

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME ∞, ISSUE #!

*“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”*

MAY 22, 2016

## CONGRATULATIONS, COLLIN! Look in the mirror—You were the Milbank Bear King all along

### SENIOR ANXIOUSLY AWAITS SEMESTER’S FIRST PANIC ATTACK

**Rehearsing self-defeating statements**

By Mr. Spinney ’16

January 22, 2016

COUNTDOWN TO MELTDOWN DEPT.

(A QUIET SUITE SINGLE) As seniors return to the Hill for their final semester, it is hard not to hear the gaggle of conversations concerning bucket lists and post-grad aspirations. Though some shrug this off as “expedited concern” or “totally bumming them out,” many feel the massive, responsibility-filled night terror of the “real” world bearing down closer and closer than ever before. Senior Psychology major Monica Shpilkes ’16 admits she’s a bit concerned about how the whole thing is affecting her mental health.

“Lately I’ve been staying up all night waiting for the reality of my unpreparedness to dawn on me,” Shpilkes confessed. “How can I not see how fucked I am? My last internship was at a raccoon

counseling facility, for shit’s sake.”

Shpilkes’ friends said that they really understand what she was so upset about, and that her erratic concern was really getting on their nerves. Natalie Pisserman ’16, a suitemate of Shpilkes, was especially irked when her pre-traumatic-stressed roommate let her nail biting habit spread further than her own fingers. Shpilkes has also been taking constant showers to try and manufacture a spontaneous epiphany.

“It all just feels so surreal,” she said. “Like, there’s more pressure than ever and I’m just floating through it, unaffected, waiting for my dreams and reality to crash into each other. My anxiety-ridden past and present are suspended in this small window of nonchalant avoidance. Honestly, I’m petrified.”

At press time, Shpilkes could be found in her dorm room watching episode upon episode of *Cupcake Wars*, staring at course syllabi, and convincing herself that getting a resumé together was just not in the cards for the day.

with prep school and summers in Bermuda that was quoted as calling, “just so damn hard.”

I was just waiting for the punch line, but it never fucking came,” said Ron Barston ’14, the Café Opus worker at the time. “It got so bad, that people started asking for whiskey and ‘the loudest fucking pita chips you have’ when they came up.”

The performance was halted when Turello pulled out a boom box and attempted to read the note from the end of *The Breakfast Club*.

This reporter attempted to reach out to Turello in order to get the true story behind his performance, but only received an email response saying, “I wish to be alone now. Tell my father he’s a dick.” The *Duel Observer* reached out to Mr. Turello with his son’s message and received as short email back:

“I know my son’s a real pain in the ass. He did the same thing when we sent him off to summer camp in the Catskills his freshman year of high school. Said something about death marches or some shit. Just tell him to calm the fuck down adn he’ll get over it in two weeks. How much money do I owe Joanie for this one?”

In other news, Turello has been recently spotted holding a sign outside McEwen that reads, “PREP SCHOOL DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR THE PAIN.” Needless to say, the diner has been very packed these last couple days.

### MILBANK BEAR KING SAYS FAMILY WEEKEND COULD HAVE GONE BETTER

**17 confirmed casualties**

By Mr. Spinney ’16

October 30, 2015

AREN’T PARENTS THE WORST? DEPT.

(FAMILY MINIVAN) The campus was shaken this past weekend when the terror of a wild brigade befell Hamilton and its visiting families. Campus was the scene of an enraged and unpredicted bout of violence that resulted in the grizzly ends of several beloved community members. The culprits: the four estranged family members of Milbank Bear King ’17.

Having been admitted to campus in an effort to increase diversity, King has led a fairly mild-mannered existence on the Hill. Save for when he first got here, and accidentally slew a bunch of AA hotshots who probably had it coming. And triumphing over the giant anthropomorphic snow squid last winter. And the Unfortunate Housing Misunderstanding of Spring 2015, where King was robbed of his continued rule of Milbank and responded with quite a bit of claw slashing. But most of the time, he’s been trying to keep his head down and get by.

“I’m double-majoring in Dance and Environmental Science,” King said. “And most of the time I’m too busy with my classes to really get out. But my parents remind me of Yosemite so much that—I don’t know. I guess it got a smidge out of hand.”

The initial estimate is that the school faces \$5M in damages along with lawsuits from multiple families. Not only did the King family eviscerate KJ in a reunion only David Attenborough could narrate, but they then proceeded toward the Barn where English prize-winners were reading original work. The bloodshed was swift and unimaginable.

“My dad just doesn’t get non-rhyming poetry,” King tried to explain. “He’s always been a real conservative about things: don’t excessively rub a tree to mark territory, no drooling in public, don’t try to reason with the deer before you rip its throat out. Y’know, dad things.”

But students and families are being a lot less forgiving than in the past. Kandra Brent ’18 was enjoying a Saturday morning walk with her family when the violence broke out. “They looked like huge hairy hellhounds hurdling down Martin’s Way. I knew we had one bear, but four?! I’m all for inclusion and access to education, but can’t we draw the line at opposable thumbs?”

Other critics have wondered whether having a bear on campus is safe at all.

“I mean, were we expecting some other result?” Prof. Claudia Hooper of Environmental Science asked. “Mil, as we call him in our department, is a very bright student who could do a lot for this campus. But his family is a bunch of wild animals, and allowing them on a campus full of city-dwelling families was brazenly asking for trouble. It’s like if we put a gun in every household in America and expected nobody to get shot. People, like bears, aren’t smart enough to miss that kind of opportunity.”

The campus continues to hold its head in mourning and only hopes to pick up the claw-strewn pieces and rebuild. And for now, King has sequestered himself to the woods where he practices his ongoing, environmentally conscious dance piece, “At a Moss for Words.”

### FRESHMAN TAKES OPEN MIC NIGHT AS OPPORTUNITY TO TALK ABOUT HIS FEELINGS

**Counseling department worried about  
growing competitions**

By Mr. Spinney ’16

April 26, 2013

I’M SO SAD; I’M SO VERY VERY SAD DEPT.

(A DARKENED OPUS 1) On Thursday night Hamilton hosted another installment of our campus’ most coveted event: Open Mic Night. Enthusiastic students entering were quoted as saying, “I feel like our campus is the only place that does this” and “This was such a creative idea! Why has nobody thought of it before?”

The night’s acts included like a shit ton of poetry, someone singing the latest Lana Del Rey song, and a freshman attempting to be funny. At least, everybody thought he was trying to be funny.

When William Turello ’16 began his set with, “I’m going to tell you all a story,” everyone assumed he was going to be doing one of those story stand-up bits.

“I love Dane Cook,” said attendee Chad Richmond ’15, “so I thought it was just going to be a story with a lot of hilarious noises that didn’t really fit the scenario. God was I wrong.” For the next half hour, Turello regaled the audience with tales of a normal, upper-middle class upbringing,

### MILBANK BEAR KING:

September 6, 2013 – Forever in Our Hearts



**In this issue: More weed than Nate Lanman ever smoked**



# THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACK NORTH FACE

by 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 shaded 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  
Why do you imagine gilded nights?

## FUCK YOU, YOU PRICK: I’m not a damn upperclassman!

Dear Inebriated Asshat,

I understand that you find it hilarious to get all “turnt up” on malt liquor and ruin others’ good times, but where do you get off? How dare you come into my shit-stained, Dunham 8’ X 8’ quad and call me a junior? No, I did not want a swig of your 40 for old times’ sake. I’ve been here a fucking month. What old times could we possibly have? As a freshman at this superb institution, I have never been so utterly offended in my entire life.

You, sir, are a menace, and let’s get one thing straight right now: I am nothing like you. I never want to be like you. Upperclassmen are the scum of the Hamilton community. They have no idea of the history or tradition behind this intrepid institution, and frankly, it makes me sick to see you all walk around like you own the place.

Hamilton was once an esteemed, ritzy, trustafarian pantheon of knowledge and purity, but now it is marred by your incessant need to party and, well, to put it frankly, fuck. The sheer amount of uninhibited sex drive on this campus makes a recently neutered Chihuahua’s attraction habits look tame. I have seen more class and discretion on an epi-

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.  
One, 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.

Painstakingly edited for content/grammar/skill by Mr. Spinney ’16  
February 20, 2015

sode of *Maury* than I have outside of Milbank at 1 a.m.

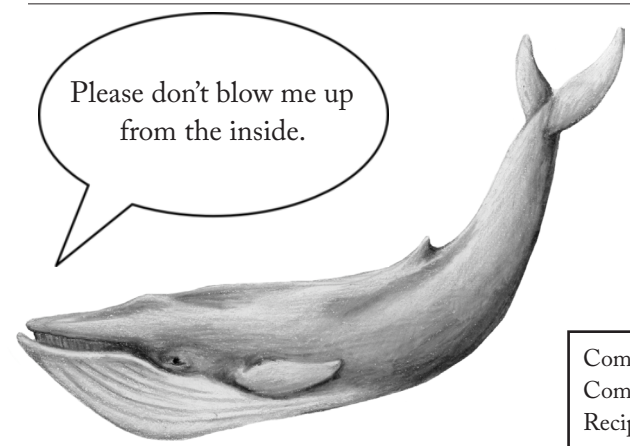
Freshmen on this campus are the elite. We exude a worldliness and understanding that your kind will never come close to having. We are fresh from the real world, untainted by the alcohol- and reefer-induced coma that is college life. Students at my high school, which is the premier private school of southeast Rhode Island, had more zeal for life than in any of you. We would spend hours after squash practice conferring about life as our textbooks presented it to us. We lived then.

You and your cult of yolo-ing imbeciles sicken me. Never has Dunham been so shamed as when you walked through its halls. I hope never to become an upperclassman, for they are the bane of all the college stands for in their eminent position of liquor drenched filth. May you never grace my door again, and may you rot in your luxurious Carnegie quad until winter break.

And another thing, you pitiful bag of Franzia-flavored puss, which one is Babbitt exactly?

Sincerely,  
Franklin J. Carmichael III ’17

Found attached to the MANIFESTOS board in Beinecke by Mr. Spinney ’16  
September 27, 2013



Comments?	Email <a href="mailto:duel@hamilton.edu">duel@hamilton.edu</a>
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	<a href="http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/">http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/</a>

# MY EMERSON GRANT PRESENTATION: LIKE, WHAT IS SMELL, Y’KNOW?

An invitation to a summer research presentation  
by James L. Turin ’14

Dear friends, faculty, and associated colleagues,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research based on the age-old question: What, for chrissake, is smell? I mean have you ever thought about it? Have you? Yeah, that’s what I thought. The following is a short synopsis of my research.

The phenomenon of sniffing—of taking up odors into our blessed nostrils—first struck me when I was behind Bundy Dining Hall vomiting last spring. I was leaning over and thrusting my head toward the ground in a heave of masculinity when I caught a whiff of something: dry chicken mixed with Everclear and bile. (*Editors Note: See Scratch & Sniff sticker for sample.*) It was intoxicating and enveloping and suddenly I got to thinking, what am I even doing to smell this? Like, is this a choice? Like, am I the one causing the smell just because I think it’s there? And then I thought, *I wonder if anyone would pay me to figure this out.*

So when I started my research I just dove right in, nasal cavity first. I smelled buildings and people. I smelled fruits and vegetables. I smelled some old woman, who then called the police. I smelled my ex-high-school-girlfriend’s lock of hair I’ve kept in my pillow for the last five years and then cried myself to sleep for three hours. But the real breakthrough came when I smelled a little devil called benzoylmethylecgonine, or to the common man, cocaine.

Holy shit was that amazing. For my research, I mean. It just opened so many doors into the world of smelling and things to be smelled. I smelled so much of that magical, research-propelling drug that my \$4,000 ran out in three weeks. And then Hamilton wouldn’t give me any more funding—those stone age bureaucrats! So with the last of my resources, and the last of my little helper, I constructed a 150 page epic poem on the subject of smelling with an accompanying short film called *The White Savior*. It’ll blow your mind.

Presentation of this research will be co-sponsored by the F.I.L.M. series and take place in the back KJ elevator at 2:45am on Tuesday, November 19.

Found in the Health Center waiting room trash by Mr. Spinney ’16  
November 8, 2013

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY  
*Editor-in-Chief*  
*Dad’s Sock*  
*Rapture: The Christian Rock Collective*  
*Gangy*  
*Rick Moranis*  
*Nightman, champion of the*  
*Fine*  
*sexy bell hooks*  
*Ass (comedy)*  
*Dali*  
*Gallbladder Platter*  
*Chicken and Stars*  
*Rope*  
*Nerd in a Beanie*  
*Has a Head*  
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*The Daily Spit*  
)  
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*Brangelina*  
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*Cocaine Off the Back Counter*  
*Racial Equality*  
*One Who Shoots It*  
*Caandi Galore*  
*A\$AP Punctual*

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.