

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

OCTOBER 30, 2009



Welcome Parents! (Please watch for corpses and don't breathe)



FIRST MAPPING EXPEDITION RETURNS FROM CLINTON

Members observed Townies in their natural habitat

By Ms. Adams '12

HERE BE DRAGONS DEPT.

(HANNAFORD) A group of student explorers, long since left for dead, returned this weekend from the off-campus backlands known as "Clinton." The expedition departed Hamilton's campus last spring as part of an effort to explore and chart the treacherous landscape of Oneida County.

"When the group didn't return we all thought they had been lost to the wilds," Sandra Olson '11 said. "But it turns out they spent the summer stuffing their faces with sesame chicken at China Sea."



Students pray after finally arriving at Nice N Easy

before finding a local trading post called CVS. They had marvelous deals on medicines, along with a copy of *Saved!* on sale for 5 bucks. What a bargain!"

Indeed, expedition members reported a strange and dangerous landscape in the areas surrounding the Hamilton campus. "We almost went the way of the Donner party," Will Henderson '12 recalled, "until we arrived at the Village Tavern, starving and shivering, and were revived by the golden nectar within."

The group even encountered some friendly natives. "We observed locals engaging in strange customs," Dan Gibson '12 said, "like cooking their own meals and not engaging in regular cycles of binge drinking and awkward hook-ups. Truly, Clintonites are a noble and simple people."

Many expedition members agreed.

"The locals we ran across appear to be harmless, but wild," the diary of expedition captain John Fitzsimmons '10 reads. "They refer in their native tongue to a mythical place from whence apple cider flows and doughnuts abound, but we have yet to stumble upon such wonders."

Regardless, the journey seems to have been a harrowing one. "It was tough out there," expedition member Jeremy McGraw '10 revealed. "We lost a lot of good men

FUTURE OF LIBERAL ARTS PANEL BLOODLESS, UNEXCITING Aaron Burr Institute and Intolerance for Tolerance Coalition wage war for the soul of Hamilton College using their words...lame

By Mr. Sinton '13

BORINGNESS OF REALITY DEPT.

(BUNKER HILL) On Monday a verbally violent and purely academic battle was fought under the entirely too-numerous fluorescent lights of the Kennedy Auditorium. This is one of the few surviving accounts of what transpired that fateful evening.

In one corner sat the Aaron Burr Institute's hired mercenaries, clad in business suits stained with the blood of third-world sweatshop labor, clinging tightly to their traditions and prepared to slay the invading radicals with their sharpened, time-worn Western Tradition.

In the other corner was the wild haired leftists of the Intolerance for Tolerance Coalition. They were armed to the death with -isms and holding a quiver full of identities with which they planned to slay "The Man."



The balding, verbose Professor B. Lowe Harde kicked off the collegiate gladiator fight with a stirring and spit-filled tirade that did everything but tell the now damp students to "get off my lawn!" Immediately a round of questioning the question, hedging their criticism and trotting out of definitions shook the very foundations of the lecture hall. The ABI's strategy, dubbed "Talk and Awe" by its Bush-obsessed WASPs, seemed to work. Numerous mechanical pencils ran out of lead and many of its enemies were lulled to sleep.

The Question-Answer period, where the argument was expected to come to blows, proved to be little more than a cocktease to the blood-thirsty students who eagerly watched the panel. Although ranty and inarticulate, none of the protesting students turned into a super-saiyan, discharged a firearm or summoned the Balrog.

Amy Silvercrist '10 loudly complained outside of the lecture, "I feel gipped. I came here for some WWE smackdown, not a C-SPAN style discussion of diversity quotas and intellectual pluralism." Asked how these sorts of panels could be made better, she replied succinctly "More Blood, Less Bald."

REPLICA, PARENT-FRIENDLY CAMPUS FOUND IN ROGERS GLEN

I dropped the f-bomb in this article, sorry Mom and Dad

By Mr. Charman '13

LEGITAMACY DEPT.

(DA GLEN) Two Farm party refugees uncovered confidential plans regarding the construction of a Potemkin campus in the Glen early Sunday morning. They initially did not remember the discovery, but luckily someone put the pictures up on Facebook.

Bob Stringer '11, who found the new campus, recalled the fateful evening. "So my buddy and I had been at the Farm Party when we decided that we needed to give this hunting stuff a try. The last thing I remember was jogging through the woods and hitting a chain link construction fence."

The less hungover of the two, Dylan Watkins



Maybe we wouldn't be such animals if we were drinking better beer

'12 added, "We had run into what appeared to be the normal campus, but something was off. For one, the ground was littered with towering pyramids of Blue Moon bottles instead of the usual smattering of crushed Keystone Light cans. We then walked through the new South, and the puke was in the toilets not the sinks. I had to make our findings known."

Outraged students stormed the office hours of President Stewart demanding an explanation. The mob, however, was silenced when they were told that the construction plans were covered in multiple 'Student Assembly Minutes' emails.

Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer explained, "We could portray Hamilton honestly, but we need to keep up with the bullshit other colleges provide. Bates tells their prospies that they breed unicorns, while Williams says the trees on their campus literally grow money."

When questioned about the logic of recreating the campus, Spokesperson John Nitterman was quoted at Don's Roc, seven Rum and Cokes later, as slurring: "What the fuck would you rather have us do? We could either try and tame you shit slinging monkeys or spend millions of dollars making another, more parent-friendly campus. We chose the easier of the two."

HAMPOLL: WHAT AWKWARD CONVERSATION WILL YOU HAVE WITH YOUR PARENTS THIS WEEKEND?

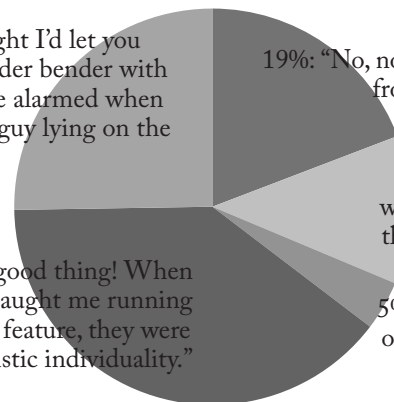
25%: "Hey Mom...um, thought I'd let you know that I got into a little fender bender with your car last night. Just don't be alarmed when you see the dents and the dead guy lying on the windshield."

39%: "No Dad, points are a good thing! When they called you saying they caught me running naked through the KJ water feature, they were informing you about my artistic individuality."

19%: "No, no, the handcuffs are for him. I learned from the best, Mom." (Girls)

12%: "What Rocky Horror party? Me, women's clothing? What are you saying? I think that long drive got to you..." (Guys)

5%: "This is my friend Brad. He's staying over tonight... in my bed... naked... for sex." (Guys and Girls)



ILLNESS FORECAST

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Coughing



84% probability of getting sympathy back rubs

SATURDAY NIGHT

Fever



High chance of hallucinations of being attacked by paintings

SUNDAY MORNING

Vomiting



34 minutes wasted by EMTs asking about alcohol intake



HOWARD AND PHYLLIS ARMOUR ('70)

By Mr. Robinson '12

Age: 61 (both).

Sport: Beirut (Hardcore).

Hometown: Boston, MA.

Throws: Bounce, because it embarrasses their son.

Personal hero: Clint Eastwood.

Years Competing: Longer than you've been alive.

Claim to fame: Once won twenty straight games in a single night.

Most Embarrassing Sports Moment: Phyllis once knocked over two cups trying to play defense on a dangerously quick bounce shot. They almost divorced.

Explanation for Excellence: Years of practice. Years.

Hobbies: Knitting, leisurely dog walking, having full-time jobs.

Next Match: Next parents' weekend.

Personal Quote: "I paid for this building, bitch!"



FRIDAY FIVE: EPIC STORY LINES IN THE PHILLIES/YANKEES WORLD SERIES

By Mr. Yarnell '10

- Game 1 features last year's Cy Young award winner versus one of this year's Cy Young candidates. It will be a hell of a duel, to be sure. The only questions left are will Cliff Lee expend all of his energy running to and from the mound and will CC Sabathia last at least six innings before attempting to literally eat smaller batters alive.
- As usual, the fine citizens of New Jersey must choose allegiance to either Philly or New York. The one and only thing that Philadelphians and New Yorkers agree on? New Jersey should be demolished, divided between Pennsylvania and New York, and turned into a giant beach.
- If old Cholly boy wins again, will he substitute the champagne with moonshine? If Joe Girardi wins, will he consult a binder on how to celebrate?
- Will A-Rod's boning Kate Hudson continue to help the Bronx Bombers? Word on the street is that the other Yankee wives aren't too happy about her camera time during games. Good luck charm or bad omen? *Almost Famous* or *Bride Wars*?
- While their teams play for the title in baseball, the cities' fans will vie for the title of "most obnoxious." I predict Philly fans (with pride).

GHOSTS APPEAR AT HAMILTON

By Ms. Borowitz '11

Hamilton is known to host many paranormal spirits, whose appearances have frightened generations of students. Everyone knows the most famous ghosts: the Minor Theater Nurse, the founder of AD in Eells, and the poltergeist in South that always gets confused for a belligerently drunk freshman.

However, there are some other less infamous spirits that also haunt the campus.

The Upperclassman Who Complains About Work Ghost:

A ghost in the form of a transparent senior girl wearing sweatpants and a North Face was spotted last week. She reportedly appears when students are just trying to chill out by watching *Spongebob* or screwing around on Farmville, complaining about how much work she has to do, and how she is really upset that she got a B+ on her last essay.

The Bad Pick-Up Line Ghost:

A sophomore boy who skirts around Bundy parties whispering lines like, "You gained the freshman fifteen in all the right places!" and "The word of the day is 'legs.' Wanna go back to my room and spread the word?"



On the other hand, visits from "The Cutest Fucking Ghost Ever" have been readily welcomed

The Hipster Ghosts:

The hipster ghosts pass by mediocre and mainstream students on Martins' Way and instill in them a sense of inferiority. Hipster ghosts claim they are post-modern ghouls, stating that their post-ironic edge along with their superior music taste makes them better than other ghosts.

The "It Girl" Ghosts:

A group of freshmen girls who believe that because they were the ones with the Juicy Couture track suits and hot pink limo at their senior prom, that they are naturally going to "rule this school" too. They address all female students lovingly as "biotch." Photos have been snapped of these ghosts, and they always appear making a kissing face. They're not actually dead, but their hopes and dreams of being prom queen are.

The Swine Flu Ghost:

This ghost, strangely, did not die of swine flu, but likes to tell people that any illness they have is the H1N1 virus. Examples include making jokes about swine flu when people sneeze, ruining lunches as a result, and hanging around in the Health Center telling everyone who comes in that they have the dreaded disease, even if they're just there to get tested for syphilis.

WHAT TO WEAR THIS HALLOWEEN

By Mr. Grebey '12

Halloween is upon us once again, and while beer and sex have replaced candy, costumes are still a huge part of Halloween. Unfortunately, you won't be able to dress up like The Dark Knight's Joker or Sarah Palin this year. That's so 2008. Instead, here are some costumes that can work...and several that can't.

Hobo: The classic vagabond of the American northwest is a very cheap and easy costume to wear. Simply throw on a mishmash of dirty and ill-fitting clothes. In other words, dress like hipsters do the other 364 days of the year.

Ghostface (from *Scream*): Every year someone wears this mask. They should stop. It's not 1996 anymore. Plus, after the very lukewarm reception of Ghostface Killah's concert last year, do you really want to choose that as your costume?

Phallic Object: Dressing up as a giant banana, giant hot dog, or even just a giant penis is always a hit. It's just hilarious, and you're in no way compensating for something.

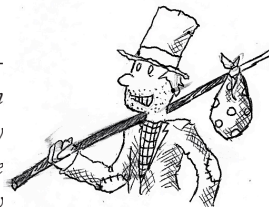
Frankenstein: You know that Frankenstein was the doctor's name and not the monster, right? The monster is simply known as the creature. Get it right. Jeez.

Pretentious Douchebag: Just go around telling people that Frankenstein was the doctor and not the monster. You'll make tons of friends.

Slut: Mean Girls had it right. Halloween is when people dress up like sluts. You can't go wrong with revealing lingerie and some semblance of a theme, like a sexy nurse, sexy cat, or sexy prostitute. As an added bonus, Halloween is the only time of the year left when you can be a 'ho without SJL running you out of town.

Michael Jackson: Too soon man, too soon.

Joanie: Leubsy's got dibs.



CHINA SEA® REJECTED FORTUNES

By Ms. Tomkin '12

"A successful student pretends to listen to her parents. An even more successful student doesn't show her Dad Facebook pictures of her in her Playboy Bunny costume dancing with several TDX bros at a Bundy party."

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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