

BEACH PARTY 2015:
Right Shark’s Revenge

ANDREW JILLINGS’ EMAIL
SAVES SEVEN HUNDRED LIVES
Undermines natural selection

By Ms. Suder ’18
SNOWMAN WARFARE DEPT.
(DUNHAM QUAD) The woefully ignorant student body received an email last week from campus hero Andrew Jillings outlining techniques to keep warm in sub-zero temperatures. Though simple in its construction, the email probably saved the lives of half the students on campus because although we basically live in an icy tundra, people still think hats, like the ubiquitous chic beanie, exist only for fashion and not to keep your ears from falling off. After receiving the email, many students reconsidered their planned wardrobe. Masses of students that would have otherwise been dressed in light L.L. Bean jackets, salmon khakis, and baseball caps changed their minds en masse and decided on the dark blue khakis instead. “When I got that email in my inbox, I clicked on it by accident. I was going for the Opus menu and my finger slipped,” Jen Parker ’17 recounted. “But looking back, thank god I did. I didn’t know

STUDENT IN LONG-DISTANCE
RELATIONSHIP CAUGHT
FUCKING SNOWMAN
Both enjoyed snowball play

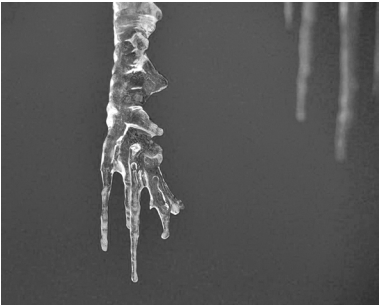
By Mr. Hossain ’18
KINK SHAMING DEPT.
(SAGE RINK) Do you want to build a snowman? Perhaps the vast majority of Hamilton students has outgrown this joyous hobby, but not Anthelia Elsa Anna Smith ’17, who generated a stir across campus after several photos posted on Facebook showed her making whoopee with a snowman. A broken carrot nose wrapped in a condom was found next to a large pile of snow that same, wintry evening. Smith, who is three years into a long distance relationship, explained that her frosty lovemaking resulted from frustration after having been away from her boyfriend for five months. “I was experiencing a really bad dry spell,” Smith said in her defense. “Of course I’m not going to cheat on Brantley, so I did the next best thing: I built a snowman so I could fuck it. It’s not like they build sex dolls for straight girls, so I built one for myself the easiest way I knew how. You can’t say I haven’t made

about the impending cold and thought that this week would be a great time to show off my new sleeveless dress. My boyfriend just dumped me and I need a rebound. Call me,” she added in a whisper. “I had no idea that I needed to cover my entire head,” Patrick Olsen ’18 said. “I’ve been gluing two slices of bread to either side of my face for the past few months and I thought it was working. I think I might have a yeast infection inside my ear, though.” Central New York, though lovely in the summer, is less than optimal for survival in the winter, unless you’re currently in hibernation, which is understandable because it’s cold as hell right now, holy shit. Students who hail from more tropical locations are the only ones on campus warmly dressed enough to actually step outside without dying. Funny how that works. “I KILLED MY ROOMMATE WITH A BALLISTIC BOOGER ICICLE (BBI),” said Miami native Dexter Morgan ’16 while shaking uncontrollably. “I cut him open and cozied up inside his body for warmth. This is not a drill.”

good use of all the snow on this campus.” The act has incited differing views among the student body. “On a predominantly liberal campus, I think it’s important that we, as a community, be more accepting of others’ sexuality,” Aurelia Tag ’18 responded. “She wasn’t harming anyone, right? She was just exploring her sexuality as a snowwoman. I mean— woman.” Other students have expressed more confusion than offense. “I don’t even know how that’s even possible. I haven’t seen any of the photos yet. Does ...does anyone have them?” Martin Vanguard ’15 said. “I have no comments. Please, I just want to do my job,” snow plover Joseph Bard said as he waved away the press. When asked to offer his thoughts, the snowman had nothing to say, either. Because he’s a snowman. Despite all the attention Smith has gained, she remains unfazed. “I don’t care really,” she pronounced. “It’s my body. Besides, he had a very pleasurable dicksickle.”

ICICLE CONTEMPLATES SLOW
DEATH
Dreams of Siberia and immortality

By Ms. Chappell ’15
FROSTBITE DEPT.
(GUTTER OUTSIDE OF COMMONS) While Hamilton’s students look forward to a future in which the walk from KJ to Benedict won’t involve the death of 45,781,623 skin cells, the largest icicle left clinging to the roof of Commons foresees his imminent end. Left alone with only a frozen banana and the crusty remnants of a three-day old danish for company, the icicle has found himself thinking more and more about his approaching demise. “I always knew it would happen eventually, but I’ve been reading a lot of Sartre lately, and things are starting to look really bleak,” the icicle said. Relishing the sub-zero climate, he used to spend the days monitoring the thickness of his shaft and boasting to the neighboring snowdrift about his impressive girth. However, the prospect of spring has caused the icicle to have a major depressive meltdown, which brought out his vengeful side. “If this really is the end, I plan to make it as impressive as possible. It would be great if I could penetrate someone’s skull, but I don’t know if I have the pointiness for that,” the icicle reported, sighing wistfully. “With the right wind gust, I might just be able to puncture a kid’s kidney. That would be sick.” Campus Safety has attempted to remove the offending icicle, but without success. “I tried to knock it down with a shovel, and the asshole showered me in ice chips,” officer Darrell Fink reported. “Once the temperature hits 40° F, you can bet I’m going to enjoy watching him crumble, drop by drop.” Despite his taste for violence and bloodlust, the icicle is enjoying watching the creation of the kraken on the tundra that used to be Dunham Quad. “It’s just nice to know that some things will outlast me, you know?” The icicle said, gazing at the gaping maw of snow. “I may not make it past March, but that thing’s going to be collecting dog piss until July.



“Please help me.”

In this issue: Anthropomorphism

UNNAMED CAMPUS GROUP
OUTRAGED BY PLANT HEALTH CARE
TALK



See “Who’s next, THE GAYS?” pg. Huckabee 2016

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ALEXANDER HAMILTON!



He will literally make bank.
“We won’t even have to rebrand!”

LENT FORECAST	MARDI GRAS	ASH WEDS	LENT
	Beads	Batman	Breaking Point
	High probability flashing just gets you frostbite.	60% chance ashes don’t give you superpowers.	“Fuck it, I’m a Scientologist now.”

THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACK NORTH FACE

By Mr. John “Doe” Anonymous ’15

I
Among sweating Bundy bodies,
The only sobering thing
Was the loss of my black North Face.

II
I was a crying eye,
Like a snowflake
Melting on the collar of a black North Face.

III
The black North Face shivered in the shadowed corner.
It was a small part of the foreplay.

IV
Bean boots and leggings
Are one.
Bean boots and leggings and a black North Face
Are one.

V
I do not know which to prefer,
The warmth of fleece
Or the warmth of down,
The black North Face enveloping
Or just after.

VI
Jackets filled the long window
With woolen drapes.
The outline of the black North Face
Copied again and again.
The room
Gaped for its guests;
A yonic host.

VII
O trite forms of bliss,

Painstakingly edited for content/grammar/talent by Mr. Spinney ’16

Phineas P. Wurterbottom Reviews
50 Shades of Grey

Your humble critic, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, reporting in after a frightful weekend at the cinema. *50 Shades of Grey*? Nay, more like *50 Shades of Sin and Smut* slipping like hot murder down the silver screen! Let us examine the particulars: we join a young billionaire named Christian—less a person and more of an amalgamation of psychosexual desires in an Armani suit—as he impresses upon his servile sweetheart (the tender Anastasia Steele) depraved bouts of lust. There is sex, there are contracts, there are sexual contracts. It is the artistic fever-dream of a repressed pencil pusher. Or, as they are known in their early stages at Hamilton, economics majors!

Alas, I admit I’m no stranger to skin-flicks. But where lies the passion in *50*? Absent is the slow, operatic buildup, the trading of furtive glances, the final explosion into an ecstatic reunion of limbs! My burning virility stokes against throbs robotic and spankings sterile! My pen is-is quivering, Reader!

As a student of film, I spent many a collegiate morn inserting VHS after bootlegged VHS so that I may worship at the altar of Eros: Linda Lovelace, Ron Jeremy, Mother Teresa, my god! How these giants of love have had their legacy obliterated by the sour cravings of an audience who adore “Christian.” For, in our protestant hero’s den of sexual sin (a.k.a. his Red Room of Pain) are the implements of depravity: bullwhips and ball-gags, ninja-stars, five foot dildos, a Dancing Bear in schoolgirl plaid! I cringe again and again, this scene conjuring up memories of being a member of DIK pledge class of’69!

Phineas the Feminist throbs with rage at the film’s treachery. I cast myself back to this morning, when, upon seeing a beautiful femme cross the street some 40 paces ahead of me, I loudly and publicly declared my love in a fit of gentlemanly passion. How can one man, in a perfectly tailored suit, overcome the ever-reaching chasm that is the patriarchy, when such films push us deeper in the Earth’s arid crust?

In short, Reader, they cannot. While air remains in our lungs, join me for a scream.

Why do you imagine gilded nights?
Do you not see how the black North Face
Hangs in the dark,
A woman in her own right?

VIII
I know slurred accents
And lucid, flighty visions;
But I know, too,
That the black North Face is present
For what I know.

IX
When the black North Face remained out of sight
It marked the edge
Of my tequila memory.

X
At the sight of black North Faces
Lining the snow paths,
Even the chorus of winds
Recognizes the ironic individualism.

XI
He rode over Connecticut
In Daddy’s new Beemer.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook
A crippling self worth problem
For his black North Face.

XII
The snow is falling.
The black North Face must be freezing.

XIII
It was evening all afternoon.
It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The black North Face rested
On a chair back through class.

FRIDAY FIVE:
AN UPDATE ON THE MOST SLIPPERY PLACES ON CAMPUS

By Ms. LaSon ’17

After the recent observation by several astute community members that the college campus has become an icy death-trap, Campus Safety officers compiled a list of the most slippery locations on campus in order to reduce incidences of injury due to what they called “a literal representation of hell frozen-over.”

5. **The path downhill to Bundy:** After several students suffered falls while attempting to walk up and down the sidewalk leading to Bundy dorm, Bundy residents have installed a pulley system made entirely of broken coat-hangers and filthy bed sheets in order to obtain food, water, and booze until the icy conditions improve.
4. **Martin’s Way, right before bridge:** After being lured into a false sense of security by the strange heated bricks outside KJ, and before facing the obvious danger of the bridge, many students have recently fallen victim to this treacherous stretch of Martin’s Way. Tickets for prime seats on the second floor of KJ are now on sale in Sadove.
3. **Just inside the doorway of literally any building on campus:** Never played a game of human bowling? Now’s your chance! Wait behind a door, pick someone to be your bowling ball, and just give them a shove! Ten points for freshman or sophomores, five for upperclassmen, and twenty for professors, but only if you don’t get caught. Physical plant was going to dry the high-traffic areas, but then their team captain bowled a 290.
2. **The Slippery Slope:** If you slip on the way to class, you’ll fall on your ass. If you fall, you’ll break your ass-bone, and you’ll have to be EMT’ed. Then you’ll have to wear an ass-cast for the rest of the semester. You’ll be the butt of every joke and the recipient of everyone’s assinine comments. You’ll end up missing all of your classes, you’ll fail out of school, no one will ever love you, and the world will end.

1. **My vagina.**

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Delivered to Mr. Witonsky ’17