2012: We’re All Going to Die This Year
From alcoholism, not the Apocalypse

LONE STUDENT SINGLED OUT FOR NOT DOING NOTHING DURING WINTER BREAK

Everyone else spent it eating grilled cheese and picking their toenails.

By Ms. Tonkis ‘12

DOUBLE NEGATIVES DEPT.

(THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE) At the start of spring semester, one may often hear the half-hearted, “Hey-how-was-your-break” conversation-starter between people who aren’t especially good friends, often followed up by the “It-was-fine-I-did-nothing-how-was-yours” response. However, one student has broken the expected greeting barrier by going into great detail about his winter break experiences.

“It was great!” Nicholas DiCanter ‘14 has said repeatedly to his not-close friends. “I went to Aspen to ski over New Year’s and started my summer internship search early. I also babysat my little brother a lot to make some money and read all my books for the upcoming semester. How was yours?”

Variations of DiCanter’s story have also included a detailed account of how he gave his grandmother the Heimlich on Christmas Eve after she choked on an especially al dente strand of angel hair pasta and how he didn’t even play two consecutive hours of Skyrim.

To clarify, she probably meant ‘fucking’ as a verb, not an expletive.

COUNSELING CENTER URGES “LIVING IN BUNDY” BE ADDED TO THE NEW DSM

Symptoms include depression, anxiety, substance abuse, weight loss, and shitty cell phone service.

By Ms. Chappell ‘15

PROZAC DEPT.

(CLINTON WINE & SPIRITS) With the new Diagnostic and Statistical Manual soon to be released, Hamilton counselors are pushing to have “Living in Bundy” included as a disorder after experiencing bouts of hysteria in conjunction with a rampant craving for mediocre meals.

“When I started chewing on other people’s hair in the sandwich line yesterday, I thought I was just pissed because they were out of turkey, but after exploring my subconscious with Dr. Young, I realized that the constant darkness and all-pervasive stench of Bundy was the cause of my outburst,” Loid explained in relief.

Hamilton’s Counseling Center has proposed that “Living in Bundy” be categorized as a mood disorder with symptoms of depression, extreme changes in eating patterns, and being a bitch. Recommended treatment includes hypnosis, behavior therapy, and hard drugs.

Always pragmatic, Hamilton students suffering from the disorder are hoping to use the new label to their advantage. “If ADHD can get you extended time on tests, then I should be able to get out of class on Mondays and Fridays at the very least,” Doug Whiner ‘14 attested. “Or at least some Adderall to sell.”

The editors of the DSM are considering accepting the Counseling Center’s proposal on the condition that students agree to participate in a clinical study comparing the results of a lifetime spent in solitary confinement to the lasting effects of living in Bundy.

PROFESSORS ALLOW STUDENTS TO CALL THEM BY THEIR FIRST NAMES

Joanie still insists on “Her Satanic Majesty”

By Mr. Boudreau ‘14

A Rose by Any Other Name Dept.

(THE TEACHERS’ LOUNGE) In an attempt to improve faculty-student relations, professors are increasingly allowing students to address them by their first names.

This new policy comes quickly on the heels of the miserably failed “One Night in Milbank” program, where professors were encouraged to party with students for an evening.

“That led to a lot of arrests,” Dean of Faculty Patrick Reynolds admitted.

“Letting students call us by our first names was something of a collective New Year’s resolution,” Reyn-olds (now also known as Crabby Patty) said. “Besides, I knew I wasn’t going to fulfill my resolution to stop watching Pretty Little Liars, so I wanted something doable.”

Many professors have heralded the resolution as long overdue. Professors like Michael Brawley, the Barney M. Barofowitz Professor of English, have long insisted upon a casual form of address:

“I’ve always let students call me Mike,” Professor Brawley said. “But if prefer it they refer to me as ‘The One True Mike BAWLZ, Grand Mage of Awesome’ or ‘Mikey Four Balls,’ which was my nickname at Yale.”

Hamilton’s old guard is skeptical of the trend. Ninety-year-old Women’s Studies professor Ernest T. Daly, will begrudgingly allow his white male students to call him “Mr. Professor Ernest” although female students are still not allowed to address him at all.

Other faculty members feel that the new policy harkens back to the days when all Hamilton professors had nicknames in the tradition of “Cube Root,” “Digger” Graves, and “Motherfucker” Jones.

“My students gave me a nickname years ago,” Professor of Horticulture Richard Linkletter said. “I’ve always assumed it was a reference to my first name and my chosen field of study, so I just allow my students to address me as Dick Weed.”

Student reaction to the change has been surprisingly negative.

“It’s creepy,” Gabrielle Nonc’15 said. “Next they’ll be like, inviting us over to their houses for dinner and giving us candy. And flowers. And inflated grades.”

In this issue: more asshole content than Santorum

IN SOVIET MCEWEN, THE SANDWICH EATS YOU!

DUELFCIUS CORNER

SOPA FORECAST

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Sunday

Wikipedia Blackout

Reddit

Womyn’s Center

High probability your first paper has no references

48% of students thought Reddit blackout blew

“Nearly as many women use the internet as have vaginas”

See, “The fucking commies took our stir-fry!” pg. 1917 Revolution

Duelfuciussay: “An apple a day keeps the doctor away. And then you’ll die of an easily curable disease.”
Men today just don’t understand their own plight throughout history. We’ve had to endure so much. It’s our responsibility to protect all of our rights. Men should at least be up for the students to decide. It’s just when I see those Jitney cancellations, it has to be. Besides, it’s not like I want to drive drunk or anything. I’m sorry my car isn’t plastered with swastika bumper stickers, I really am, because I know this whole thing is simply appease their marked displays of tyranny? I know who else doesn’t like beer? The board of IKEA. With all this fascist influence over Hamilton College’s campus, I felt it was necessary to expose the Administration’s deplorable fascist policy on driving drunk. I’m not stupid enough to ever drive drunk, and to do them concurrently. It’s just like him! (Although, I’m secretly afraid that I’ll never win his approval, so I try to compensate for my inability to grow facial hair by standing up for men’s rights).

Even frat bros are now giving girls beer first at parties—never knew feminism they all are! It seems like the culture is perceiving even the last holdouts of men’s rights. We men need a movement now more than ever so that society will finally realize that women won’t oppress us any longer. Men, it’s time we stood up to The Man because only then will my dad approve of me.

Because it’s fucking cold, Hamilton. When it’s freezing and miserable outside, we drink excessively to stay warm and to stay sane. It’s simple math: cold = happy + drinking, and 7 shots = coat. So stop complaining about how we get too drunk and fix the problem at its source: build us a dome, make all courses available online, or just pick and 7 shots = coat. So stop complaining about how we get too drunk and fix the problem at its source: build us a dome, make all courses available online, or just pick.

I’m not stupid enough to ever drive drunk, and to do them concurrently. It’s just like him! (Although, I’m secretly afraid that I’ll never win his approval, so I try to compensate for my inability to grow facial hair by standing up for men’s rights).

What idiot puts a college on a hill in Clinton, New York? The last guy that did that got shot. Ironically, it’s so cold here that’s we’re always saying “Brr!” We, the students, are crying for help and if you don’t want to listen, Jose, Jim, Jack, and the Captain do. And since winterucks ups 99% of my Hamilton experience, I’m occupying the liquor store. No brain, no pain. Plus, Clinton doesn’t even have a Chipotle, and that’s just bullshit.

Men today just don’t understand their own plight throughout history. We’ve had to endure so much. It’s our responsibility to protect all of our rights. Men should at least be up for the students to decide. It’s just when I see those Jitney cancellations, it has to be. Besides, it’s not like I want to drive drunk or anything. I’m sorry my car isn’t plastered with swastika bumper stickers, I really am, because I know this whole thing is simply appease their marked displays of tyranny? I know who else doesn’t like beer? The board of IKEA. With all this fascist influence over Hamilton College’s campus, I felt it was necessary to expose the Administration’s deplorable fascist policy on driving drunk. I’m not stupid enough to ever drive drunk, and to do them concurrently. It’s just like him! (Although, I’m secretly afraid that I’ll never win his approval, so I try to compensate for my inability to grow facial hair by standing up for men’s rights).

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