

YOUR THESIS IS DONE! CONGRATULATIONS! Graduate soon, employment benefits are running out

NEW “STUDY POD” IN LIBRARY IS ACTUALLY A TIME MACHINE History majors enjoy study tool, English majors enjoy another way to dick around

By Mr. Lanman '15
FAILING TO RESIST BACK TO THE FUTURE REFERENCES DEPT.
(1804) Hamilton students were shocked this past week to discover that the mysterious wooden mass looming in the Burke lobby is actually a time machine. Library staff is calling the magical device a “prototype” for the “Library of the Future,” but despite glaring evidence to the contrary, still denies that it is anything more than a study space.

“We hope students will enjoy testing this new machi—erm, I mean study area—and all of its capabilities,” spokesman John Nitterman Jr. said. “It will be a continuum alterin—ah I mean continuation—of all the study opportunities the library has to offer.”

Some students have already engaged in involuntary time travel. Peter Fontaine '14 accidentally found himself in 1804, at the side of a wounded, post-duel Alexander Hamilton.

“It was a cheap shot. I always knew that Aaron Burr fought like a bitch,” the duel observer told *The Duel Observer*.*

“I was smart about the time travel thing, though,” Fontaine said. “I didn’t mess up the future by sneezing or anything—I just took a piss on Aaron Burr’s face. I just had to—I’m sure Joanie’s been dreaming of doing that since ’03. Basically what I’m saying is...you’re welcome.”

Considering the Darksider’s recent transformation into a semi-sentient, gelatinous mass, however, it is safe to say that Fontaine’s urine sparked significant change.

**Traveled to the future to check, this joke is still funny ten years from now.*



STUDENT TIRED OF EVERYONE MERELY ASSUMING HE’S A JACKASS, MAKES HIS OWN SILENT DISCO PLAYLIST

“Man, fuck shirts. Hard work and community spirit are what’s bogus.”
By Mr. Sinton '13
DEPT. OF HOMELAND DOUCHEBAGGERY (THE WEIRD BACK PART OF MINOR FIELD NO ONE GOES TO) From its humble origins as a birthday party for some hairfaced, crunchy Darksider—whose name and soul have been lost to time and investment banking, respectively—Silent Disco has become a celebrated institution on campus, bringing together disparate groups in joyous celebration of those unique sparks that unite us as Conts: love, drunken voyeurism, and headphones.

But, in what doctors have diagnosed as an “acute adverse reaction to the idea of sharing a rare moment of togetherness with human beings other than pre-vetted acquaintances,” Jorb Kermson '12 decided to be a teeming burlap sack of douche and make his own playlist.

“Yeah, like, I did the whole ‘listening to the same playlist as everyone else’ thing once, but that isn’t how I silently disco anymore,” the narcissistic scumbag remarked (*Editor’s Note: listening to the same playlist as everyone else is literally the definition of a Silent Disco*). “I mean, I host a WHCL show that once got almost six listeners, ergo why would I trust anyone else’s music taste ever?”

However, after wilting under the pressure of

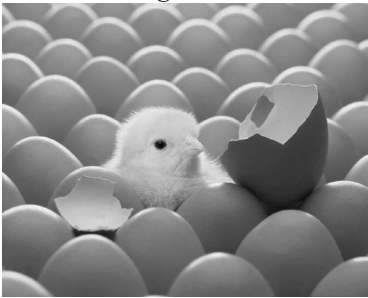
COMMONS GIVES UP, STARTS JUST SERVING LIVE CHICKENS

“Cheep cheep cheep cheep cheep” not an acceptable way of ordering

By Mr. Hostetter '13
WHAT’S WRONG, JOANIE? CHICKEN? DEPT. (WARM-BLOODED FOOD BAR) Bon Appétit announced today that Commons would start distributing live chickens in place of hot meals. When pressed for the reason for the change, Bon Appétit spokesman Bill Portman said, “We kinda stopped giving a shit.”

“But think about it, it’s not as though you’re at any more risk of getting salmonella this way than if you ate the other chicken dishes we serve,” Portman continued.

“Plus, now you can kinda use the ends of the feathers



Have you seen my mommy?

an arched eyebrow, eye contact, and follow-up questions comparing him to those assholes who “dj” iPods at parties they didn’t throw, Kermson stammered out, “well, I wasn’t they only one who did it!”

Indeed, further interviews revealed that there were pockets of Conts all over campus that made their own playlist, each with diverse reasons.

“I just wanted a nice moment with my friends before I graduate at the expense of hundreds of other people and the intention of the organizers,” Sally May '12 tried to justify.

“I didn’t like that one song said ‘cunt,’” sensitive English major Amelia Macroft '14 said. “I mean, you can’t just say ‘cunt.’ ‘Cunt’ is a bad word; even women shouldn’t be allowed to say ‘cunt.’ Just reading ‘cunt’ makes me sick, why would I want to hear the word ‘cunt’? Especially not ‘cunt’ used in the sexual sense of a woman receiving pleasure from the oral stimulation of her ‘cunt.’ Woman should never get pleasure!”

Queried about his reason, someone in red shorts simply uttered, “Bro.”

Yet, despite the actions of the few, the dance moves of the many once again prevailed. Some freshman whose mustache looked like pubes remarked, “Oh god that was so cool I saw a live band and drank jug wine and danced and there was rock and also house music and I think dub-step and the playlist was so cohesive and I met people and I kissed a girl and then she took me behind that blue wall and I touched her special place, SECOND BASE HIGH FIVE!”

High five indeed, young one, high five indeed.

like toothpicks to get those bits of sewage—I mean, uh, ‘spinach’, out of your teeth,” Portman added.

The announcement email provoked some confusion by referring to the animals as “fresh from the CoOp”; upon learning the truth, many students expressed dismay that they would not be allowed to eat the hippies after all.

Other students were confused about exactly what the live chickens were replacing. “Wait, they serve things

at Commons other than stale bagels and shitty coffee?” Jenn Greene '15 asked.

Despite these initial misunderstandings, student reaction was largely positive.

“After four years at this school, I’m so sick of hearing people just talk about sustainability and animal welfare without doing anything about it,” Karen Whitrose '12 said. “I’m really looking forward to taking

a bite out of this problem myself. I mean, if there are See “What the cluck?” continued on back page.

In this issue: geometric masturbation

ENGLISH BULLDOG PUPPIES NO LONGER AVAILABLE






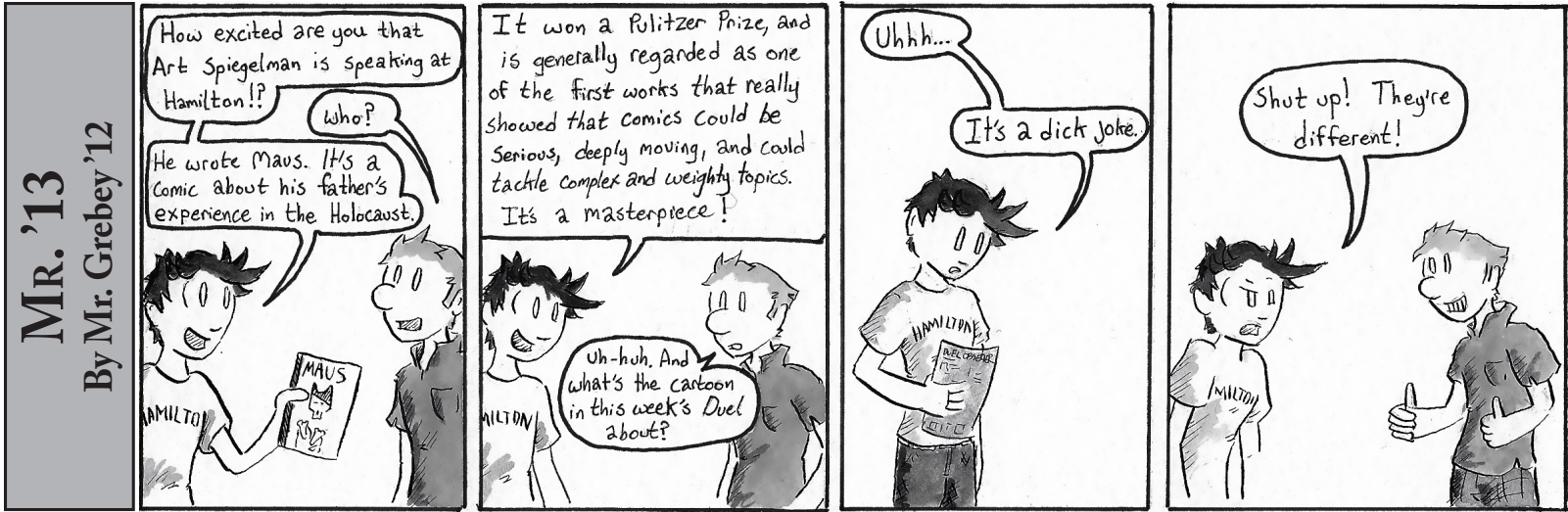
See “Hot Dogs in Commons Tomorrow,” pg.12

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “I know you think it’s really sad that you’re graduating in 30 days, but if you think about it, everyone you know will someday die.”

4/20 FORECAST	1:30	3:45	4:21
	Blazed	Baked	...
	 High probability those are some dank nugs	 50% chance you forget the brownies you're baking	 “Yeah, man.”



What the Cluck?

Continued from “Commons gives up”

less chickens, that’s less animal cruelty we have to worry about, right?”

“I’m just glad Commons will have a way for me to get all the protein I need on one plate,” football player Nick Bryson ’14 said, blood dribbling from the corner of his mouth. “And the texture

is pretty good, too. They put these crunchy things on the inside of the chicken—not sure what they are, but I like them.”

Bryson’s chicken did not immediately respond to a request for comment.

ROOMATES WANTED

Single girl seeking significantly less cool roommate who would make me appear cooler by comparison. Must rate as a 4.8 on the 10-point attractiveness scale and have an ugly laugh.

Male seeking other male to complete a Wally J triple, if you know what I mean.

RA seeking someone to pull into Milbank!! You get cool points if you

listen to Radiohead, my favorite band, but you get judicial points if you like to have fun, so...

I ALREADY GOT A SUITE. I DON'T NEED NO ROOMATES. FUCK Y'ALL.

DIK Bro seeking someone to fill a Ferg double. Must be cool with a messy room, partying on weekends, and must keep his fucking mouth shut when I choose to

keep some pledge prisoner under my bed for an indefinite amount of time, okay? Okay.

Male seeking other male to live in Eells with me and my collection of live, saltwater eels. Eels in Eells, get it? It'll be fun.

Freshman girl seeking athletic male for gender-neutral housing. Those prone to sleeping in the buff encouraged to apply.

Seeking roommate. Must be into circle jerking.

Fourth person needed to fill the Root FacApp. Must be okay with us using your closet space to brew our very own “Root” Beer. Root, root. They’re homonyms.

Submitted by Ms. Van Dusen ’15, Ms. Lanzotti ’14, Mr. Anesta ’14

SPEED DATING RECAP

The rousing success of Hamilton Speed Dating brought a variety of interesting and lovable individuals to Sadowe on Thursday night. The people who showed up to find love included:

1) The Sorority Pledge Allowed to eat dinner under the condition that they attend Speed Dating.

ing. Consume all the free food anyways. No Hill Card needed!

2) The Trolling Student “You are the most beautiful girl on this campus. I don’t know why I’ve spent all my time trying to have random sex when you’ve always been there, with that massive mole on your face.”

3) Student Who Hasn’t Left His Room All Semester He’s been told that his skin glistens. In reality, he is completely transparent from lack of sunlight.

4) Senior Bro “I got tired of walking all the way down to Bundy for freshmen girls.”

5) Anal Sex Kid Won’t stop talking about anal sex. Gets the highest number of dates. Go figure.

6) Hipsters Ironically attend. Un-ironically fall in love and elope.

By Mr. Schnacky ’14



“There’s a mustache under this mustache”

MY DEAREST PSYCH EXPERIMENTS DIARY...

What follows are the final records in a journal found deep in the Glen. We decided to publish them unedited in our eternal pursuit of “drinking time” over “thinking time.”

April 12th

Hey Private-Diary-I-Hope-Is-Never-Printed-Publicly, today was weird. I helped my friend with one of his psych experiments. It was about memorization... only then it turned out it was actually about one’s perception of future lifetime accomplishments and how it relates to mood. I was in the experimental group, which was okay, except they prepared me for a bad mood by kicking me in the ’nads. My groin didn’t hurt as much as my pride did, though. I won’t be fooled like that again!

April 13th

Hey Diary, I went to the mattress testing today. I tried laying on Mattress A, and then I tried laying on Mattress B, and then I tried Mattress A again. I’m usually a tender and delicate flower when it comes to bed quality, but this time I couldn’t find any differences! I was confused until I realized it must be another psych experiment! They didn’t fool me this time—I marched right out of there without telling them what I thought! And also because the only ways I could test a mattress for what matters aren’t really appropriate in public.

What I perceive as April 14th

Today Marge ended our conversation 15 seconds sooner than the usual 20 lovely, engaging minutes. Was I being primed for something? Did THEY want me slightly less hungry? Did THEY want me to feel an emotional loss that ball-busting could only hope to replicate? WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO NOTICE?

They want me to think it’s the 15th of April.

Nothing is certain anymore, my dear collection of thought transcriptions. I wander through an endless web of illusions and hypothetical examinations of my deepest machinations. My only hope for even subjective happiness



is to find some place I can be at ease. A place with people so simple, I need never fear again that the manipulations of higher minds. I know of only one such place; wish me luck on my journey.

That was the last recorded entry in the battered journal. All that was found nearby was a note of approval for a transfer acceptance to Colgate.

Discovered by Mr. Johnson ’14

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