

POOR PEOPLE SWARM CAMPUS
Correction: actually just recent alumni

JOAN HINDE STEWART SHITS BRICK

Freshman straw feminist lays egg
By Mr. Lavelle '13

SANITATION DEPT.
(THE JOANATORIUM) It has finally happened. After a weekend of an almost unprecedented number of EMT calls, jitney bomb threats, and off-campus orgiastic bacchanalias, on Sunday Hamilton College President Joan Hinde Stewart shit a brick.

Word quickly spread to every member of the student body and staff, and by Monday everyone was weighing in about the incident. Chris Weedon, a member of the construction crew working on the new theater, said, "If the students keep this bad behavior up we can use the bricks to build the new theatre—and the Board of Trustees thought concrete would be cheap!"

With Alumni Weekend coming up, Mr. Weedon may just get his wish. Another window broken or urinal wrested from the wall by some asshole frat alumnus and he should have at least enough material for a cornerstone.



How do you think we paved Martin's Way?

The staff of the new Wellin Museum already has a bid in to put the brick on display as part of a piece on Hamilton College History. "It would go great next to Ezra Pound's *Ulysses* fanfic," Wellin Museum staff member Joyce Harris said.

President Stewart declined to comment on the matter. The college community is hopeful that this incident will not be enough to shake her usually unshakable aplomb. However, as the bidding for the brick heats up, it does not seem that the subject will be put to rest anytime soon.

"I feel so guilty about this whole thing," a student who was EMT'd this weekend and chose to remain anonymous said. "My dad shat a brick once when he saw my tuition bill. He said it was extremely painful." And be assured it *is* painful. After having a baby and passing kidney stones, a fully-sized ass brick is the next most painful thing that a human can pass through their body.

The Health Center staff would also like to remind the student body that, as of this semester, they are no longer equipped to handle those about to shit bricks, but still treat students who are "literally, so over this semester already."

CAMPPO REPORTEDLY "LIVING THE HIGH LIFE" WITH EXPANDED POWERS

Dark Side less than thrilled by this Arrested Development

By Mr. Snyder '13
POT-LUCK DEPT.

(OFFICE OF CAMPUS SAFETY) "I missed it, you know," mused Fran Manfredo, director of campus safety, as he looked wistfully off into the distance. "Arresting people, putting handcuffs on someone—it's a beautiful thing. There's something special, almost sexual, about restraining another human being. Twisting their clammy hands behind their back, bending them over just slightly, maybe whispering in their ear, 'Gotcha, bitch,' then sliding those cool metal clasps around their wrists."

During our interview, Manfredo took me to his holding cell in the basement of South, where he was currently detaining a student for streaking. I could not ascertain the identity of the student because of the black bag covering their head, but they were definitely a red-headed male.

While Fran Manfredo was excited to assume the position of resident Hamilton College dominatrix, the other Campus Safety officers were equally overjoyed about their

newfound ability to destroy confiscated marijuana on their own. "Those Kirkland PD guys were getting all the good bud," George McGovern, a 15-year Campus Safety



This guy got three days in the Kirkland Basement for overdue library books.

veteran said. "One time, I took a half ounce of Purple Kush off some freshman boys and the whole Kirkland Police Department 'destroyed' it before a ZZ Top concert. That's fucking bullshit."

"I used to buy shitty home-grown weed from local dealers," Kathy Franklin, another Campus Safety officer said. "Now whenever I need some bud I just look in Dark Side windows and try to find groups of guys playing Mario Kart."

When informed that many of his Campus Safety officers were destroying marijuana through inhalation, Manfredo was surprisingly unfazed: "You think I give a fuck? Just because I have a crew cut and the posture of a two-by-four doesn't mean I don't blaze chron every day. Shit, I've got a bong in the top drawer of my desk named 'The Enforcer.' Plus, it's not like I can get suspended from school for smoking weed and lose all my tuition money—KPD would just fine me 200 bucks and smoke that shit themselves."

LONG DISTANCE RELATIONSHIP CLUB JUST A NEXUS FOR HUSH-HUSH INFIDELITY

Most incestuous group since The Buffers
By Mr. Gwilliam '15

YOU REALLY THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA? DEPT.

(SADOVE) The announcement of the Long Distance Relationship (LDR) Club caused quite a stir on campus two weeks ago. Meant to be an oasis for students engaged in long-distance relationships, usually left over from high school, the club quickly degenerated into essentially a weekly orgy.

"Yeah, we had good intentions," Stephanie Blier '14, founder and president of the LDR Club, claimed. "We just wanted to get together with people who felt our pain. But I mean, we connected on such a deep level because of our mutual sorrows.... Besides, I can only get down and dirty with myself and an awkwardly placed webcam so many times."

"Look, I love Jenny," Josh Bragger '16 said between thrusts, "but its been like... a whole month!

I feel like I get a free pass at this point right?" He then dismounted and wiped sweat off his brow, addressing his long-distance girlfriend: "Jenny, if you're reading this, I swear I still love you... I just love pussy more."



An unfortunate side effect of the recent descent into hedonism by the LDR Club is the influx of freshman boys at the meetings. "They found out about the infidelity and frequent re-

lations and figured their best bet for getting some was with us," complained Blier. "Some of them don't even have good stories. One boy openly admitted he was 'just there for the punani!' Come on man! At least pretend that you're affected by the lack of communication between you and your significant other!"

In an effort to get the club back to its roots as a self-wallowing pity-fest, Blier proposed a simple solution: "I've stopped passing out condoms and lube at the meetings. I don't even know what I was thinking with that anyway." She later told us that her plan "did nothing to stop the fuck-fest."

In this issue: Shitty Masonry

Students Shocked by How Right Nancy Thompson is All the Time.



See "Decades of anger yield insight," pg. 17

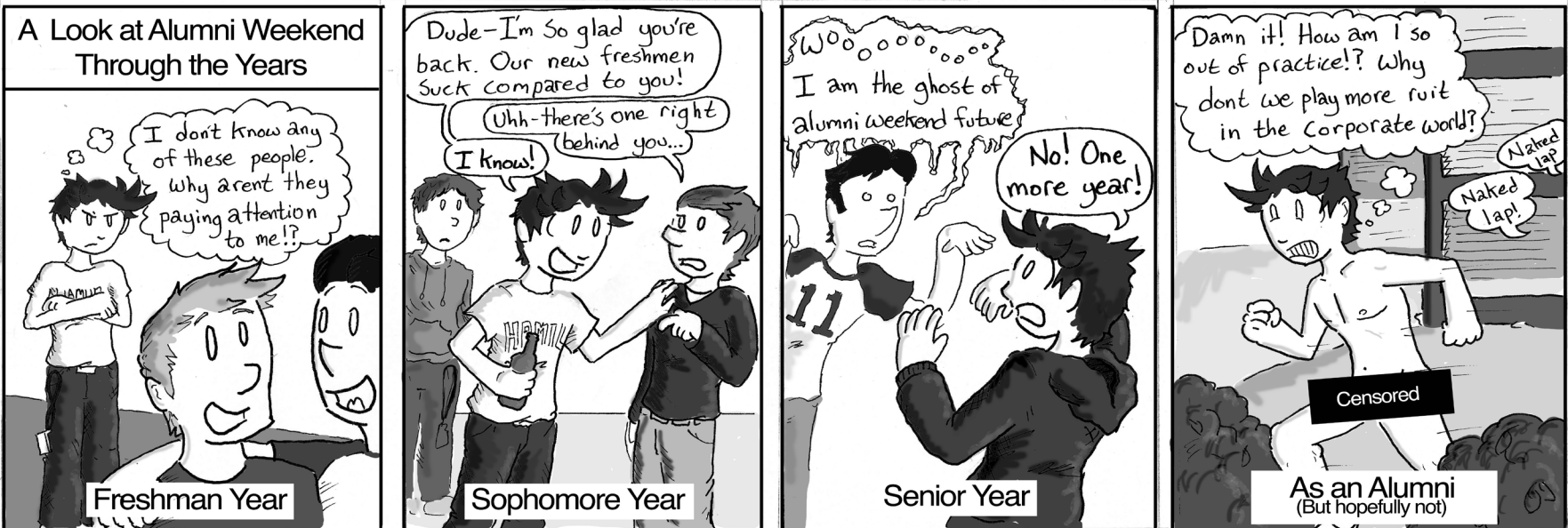
VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND



"Wellin Museum? Finally, a building uglier than mine."

STREAK FORECAST	STREAK	2	WIN
	Boobles	Buttles	Dickles
	"It's a bit nippy."	High Probability you crack under pressure.	100% chance no matter how cool your mask is, everyone is looking at your dick.

Mr. '13 '12
By Mr. Grebey '12



PHINEAS P. WUTTERBOTTOM
SAMPLES SEVERAL
SUMPTUOUS SIPS

Greetings, Hamilton. I, Phineas P. Wutterbottom III, noted aesthete and accomplished critic, have returned after a long hiatus to *critique* (or *en anglais*, “critique”) the new craze that has swept the McEwen dining hall: “sips.”



Banana, Carrot, and Saffron: A pungent bouquet, with very prominent overtones of douchiness and potassium. The texture and color were both reminiscent of sweet potato baby food, or what leaks out of me after a night at the Indian Café.

Crispy Mushroom, Potato, and Sage: A heartier sip, perhaps for a winter’s night, or as something to soak up the Keystone. The nickel-sized chunks of mushroom and sprigs of sage in this satisfying bellytimber present a choking hazard only to lily-livered pantywaists and milquetoasts. When served warmed and frothed, it’s vaguely reminiscent of orca milk.

Raspberry, Lime, Mud, and Vinegar: A fruity, intoxicating front end with a dirty and bitter aftertaste—it’s like Silent Disco in a glass!

Parsnip, Turnip, and Extra Virgin Olive Oil: This one took me back. It was an impeccable dead ringer for the motor oil/gasoline mixtures my brother and I used to drink as children behind Grandpapa’s shed. Ahh, nostalgia. A real winner, not to be missed.

After so much sip sampling, I was really rather famished, and a custom made sandwich would have really restored my frankly exhausted palette. You know—something with my choice of the finest quality deli meats, artisan bread, and a variety of scrumptious condiments (lovingly assembled before my eyes).

But I couldn’t seem to find the chaps that used to make them. If you see them, do tell them to hurry back, would you?

Mr. Wutterbottom first turned up his nose at the age of three. It hasn’t come down since. Currently, Mr. Wutterbottom is banned from the Hamilton campus until the Supreme Court decides to overturn OSHA, AAA, and FBI complaints against him. He is a Sagittarius.

Edited by Mr. Boudreau ’14

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I
PAY 50K A YEAR TO BE
HERE, I’M NOT GONNA
CLEAN UP AFTER MYSELF

So I came to this realization the other day that

I shouldn’t have to pick up my mess in Commons, my puke in the Bundy bathrooms after Wet Hot, or that glass jar of Ragu I spilled outside of CJ the other week. I pay a lot to be here! I have way more important things to be doing, like hitting up the library to check Facebook before class or heading into the Glen to toke up before that film viewing. I’m too busy to take responsibility for myself! And hell, let’s be real, I’ve never had to do clean up after myself before, so why start now? That was always Rosario’s job. My parents offered to send her with me to college, but when I found out there were no maid’s quarters I turned them down.

What else do the Bon Appétit or maintenance people have to do with their days? Isn’t cleaning up technically their jobs? How hard is it to clean up after a Bundy party or make enough pizza to feed 600 people? Like, really. You see those ladies from the swipe stations cleaning tables all the time; it’s in their job description! So what if I don’t wanna take my plate to the conveyor belt even if my table is right next to it? That’s definitely not my job. And what’s with the new separating silverware thing? How much work do they really expect me to do? It’s like they’re asking me to do their job for them.

You know, I’m really tired of this la-

ziness from the middle and lower classes. I had thought that coming to an elite “potted-ivy” institution would get me away from all of those negative vibes and that maybe the people who worked here would understand the value of a good day’s work—which I define as keeping me happy in whatever way I demand. Heck, even in ways I don’t demand! I just assume that they know it’s their job to clean up after me. Making food for me (sometimes even hand crafted in front of my face) and then doing my dishes for me and taking out my trash for me and sometimes even trying to make conversation with me while I’m waiting impatiently for my food or having to deal with my drunk self while trying to get Diner B. I mean really.

That’s nothing. I had to sit in an air conditioned cubicle for 6 hours a day this summer at a grueling internship where my main job was to ensure that my boss got coffee at just the right temperature every hour. I know the meaning of hard work and having to bust your butt for a dollar.

So you know what? I’m not cleaning up after myself anymore. Fuck that. I may have time to clean up my stuff. But I’m not going to. On principle.

By Nicholas Jachoff ’13

Edited by Ms. Caswell ’14

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Fuck You, You Prick

Upperclassmen Being a Total Skeeze at Bundy Parties

To the future playground pedophile hovering in the background of every Bundy party since the dawn of time,

Yes, you. WE CAN SEE YOU.

Just because you’re wearing a camo onesie and lurking in the shadows doesn’t mean you’re invisible. And we can certainly feel your unpleasantly sweaty hands as you try to molest every freshman girl who stumbles by.

There we were, chockablock full of untouched youth, eagerly anticipating the opportunity to rage in a whole new level of filth, only to have this momentous experience ruined by a hooded figure with the receding hairline of an overly-touchy uncle.

How is it that after three years of being met with outraged shrieks and slaps in the face that you still think reaching out and grabbing the closest

thing with a pulse is the best way to navigate the cesspool of Bundy?

Conversational skills may seem passé, but don’t underestimate the power of a well-articulated grunt of greeting. Throw in two seconds of eye contact, and congratulations! You just had a social interaction that won’t earn you a spot on the sex offender registry! Creeping in the corner while keeping tabs on the drunkest girls in your vicinity, on the other hand, won’t win you any favors besides a free ride in a CampPo car.

We, Hamilton’s newest members, ask that you please, please take a look through Emily Post’s *Etiquette*. It’s pretty weighty, but a quick glance through it could do you wonders. Ever wanted to know how to set a table? Now’s your chance to learn, and hey, maybe you’ll figure out how to not come across as a sexually frustrated Death Eater, too.

Sincerely,

The Class of 2016 (all of it.)

Edited by Ms. Chappell ’15

