

MAYBE WE COULD AFFORD GREAT NAME SPEAKERS
IF WE DIDN'T REGULARLY SHIP 11 TONS OF SAND TO UPSTATE NEW YORK FOR ONE NIGHT OF PARTYING

IN MIDDLE OF 200M RACE, STUDENT
REALIZES WHAT HE'S RUNNING
FROM

Outrunning existential insecurity trumps chasing the dream

By Mr. Lanman '15

TRACK AND FIELD DEPT.

(FIELD HOUSE) Finally coming to terms with the emotional turmoil he has been running from, the Continentals' promising new sprinter, Usain Dellinger '16, was consumed by an earth-shattering moment of existential realization some 75 meters from the starting block at last Saturday's meet.

Race officials overheard Dellinger as he fell to his knees and ripped off his number bib. His rambling, initially a muffled stream of self-deprecating babel, crescendoed into a full-fledged testament to the impossibility of the human psyche, transcribed below.

“So many years, gone; Dad's pressure, unending; and here I am, practicing, practicing, beating myself up meet after meet after meet. And for what? So I can be here in this poorly ventilated sports complex, in short shorts, running circles on a track? So I can win some dumb fucking race and get a plastic trophy to put on my shelf next to all the shit I keep so people will think I'm interesting? I'm in lane seven. They expect me to lose miserably!”

CLASS WAR RAVAGES CAMPUS

Darksiders: “We have nothing to lose but our chain-smoking habit”

By Mr. Cavanaugh '16

CONTROLLING THE MODES OF PRODUCTION DEPT.

(OUTSIDE OF OPUS) This past weekend saw the outbreak of what will likely be remembered as one of the most violent and destructive episodes in the history of Hamilton College. What began as an innocent snowball fight early Saturday morning soon devolved into a brutal, all-out class war.

The battle itself raged from Saturday into the early hours of Sunday morning and left the campus littered with craters, bodies, and torn Neutral Milk Hotel posters.

According to sources at the scene, the conflict escalated from its beginnings as a small-scale snowball fight when James P. Worthington '13 was struck with a flying ball of slush and ice. Worthington reported that the projectile ruined his Brooks Brothers coat, enraging him and his fellow alleged “élites” and spurring their subsequent attack on a fortified Opus. In the ensuing conflict, Worthington was allegedly seen atop an overturned Jitney, hurling diamond-studded boat shoes and Frisbees bearing the Exxon-Mobil logo at the poorly organized opposition.

Tensions had been building in recent months as Student Assem-

As the next heat of the Men's 200m began, Dellinger stayed rooted in his lane. Despite being kicked in the face multiple times by passing runners, his thoughts remained elsewhere.

“Maybe Dad was wrong. I've wasted the last five years of my life running from what I really want. I shouldn't be here,



“Seeking what is true is not seeking what is desirable.”

hard all the time, and I don't know who the fuck I am anymore! Holy shit.”

Yes, holy shit. The *Duel's* psychoanalytical task force, which totally isn't a group of Darksiders that smokes peyote in the Glen on alternating weeknights, is still struggling to fully unpack the implications of Dellinger's rant. What is clear is that some asshole from Colgate won the race that day, and that Hamilton's athletic zeal has, once more, been relegated to a hopelessly one-sided rivalry and its obligatory jokes about toothpaste.

bly had repeatedly cut the Marxist Club's funding after they spent their fall allotment giving each student at the school a nickel. Popular demand has been growing in recent years for social equality and representation of the underprivileged on campus, and last weekend's



What they lost in bruises, they won in freedom.

events came in the wake of a series of peaceful protests by the oppressed masses. Standing outside for hours with nothing but Urban Outfitter scarves and designer wool pea coats to protect them from the elements, the group proclaimed socialist slogans and groveled for scraps of Opus lattes and pita chips. Passersby reported students fighting over discarded American Spirits, their faces and hands smeared with black charcoal from their hard labor in the bowels of List Art Center.

A student identifying himself as a leader of the “revolution” spoke to the press, requesting that he remain anonymous, and declared that he and his comrades would “fight for equality for every student, until each wealthy capitalist pig had been stripped of his privilege and subjected to the poverty [they] had endured.” Marxist Club leaders released a statement threatening to change everyone's iPhone ringtone to the Internationale. At press time, the two sides remained entrenched, with no sign of peace in the near future.

OUTSIDE THE
BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories

Tel Aviv, Israel

Wives of Israeli prisoners have reportedly been smuggling semen out of jails to enable pregnancy. Reporters were eager to find out how they managed to get the semen out, but let's just say that the women have remained tight-lipped.

Interwebs, Internet

The *Onion* issued an apology earlier this week for an obscene tweet about nine-year-old Oscar nominee Quvenzhané Wallis. In other news, we at the *Duel* apologize for nothing on our Twitter, you miserable cunts (follow us @DuelObserver)

Vatican City

Pope Benedict has abdicated his papal duties in favor of early retirement. Papacy applications available on HamNET. Please include your resume, cover letter, and mitre measurements.

Washington, D.C.

Rosa Parks recently became the first black woman honored with a life-size statue in the Capitol. She sits comfortably close to Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens, “a patriot and a statesman.” Way to go, America, way to go.



In this issue: Funyuns

Hamilton Launches Premiere German
Language Men's Lifestyle Magazine



See “Take a look in Der Spiegel” pg. Nein

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL
RECIPES FOR SUCCESS



G Harding says, “Step 1: Store your mistress in a closet. Step 2: Make love. Step 3: Firmly place the Secret Service between you and your wife.”

STUPID PROSPIE FORECAST!!	ARRIVAL	NIGHT	MORNING
	Class	of	2017
	High probabli- they walk on the map!!!!	95% chance they grab a tray!!!!	“And you guys get to play pong every weekend?!”

THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16

Humans are so Needy

grabby hands

melting

HAMILTON SECRETS

Found out by Mr. Hostetter'13

FRIDAY FIVE: HOW DO YOU KNOW IF YOU ARE BEING HAZED?
Compiled by Ms. Joyce '13

1. All your calories are coming from either a) copious amounts of alcohol with no Diner B in sight, or b) the goldfish tied to a string that you accidentally swallowed while it was being forced down your throat.
2. You have not slept in two weeks, but you're pretty sure it's still safe to drive the Science Center's alligators to a frozen lake and release them into the wilds of the Ad-irondacks at 3am.
3. You have memorized your weight including that last

Opus cookie that you really really regret eating but you were just so hungry and the cookies were warm and they smelled so good and even though your Hillcard had been confiscated they still let you have it in exchange for a de-grading sexual act and you're so sorry.

4. When your mom called and asked about your week-end, your tears of humiliation were almost loud enough to drown out the sound of sizzling hot coals and screams of anguish. "Honey, do you want me to send you a first aid care package?"
5. You are forming a serious committed attachment to your pet jar of mayonnaise and you don't know what you'll do once it reaches the expiration date after pledg-ing ends.

FACE OFF: IF I MASTURBATE WITH PEOPLE WATCHING, DOES IT COUNT AS GETTING LAID?

YEAH

By Walter Tronkite '15

Listen, fellas—I've been there. You go into the crowd in the Annex, holding a plastic cup of Key-stone in one hand, groping some girl you don't know with the other. After several hours of awkward pull-ing and tugging as you sober up, you politely ask her to leave and collapse into your bed, sadly stroking yourself to sleep.

Why put in all that effort when you can beat yourself off in half the time and get to bed by mid-night without all the painful chafing to deal with the next day? Let's face it, guys: we're just not freshmen anymore.

If you're asking yourself how this relates to people watching me masturbate, you obviously haven't been to an Annex party this semester—or, if you have, you haven't spent any time by the windows opposite the beer supply. What can I say? Pumpin' bass makes for some sexy vibrations.

So yeah, I grease my hog in public. And when my roommate staggers back to the room at 7a.m. and asks me if I quote-unquote "got any last night," I tell him boldly and with convic-tion: "Yes, my man. Yes, I did."

Edited by Mr. Goebel '15

NOPE

By Cynthia Bourdain '15

Are we seriously having this conversation right now? Ok, let me be clear, once and for all: if there's no penis-vagina touching, IT'S NOT SEX. Period.

I'm sorry for my outburst. Let me explain.

I was in a long-distance relationship freshman year, and we had... well... Skype sessions. I want to make it clear that at no point did I expose myself to the camera, but I had to give him something, so I said things. You know...sexy things. "I wish I could go down on you right now," or "It's like a Baskin-Robbins in my panties right now," or "What a nice cock you have there."

Once or twice I licked the camera. He'd last maybe six minutes—but then he'd want to cuddle. I mean, se-riously?! In no universe is that legit coitus, yet he still gets clingy. What's more, he'd go and tell his suitemates about how much action he was getting. Bullshit, I say.

After maybe our seventh cyber-yank, I told him we were done. I mean, I'm a college student now; I can't be held back by this guy, especially since I got more plea-sure from watching him clean his com-puter screen afterwards than from actu-ally helping him get off.

Oh, and guys? I can masturbate, too, and people will pay to see me do it.

Edited by Mr. Crockett '15

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU

Editor-out-Chief/Bane

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY

Interim Editor-in-Chief/Poison Ivy

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

Editor-in-Leaf/Penguin

JAMES O'MARA PATTESON

Layout Editor/Ra's al Ghul

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON II

Instagram Photo Journalist/Joe Chill

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

HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL

SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL

MICHAEL LOUIS DYER

ADAM PATRICK GWILLIAM

DAVID BENJAMIN SNYDER

NATHAN TAYLOR GOEBEL

Contributors

SHEA HAYDEN CROCKETT

JOHN WARREN CAVANAUGH

Artistes

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS

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 duel@hamilton.edu

Complaints?

Or find us on the interweb!

Recipes?

<http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>

DUEL OBSERVER SEARCH HISTORY EXPOSED			
Runner vomiting	Phallic derivation	Narcissistic boner	Penis alphabet
Marxist snowball fight	Cartoon organ harvester	Happy Italians	Dick font
Bad ass baby snow	Funyuns	Slut	Hamilton eating gunpow-der
Desperate for friends	Sexy Hanukkah	Slut	Drunk dog ice skating
Self loathing	Crying after sex	Slut	Whore grandma
Venn diagram testicles	Georgia O'Keeffe	College slut	Closet Sex
Gay giraffe sex	Beautiful clit	George Steptoe Washing-ton	Man dildo on face
Proper British nanny	Chocolate dildo		