

“RANKINGS DON’T MATTER”
How my dick taste, Wesleyan? #16! #16! #16!

ROOT SINGLE
DEPRESSING AS FUCK
Sophomore develops claustrophobia,
heliophobia, addiction to Reddit
By Mr. Goebel ’15

SORRY, ELIHU DEPT.
(THE DARKEST SIDE) Just two weeks after moving into his highly anticipated single in the Root dormitory basement, sophomore Delvin Tomlinson ’15 recently discovered that it was depressing as fuck.

“I entered the sub-free lottery just hoping to get a single after my first year in a quad,” Tomlinson explained. “But no. Oh God no. This is not what I had in mind at all.” According to reports, Tomlinson’s typical day is currently occupied by loneliness and self-loathing, with short breaks for classes and meals.

“The worst part is it’s not like it’s a shit-hole or anything. It’s just... it has a way of making me realize that *I’m* the shithole. Which just sucks.”

In addition to the pungent mildew odor wafting up from the carpet under his bed and the dire lack of outlets in his room, reports indicate that, as it is a substance-free dorm, Tomlinson cannot even drown his sorrows in liquor—which would otherwise be encouraged under the college’s recent change in hard alcohol policy.

“I thought everything would be great this year,” Tomlinson said. “No roommates to eat all my food, no one waking me up early in the morning, no one to talk to when I’m doing homework... Jesus Christ, I’m lonely. I should have known something was wrong after I watched every episode of *Married to Jonas* that first weekend. Someone please visit me. Please.”

Tomlinson is not the only one complaining. His neighbor Janine Belushi ’14 commented, “My room is nice and all, just in the kind of way that makes you want to die. I guess I can see why it would appeal to some people, though. Like in Japan or something.”

As of press time, Tomlinson was unavailable for further comment as he prepared to masturbate for the fourth time that day.

DRINKING CLUB ON THE ROCKS
Recruits reveal club is dry, front for sports
By Mr. Tolan ’15

INTERESTING REVERSALS DEPT.
(THE BIG PUB) Following the Student Activities Fair on Martin’s Way last week, fallout from Hamilton’s first and foremost “alcohol hobbyist” club has raised a series of questions about the club’s purpose—whether it’s a drinking club or a sports club.

One prospective member, Randy Bamhauser ’16, talked to *The Duel* about his experience: “I showed up at their meeting thinking that it would be a good time—throw back a few beers or some cheap vodka and then take turns throwing up in the Dunham stairwell.” He then added enthusiastically, “I was ready to knock my liver to the floor and kick it in its gut!... its, uh, liver gut.”

The club’s first meeting began behind Minor Field at midnight Saturday when members hauled out two nondescript black bags. According to Bamhauser, “They took these cleats out of the bag, and threw them at us without saying anything. I’m thinking, ‘Shit, how hard are we partying if we need traction?!’”

At this point, Chet Bickham ’16, who was with Bamhauser during the meeting, interrupted. “I caught

on quicker than Randy. I knew what was up. They handed us Thermoses with fruity shit—wine coolers, I think—in them and told us to drink up and team up, but we weren’t going out on the campus to get shitfaced and fuck everything in sight, no man.” The pair adopted



You just got ICED

an air of gravitas before Bickham continued, “No, we were part of the ultimate example of pre-gaming: this was training to ascend to another plane of partying!”

Another attendee was willing to talk to *The Duel*, but requested to remain anonymous. He said, “Shit, shit... I feel so stupid. Me and some of the other guys realized about twenty minutes in that we were playing sports – sports! I joined thinking I was going to get out there and party it up, but the only thing they gave us was Gatorade.” When asked about Bamhauser, he commented: “That chucklefuck [sic]? He had more electrolytes in his blood than alcohol.”

In response to this scandal, the Rugby team has enthusiastically extended invitations to any and all former recruits of the Drinking Club who have quit in pursuit of drunker pastures.

FRESHMAN’S BEST FRIEND STILL
HIS iPHONE

Water damage becoming apparent
By Ms. Chappell ’15

AT LEAST IT VIBRATES DEPT.
(ANYWHERE WITH CELL SERVICE) The last lingering hope of finding genuine human companionship vanished for Steven Fourres ’16 after a second weekend spent crooning to his iPhone in the Dunham laundry room.

“I don’t know why I bothered trying meet people in the first place,” Fourres complained, clutching his one and only companion to his chest. “I asked some guy for the 8-day forecast last night, but he just told me to go fuck myself. Siri would never be so abrasive. She’s the only one who understands me,” Fourres whispered, staring lovingly at his phone.

Other members of the freshman class are unimpressed by Fourres’ unusual fetish.

“So the kid really likes his iPhone—big deal,” Avery MacDonald ’16 shrugged. “My roommate sleeps next to five toaster ovens, and now our room smells like burnt



hair all the time.”

The Counseling Center has expressed some concern over Fourres’ electronic attachment.

“We like to see kids really take off during their first few weeks of college, but usually we’re not referring to DoodleJump scores,” counselor Willa James said.

The IT department, on the other hand, wholeheartedly supports Fourres’ behavior.

“Human emotion is becoming obsolete. We’ve been saying it for years,” IT director Dwaine Werker said while his fellow techies nodded in agreement. “Once the iPhone 5 is released, feeling should be eradicated once and for all.”

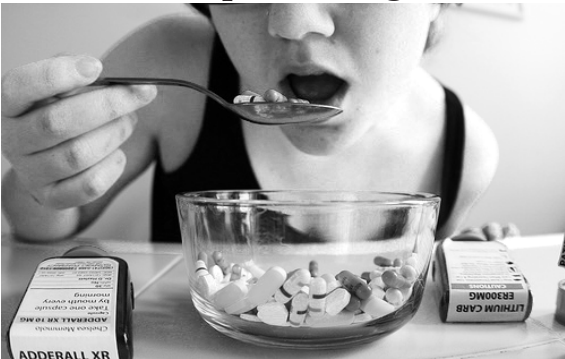
With another weekend fast approaching, Fourres is looking forward to spending some more quality time with his number one girl.

“I think our relationship is really progressing. She only Googled the answers to three of my questions today,” Fourres boasted. “Plus she reminded me about my therapy appointment four times in an hour—I think the signs are pretty obvious.”

Fourres asks the other members of his dorm to please respect his privacy and ignore any moaning and/or sobbing that may be issuing from Dunham basement come Friday night.

In this issue: TITTIES (and labor disputes)

Student does shit-ton of Adderall before
Speed Dating



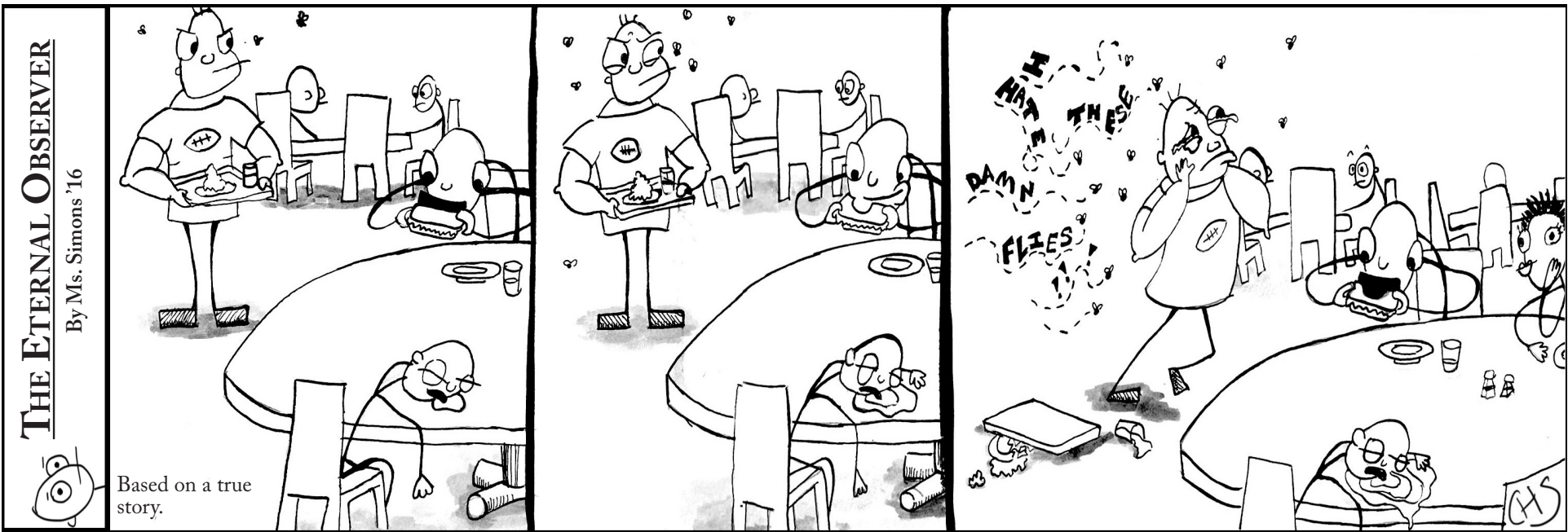
See “Misunderstands adjective. Great listener, lots of eye contact,” pg. 21

CYNICAL PAT REYNOLDS’
INTERNAL MONOLOGUE



“40% of Hamilton grads get married to another Hamilton grad. We are that boring.”

ROLLER RAVE FORECAST	10 P.M.	12 A.M.	2 A.M.
	82% chance somebody gets a boo-boo.	Low probability epileptics have a good time.	“I love IED music!” “I think you mean EDM...”



FILOSOFICAL FACEOFF

As moderated by Ms. McGarry '16

“If a person holds a red Solo cup and nobody takes a picture of it, did the person ever hold the cup?”

NAY.

By Gerdie McLaughlin '14

I know my name makes it seem like I stay in my dorm reading Civil War romance novels, but I party. A lot. And frankly, I need less time to think about this than when my friends ask if I'm going out to the Diner at 3 AM. If there's not a picture of you holding the cup, you never held the cup.

If I can't like it on Facebook, why should I believe it happened? This is like when Dave told me he had his stomach pumped, and I was like, "Really, Dave? I'm gonna need to see your hospital bracelet because I saw you in the all-night room in the library last night." And I was right. That asshole just wanted to seem cool.

Everyone loves pictures of people drinking. Why do you think Instagram exists? It's a whole app based around pre-drink sunset pictures, group shots mid-drinks, and morning after photos of Advil and coffee with the caption "hangover cure."

Like my fun uncle with pierced ears always said, you're only as cool as the parties you can prove you attended. My point is, we need some evidence.

YAY.

By Gary Williams '13

If Descartes said, "Cogito ergo sum," then why couldn't that be adapted to mean, "Bibo ergo sum,"—"I drink therefore I am?" The validation of a photograph is unnecessary. If I am drinking from a red Solo cup but a photograph is not taken, I know I held the cup because I exist.

Who is to say that a mere photograph proves how much someone parties? Who is to say that the pictured Solo cup even has alcohol in it? Who is to say that my Philosophy degree is worthless? Not my damn parents, that's for sure.

I stopped using social networking sites several months ago so my only Internet presence is email. Yet, I still know that I have held cups and drank, and that the people around me at parties have too. People are so wrapped up proving what they do that they forget to live in the moment. Picture or not, the cup exists. QED.

(Moderator's Note: A Google search will lead you to Mr. Williams' frequently updated Flickr account, and although there are no pictures with Solo cups, there are 200 plus pictures with alcohol-filled Mason jars.)



OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories

Sheffield, United Kingdom

A team of researchers may have discovered a cure for deafness in gerbils using stem cells. The test gerbils' quality of life improved dramatically from "deaf gerbil" to "gerbil." Hooray.

Chicago, Illinois

Chicago's Teacher Union went on strike for first time in twenty-five years, seeking air conditioning for students, smaller class sizes, and other ridiculous demands. Totally don't care. I went to private school.

New York, New York

Newsroom star Alison Pill "accidentally" tweeted a topless picture of herself disguised as a Darksider. Sabrina Yurkofsky, our managing editor, thinks her boobs look like manly pecs with strange gravity nipples. Layout editor James Patteson disagrees. Here's the picture. You decide.



Email duel@hamilton.edu with opinions

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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.

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CAMPUS PD

EPISODE 15: INVASION OF THE NUT SNATCHERS

HammiLeaks, run by the infamous muckraker Julio Fauxhole, has uncovered hidden documents that let the average student peer into the hidden workings of Campus Safety. Obtained through a Darksider mole, here are some selected excerpts.

Day 2: After consulting with base operations it appears the squirrel's influence on campus is graver than we had originally anticipated. The large tails seem to work as some sort of transmission device. I have shouted repeatedly into the backside of several woodland critters now with little progress.

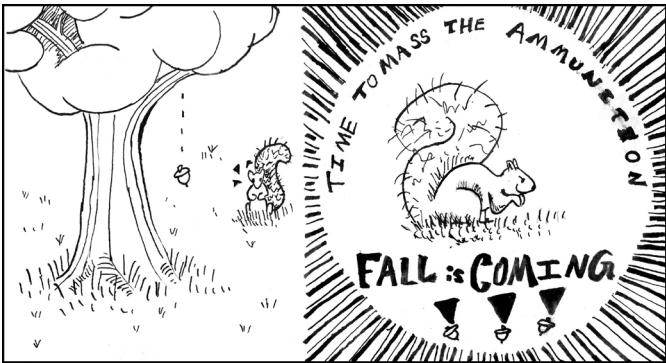
Day 12: Contrary to organization research, the squirrels are not reacting to the Grammy-winning album Alvin and the Chipmunks' "Chipmunk Song." Will try Nickleback next week.

Day 17: The mating ritual that I originally engaged in to blend in has been a resounding success. Will be applying for alimony funds through the Campus Activities Board.

Day 20: I have become one with the squirrels. It appears

the cocaine trail leading to the Hamilton Spirituality Initiative does not have roots with our furry foes.

Day 45: After weeks of living in the trees near the rugby field, I am ready for hibernation. I have begun lodging twigs, nuts, and berries into my rectum. Here's to a comfortable winter. Officer Dan "Chippy" ██████ out.



artwork by Ms. Simons '16

constructive things like acoustic coffee house performances." Since the leak, the administration has not yet commented but *The Duel Observer* is expecting to hear back after President Stewart returns from a fundraiser at Greenwich Yacht Club.

Edited by Mr. Simonson '15

College Democrats spokesperson Karl Sweden has praised Mr. Fauxhole for his bravery and devotion to an open campus: "It's about time we students fought back against the imperialistic Campus Safety. The ridiculousness of these reports points out that we should be spending fewer tuition dollars on policing and more on