Wally-J? Then, out of the Glen came a joyful roar. Could it be? Air horns, silly masks and genitalia… it was the streaking team! The wild rumpus had arrived, and it was beautiful, nut, glorious! I so badly wanted to strip off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not. But then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not. But then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not.

5/23/1813: “Oh yeah? Well I… Wait, what? Jo: Bro, we’re at an Annex party right now, I’m at least… one, two… eleven, twelve… a few beers deep. I have no idaat what you’re talking about.


Jo: Bro, we’re at an Annex party right now, I’m at least… one, two… eleven, twelve… a few beers deep. I have no idaat what you’re talking about.

Jo: Well, when the open curriculum was implemented at Brown—look over there! Oh shit, I just made a bounce shot. Yeah, suck on that bitch.

FROM WHERE I SIT…

Wally J House
By Agnes “Aggie” Lipitor

Edited by Mr. Ryder ’11

As I watched my roommate wave to me, tears ran down my cheeks. I was off to place called “The Science Center” for the first time of the week and she was going to a land called “Kinner-Johnson.” Who knows when our paths would cross again? The very thought made me cry some more. Before we parted ways for good, she whispered, “beware the streakers, for they bare their junk for all to see, whether you want to see it or not.” The people of Wally J are a simple folk. We enjoy our quiet corner of the world, especially watching the ritual doings of our resident Greeks. This is where I became familiar with the phrase, “thank you sir, may I have another.”

When I arrived at my destination, I felt I was on another planet—a planet where students rolled out of bed in pajama-pants and moshed on into class. Everything was so different! The food, those lovely hippies that make the food, and people called “tour guides” leading students around. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted! Food, hippies, and tour guides never find their way to Wally J!

Then, out of the Glen came a joyful roar. Could it be? Air horns, silly masks and genitalia… it was the streaking team! The wild rumpus had arrived, and it was beautiful, nut, glorious! I so badly wanted to strip off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not off my garments and join them, but then I heard my roommate’s words resonating in my head. I could not.

Words of Wisdom with Madeleine Albright

Madeleine Albright is not exactly a feminist, but I’d love to liberate me some big gazongas.

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KATHERINE HELENE STILL
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Graphic Designer/Tila Tripala

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Contributors

KEVIN PAUL KEHR

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