

DUEL OBSERVER TRIATHLON:
Make joke, laugh at own joke, masturbate

PUBLICATION-TO-STUDENT
RATIO SURPASSES FACULTY-TO-
STUDENT RATIO

“When everybody has a publication, nobody does”
By Mr. Lunn ’18

UNDERPAID AND OVERWORKED PRINT SHOP DEPT.
(COMMONS TABLETOP) This Monday, the first issue of the school’s vacation publication, The Tropical, was published. With the addition of this new publication to the already overflowing roster of campus publications, Hamilton has become the first college to have its Publication-to-Student Ratio surpass its Faculty-to-Student Ratio.

When Lisa Magnarelli was asked to review the full list of campus publications, she said, “Right, and then I’ll recite the alphabet backwards!” Ten minutes later, she had listed all the publications she could remember. Those that she mentioned included Campus Times, College Times, College Campus Times, Hamilton Times, Hamilton College Times, Hamilton Today, The Hamilton Chronicle, The Hamilton Post, The Hamilton Inquirer, On The Hill, Up The Hill, and The Hill.

When asked whether so many campus publications are a good use of college and environmental resources, Magnarelli responsded, “Because of the hiring freeze, local endorsements, and cuts to financial aid, there is more

BLACK HOLE FOUND IN SCIENCE
CENTER BASEMENT

Does not actually exist, according to the government and also the laws of physics

By Ms. Suder ’18
CRISIS MANAGEMENT DEPT.
(OUTSKIRTS OF THE VISIBLE UNIVERSE) Following a space-time continuum mishap during finals week of last semester, the black hole accidentally(?) created by a former student has been discovered in the basement of the Taylor Science Center.

“I was minding my own business, studying in a supply closet next to the geoscience lab, and all of a sudden, the ground started shaking,” theater major Ben Kurtler ’16 exclaimed nervously, with a campo officer’s subtly menacing hand on his shoulder. “I went to see what was up and after digging through piles of abandoned gold chalices and living trilobites, I found a literal black hole. I was totally surprised and know absolutely nothing about it. I told the administration right away, just like any good citizen would,” he stuttered, before being led away by an escort of men in black suits wearing sunglasses indoors.

Through a series of all-campus emails with misleading

money than I can shake a stick at. I spend a lot of money shaking sticks.” Beyond approving every new publication that is proposed, Magnarelli is also committed to funding the research and development of a new form of paper, one that is a hybrid of cardstock and traditional printer paper. She firmly believes that the current standard for paper “just won’t cut it anymore.”

“There seems to be a general trend on this campus to branch out rather than work together,” President Joan Hinde Stewart observed. “Instead of joining an established publication with a group of people who know what they are doing, a student or two will make their own obscure publication. While it may seem harmless, this is how we get publications whose sole focus is to report on any and all maulings that happen on campus.”

This hyper-individualization is said to have tickled the administration’s fancy. The college plans to begin a process of stratified expansion in which they will be buying up real estate with the hopes of securing enough space to give every student their own personal Hamilton College complete with teachers, housing, and Bon Appétit. dining services. Students would be in charge of running and attending their personal college and would assume all financial losses or gains. If things keep going as planned, pretty soon we will all be the editors of our own publication, teachers of our own classes, administrators of our own schools. The future has never looked so lonely.

subject lines such as “Free Chipotle!” and “PACKAGE AT THE MAIL CENTER,” the administration has been keeping the student body informed about the extra-physical crisis while simultaneously keeping them in the dark enough to prevent a widespread panic.

“Everything is fine,” Dean Thompson affirmed, eyes darting back and forth between the multiple CIA operatives stationed as her potted plants. “Nothing to see here. We’re keeping the situation under control. No, I haven’t heard anything about missing fraternity members, why do you ask?”

The student body, though supposedly clueless about the space-time discontinuity on campus, has started to realize that something is up, despite the government’s administration’s attempts to pull the wool over their eyes. “Don’t tell anyone, but my friends and I went over there last night to check it out,” an anonymous note read. “All I found was an entire T-rex skeleton, but that’s been there since last year, so there’s definitely a Real Life Government Conspiracy going on here.” That student has recently been shuttled to a re-education camp and also no longer exists, just like the black hole itself and all the frat boys it has eaten.

GRADUATING SENIORS CLING
TO CAMP HAMMY AS LAST
REMNANT OF CHILDHOOD

Turns out, friendship bracelets are way harder when you’re wasted

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15
TENT IN MY PANTS DEPT.

(AROUND THE CAMPFIRE) Realizing that Senior Week marks their last few days before they are harshly shoved out into the cold, cruel world, members of the Class of 2015 have regressed to a state of childhood in an attempt to stave off the inevitable.

Instead of traditional Senior Week activities including getting drunk on Minor Field, getting high on Minor Field, and getting laid on Minor Field, this year, students are reliving the summer camp experiences of their youth, plus booze. The week began with a rousing sing-along of “Jeremiah was a Bullfrog” in Commons, then everyone headed out to the Dunham Quad for a quick game of Capture the Flag before lights out.

Although most students are enjoying the week, many even proclaiming it the “best summer ever,” others are less than pleased. “I like S’mores and all,” Jack Robertson ’15 said, trying to remember how gimp works, “but the 9a.m. bugle is really starting to get old. Though I am glad they finally found a use for the emergency speakers.” When reminded that once his job on Wall Street starts on June 1, he’ll have to wake up considerably earlier than that every morning for the rest of his life, Robertson put his fingers in his ears and began humming loudly.

“It’s actually pretty textbook,” newly minted Psychology BA Sharon O’Malley ’15 said, observing a group of her classmates cheering on an intensive game of Crazy Bones. “They see impending adulthood, and they flee from it back to their childhoods. Now if you’ll excuse me,” she continued, reaching into her pocket, “I need to clean up my Tamagotchi’s poop.”

As the week draws to a close, many students have been seen exchanging poorly-made friendship bracelets with people whose names they should definitely know by now and gently singing Vitamin C’s “Graduation (Friends Forever)” under their breath. However, students of other class years are less sentimental.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Matt Stevenson ’16 yelled at a group of seniors in a cinnamon-roll hug. “Two weeks ago, you couldn’t wait to get out of here! Now you all get to make money and have dogs and never read a book again!” He rolled his eyes. “Babies.”

In this issue: Find the Blue Man Group

MILBANK BEAR KING
DOESN’T GET INTO MILBANK,
EVISCERATES HOUSING LOTTERY






See “Roar :(,” pg. 28 KIA.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ELECT BRIAN BURNS!



Commander-out-Chief
“Alright alright alright.”

THESIS PRESENTATION FORECAST	MINUTE 1	MINUTE 8	Q&A
	Summary	Argument	Conclusion
			
	95% chance you get your name wrong.	High probability your stress fart gets an applause break.	“What <i>are</i> words?”

A RETROSPECTIVE OF SUNDAY’S HOUSING LOTTERY

When the Duel Observer asked me to write a retrospective on the Housing Lottery, my reaction was identical to that of my grandfather when someone asks him about ’Nam. I thought I’d be able to bury the pain. However, just like you can’t ignore a bad burrito once shit comes spewing out of your ass, the Duel Observer’s request triggered memories that I can no longer keep down.

I remember my days of innocence, when I would go strolling in Hamilton’s little-known dandelion fields, my head full of dreams of fairies and dark side singles. Then I got my number—348. I responded appropriately: “Fuck fuck SHIT fuck tits.” I couldn’t believe my eyes. Still, there was a chance I could get pulled into a single in....(gulp) Bundy. I thought my friend Casey would be my solution—she must have gotten a better number than me! Then I found out her number—347. We would be lucky to get two seats in the back of the Glen’s abandoned Honda.

We came to the Barn, crowded with first years, the condemned. Everyone was on edge, their faces flush with nervous energy. The guy at the table next to us, someone from my organic chemistry class who had number 290, had a breakdown when he found out dark side singles were closed. His friend slapped him in the face, yelling, “C’mon man! You committed to this.” Number one was called, and we watched as a pale freshman and his friend charged into the Annex. We watched building after building fall off the list. Skenendoah. G-Road. Even Ferg. With every refresh, we died inside a little bit more. There was something missing in the faces of the survivors who emerged from the Annex, as if they had seen the visage of Death itself.

“We’re never going to make it!” I said to Casey. “The singles are all going too fast!” There weren’t even any paper towels in the Barn bathroom, presumably because so many other people had wiped away their tears there. For some reason, I took up smoking and the harmonica.

Then, my worst fears were realized: I lost Casey. She was pulled into a South Quad by her friends from Mock Trial. (I guess Mock really is life.) I was without my friend, with whom I had shared so many drunk Snapchats with. However, I couldn’t mourn Casey for long. My name was called, and I was forced to storm the Annex alone.

A lot of what happened in that room is a blur. I remember walking in and seeing how the RA’s had made trenches by burrowing into the floor of the Annex, and were currently crouching behind them in fear. When I got my sticker from Travis Hill, I immediately started running, without looking back. I swerved side to side as landmines exploded around me. I heard a freshman screaming for a medic, or someone to save them from living with their annoying friend in a double. Breathlessly, I placed my sticker on the last Bundy single like a bullet in the neck of a rushing infantryman.

I was one of the lucky ones. So many men and women that day didn’t make it out of the Annex with a room, forced into the summer lottery. Here is my warning to you, and anyone who will listen: for the love of God, go sub-free.

Seen on The History Channel by Mr. Burns ’17

AN EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE HAMILTON COLLEGE BOOKSTORE!

The Hamilton Bookstore is proud to announce the upcoming publication of the self-help book *The Ornithologist’s Guide to Combating Crippling Loneliness*, by Hamilton’s very own Michael Michigan ’09, self-proclaimed “uncomfortably literal bird-lover.”



Are you feeling OVERWHELMED by your workload? Are you feeling useless and ALONE? Do you feel like the world has been conspiring to chew you up, spit you out, and stomp on you with oversized boots like the INSIGNIFICANT *Horton Hears a Who*, Seuss-like SPECK THAT YOU ARE?

If so, you’re not alone! Michael Michigan felt that way too, until he discovered the solution: BIRDS. Michigan explains in the preface of his book that, “All it took for me to beat the terrifying and all-consuming sense of pointlessness in my life was the purchase of my very first bird feeder! I made friends with so many birds. The Finches and Sparrows. With the Red-breasted Nuthatches, the White-breasted Nuthatches, the boobies, and the tits! Oh, the beautiful tits, they’ve always been my favorite! There’s the Elegant Tit, the Great Tit, the Yellow Tit, the Siberian Tit, Stripe-breasted Tit, and the Yellow-breasted Tit!” Michigan then details his emotional sophomore year of college as he steadily replaced all of his friends with birds.

In addition to Michigan’s moving autobiography, *The Ornithologist’s Guide* also contains:

- A How-To guide for building a bird feeder that covers your entire window so that you can still see birds, but can’t see any people
- A list of possible names for your new bird-friends, including such brilliant and creative suggestions as “Cinnamon,” “Mickey,” and “The Count”
- Tips for distinguishing the birds you’ve already befriended from those with whom you have yet to enter into the magical and eternal bond of feathered friendship
- The secret incantation Snow White used to summon her avian servants
- A coupon for 50% off your very own copy of Alfred Hitchcock’s *The Birds*
- A FREE vaccination against the Avian Flu!
- And much more!

Reserve your copy now at the campus bookstore! Copies are already flying off the shelves!

Carrier pigeon received and advertisement printed by Ms. LaSon ’17

NOT GIVING A FUCK: THE SECRET THAT COLLEGE ADMINISTRATORS HATE!

-Or-
WHEN I STILL CARED: A LOOK BACK ON THE SEMESTER

As I sit here, sipping from a water bottle of pure vodka in my Monday morning class surrounded by a group of adoring groupies friends, I wonder how I, an Econ major, could ever be this successful. For example, the beginning of this semester absolutely blew chunks. Three of my four professors were so insane that they made Heath Ledger’s Joker seem like Mr. Rogers. One professor had to be sued by the college to come back, another was pretty much two drinks away from a complete mental breakdown, and the third regularly jumped up on her desk and screamed about how we’re all earthworms.

The best part was that I listened to them and did what they said without asking any questions. For example, the litigated professor said that if we attended her daughter’s recital, we would get an extra point on the next exam. So, of course, I attended, applauded loudly, and even offered to drive her daughter to her lessons, so that she can become the next great virtuoso. Inside, however, I was miserable and desperately looking for a way out that didn’t require becoming my professor’s slave. It was then that I discovered how to not give a fuck and changed my life.

You see, this entire time, the mistake I made was caring. When I stopped giving a fuck, everything became clear. I mean this entire college has deluded itself. Everyone cares so much about classes and tests, but in actuality, I was the smart one for not caring. Not giving a fuck allowed me to stop putting up with professors who demand that you “play their game.” It helped me realize that my lack of understanding was really due to the professor and not to my work ethic. It allowed me to stop caring about my GPA, because my intelligence cannot be defined by a number.

When I stopped giving two shits, I gained the power of drinking during the week. With it came a plethora of great characteristics, such as increased charisma and self-confidence, the alcohol tolerance of a DIK bro, and the romantic game of that quiet guy in the corner who somehow goes home with a different girl every night, even on the weekdays. So I honestly encourage y’all to take advantage of this knowledge and just stop giving a fuck. It changed my life, and it will change yours.

Overheard by Mr. Wesley ’16

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