

JEWISH FRAT WANTS YOU TO RUSH HASHANAH!  
Who will die by Bull? And who by Due? (We all die a little when we read The Spec.)

My Roommate Plays Guitar

**Fuck.**  
By Mr. Dyer '16  
NOIZE DEPT.  
(THE DUNHAM SHOWERS) In a shocking turn of events this fall, a guitar-playing freshman has annoyed many students.

Manning Newberger '16, a freshman from Illinois, said there was nothing suspicious about his roommate Robert Jackson '16 when he Facebook stalked him this summer. “He liked Jimi Hendrix, Space Jam, Nutella,” Manning '16 said. “I thought we were gonna be bros. I did see a guitar in his propic, but I didn't think anything of it. I mean, it could have been worse. He could have been shirtless with a bowie knife and a 'coon skin...”

But when Newberger moved in with Jackson, things quickly became ugly. The first night of orientation Jackson reportedly took his Gibson SG out and “sprayed douche” all over his roommate's face. In a scenario all too familiar to college students nationwide, Newberger's life quickly became a living hell. The situation escalated when he was rudely awakened by an electric version of the acoustic version of a Dispatch song at 7:30 on a Sunday morning. Witnesses described the scene as “a total shitshow, basically Elliot Smith featuring the Sex Pistols,” though one freshman girl described it as “edgy and sophisticated.” We're pretty sure she's full of shit.

Many other students felt similarly about Jackson. “We met during the Rock, Paper, Scissors championship on the Turf Field, and I felt like I was getting to know him really well,” Geoff Clements '16 reminisced, “but then I heard about the guitar and I was like *aw hell no*. That's the kind of guy that plays ‘Wonderwall’ with the door open so he can cockblock everyone on the floor.”

The college is currently reviewing the issue, but has yet to come to a consensus. Early this morning, however, John Nitterman Jr., avid cocaine user, Campus spokesman, and Chair of the Intradorm Affairs Committee, released this statement: “We have to be very sensitive about this kind of issue, but it sounds like Jackson is a dickweed.”

Sophomore in Love with Upstate New York

**Super paranoid it's cheating on him**  
By Mr. Mermelstein '14  
ALTERNATIVE RELATIONSHIPS DEPT.  
(SEX IS IN THE AIR) John Peartree '15 has recently declared his undying affection for Upstate New York, much to the extreme vexation of those around him. “I mean, I get that he's smitten or whatever,” Jenna Starcko '14 explained, “but does he really have to update the entire world every two seconds about it? Like this morning, he posted 563 things he loves about Upstate New York in 563 different statuses! And then he did the same thing on Twitter!”

“It's going great!” Peartree stated without being prompted. “But [Upstate] can be pretty moody. She'll be really dreary and cold one day but totally bright and warm the next. She's always pretty blustery though, and we tend to get in a lot of fights, but the make-up sex is awesome!” When we didn't immediately leave the table, Peartree continued, “Sometimes I just wish we communicated a bit more. Right now she's been giving me the cold shoulder after I confronted her about a girl I saw wearing an ‘I Love NY’ shirt. I mean, I'm down for anything if she'd just tell me.”

Every Freshman Best Friends with Every Other Freshman

**Relationships last forever.**  
By Mr. Snyder '13  
FORGETTING PEOPLE'S NAMES DEPT.  
(THE CUSP OF ADULthood) In the past few days, the class of 2016 has been genuinely friendly and outgoing: eating lunch with strangers, smiling at each other on Martin's Way, and holding each other's hair back while they vomit.

When talking about her roommate, Samantha Morgan '16 said, “Vivian is the Roy to my Siegfried. Rawr. If she killed someone, I would totally help her bury the body.” When asked for a comment, Vivian Francis '16 said, “My name is Victoria.”

In the Glen, six freshman boys sat in a circle and were not smoking anything at all. One of the young men, Pete Venderson '16, reported being able to forge deep emotional connections with every single person he's met: “It's crazy, everyone here loves movies and TV shows and wants to have sex with girls. By the way, did I tell you about my gap year?”

Outside the diner, Ben McClain '16 and Olivia Masterson '16 were seen feeding each other mozzarella sticks in a completely non-sexual manner. Masterson re-

When someone else, who apparently actually cared, asked how they first got together, Peartree said it was down in Bundy. “I remember it like it was last night,” he explained. “I saw her there, and that one Usher song was on, and I could tell the time was right. I could feel her calling to me, practically begging for it. And then



we made love while I whispered sweet nothings in her ear. It got pretty crazy. I woke up with all these scrapes and bruises.” Bill Brass '14, a friend of Peartree's, offered a slightly different perspective on this magical encounter. “Yeah... so, it actually was last night. He probably doesn't remember because of all the moonshine and meth. The dude just sort of ran through the closed Bundy window, tore off his clothes, and stuck his dick in the ground. I guess it was a little strange at the time, but I mean this is Bundy we're talking about.”

As we were finally making our escape from the table, Peartree yelled after us, “I just think this one's special! I've never let anyone put in more than two Finger Lakes before!”

flected on the progress of their relationship: “We were in the same AA group but had to take a vow of celibacy until the ropes course. It was the hardest four days of our lives. Now me and my cheesy poof can be together forever.” When asked for comment, McClain yelled “I'm not a virgin! I'M NOT A VIRGIN ANYMORE! Take that, overbearing mother!”



After her first sociology class, Sarah Simpson '16 was found frolicking in the KJ water feature. “My soul mate sat down next to me in class. We ended up talking for almost an hour about gender as a social construction. Oh Godddd, nothing gets me riled up like postmodern feminism.” Ms. Simpson quivered slightly and took a second to compose herself. “I think he might be a senior, but he was definitely

into me.” When informed that she was talking about her professor, Ms. Simpson looked confused and asked “Is that not allowed?”

In this issue: Buncha Cutie-Patooties

Student Super Stressed about Events Staff Resume



See “My internship at an ad agency proves I can deal with drunk assholes,” pg. Mad Men

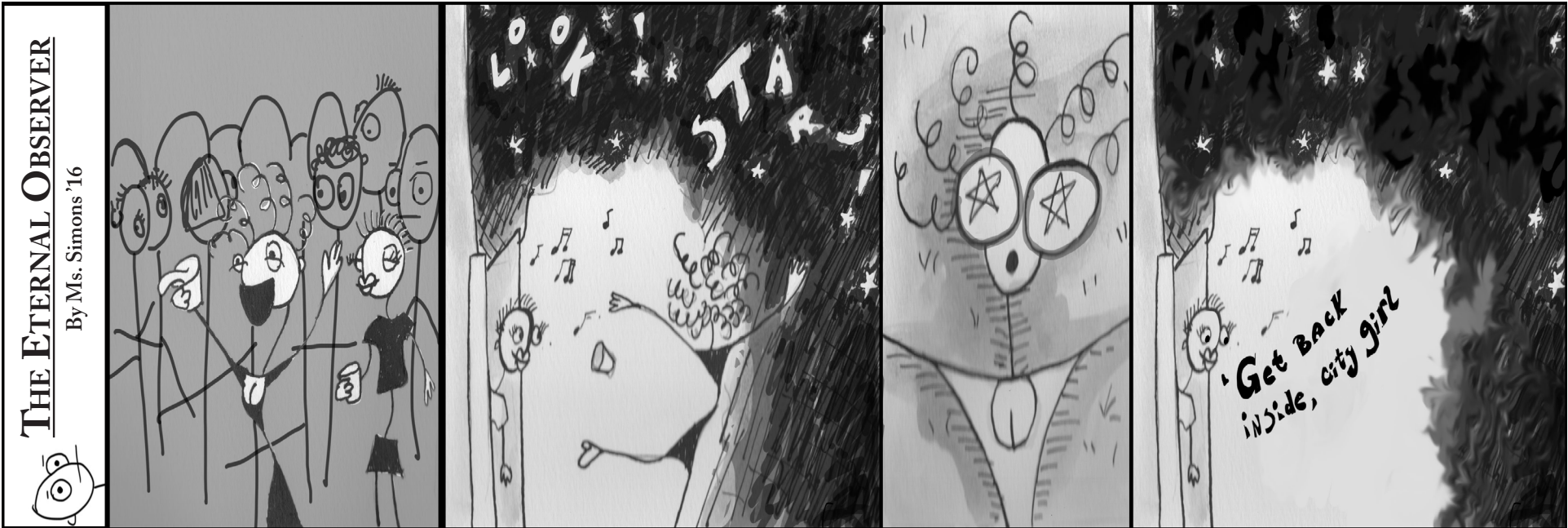
THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND COLLEGE



“I demand a shrubbery and more radical sociology offerings.”

MOVIE NIGHT FORECAST	6 P.M.	8 P.M	2 A.M.
	Brave	Little Miss Sunshine	Secret Snuff Film
	95% chance it's an OK movie but lacks soul.	High probability your heart melts.	“A snuff's a snuff.”





## ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUNCH PEOPLE IN THE FACE

By Mr. Dagetai '14

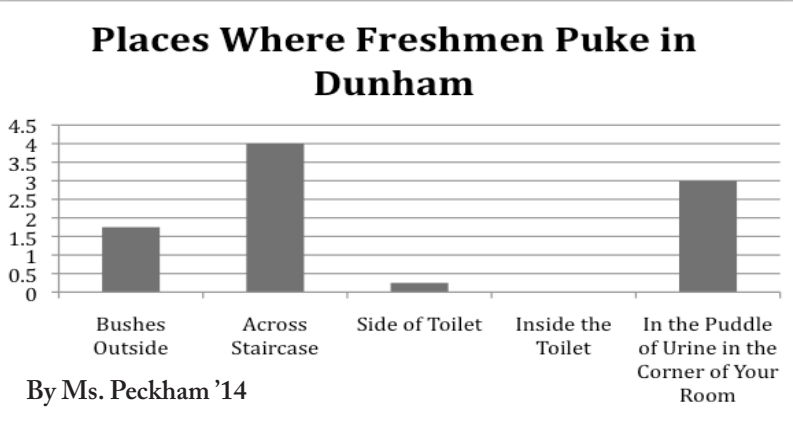
Apparently it's not enough that you can get kicked out of this place just for turning in a Wikipedia article as a paper or for knocking back a few shots and then driving to IHOP. It turns out that you can also get expelled just for punching a guy in the face.

What is this, kindergarten? I don't need the Punching Police telling me who I can and can't serve up a double helping of knuckled justice to. Some people just deserve to be punched in the face—because they took my seat in KJ, or because they were looking at me funny, or because I didn't like the way their stupid fucking nose looked on their stupid fucking face. I shouldn't get expelled just because I bashed in the skull of some asshole who took the last chocolate chip cookie from McEwen.

Look, I don't tell you who to talk to and who to live with and who to marry, so you don't get to tell me who to punch in the face. It's really just a question of basic civil liberties. After all, it was our founder who believed in shooting people in the face—punching is really quite mild by comparison.

At the very least, there ought to be a three-strike policy; that is, you have to strike another person three times in order to get expelled. In an ideal society, I would be able to beat whoever I wanted into a bloody pulp, but at least this proposal would stop the administration from infringing on my second-punching rights. I'll be taking this proposal to the administration, and if Joanie gives me any shit about it, I'll punch her in the face.

Edited by Mr. Hostetter '13



## Fuck You, You Prick

Chronicles from under the totalitarian boot heel of Liberal Arts dogma

Ricky Shambles '14, that pseudo-intellectual douchebag who pretends to be a Marxist in your political theory class, recently scribbled "This is what a police state looks like!" in a bathroom stall by the KJ Auditorium, in effect giving the finger to the college that his upper middle-class parents are graciously financing.

I recently sat down with Shambles and traced his spree of "anti-establishment" graffiti from its humble beginnings in seventh grade. Emerging from his "pre-pube, post-vein" penis doodle phase, he decided to get political.

"Anarchy is Order" was my main thrust in those days," he recalled. "What can I say? Rage Against the Machine was a big part of my life. Green Day, too...you know, before they got all gay." Shambles paused to sack tap one of his anarchist bros, who in return punched Shambles in the armpit, making him giggle and fart. (Editor's note: This is real. Ask our Managing Editor, Sabrina Yurkofsky, for details and inappropriate personal stories).

When his testicles finally dropped in eleventh grade, he ascended to the ever daring swastika and other anti-Se-

mitic imagery. Unfortunately, he had no clue what those icons represented until his JCC youth group collectively shoved a shofar up his rectum.\*

"Well fine, it was a little anti-Semitic, but I'd already gotten my bar mitzvah money at that point. I didn't care," he explained, tenderly grazing a finger over his sphincter. "I'm just against every type of establishment, religion included. Suck a fuck, Yahweh."

Such was the case, apparently, for Hamilton College—an establishment, yes, but one that that provides a high quality education and a myriad of other opportunities to students like Shambles, regardless of their deluded perspectives on what constitutes oppression.

While studying abroad in North Korea next semester, Shambles plans to extend his spineless rebellion to an actual police state. I plan to follow his trip on his study abroad Wordpress, "This is What a Police State Looks Like: KJ-2-NK '14" with significant interest and minimal concern for his wellbeing. Prick.

\*L'Shana Tovah, bitches.

by Miles Silver '14

Edited by Mr. Lanman'15

## CULTURE SHOCK AND FREEZER BURN: My Semester Abroad in the Frozen Foods Section of Hannaford



September 16, 2012

Hey guys! So I've been living here in the Frozen Foods Section of Hannaford Supermarket down in Clinton for about five weeks now, and I figured I'd keep you all updated on how things are going. I know what you're thinking—why couldn't you go to an exotic frozen foods section? Like at the Hannaford in Utica? When I was looking at places to study abroad, I knew I wanted some place really cold, preferably Antarctica or Siberia. Those programs are, like, way expensive though, and there aren't really a whole lot of people in either place. Plus, the hookup scene at either place is pretty much limited to penguins, and they do the whole "mate for life" thing. I don't think I'm really ready for that kind of commitment. I was at a loss as to what to do until I was shopping for frozen meatless patties last spring and it hit me: I could study right here!

It's nice because it's really hard to get lost here. And if you ever do get lost there's tons of signage everywhere. If you're *really* lost you can always find one of the restockers and they'll walk you to your destination.

Not everyone is so nice here though; the Head Manager, Rick, is somewhat of an asshole, and there's currently talk amongst the frozen broccoli and spinach of an uprising, a coup d'etat of sorts. He puts the Bagel Bites (they're pretty violent) next to the Lean Pockets (who

are surprisingly passive for a food that is known for its ability to destroy a person's digestive system), and the greens next to the ice cream (no one picks the greens since ice cream is so much more popular. Don't ask them about it though, they get kind of bitter and crusty). It's just an all-around mess.

There's gonna be some serious warfare over here if things don't change, and I may even wind up being deported. Rick isn't my biggest fan either; I think it's because of that one time he caught me sleeping in the meat cooler, but the snap peas think he's just in a bad mood because he doesn't get laid enough.

I've learned so much already in my time here. I'm not gonna lie, though—it's been a huge culture shock. Man, do I miss microwaves. Can't wait to see everyone back on the Hill in January! If any of you are in the area, let me know! We should do lunch. I know a great place around here that has really excellent frozen Stoffer's.

Gotta jet, though. I have a date with one of the frozen meatless-hot dogs. Talk to you soon!

Sylvia Coltus '14

(Found and defrosted by Ms. Caswell '14)

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON II  
*Editor-in-Chief/ Boot*

JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU  
*Editor-out-Chief/ Technicolor Yawn*

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY  
*Managing Editor/ Chew Backwards*

JAMES O'MARA PATTESON  
*Layout Editor/ Toss a Sidewalk Pizza*

ALISON NICOLE RITACCO  
*Photo Journalist/ Mouth Poop*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

**Senior Staff Writers**  
JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY

JOHN ANDREW CARLYSLE JOHNSON  
JAMES JOSEPH LAVELLE

COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER  
KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

**Staff Writers**  
J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

MEGAN RIONA MURPHY  
HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN  
**Contributors**

SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL  
DANIEL JANSON MERMELSTEIN

MICHAEL LOUIS DYER  
HILLARY ANNE PECKHAM

DAVID BENJAMIN SNYDER  
**Artistes**

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS  
PETER JOHN TOLAN

**Copy Editors**  
SARAH MCCOY BITHER

LILLIAN FRANCES MCCULLOUGH

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.

Comments?	Email <a href="mailto:duel@hamilton.edu">duel@hamilton.edu</a>
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	<a href="http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/">http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/</a>