October 5, 2010

Oh, By the Way, We’re The Duel Observer
(There are advantages to going in and out...)

Students Boycott Registration Over Lack of “Relevant” Courses
Also in this article: fewer philosophy jokes than you might expect

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

Premature Mid-Life Crisis Dept.
(BLVD. OF BROKEN DREAMS) Up-and-coming campus group, “Students for a Realistic Curriculum,” have pledged to boycott the upcoming registration session in protest of the lack of courses relevant to the harsh reality of the new world. “The course catalogue is full of courses on literature and history and science,” Pete Hindelman ’12, the group’s leader, said. “Where are the practical courses about things that really matter—things like functioning in society as a closet gay/lesbian person who works at a paper company?”

On Wednesday, Professor Ewan Oates put forth a comprehensive plan for a new Mediocrity major to address these issues. Upon further inspection, however, it became apparent that Professor Oates was actually a hobo from Clinton who wandered in and accepted the job. “I need to take a class,” he began, “I want to accept that I will never be an astronaut, that if I had the potential in me to be a rock star I would have found it long ago, and that my acceptance letter from Hogwarts has not been lost in the mail for the last nine years.”

In response to these criticisms of the course catalogue, college spokes-person John Nitterman Jr. said, “Listen, assholes, you knew what you were getting yourselves into when you enrolled. If you wanted to learn things with practical applications, why the hell did you come to a liberal arts school in the middle of nowhere?”

Premiere of Slaughter City Causes Student Population to Become Vegetarians
This is not a shameless plug... “WINK”

By Ms. Tomkin ’12

Theater Dept. (literally) (THAT BUILDING NEXT TO ELLS) Last night’s premiere of the fall production, Slaughter City, has led all of the audience members present to declare their hatred of “all things porky, including fat chicks.”

“The play really made me, man,” Ernest Flem- ingway ’11 commented. “It was all like ‘unions are cool’ and ‘strike against the man’ and ‘sexual ten- dency of slaughterhouse workers and their working condi-tions in a way that is original, creative, and totally badass.”

“…the play would be about serial killers and zombies and ‘I was incredibly moved by the open discussion of sexism and racism and pyromania in the plot,” Anna-beth Spock ’12 tearfully whispered. “And the Sausage Men were obviously a metaphor for penises. After seeing this show, I’m close with both meat and the possibility of ever getting laid on this campus ever again.”

Meanwhile, other students were not as pleased with the production. “After seeing the title and the posters, I thought that the play would be about serial killers and zombies and dudes dressed as cows!” a disgruntled Michael Hock ’14 grumbled. “I didn’t believe I started drinking two whole hours later than I normally would on a weekend night just to watch the hipsters in the audience jizz them-selves over the symbolism of a girl mooing.”

Pro-meat student groups, such as People for Eating Tasty Animals (PETA) and the Streaking Team, are planning to protest upcoming performances of the show in the hopes of restoring the love of meat everywhere. “We encourage anyone that has ever enjoyed a meal at the Diner to step back and think for a sec- ond,” Manny Sarnwich ’11 argued. “Think about all those fucking chicken wings you probably ate when you were mad high. Think about stuffing a bacon egg and cheese into your face when you’re drunk on the weekend. This play does not support our unhealthy lifestyle choices!”

Nevertheless, those involved with the production greatly encourage their peers to come along. “Of course you should come see it!” Sam Pekke-boo ’13 shrieked. “There’s a ton of crazy shit—singing and fire and stripping and more fire and ghosts and MORE FIRE. It’s gonna be awesome!”

In this issue: the DeGrassi of humor publications

Words of Wisdom with Madeleine Albright

Madeleine Albright wants you to try to connect her to Aretha Franklin. Go for it, Joanie!

IM Volleyball Still Not Cool

See “in fact, hotter than ever,” pg. trying really hard not to make a gay/scientology joke
As a student who has recently taken advantage of the new gender-neutral housing policy at Hamilton, I firmly urge the Administration to reconsider its position. The levels of survival and misery involved in living with Peter "Flashdance" Kragen '13 are beyond anything I have experienced at Hamilton so far. Not only does he own every known brand of beer and consume it at an alarming rate, but he also seems to have an unquenchable thirst for women, and it's not just the kind you catch at parties. His piercing eyes follow any female he sees, and his cold, catalogue-style comments about their appearance are enough to make even the most sanguine woman wince. I have frequently found myself wishing I had a second head to look away from his unceasing gaze.

Furthermore, his semi-regular visits to the campus' only launderette are not only disruptive but also pose a significant risk to public health. His laundry, which he claims to wash only once a month, emits a foul stench that lingers long after his departure. It's not just the smell that's令人 repelled; the sight of his clothes, hanging there like a Wardrobe of Misery, is enough to make one question the very purpose of the launderette.

If you're like me and you watch TV all day because you take easy classes and don't have any friends, you've surely noticed that Channel 55 has been frozen for the next 6-8 days.

For a policy that lists housing choices "regardless of gender and/or expression," Mr. Kragen can seem to "express" his underlying lust of C-Grades and quite frankly obsessive interest in Missy's 40+ kilo biceps. Lastly, if it's per fun ever crosses into my pillowcase again, I swear to God I will wire it in next, cook fun up parties out on the Minor Field fire pit, and serve 'em up real nice for dinner.

Sincerely,
Laura Connor '13

The Duel Observer

THE DUEL OBSERVER

by Ms. Jastrzembski '14

Oops, Your Pot Contained Sedatives
Ingredients:
1 tsp. quaaludes (crushed)
1 bowl
1 gm. weed
1 sketchy purveyor
plenty of "sauce"

To begin, combine gullibility with one or more freshmen in possession of cash and a desire to "get a taste of the real college experience," aka. acid. Next, arrange for the appropriate exchange of goods. Although not requisite, gross overpricing will usually guarantee satisfactory results. Next, get the fuck out of that oven before shit gets too hot. Occasionally, results may be counterproductive if said froshes are also in possession of knives and/or other friends who are taller/stronger than you.

Oops, You Streaked Root Day-Care Center Ingredients:
1 streaking team
1 cup positive self body image
32 oz. miscommunication
a handful ofuddled coordinates
approx. 16 handles Grey Goose (to ensure the feeling of being "loose")

For best results, begin by letting team mate in on your plan five minutes before the root day begins. After team is thoroughly coated, throw in your miscommu- nication, mixing well so as to ensure all ingredients are fully integrated. To garnish, sprinkle lightly with middled coordinates. Let loose and enjoy!

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