

SEVEN MONTHS IN, FRESHMAN STILL CALLING MOM
THREE TIMES A DAY

WOMEN RUIN EVERYTHING
BY SPEAKING AT SPEAKING
COMPETITION

Male competitors boycott in defence of majority rights

By Ms. Granoff '18
YOU THOUGHT WE WERE PAST THIS BULLSHIT? DEPT.
(THE CHAPEL) This weekend marks the final round of the annual Public Speaking Competition in the College Chapel, a tradition so old that community members are continually surprised to hear that women are actually allowed to participate. This year, for the first time, both of the contestants for a single prize are women. Upon hearing that there was actually a guarantee that a woman would be up on stage receiving the prizes with them, male contestants agreed to boycott the event in defense of Traditional Hamilton College Values and Their Rights as The Men Who Are Supposed to Win By Default.
“Yeah, it’s not that we have anything against women, we’re totally feminists and everything, it’s just not really in the spirit of the thing, you know?” Pat Robertson ’20 explained. “The competition was

DAVID WIPPMAN GIVES UP
EATING PUSSY FOR LENT
Whole campus affected

By Mr Paull '20
RECIPROCITY DEPT.
(11 COLLEGE HILL RD) On Ash Wednesday, President Wippman announced that he would be giving up pussy eating for Lent, sending shockwaves throughout the community. Two weeks in, the campus is still feeling a drastic reduction in the amount of violent orgasms experienced by faculty and staff.
“I informed President Wippman that fish taco is not traditionally given up for Lent, and that Jesus would still love him if he kept on mowing the lawn,” Chaplain John Meyers said. “He was resolute though. It takes true courage for a man to give up what he loves most, just like God did with his son.”
The religious implications are only one aspect of the President’s decision. Many professors have expressed decreased satisfaction in their sex lives.
“I mean, he never went down on me personally,” Economics professor Lucia Berman said, “but my clam has been jammed up ever since I realized that bald beauty stopped eating boxed lunch every day. My boyfriend Eric isn’t exactly great in bed, so I

around way before Kirkland College, and we just think they should respect that. Aren’t they moving a bit fast, all things considered?”
“We have no objection to their involvement,” James Wolcott Wadsworth ’18 added. “But isn’t it asking a lot to be quite so involved? I mean both of the competitors are women! Where is the male representation? Yes, I know there are plenty of us in the competition in total, but isn’t taking the entire prize a bit much?”
When asked her feelings on the gender imbalance in the competition, Oral Communications Center director Chamy Gaffer shrugged and pointed to a list of previous male winners longer than the list of college athletes successfully prosecuted for sexual assault, ever.
Emily Davison ’20, who is competing against one of her esteemed and extremely gallant male classmates, reports being sincerely unoffended by the boycott. “They are dropping out and basically giving us thousands of dollars by default. And it’s because women didn’t attend this college back when everyone had know Latin and Greek to be admitted? Oh yes, this debacle is a terrible shame for women everywhere.”

usually think of Wippman yodeling up the valley to get me there.”
Without Wippman leading the way in the carpet munching department, some have felt confused and like they lost a role model.
“I never used to go down on my girlfriend,” Kyle Sutherland ’19 said, “but, once I learned that Wippman dives for clams, I realized it isn’t cool to be a stingy lover. I know a lot of my guy friends used to be afraid of vaginas, lord knows I was, but Wippman taught us that they are no more frightening than a Georgia O’Keefe painting. Also, I now have a rough idea of where the clit is!”
Feeling pressure from the campus to address his controversial decision to give up cunnilingus, Wippman issued a statement on Thursday: “I know many of you have been personally affected by my choice, but I am still here for you. I ask you to think of Jesus rising, and in time you, or rather the erectile tissue in your collective clitori, will rise as well. On Easter Sunday it’s game on, and I will be embarking on a 24-hour puss-tasting tour of the Eastern Seaboard.”

FRAT STAR STARTS SUPPORT GROUP
FOR VICTIMS OF ACCOUNTABILITY
Meanwhile, rapist gets expelled for covering up a smoke detector

By Mr. Case '21
SAME OLD SHIT DEPT.
(A TRASHED HOUSE BY TONY’S) In an attempt to address the endemic perpetrator-blaming on Hamilton’s campus, one brave DIK brother has started a discussion-based support group for those affected by the scourge of personal accountability.
“For as long as Greek life has existed in this country, the brothers of our nation’s great fraternities have enjoyed virtually unhindered freedom to do whatever we want,” Scott Pfizer-Nabisco III ’19, founder of the support group and Xanax enthusiast, said in a recent interview. “However, in recent years, a despicable trend has emerged on college campuses—suddenly we can be held slightly more responsible for our actions. This would never have happened in my father’s America, or his father’s America, or a more advanced nation like Saudi Arabia.

“Why, just this past week I was called into the Title IX office again and I had to spend a whole half hour on the phone with dad’s lawyers before I was let go with no points or suspension. What is the world coming to? Our fraternity president was recently forced to write a two paragraph-long apology to the student body for putting rohypnol in a keg. Twenty years ago, this kind of thing would never happen.”
“The support group has made a difference in all of our lives,” Angus Duncan ’18 said, visibly traumatized after receiving five no-contact orders but no disciplinary action. “We’ve learned to channel our pain into more productive ends than our previous coping methods like yelling the N-word in supermarkets and duct-taping door locks. In an effort to provide a creative outlets for our fellow victims of accountability, a few brothers are staging an interactive, therapy-oriented play entitled ‘Brothers 4 Brothers: Helping Those Who Have Been Slightly Inconvenienced Rebuild Their Lives in a Post-PC World.’ Now, I know art is queer, but for us survivors, it’s the only thing we have except for massive socioeconomic and systemic advantages.”
At press time, sources confirmed that the DIK brothers were, in fact, “fucking serious.”

In this issue: Read the orphanage, Tight Leotard Man!




BOOKSTORE DROPS
NRA DISCOUNT



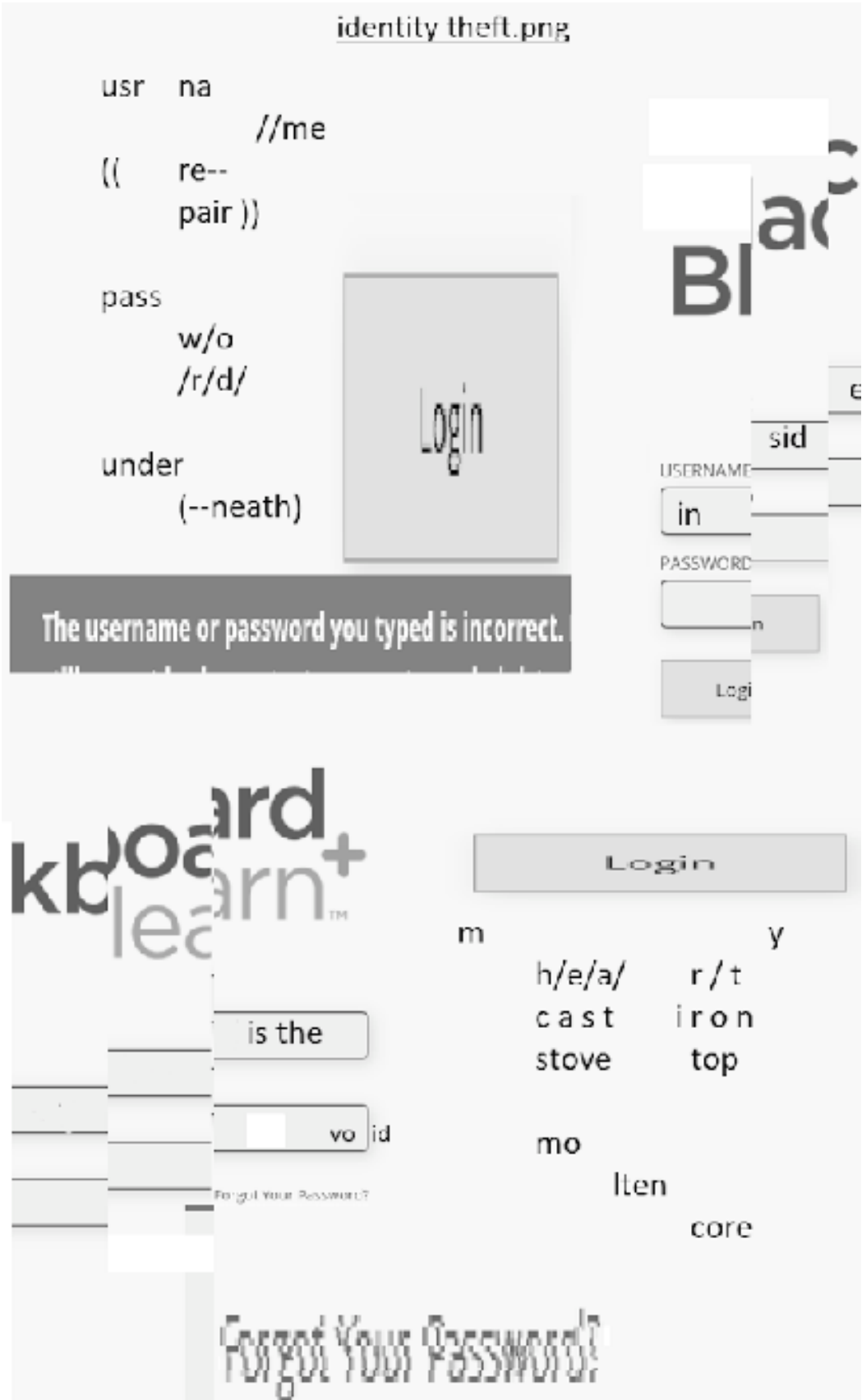
BUT THESE GUNS STILL FLY
See “-Jared, probably,” pg. 360

Hamilton
Kama Sutra

SEX TIP OF THE WEEK:
Take a hint from the Hogsmeade Fair and make sure your parent or guardian has signed your permission slip before engaging in sex.

SPRING DANCE FORECAST	7:30 P.M.	7:31 P.M.	9 P.M.
	 65% chance someone pukes on their expensive ballet shoes	 Low probability MC Hammer would be proud of you right now	 “Wow, you really can see <i>everything</i> .”

REJECTED
RED WEATHER



Almost submitted to the Bull by Ms. Suder ’18

TECH WEEK: TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS IN PREPARATION FOR *THE CHARTREUSE FINCH*

A diary entry by Charlotte Tan ’20

It’s Friday morning and oh, what a week it has been. Truly remarkable. As our show dates for *The Chartreuse Finch* have approached, the world has grown stranger, and I am no longer comfortable in my own skin. I am convinced this play is cursed.

It started on Monday, when my chapstick went missing. I just bought it! How could it disappear so quickly? And then the little rubber part on my earbuds fell off down a drain grate! It’s nonsense! Later that day, I found out I ran out of pens in the middle of a rehearsal when I was supposed to mark down on my lines and realized my last fucking pen was gone. There’s no way all of that shit could happen at once.

Tuesday was an absolute shitshow. First, I got my costume and it wasn’t Chartreuse, nor was it a Finch. It was some sort of black swan costume. Those BASTARDS AT THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT SENT US THE WRONG PIECE. Then, during dinner, I had gotten a plate full of that reaaaal good pizza, but I slipped and fell on an unmarked wet spot, spilling that cheesy goodness all over the floor and shattering the plate, shards of which ended up in my upper thigh. I didn’t go to the hospital though, instead removing them myself so that I wouldn’t be in the hospital during the performances. I won’t have this taken from me, not after I’ve worked so hard.

Wednesday was the day where things turned for the absolute worst. I started blacking out from the gaping bloody wound in my leg. I kept waking up from these blackouts in different places: the science center. KJ 005. I even woke up in the middle of a pentagram in the room under the bridge with chalk covering my hands.

Thursday was a blur. I only remember walking from my Milbank single to Opus for some coffee, blacking out, and then I came to in the tunnels beneath the Dark Side holding a bloody knife in my hands, a soiled copy of *King Lear* at my feet, and a smattering of rose petals strewn about. Lord knows how I got there.

And now, as showtime approaches, I only feel the urge to don the black swan regalia and sacrifice an econ major to the Minor Theatre Ghost.

Found on a crumpled paper in MoHo by Ms. Collins ’19

Friday Five: Duel Observer
Podcast Concepts

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

The Duel Observer’s status as a comedy staple of the Hamilton College campus has encouraged us to branch out and try a whole new, ever-evolving format: podcasts! We hope to prove our skills aren’t limited to witty satire, with the added bonus of our audience continuing to not have to look at our faces. Here’s what we’ve come up with for shows:

5. Premium Rush Minute. This daily podcast takes the beloved Joseph Gordon-Levitt vehicle and analyzes one minute of the film at a time in excruciating detail. Join the crew as they try to find out how the writer behind *Jurassic Park*, *Spiderman*, and *Mission: Impossible* became the director of a bicycle action/thriller, and also struggle to justify why they chose this JGL film instead of *500 Days of Summer*.

4. The Truth Is Out There. Every week, this show will try to figure out if it’s a true crime podcast or a conspiracy podcast. Listen to the hosts incessantly dissolve into meta bullshit as one host does some real investigations as to who came up with the show, while the other insists that their co-host is being mind-controlled by the fluorine in the water.

3. Wipp Me Daddy. This podcast is all about the sex scene at Hamilton College. Listen as your hosts give dramatic readings of original erotic fiction, provide tips on alternative sex toys you can acquire from campus vending machines, and report on the best academic buildings to fuck in. And yes, every episode has a special update on David Wippman’s sex life (with images included in the show notes).

2. Thanks For The Meme-ories. Are you lagging behind on your meme knowledge? Don’t fear, this weekly podcast keeps you on the cutting edge of all the internet inside jokes that you pretend to laugh at so your friends don’t think you’re lame. If you like listening to people trying to describe visual humor in a non-visual medium, then this is the show for you!

1. Women Aren’t Funny with Jojo Jones. Fridays at 3 pm on WHCL. Hey if it ain’t broke, don’t fix it. Actually, it might be broke.

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