

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 20, 2012

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. Tomkin '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

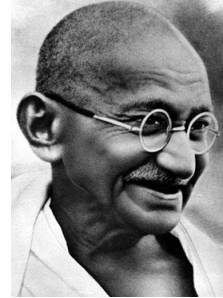
Heimlich on Christmas Eve after she choked on an especially al dente strand of angel hair pasta and how he didn't even play two consecutive hours of *Skyrim*.

Needless to say, the less productive students have not been pleased with DiCanter's incessant reminders of his superiority.

“Who does he think he is?” Anabelle Flopp '13, who was in DiCanter's communications class last semester, shrieked. “Fucking *Ghandi*?”

“His moderately interesting winter break is making the rest of us look bad,” Alex Junebuggy '12 sighed. “So what if I was supposed to start my thesis research but didn't because I spent most of break discovering new, discreet ways to masturbate while other people are in the room?”

In response to this injustice, most students have taken to shunning DiCanter by forcing him to sit alone in Commons, a punishment that college Spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. describes as “a fate worse than death, or moving Class and Charter Day”



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

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 TEACHER'S 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,” Reynolds (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. Barfowitz Professor of English, have long insisted upon a casual form of address:

“I've always let students call me Mike,” Professor Brawley said. “But I'd prefer it if they refer to me as ‘The One True Mike BAWLZly, 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 Norco '15 said. “Next they'll be like, inviting us over to their houses for dinner and giving us candy. And flowers. And inflated grades.”

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

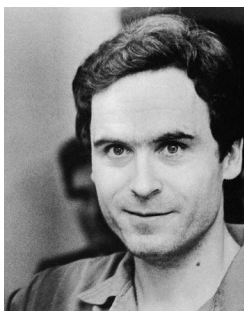
Symptoms include depression, anxiety, substance abuse, weight loss, and shitty cell phone service

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 realizing that the weekly outbreaks of rashes on students living down the hill may be more than just herpes.

“Considering we pretty much made B.F. Skinner, we feel the field of psychology owes Hamilton one. It's



Ted Bundy: the disease's first victim.

time Bundy finally got its moment in the spotlight,” counselor Carla Young said. “After years of misdiagnosing students with Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD), we've come to the realization that Bundy itself is the source of their depression, rage, and hives.”

Anna Loid '14 was recently diagnosed with the Bundy-inflicted condition 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.

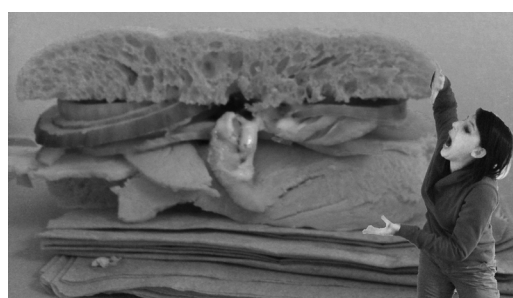
Hamilton's Counseling Center has proposed that “Living in Bundy” be categorized as a mood disorder with symptoms of depression, extreme changes in eating patterns, and being a bitch. Recommended treatment includes hypnosis, behavior therapy, and hard drugs.

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.

In this issue: more asshole content than Santorum

IN SOVIET McEWEN, THE SANDWICH EATS YOU!



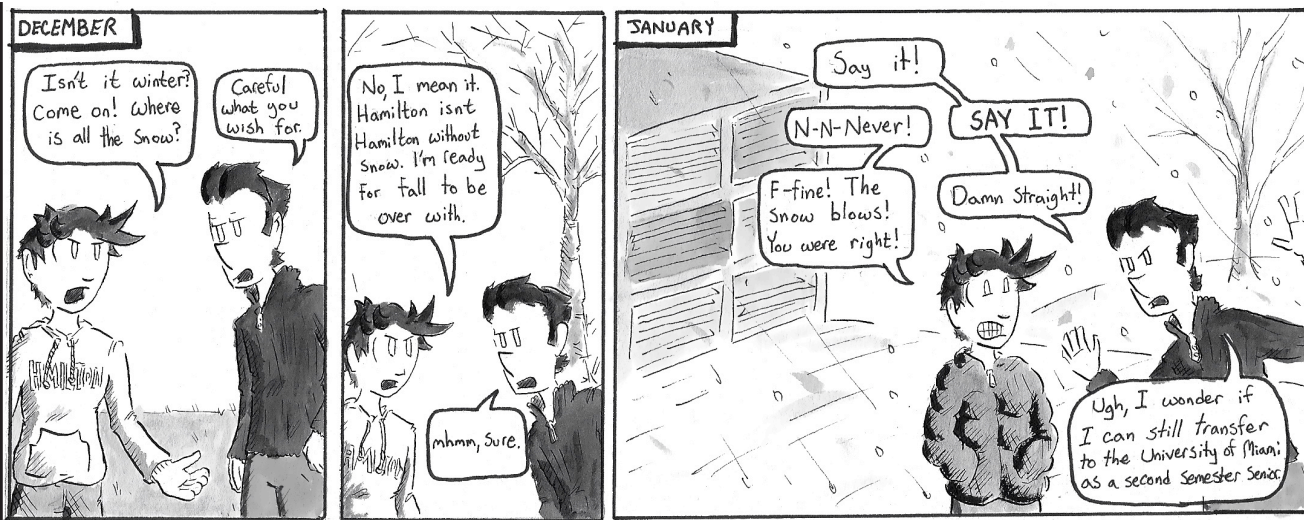
See, “The fucking commies took our stir-fry!”
pg. 1917 Revolution

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “An apple a day keeps the doctor away. And then you'll die of an easily curable disease.”

	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
SOPA FORECAST	Wiki Blackout High probability your first paper has no references	Reddit 48% of students thought Reddit blackout blew	Womyn's Center “Nearly as many women use the internet as have vaginas!”



SELECTIONS FROM A MEN'S RIGHTS ADVOCATE'S DIARY

1/16/2012

As I look out my Keehn single listening to Chris Brown's new single, I can't help but ponder the ubiquitous and pressing topic of the clear and dire oppression of men. More women than men attend college in the United States. That is so unjust! Entering school as a minority is such a disadvantage. I feel marginalized.

I wonder why girls don't like to talk to me anymore. It's probably because they know that I'm onto them. Or maybe my balanced and persuasive arguments in class (which are totally unfairly described as sexist and combative) show people I'm just too smart for them. Sojourner Truth once said, "It is the mind that makes the body," and he was a pretty smart dude.

I saw a guy holding the door for his grandmother yesterday. He's such a slave to the feminist system. That never would have happened before this new-fangled, second-wave feminism.

1/17/2012

Today, a female waitress served my dad before my mom at the restaurant where we were eating. I can't believe that—always serve the women first. A male waiter never would have made that mistake. So, my dad didn't leave her a tip. I want to grow up

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).

Men today just don't understand their own plight throughout history. We've had to endure so much. For instance, it is every man's patriotic duty to stand up for his rights. Men protecting this proud country have ensured our freedoms for (um, 2012 minus 1776 is...) 236 years. Women are so lucky to have us to protect them. Oh, and it's totally bullshit that women don't have to sign up for the selective service! Can't they see the hypocrisy?

1/19/2012

Even frat bros are now giving girls beer first at parties—I never knew how feminist they all are! It seems like the culture is permeating even the last holdouts of misogyny 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.

Love,
Remington Winchester Colt XLV '12

Stolen by Mr. Kennedy '14

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL DOUBLE FEATURE

THE POLICY AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING IS FASCIST!

Dear Hamilton College Administration,

After being suspended from Hamilton College for an unspecified period of time because of "drunk driving," I felt it was necessary to expose the Administration's deplorable fascist policy on driving drunk.

I'm sorry my car isn't plastered with swastika bumper stickers, I really am, because I know this whole thing with my "suspension" could have been avoided.

Receiving ten points for driving "under the influence" could easily be driving "under the influence of supporting the Constitution." America is all about my freedom to drive cars, drink beer, and do them concurrently. It looks like this Administration doesn't like beer. You know who else doesn't like beer? The board of IKEA.

With all this fascist influence over Hamilton College's Administration, I wouldn't be surprised if they seized Ethiopia or the Sudetenland. Are we really going to simply appease their marked displays of tyranny? I think it's time for the students to stop being Neville Chamberlain and become Winston Churchill to stand up for our rights. This upcoming conference on alcohol sounds suspiciously like another Munich.

I think one of the best courses of actions would be to utilize democracy for once. Maybe then, we could have a vote on whether or not drunk driving should even get points. I guess maybe it could get one or two. But it should at least be up for the students to decide.

Besides, it's not like I want to drive drunk or anything. It's just when I see those Jitney cancellations, it has to be done. Maybe if Benito Thompson would get off my back, something would change. Driving drunk is my choice. Since when has it ever hurt anyone?

Sincerely,
Heinrich Karlson '13

Edited by Mr. Schnacky '14

WHY IS MY DRINKING HAND FROZEN?

Dear Hamilton College Administration,

I'm not super proud of being an alcoholic but, hell, I'm a Hamilton student and drinking is what we do. So why are we alcoholics? And why is 17 not just our college ranking, but the number of days I'm blackout before I "take it easy?"

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 up and move Hamilton to California. Otherwise, we're obviously going to continue to drink and drink and drink and... I don't remember what comes next, but we'll do it again tonight.



Five shots is only a scarf.

All I'm saying is, find a warmer hill to teach on, if not for my sake, then for the sake of the pledges shoveling my unorthodox routes to class every morning. I mean, 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 "Burr." We, the students, are crying for help and if you don't want to listen, Jose, Jim, Jack, and the Captain do. And since winter fucks up 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.

Sincerely,
Joseph Toolson '12

Edited by Mr. Wagner '14

WHAT I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS

By Mr. Hostetter '13

I've always said that Christmas isn't about receiving presents, but about receiving good presents. My relatives have some funny ideas about what counts for this rule:

From my eight-year-old sister: a unicorn brush (actually one of her dolls' hairbrushes), a unicorn saddle (actually a piece of cardboard with glitter on it), and a set of tools for extracting unicorn tears (actually a strikingly detailed pho-

to album depicting unicorns being passed through meat grinders).

From my Mitt Romney-loving uncle: a ten gallon drum of hair gel, a dog kennel with straps that attach to the roof of my car, and a three-hour instructional video on faking laughter.



From my aunt who forwards me all those "heartwarming" chain emails: a painting depicting a crying angel with a broken wing sitting on a rainbow cloud surrounded by fluffy lambs with broken legs. When you plug it in, the lambs' eyes light up and it plays "The Little Drummer Boy."

From my conspiracy theorist grandfather: a sensational exposé on how the U.S. government was behind Hurricane Katrina, the sinking of the Titanic ("You think ice can do that?!"), the fall of the Roman Empire, and the destruction of Alderaan.

From my hard-of-hearing and moderately senile grandmother: three Finnish hymns, two myrtle gloves, and a parsnip in the pantry. (She was going to get us four collie herds, too, but the animal shelter wouldn't let her take enough to make even one herd).

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