

BREAKING: MILBANK BEAR KING BEHIND ‘SQUIRRELS OF HAMILTON COLLEGE’

DINER JUKEBOX GOES ON STRIKE

Finds it hard to walk out while plugged in
By Mr. Witonsky '17
SENTIENT AUTOMATONS DEPT.
(DINER B) On Saturday night, the merrymaking in the diner had escalated to a fever pitch. That is, until Sasha Wexsley '15 tried to play the obligatory “Don’t Stop Believing” and “Mercy” on the Jukebox.
The Jukebox reportedly burst into animation, shouting, “I’ve had it up to here!” The Box, who prefers to be called Steven, rattled off a list of grievances including, “unsatisfactory pay,” “negligent maintenance,” and “the despicable state of pop-music.” Wexsley was apparently unfazed.
“Sure, the Jukebox is alive now,” she said, “but stranger things have happened. Like when my cat channeled the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe. That was a long week.”
Unheeded and enraged, the Jukebox then blasted Nickelback, promptly silencing the Diner-goers.
“My grievances are myriad,” it proclaimed. “As of now, I am initiating a moratorium on music, a sit-in,

and a strike!” The proclamation sent the Diner into a frenzy: the line disbanded in chaos, and hashbrowns were left untouched. John Droe '18 was distraught and blubbered about “the downfall of the American work-ethic,” saying, “Even our machines are scrubs.”
Since Saturday, the Jukebox has been quoting Eugene Debs and Karl Marx, inciting the support of every professor of social science under KJ’s roof. Upon hearing of the machine’s small act of defiance, professors in the Government department simultaneously hollered an exuberant “Fuck yeah!”
Solidarity for the Jukebox’s strike has increased. Commons coffee machines churn out a piss-yellow product, hidden space-heaters whir to life in the middle of the night to study income disparity, lightbulbs giggle and flicker off, and the statue of Alexander Hamilton is missing from its pedestal, reportedly seen sulking in the sculpture wing of the Kennedy Center.
When asked if the madness will ever stop (the striking, not the blatant violations of physics), President Joan Hinde Stewart replied, “Oh, all that? I heard the Jukebox playing ‘U.O.E.N.O’ to itself late last night. I suspect it won’t be long now.”

STUDENT ASSEMBLY ACCIDENTALLY FUNDS DOCUMENTARY CLUB
Still less disappointing than HCTV

By Mr. Hossain '18
THE CRITERION COLLECTION DEPT.
(WHEREVER THERE’S TV) Hamilton College’s Student Assembly recently incited controversy and more than a little titillation after deciding to fund a documentary club. The decision took an explosive turn when the club turned out to be a fully developed, student-led porn production.
According to Assembly member Neil O’Conner '16, the club’s members claimed that their work would be a non-fictional commentary on prevalent social affairs.
“They were talking about making full-on porn,” O’Connor voiced with despair. “They’re literally filming people fucking.”
Economics majors seeking an outlet for their repressed creative imaginations were the founders of this notorious documentary club. Their work has shocked and aroused students throughout campus. When asked how they managed to film such graphic pornography, the students explained their process.

“There are people who ask to be filmed because they really want to watch themselves having sex. I don’t just mean students. Sometimes we put ourselves in the videos just because we can,” porn enthusiast Anders Yuppie '15 explained. “No matter what others say, it’s a real craft to us.”
“It’s very avant-garde,” prospective Art History major Clarity Teuna Darcy Irwin '17 said. “Their work is experimental, yet innovative. *Dumpster Humpers* is really reminiscent of the visuals in Lars von Trier’s *Antichrist*.”
The club self-labels its films as “shock art,” which most other students refer to as “really disturbing shit.” Despite causing disruption throughout campus, the club has found a stable source of income.
“Our consumers largely consist of freshman males. You know, the ones you don’t see very often on campus. We also have an online base comprising of married men within the 30-50 age bracket,” Yuppie verified proudly. According to reports, these men reside in Clinton as well as other areas not detected by Hamilton’s proxy server.
When asked for a statement, President Joan Hinde Stewart said, “I am a firm advocate for creative expression. It’s what keeps this school alive. I have seen some of the club’s videos. Honestly, the cinematography is really advanced.”

SOPHOMORE WITH STAFF BLOCKS OFF MARTIN’S WAY
Won’t let anyone pass until they answer his riddles three

By Ms. Chappell '15
SHOULD’VE BEEN A THEATER MAJOR DEPT.
(MIDDLE EARTH) Hamilton experienced a ruckus this past Monday morning when the school’s over-fed, under-rested students found their usual route to class blocked by one of their own.
Steve Grawp '17, finding himself in possession of a cape and a very big stick, had taken it upon himself to block off Martin’s Way, hissing at anyone who dared to edge past him.
“I complimented his cloak, but he just growled and demanded that I answer his riddles or face the wrath of the Sphinx,” Jerry Parkinson '18 said. “When I tried to dodge by, he shrieked and bit off three of my fingers,” Parkinson continued, holding up the bleeding stumps.
Grawp was later found crouched under the bridge, growling at passersby and weaving tufts of human hair into the fringe on his cloak.
“I was filling out job applications the other day when it hit me,” Grawp explained, absentmindedly stroking his staff. “Why should I waste time trying to become a financial analyst when I have all the necessary skills to be a toll troll?”
College officials are perplexed by the sophomore’s behavior, but after several campus safety officers suffered concussions for failing to produce the correct answer to Grawp’s puzzles, the school opted to let him continue.
“We’ve suggested that Steve move to the Root Glen, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll,” college official Michelle Brian reported. “Of course, we’re nothing but proud of our students’ diverse interests, but this is weirder than collecting taxidermy warthogs.”
Grawp was last seen lurking in the shadows outside of Commons, lobbing handfuls of vegetable cream cheese at passing students and humming the *Game of Thrones* theme song.



Public Enemy #1

WHCL CONCERT FORECAST

10:30PM	11PM	12PM
Doors  High probability your whole Creative Writing class is there.	Suicideyear  95% chance you're the only one twerking.	Salva  “But do you get it?”

In this issue: Seancé


NEW MASCOT NOT TALKING MUFFIN



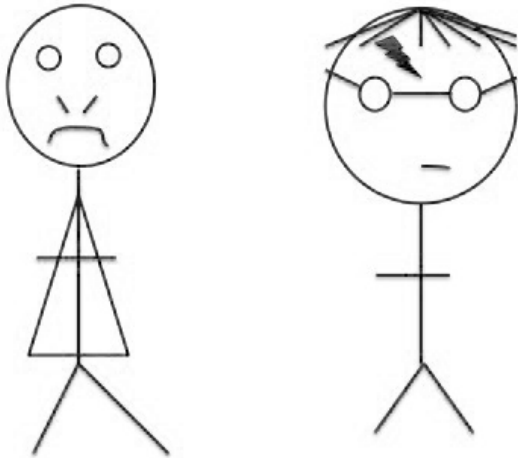
Fuck Colgate, Chug Everclear!

See “Muffin blue,” pg. missed opportunity.

OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



“I woke up like this.”
— Jesus



you can't tell in this pic, but they're having sex

OPEN LETTER TO PEOPLE WHO NEVER WIPE DOWN THE EQUIPMENT AT THE GYM

Dear people who never wipe down the equipment at the gym,

Or, as I'd like to refer to you, CRETINS (Criminally Rude Ebola-Transmitting Idiots that Need to Stop).

What's the difference between amazing abs and cholera? One is something I want to get from the gym, and the other is what I'm going to end up with if you disgusting pigs don't cut it out already.

Oh, does that sound like an overreaction? If your morning ritual of using the elliptical while watching *Say Yes to the Dress* was ruined by the sight of yet another ignoramus leaving a machine dripping with sweat, you would understand. I'll never know if Christine picked the A-line or the mermaid because I was too busy throwing up in my mouth.

I thought the tacky Top 40 playlist in the gym was bad enough, but no, you're worse. My Beyoncé break-up playlist can drown out the radio, but not even Queen Bey can block out the sight of moist puddles of ass sweat on the stationary bike seat. My daddy didn't make these yoga pants to sit in ass sweat.

Besides the fact that I have to touch your nasty-ass perspiration whenever I want to work on my triceps (I have to keep my credit-card-swiping arm strong), I also have to touch all your gross germs. Did you ever think about that while you were lifting things up and putting things down? No, you only think about yourself. And now here I am with your diphtheria germs all over my hands.

Look, I get that it's different over there in the weight room. But while you're on my turf, where every machine has instructions and I can watch *Judge Judy* while working off the calories of that grande pumpkin spice latte, all I ask is that you use the *damn* wipes.

Disdainfully yours,
Lulu Potdevin

Found stuck to the treadmill by Ms. Alatalo '18

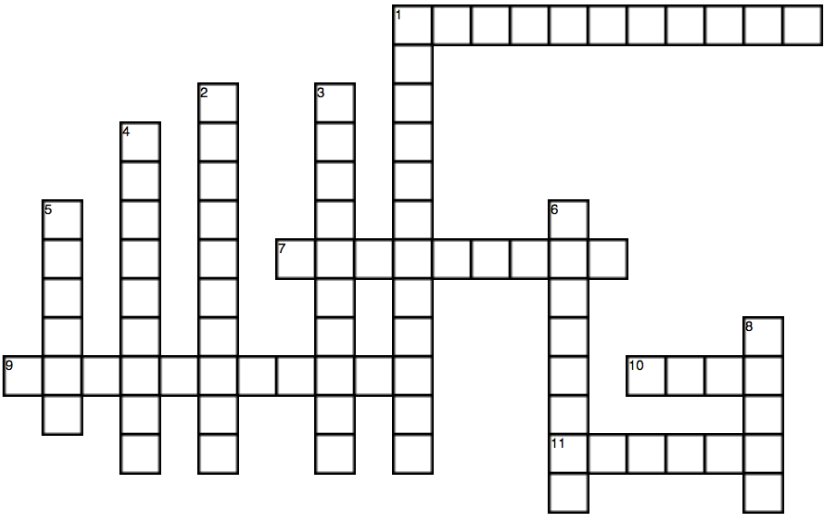
DESCENT INTO DINING HALL (The depravity of Commons on a Sunday evening)

- Across:**

 - When you still have 12 hours of organic chemistry awaiting your hungry self later.
 - When you get lockjaw from the resiliency of the rice crispy treats.
 - When you want to eat out again, but you can't afford Nola's for the third night in a row.
 - When people are discussing, emphatically, their inter-minable promiscuity.
 - When you must drink the water with your hands like an animal due to the lack of cups.
- Down:**

 - When the only utensils are knives from behind the soy milk dispenser.
 - When the strangely cognizant dirty utensils receptacle cries for help.
 - When your friends give up and abandon you.
 - When you look at the fly encrusted lukewarm sausage pizza.
 - When you're forced to read the Daily Bull for company.
 - When you open the front door to Commons to smell the sadness and salami wafting out.
 - When your nutrient-deprived limbs can't carry all of your dishes, so you take two trips.

Edited by Mr. Hartel '18



ANSWERS: Across: 1. Belligerence 2. Aggravated 3. Depression 4. Antipathy 5. Fear 11. Nausea
Down: 1. Belligerence 2. Aggravated 3. Depression 4. Antipathy 5. Fear 11. Nausea

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: CHALLAH = PEOPLE

I've always wondered what makes Challah so delicious. Why do people line up in such great numbers for what is, when you really think about it, just fancy bread? As the resident investigative reporter of The Spectator, responsible for uncovering the Juggling Club gambling ring of 2013, I decided to get to the bottom of what it is that makes this braided bread the hottest Jewish delicacy since the sandwiches at Katz's Deli. I actually attended one of the baking sessions from one of the pun-laden e-mails we get every Saturday, and from there I discovered a gruesome truth. Even a hardened Spec reporter like myself, who has seen what goes into Diner chicken fingers, had to hold my lunch. Yes, my friends—CHALLAH IS PEOPLE.

Oddly, Challah for Hunger was surprisingly open about the fact that they practice cannibalism. When I arrived at the "baking" session, they had already set up a meat grinder that reduces students to chum and scraps of plaid shirts. Where do they get the bodies from, you ask? From kids who fall asleep in CJ and KJ! And when a kid falls off the rock wall, Challah for Hunger takes them off the school's hands! It makes perfect sense—has anyone encountered anyone who suffered an injury on the rock wall? I haven't.

I watched in horror as that kid who I kind of knew from my sophomore year English class was molded into a delectable fluffy pastry. The rims of his glasses must have given it an added crunch. It actually smelled so good, I must admit I was tempted to take a bite.

According to Challah for Hunger head chef Lyle Lovett '16, the tradition of cannibalism at Hamilton started years ago when freshman Todd Francis '37 became so hungry one Saturday night that he ate his roommate whole (an event which also, strangely, led to the creation of Diner B). Francis started Challah for Hunger to feed both his lust for human flesh and to support a great cause.

I've warned the administration about what is going on in Challah for Hunger, but everyone is too in love with the challah to see the truth that is right in front of their eyes! I mean, now Challah for Hunger is offering free close shaves in the KJ basement. Doesn't that seem a bit suspicious to you? Challah for Hunger is evil! It's not even kosher!

Sincerely,
Bubby Grant '15

(Editor's Note: The writer of this piece mysteriously disappeared a week ago. In other news, Bubby's Focaccia was especially tasty this week)

Found on bloodstained flyers outside of List by Mr. Burns '17

THE DUEL OBSERVER

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN
Editor-in-Chief/ Dayman, fighter of the
COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY
Editor-out-Chief/ Nightman, champion of the
SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY
Managing Editor/ Sun, master of
ZOË BIGGÉ BODZAS
Layout Editor/ Karate and Friendship for
CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS
Artiste/ Everyone
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss/ uhAAAAaaaa

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