DAY OF THE DEAD
The Mexican holiday celebrates the spirits of the deceased.

NEW LHE WEATHER REPORT

The Duel Observer
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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

October 11, 2013

Hey, still funnier than the Buffers

Senior Thesis Researcher Discovers Hamilton College is One Big Game of The Sims

“So that’s why I am so awkward at making out”

By Ms. Wesley '16

Pixelated Junk Dept.
(Deep in the Bowels of the Science Center)

Last week, self-declared socio-economical linguistic engineering major, Chris Bert '14, discovered that Hamilton is actually just a game of The Sims.

“I first noticed something strange when I was exploring the basement of the Science Center. I discovered I couldn’t stop walking into a wall. Like it really hurt to walk into the wall, but at the same time, there was just this voice that told me to keep walking. Eventually, the voice shut up and I was able to leave.”

The next day, while working on a Science Center computer, Bert was trying to figure out under which department he should save his research on the brain structure of good, bad, and moderately disreputable cowboys. During his extensive search, Bert reportedly discovered a folder named GeminiSpaceProgram. His curiosity piqued, Bert opened the folder and discovered that Hamilton College is actually an amalgamation of all of Samuel Kirkland’s childhood drawings. Additionally, he also found that he could watch and control students through a program that looked a lot like The Sims.

Bert’s suitemate, Jane Kohnstam ’15, added, “I was astonished when Chris showed me the game, but it was like fucking hilarious. I discovered that if I move my his dresser in front of his bed, he becomes incapable of sleeping.”

In unrelated news, Campo had to forcibly detain a student when the student refused to stop shouting and gesticulating wildly at his dresser for blocking his bed.

“It was a little freaky at first, because I started noticing everyone walking into walls repeatedly, freshmen swarming parties randomly, and sophomores expressing their opinions of least relevance,” Bert stated. “But after a while I began to play with it. For example, I made one of my close friends go running on the treadmill for a couple hours while wearing Crocs and a wool suit. I also used the game to show a freshman couple how making out can cause them to spontaneously become pregnant.”

At last report, Bert caused a mass gathering of the streaking team by deleting every fourth shower at 8 am.

Student “Accidentally” Pregames Instead of Prewriting

It’s not pretty

By Ms. Reynolds '14

I… I swear I um don’t need a uh comma there. Dept.

(The Nesbitt-Johnson Writing Center)

This past Tuesday night screams could be heard emanating from the Writing Center. A naked man stood yelling in the middle of the computer lab, clutching a bottle and what looked like a Duel Observer article. Gregory Beam ’15 recalled the scene. “He just came up and yelled at me about some post-modernist feminism joke and... Shit. I forgot what else he said. Oh well. But anyway I got, I mean Spinney gave me no help from anybody and had to be escorted out by campo, those fascists.

Then, uh, more stuff happened and uh...fuck. You know what? I did it. I showed up to the Writing Center naked and drunk and all I wanted was a little help with my article but OH NO everyone had to get on their high-ass horses and say I was “out of line.” Me? I’m the one out of line? You turned away a student in need of vocalization assistance and that’s why you’re reading THIS shit!

And yeah, maybe I’m drunk now too, but what do you care? You don’t know me! You don’t know my life! I once saw a bird fly into a car windshield and then I cried for a week! Did you know that? No you didn’t, you bunch of pricks. It’s my own goddamn business and none of you can tell me what to do!

And another, you so but not…me! And not drunk all time yeah! But words and blue thing for what and so.

Hockey Player Discovers Wonders of Vegetarian Food

Is now concerned about other people for first time

By Ms. Reynolds ’17

Behavioral Gastronomy Dept.
(Community Garden)

Everybody at Hamilton thought it was impossible for a star endorser to sustain life deprived of beef, processed cheese, and industrial levels of chocolate milk, but James Wright ’15 proved them wrong. Ever since I started eating seared tofu and Swiss chard, I’ve felt... different,” Wright said. “I don’t get the urge to punch people wearing TOMS anymore. In fact, I think totes are actually really cool.”

Wright described his conversion as life-changing and has already prepared a half-hour spoken-word performance to express his feelings about the situation. He claims that the transformation began at the Real Food Challenge, when he accidentally ate a meal intended for a vegetarian.

Upon noticing the absence of any meat, Wright had to eat a whole wheel of smoked Gouda to avoid fainting. The Rudd Health Center believes he had failed to eat the cheese, he might have suffered Sudden Cholesterol Abstinence Syndrome (SCAS), which is potentially fatal in people with a jock predisposition.

Wright did comment that after a few days of his new diet, withdrawal symptoms were evident and could not be ignored. “I woke up in the middle of the night with a cold sweat;” he said. “I couldn’t stop thinking about roast beef at one point.” At his most desperate, Wright even considered buying black market bacon grease from Canadian fat dealers, but after consultation with his yoga group, decided against it. Instead, food replacement therapy involving intravenously administered fair-trade tea while listening to Maya Angelou’s poetry, helped him overcome the worst symptoms.

Beyond preferring McEwen to Commons or becoming conscious about third-world debt, Wright has seen a marked increase in his athletic ability. “Maybe it was understanding what’s it’s made from ingredients!

In this issue: If you got it, font it

At Long Last, Joanie Turns into a Giant Croissant

See “Pat Reynolds calls it the Cronie,” pg. 81.

A Word from Our Sponsors

Keystone Light

It’s made from ingredients!
Sick of all these goddamned emails?

Tired of random foot and text size changes giving you a seizure first thing in the morning?

Read enough targeted, rhetorical questions reminiscent of bank loan infomercials, only inescapable and less relevant to your post-grad life?

Then come check out Disconnect! We’re Hamilton’s only Anti-Email club, dedicated to opposing the tyranny of mass, catchall emails that KILL A LITTLE PIECE OF YOUR SOUL each time you check your mail!

Join us this Monday at the ass-crack of dawn on the Martin’s Way Bridge (We’ll have Cider Mill donuts!)

On the agenda:

1) Host an initiative, ceremonial chucking-off-the-bridge of our laptops and iPhones
2) Steal a language table’s breakfast spot and devise cruel and unusual punishments for those people whose names keep showing up in our inboxes
3) Implement said punishments
4) Sweet, sweet silence

Join Disconnect!

Yeah!

Hooray!

READ THIS, TOO!! We’re also taking volunteers for our Top Secret mission to shut down the email servers once and for all! But sign up ASAP! We can only take 10 people, and the slots go fast!

Have questions? Email me at bkowalsk@hamilton.edu, and you’ll be going off the bridge after the computers!

Friday Five:

Sure-fire Advice for Acing Midterms

By Ms. Wilson ’14

5. Sleep with your textbook as a pillow: Skip reading the textbook—simply dream about it. Think about how much knowledge you can absorb by putting your cranium right against the pages of the supply and demand functions. Use those extra hours you should have wasted invested reading by doing the recreational activities that college is truly meant for, i.e. shotgunning Old Milwaukee in the Milbank showers and having sex on the third floor of the library. (Gotta use the library for something constructive.)

4. Offer sexual favors to your professor:

People are always saying, “go all the way for an A.” Show your professor how “go all the way for an A.” People are always saying, “go all the way for an A.”

Hold a ritual fire a week prior to the exam:

Pray to the gods of Eternal Knowledge and Photographic Memory. Host a giant bonfire by lighting all of your notes on fire in front of the chapel as the majestic Alexander Hamilton statue looks on. Don’t worry about the fact that your notes are now incinerated—they were never useful anyways. Steal Bechly’s.

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2. Drink a playing game during the review session:

Everyone knows drunk studying-fun studying. Bring a water bottle filled with Svedka (Mr. Boston for the economical drinker) to the review session. Drink every time the professor says, “This will be on the exam.” Take a shot whenever that annoying dude who sits in the front row asks a question. Get so drunk that you actually start participating—do this by asking educated questions or by shouting “LIAR” at the professor and throwing your pencil across the room.

1. Don’t show up for the exam: If you don’t show up, you can’t get any questions wrong, right? If you want to play it safe though, show up and light your exam on fire using the lighter from #3. Your professor obviously knows you had all the correct answers, and she cannot penalize you just because she is unable to read them.

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