**FRESHMAN GOES TO PRESIDENT STEWART’S OPEN HOUR**

...By Mr. Johnson ’14

UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE DEPT. (OPUS 2 / TWO/ II / DOS) Adorably naive fresh-
man Jerry Newman was stunned Monday morning to discover an exciting announcement in his inbox. Beneath a letter from Nancy Thompson regarding
the mass casualties following the Scandanavian Club’s first Viking Raid party and above the Career Center’s notice on the
upcoming ‘Careers in the Drug Trade’ panel, he’d received an email inviting him to an open hour with President Stewart!

‘It just seemed like such a great opportunity, establishing a relationship with a person of power on campus,’ he
excitedly chirped, unaware that he would maybe see Joanie once more before she handed him a diploma.

‘I went in there knowing I was probably going to have to fight through a crowd, but I was determined
to give her my two cents.’

Upon arriving, he was thrilled to see he had somehow beaten the crowd, though he was disapp-
pointed to find that after a sort-of-funny-but-are-we-actually-joking conversation disparaging Bon Appetit and a carefully-measured-in-boldness comment about raising tuition, he had little else to say to the college head. The rest of the hour was made up of two breaks to use the bathroom, three discussions of the week’s weather, and one heated discussion about the right way to read ‘Thriller.’

‘Really don’t know why students try to get to know me while they’re here,’ President Stewart
claimed. ‘As soon as we ship him off to his office job or his sojourn across Europe to ‘find himself,’ I’ll be chasing him down for alumni gifts. Bitch can join the Peace Corps for all I care. I’ll chase him to fucking Nigeria if it gets the d-own a-own another hundred bucks.’

‘And he made it damn hard to get my weekly drug swap in,’ Joanie said. ‘Dirty Jim had to toss me the bag while the kid was getting an Opus Magnum.’

**STUDENT ACTUALLY CARES HOW YOUR BREAK WAS**

Nobody else gives a shit

By Mr. Snyder ’13

DEPT. OF ‘GREAT HOW ’BOUT YOU?’ (MARTIN’S WAY) Scattered reports have been
heard across campus this past week of Michael Richter ’14, who apparently expresses genuine interest in
your March vacation. According to sources, Richter has approached both strangers and mild acquaintances
pursuing information about their break. Startlingly, he has also asked multiple follow-up questions, includ-
ing, but not limited to, “How is your family?”, “Did you travel anywhere?”, and, “Are you excited for the rest of the semester?”

According to his close friends, Richter’s actions are motivated neither by sarcasm nor a misguided attempt
to get pussy. Rather, they purport that he’s actually a really nice guy and just wants to get to know you better.

Richter’s victims, however, are still perplexed. “I was in a class with Richter once sophomore year,” Veronica
Norton ’13 said. “Yesterday we were both in the mail center checking out boxes and he’s all like ‘Hi Veronica.’
And I’m like, ‘Don’t even try to hit on me, OK?’ But I’m super nice so I say ‘Hi.’ And then he goes ‘How was your break?’ And I’m trying to leave so I go ‘Great, thanks!’ and start to walk away. Now this is where it gets super weird.” Norton shuddered at the memory. “I swear to God he looks at me and says ‘Did you do anything fun?’ What? Who says that? I’m like fuck off. What a creeper.”

Others were a little more accepting of Richter’s inquiries. Richter approached Arlo McGinty ’15 while they were in line at Opus. “Richter is a really chill dude,” McGinty said. “No one else wanted to hear about all the tequila shots I did in Cabo, but Richter seemed re-
ally interested. By the time we got coffee, I was telling him about my grandfather’s funeral over break.” Arlo dabbled his eyes delicately. “Maybe we should smoke a bowl later.”

Richter is relatively harmless, but will not hesitate to ask your name if he forgets it. To avoid prolonged interaction, try giving non-specific answers that will not invite follow up questions. Or, if adventurous, you may use him as your therapist.

**STUDENT WORKS REALLY, REALLY HARD TO PERFECT ‘THRILLER’**

He fails

By Mr. Henninga ’14

ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE DEPT. (DEEP BENEATH LIST) The faculty, when they aren’t gardening, getting shitfaced, or dressing in Kirk-
land College Masks and performing erotic animal sacrifices, are known to sate their greedy-old-people urges by casually torturing their students. Their latest victim was Nigel Conrad ’15.

Conrad originally decided to register for Intro to Dance Theory, Technique and Culture at a Bundy par-
ty while (according to eyewitness reports) impersonat-
ing a Wacky Waving Inflatable Tube Man. “I was just
trying to do ‘Thriller,’” he told The Duel, wiping tears from his eyes. “But everyone was laughing at me... That night, I vowed to master ‘Thriller’—or die trying.”

The sophomore promptly signed up for Profes-
or Schadenfreude’s dance class, where he learned the
Dougie, Cha Cha Slide, and (yes) Gangnam Style, among other timeless classics. Unfortunately, these
happy times ended when Nigel asked his professor if ‘Thriller’ would be covered. Schadenfreude, a corpulent Swiss ex-attire easily identified by his silver monocle, exploded into a heated diatribe against the Michael
Jackson hit before storming out of the classroom.

Disillusioned by the Swiss’ fascist (like, I don’t
overstate things, but a little bit German, if you know what I mean) dance class, Conrad descried
through the bowels of List determined to con-
front his professor. Conrad found Schadenfreude
in his office: a hollowed out V-2 rocket discovered
beneath the building’s basement during Kirkland
College’s construction.

Schadenfreude, upon seeing Conrad enter his of-

cice, immediately launched into some unintelligible bestial language apparently known as Swiss. Tired of
this elitist Swiss masquerading as a teacher, Conrad
challenged Schadenfreude to a dance off. But, like
Charles X Gustav’s reign, the competition didn’t last
long. Schadenfreude opened with a sultry revision
of an Eskimo folk dance that left Conrad helplessly
a-roused and simultaneously ashamed.

Disgusted, the sophomore swore never to dance
again, burning his old ‘Thriller’ jacket in the Glen. Ni-
gel can now be identified by his new silver monocle, and is currently enrolled in Professor Volkogemein-
schaft’s German class.

**In this issue: Lies**

Conservatives Find the Courage to “Come Out” on Campus

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

See “In other oppression news, 5.4 million dead in Congo since 1998,” pg. 7

Fashionista Andrew Johnson says, “Be like me. Make your own clothes, you sass-less bitches.”
SPRING BREAK ACTIVITY TRANSLATION GUIDE
By Mr. Hostetter ’13

It can sometimes be difficult to decipher your friend’s bragging to figure out what they actually did over spring break. When your buddy tells you he spent his break having sex with a supermodel on a speedboat in Cancun, how much of that story is it safe to assume is exaggerated? The Duel is here to help with this translation guide.

“I visited some family.”
Translation: “I stayed in a house with my relatives while doing everything short of murder to avoid actually talking to them.”

“I spent the whole first week on the beach.”
Translation: “I went to the beach for a day and spent the whole time on Instagram taking enough pictures to make it look longer and better than it was.”

“I volunteered at an inner-city shelter for Alternative Spring Break.”
Translation: “I worked for about four hours a day and made it look longer and better than it was.”

“I saw some friends from high school.”
Translation: “I studiously avoided making eye contact with someone I was kinda sorta friends with in high school but we haven’t talked in a long time and weren’t close so it would be awkward to acknowledge them.”

“I hung out with my cat.”
Translation: “I followed my cat around the house, moaning at it until it finally clawed me across the face to get me to go away.”

“I didn’t do all that much.”
Translation: “I managed to go 72 hours without entering any room other than my bedroom, the kitchen, or the bathroom.”

“I got a lot of homework done.”
Translation: “I got a lot of masturbation done.”

Demographics of the Class of ’17
By Mr. Gwilliam ’15

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>Race</th>
<th>Age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Men 40%</td>
<td>White 110%</td>
<td>17 27.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bros 10%</td>
<td>Black 19%</td>
<td>18 67%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women 50%</td>
<td>Latino 100%</td>
<td>19 5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Womyn 20%</td>
<td>Asian 10%</td>
<td>3 mo. Sabrina’s Fetus</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU
Editor-out-Chief/ April Showers

SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY
Interim Editor-in-Chief/ May Flowers

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN
Editor-in-Lauf/ June Heroin Spoon

JAMES O’MARA PATTESON
Layout Editor/ July Jingoism

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON II
Instagram Photo Journalist/ Augustus Gloop

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers
JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY
JOHN ANDREW CARAVILLE JOHNSON
JAMES JOSEPH LAVELLE
COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER
KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

Staff Writers
J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY
HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL
SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL
MICHAEL LOUIS Dyer
ADAM PATRICK GWILLIAM
DAVID BENJAMIN SNYDER
NATHAN TAYLOR GOEBEL

Contributors
MATTHEW CHRISTIAN HENNIGAR

Artists
CHARLOTTE MINKER SIMONS

Copy Editors
SARAH MCCOY BITHER
LILLIAN FRANCES McCULLOUGH

Contact us:
Email duel@hamilton.edu
Recipes: www.students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver

BACHELORETTE OF THE WEEK

Is that a shooting star? No, not at all. It’s the Duelist’s very eligible Bachelorette of the Week, closet eggplant hoarder Darla “Taco Meat” Jerkovski. She’s a physics major and a Libra. If you don’t know the lethality of that combination, you’ve obviously never shared a night with Marie Curie.

Home on Campus: The Diner, obvs!

Relationship Status: Still waiting for my Godot.

If you could be a love child of any two musicians who would you choose and why?
I would like to combine the singing ability of Mumford with the sexual prowess of his Sons. That’s too clever. I’d like to inherit the ass of J Lo with the giant penis of Shaquille O’Neal (he has released an album) Then I could have pleasurable sex with myself.

Turn on: The conveyor belt in McEwen

Turn off: Particularly tense games of Parcheesi

Thumbs Up: I greatly enjoy placing my left thumb up a well clenched asshole.

Thumbs down: Dykes in the Netherlands.

I can’t live without: Virgin’s blood and lamb placenta smoothie, administered twice daily.

Worst habit: Sadafied.

Greatest weakness: People who don’t live up to their racial stereotypes.

Contact me if: You’re really good at diagnosing rashes.