

CONCENTRATION DEADLINE FRIDAY

Last time your parents will pay for you to disappoint them

STUDENT DISMAYED TO SEE NO CHANGE IN GROUP DYNAMIC AFTER WATCHING SUPER BOWL TOGETHER

The Panthers weren't the only losers last week-end

By Ms. Whitmer '18

WHY CAN'T WE STOP BEING FRIENDS DEPT. (MILBANK COMMON ROOM) February can be an emotionally charged time for many, with the Super Bowl raising spirits and Valentine's Day snatching them away immediately afterward. Since Sunday night's game, Jeremy Fisher '18 has been in a cloud of despair as he contemplates his friend group's stagnant dynamic.

Fisher's current "crew" consists of Cassandra Binkley '18, Ty Donaldson '18, and Hailee Meyer '18. According to Fisher, the group has operated with universal agreement since forming during freshman year.

Fisher hoped to provoke at least one of his friends into a begging-to-be-filled leadership role while screening the game by way of several approaches. "I made nacho cheese with knock-off Velveeta. I don't think anyone even noticed. Then I changed the channel for a few minutes of the third quarter. No one

yelled at me or the TV. It was disheartening."

Meyer confirmed the group's inability to implement any form of hierarchy. "No one's stepping up and telling the rest of us what to do," she explained. "I haven't done my laundry since spring of 2015 because no one has called me out on it."

Of his three friends, Fisher said he had the most faith in either Meyer or Binkley adopting the commanding role. "Ty couldn't do it. Honestly, Ty's the most irrelevant of the four of us. He's Coldplay in this situation."

According to Donaldson, however, he just might have to be the one to step up. The sophomore explained, "There are only like ten other people on this campus, you know? I can't afford to go out looking for new friends."

Meyer and Binkley expressed similar sentiments. "Jeremy's the kind of bitch who eats all the nachos. Nachos aren't even a fun snack. I don't know how I'm going to deal with that for another year," Binkley commented. "Oh, but to answer your question, no. I don't have any plans to leave the group. I'd rather passively let the things that bother me eat away at my soul until I die than go out of my way to cause change."

opening the package, O'Kayne found: a hand-crafted letter written with quill, a single stick of cinnamon Trident, a moldy biscuit, a shitty crayon drawing of a stick figure petting a cat signed by the artist (dad), three live cats, toys for the cats, and an a sloshing gallon of cat piss along the bottom.

After consulting with his lawyer, O'Kayne decided to call home for once. He was greeted by a great chorus of meows. "Apparently, or so she told me, my mom adopted 45 cats, a parrot, and is currently building a city of scratching posts in the living room," he explained in an excited, yet slightly worried tone.

According to O'Kayne's RA Maggie Jefferson '17, he has been handling the disparaging news of his household's collapse fairly well. "He seems fine. I heard some weird mewing coming from his room, but I figured if there was a real problem he would come and find me. I mean, I did give him my number back in August."

Other students on O'Kayne's floor have reported less encouraging progress. They have apparently seen O'Kayne strolling up and down the hallways, cats in tow, clutching his parents' wedding photo, and sullenly humming "Cat's in the Cradle" by Harry Chapin.

ADMINISTRATION PROMOTING INTER-DORM RELATIONS THROUGH BROKEN LAUNDRY CAMPAIGN

Insists daily routines will not be hampered

By Mr. Kraft '17

SPIN CYCLE DEPT.

(ON TOP OF THE WASHER BECAUSE NO ONE SHOWED UP FIFTEEN SECONDS AFTER THE TIMER ENDED) The Hamilton College Division of Student Life released a statement this week announcing a new initiative to foster teamwork and camaraderie between residence halls, based around a lack of working laundry machines in most of the aforementioned buildings.

"We are happy to announce that the alleged "rising Tide" of breakdowns of several washers and dryers across campus was absolutely deliberate," recently-hired Associate Dean Armand Hammer said. "It was by no means a result of college bureaucracy that we are now attempting to pass off as a lack-luster attempt at improving student relations—a claim that is a Purexample of scurrilous rumormongering. This initiative should be a great way to Gain Xtra friends All across campus."

Some students applauded the administration's efforts. "I agree completely. What Dean Hammer said is a perfect example of how Hamilton's administration cares for the students above all else," tour guide Leni Shillham '16 said, before quietly asking, "Who is Dean Hammer and what did he say?" once the group of parents was safely out of earshot.

Other students were displeased with the situation. "I don't know how laundry works, but I shouldn't have to pay for it. And the administration is lying through its teeth, just like any other authority," Karl Ginsberg '19 said. Ginsberg, who confirmed that his parents send him brand new pre-stressed jeans and Doctor Who t-shirts each weekend when he runs out of clean clothes, vowed to immediately post about "the outrage" on Reddit, then take no further action.

An all-campus email further clarified the administration's creation of a new Board for an Undergraduate Life and Laundry Community to Reestablish Awareness and Proactivity, or B.U.L.L.C.R.A.P., headed by Dean Hammer. "All non-functioning laundry machines create the opportunity to practice team-building, life skills, and other vague positive-sounding activities," the email stated. "All future non-functioning equipment, machines and facilities in residence halls will retroactively become part of this program. Remember, Hamilton community: shabbiness is chic. Outdated is retro. Broken is working. We have always had non-functioning dryers."

PARENTS SEND WORRYING CARE PACKAGE

Lends disturbing insight into state of former abode

by Mx. Collins '19

WAR ZONE AIRDROP DEPT.

(MAIL CENTER) Early Monday morning, at approximately 11:30 am, Mike O'Kayne '19 received an email from the Mail Center informing him of a package arrival. He then received another email shortly after, which is, allegedly, when the situation escalated to attention-warranting levels.

"I couldn't have seen any of this coming. I get this email from the Mail Center pleading with me to pick up the 'concave brown box-shaped mass of what may once have been cardboard.' I didn't see it right away, of course, because I've been behind on answering formal communication ever since my carrier pigeon died last week," O'Kayne said, rubbing his eyes discreetly.

"Anyway, by the time Wednesday rolls around, I have three voicemails, 13 texts, and one subtweet about this package thing. I picked it up after bumbling into Beinecke for diner, where it was dumped into my hands by a queasy looking Mail Center worker, who ran away screaming 'IT'S ALIIIIIVEEEEE.'" Upon

In this issue: Forever friendships

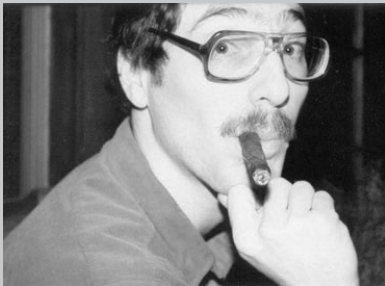
POINT SYSTEM 2.0 TO INTRODUCE NEW PUNISHMENTS



See "Indentured servitude now on the table," pg. 1833

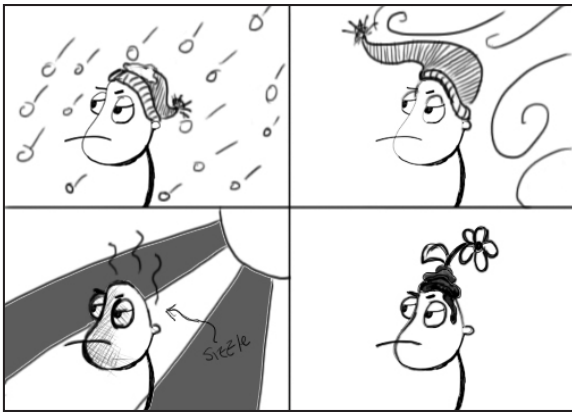
WHIPPMAN'S WITTICISMS

Real advice from someone we barely know



"My love is like a red, red rose: out of season."

BUFFERGRAM FORECAST	6 A.M.	1:30 P.M.	4 P.M.
	Sing	Me	Sexy
	High probability you'd rather be woken up by a snow plow.	10% chance "Blanche" has the same ring to it as "Cecilia."	"I'm surprised they all fit in the stall with me!"



“Four Elements”

SOPHOMORE DIARY: WHY HAVE I NOT MADE BETTER FRIENDS YET?

By Gina Ruskin '18

January 8, 2016

Break's almost over, but I'm actually excited to get back on campus and see all of my school friends again. I didn't think I would, but I actually do miss them a lot. Come to think of it, I didn't really think we'd be friends past freshman year, either. Yet here we are. I'm sure it when we reunite our friendship will be better than ever!

January 19, 2016

Just reunited with all my buds and it was great! We clicked just like pieces of a 1000 piece jigsaw puzzle that you kind of have to force together, but they look okay and you assume that must be where they're supposed to go. I kind of forgot just how annoying Brandon is when he watches sports on his phone while talking to me (Football? Soccer? Either way he keeps shouting "Swish!" mid-conversation). We must just have to take time to adjust.

January 23, 2016

First Friday night back on campus. I heard there was a cool party in Milbank—something about building a snow fort indoors and combining the magic of childhood with tequila and a chance of frostbite—but my friends wanted to stay in to-night and count all the change in Missy's coin jar. It was fine, I guess. . . I mean, I like hanging with them, but I just didn't feel that excited when it added up to \$2.35, enough to almost do two loads of laundry. Which isn't even enough space for the 18 towels we have to clean after Brandon spilled formaldehyde from his Emerson project all over my floor.

January 25, 2016

I can't take this anymore. Why does everyone else seem so much cooler? Why am I not friends with them? Why am I still stuck with the same mismatched group of people I met freshman year? Because we all shared a tent during a rainstorm on our AA trip? Or because we all saw that thing in the third floor bathroom and became closer through our bond of silence? That doesn't change the fact that Jessica only listens to Zayn Malik ("the one true direction"), which is getting really annoying because he only has that one single. Or that Camden can only do his homework on the fourth floor of Root during the new moon because it brings him closer to the spirit of Elihu Root. Why am I still friends with these people? I don't even like spectroscopy.

January 29, 2016

I saw Bradley while walking to the suite tonight. I haven't seen him since Fall Break freshman year when our parents made us get lunch together since we were in the same orientation group. I wanted to ask him how he broke free and made better friends. . . But then Lily called to ask why I was late to make soda can tab necklaces and watch *House Hunters International*, and I had to go.

I think this is it. I've made a huge mistake. The cold numbing of forever has found its way into our jovial midst.

Squirreled out of the room by Ms. Alatalo '18

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS THE LACK OF WEATHER



Greetings, palookas and poltroons. It is I, royal meteorologist of the Hill, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to give my two carats on the disaster upon the firmament.

I was entertaining guests when it happened. We were playing croquet and exchanging bon mots, tracing the contours of high-society. Cornelius had taken his lover to St. Croix on honeymoon but somehow fell prey to the propellers of a fishing craft. The famous author and socialite was gone to eternity. Anderson, along with a gaggle of pious interns, came to a more vertical demise after the Shanghai stocks went kaput. Professor Ninkle, ardent supporter of open-carry, had brought her 12-gauge to a College Republicans meeting for a demonstration but had her legs blown off after a misfire. Har, har, take a cigar and an aperitif, treasury bonds are in every goody-bag. . . oh the horror, reader! For what befell me then!

Now, the Wurterbottom Estate is perched on a high lonely cliff in the west. When the sun sets, a dark shadow spreads over Mohawk valley. Normally, it is my custom to position myself just so on the croquet green; the spear of the vast black umbra skewers me. It makes for an impressive photogram.

Only this time, it was different. Spearheading the coming dark, I had expected the riotous approval of my competitors and onlookers, but there was only silence. No showers of champagne. No 'for he's a jolly-good fellow.' But my dogs were barking. I turned to the darkness, felt my skin melting, had visions of new, rogue planets aligning between blinks. I looked up into the absent empyrean. . .

I splashed my face with Berg. * I woke up, and my brain rippled. Who am I? Where am I? It was all a dream. I ordered Marge to fry the eggs. I gave the elders a call and feigned filial piety. Raiment was on me before long—I had guests to entertain after all, and a shadow to stand in.

My eggs were delightful—well-peppered and with a bloody dash of Sriracha. I thought it would do this skin well, some vitamin D. Marge, who was just before fanning me with the punkah, went to the bay-windows, and grinning toothily, pulled up the shades.

There was nothing, only the gray skies of collegiate gray skies. Behind them was gray and to their aft and star-board and in the 7 o'clock position gray and whatever other non-heterodox ways there are of expressing orientation—it was all gray. This was not weather, it was a four-year freeze in the heavens. How would I strike up conversations with people who didn't want to have them in the first place? *[Editors' note: Upon witnessing the current icy maelstrom, M. Wurterbottom has rescinded his disapproval, and in fact requested the return of endless gray days.]*

*Berg runs at \$20 a bottle and is water sloughed off a 15,000 year-old Canadian glacier.

From Mr. Witonsky '17, slovenly amanuensis and Polish lover to M. Wurterbottom.

DEAR MISS CREANT: VALENTINE'S DAY EDITION

Dear Miss Creant: I have hooked up with this girl, like, three times, and I don't really know where we stand. What should I do for Valentine's Day? – Unsure Footing

Dear Unsure Footing: I really don't appreciate y'all approaching me with these questions about what to do with romantic success. Look, I've spent the last three odd years with an empty bed. Just be goddamn happy you have someone go do the horizontal naked dance with. I don't know, buy her flowers or something, toss out some some half-thought-out words, and then go to a secluded place to have sex. People love that shit.

Dear Miss Creant: I've been dating this guy two years now, and I'm worried that we aren't doing anything for Valentine's Day. Last time we had date night, he forgot and just made me an omelet. How should I talk to him about this? – Hoping For The Best

Dear HFTB: I've got some good news and some bad news for you. First, the bad news: your boyfriend is cheating on you. Absolutely. Definitely. No doubt. Now, I know you must think I'm wrong, but based off of my last relationship which ended via Commons omelet with "its over" written in ketchup on it, your boyfriend tried to break up with you. It's one of the oldest tricks in the book, created right after men realized that the "it dulls the sensation" talk doesn't work.

Here's the good news: hop into bed with me this Sunday and your boyfriend will totally realize how much of a catch you are and want you back. 100% money back guarantee on that one.

Dear Miss Creant: Some Junior friends and I are planning an anti-Valentine's Day orgy and we're wondering if you would like to come ;) – Boys into Gains, Drunkenness and Interpersonal Caring

Dear BIGDIC: First up, give up the ghost. You're not a bunch of juniors. You're just some freshman guys in Dunham who will end up getting all hot and bothered over what will just end up being a sausage fest. No one is gonna just have sex with a random stranger. Unless they meet at a Bundy party.

So here's what you are going to do: First, become very comfortable with the entire Discography of Marvin Gaye. Next, you and your 3(?) other roommates need learn how to sing "Sexual Healing" a-capella style. Lastly, produce handwritten invitations complete with your recording of "Sexual Healing" and an original love poem written in actual calligraphy (none of that Word Calligraphy font shit). Post them in mailbox #s 4002, 5234, 5644, and 6087 and if we feel that you did well enough, we'll consider coming over. We expect at least three throw pillows per person, four different songs to serenade us with, and a cardboard cutout of Al Ham in the corner to watch over us.

Dutifully heeded by Mr. Wesley '16

THE DUEL OBSERVER

COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY

Editor-in-Chief/ Abyssinian

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS

Editor-out-Chief/ Ragamuffin

DIANA SARAH SUDER

Managing Editor/ Egyptian Mau

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE

Comma Consultant/ LaPerm

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO

Layout Editor/ Calico

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS

Artiste/ Ragdoll

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY

Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN

LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

Contributors

AARON CURTIS COLLINS

JAKOB MARTIN KRAFT

ALEXANDER JOSEPH WITONKSY

Copyeditors

IAN ULYSSE BAIZE

MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

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/