

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XV, ISSUE IV

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 5, 2010

Now With 200% More Labor Union Jokes (Does this headline make it 300%?)

ANNEX FIRE ENDS IN TRAGEDY

Why do I get stuck with all the articles about buildings burning down?
By Ms. Tomkin '12

THE WAHHH-MBULANCE DEPT.

(CAMPUS EYESORE) Yet another avoidable tragedy involving fire and frat bros struck campus last Thursday night when a raging fire destroyed the Annex. The Administration believes that the fire was started by townies jealous of the free shit-beer the TDX bros were supplying.

“Hamilton College annexed this land from the townies in 1812,” an anonymous old guy that appeared from behind the burned-down building after the fire said. “Hence why it’s called ‘the Annex’. But we’ve taken back our territory! Free beer forever!”

The man then escaped on a conveniently located Razor scooter, cackling maniacally. The mass casualties have been attributed to inability to hear the fire alarm as well as general apathy for survival.

“Everyone was singing along to ‘Bad Romance,’” Lizzy Skittles ’11, a survivor of the incident, tearfully described. “We were too busy chanting ‘Ra-Ra-ah-ah-ah, Roma Roma-ma, GaGa Oh-la-la’ to hear the fire alarm. We just assumed someone turned on a strobe light.”

She added, “Although I’ll admit, those lyrics really speak to me.” Other students, meanwhile, claimed that they heard the fire alarm go off but chose not to leave.

“I waited on that fucking beer line for a half hour,” Mike Hockwinze ’10 angrily said. “No way was I leaving. But seriously, if it takes me longer to get beer than it does for me to finish masturbating when I return home alone to my room after the party, then someone failed somewhere. And I mean someone other than me.”

Parents have also expressed outrage at the Administration’s lack of preparedness for this type of situation.

“Why the hell was my kid drinking on a Thursday night?!” asked K.J. Redpit P’13. “If I’m paying \$50,000 dollars a year, they should at least be doing higher quality drugs in their spare time. You know, like heroin. Jeez.”

JERSEY SHORE: HAMILTON Bookstore stocks up on hair gel and tan-in-a-can By Ms. O’Brien ’13

SO BAD IT’S GOOD DEPT.

(CAMPUS PO NIGHTMARES) Jersey Shore parties at Hamilton will soon take on a whole new meaning, as MTV recently decided to film the second season of its fist-pumping mayhem marathon here on the Hill.

“The Roots and Bristols are so passé,” Gina Ross ’13 added. “The Situation, Sammi “Sweetheart”, J-WOWW...imagine taking class in J-WOWW Hall or checking out a book from The Situation-brary.”

The cast of self-proclaimed guidos and guidettes

will remain the same, although show executives are looking to fill the vacancy left by Angela, who couldn’t make it through the first season of trashy cat fights and rampant pink eye.



DIK pledge, potential castmember Tony “The Scenario” D’Maggi ’13

Several students have since volunteered to take on the role.

“I could totally become the next Jersey Shore house member,” Benjamin (“Jammin”) Fried ’12 said. “Look at the diameter on these bulging biceps. And

you could pierce small mammals with my gelled hair.”

“OMG I love Jersey Shore!” Maggie Hunt ’10 said. “I would love to be on that show. Wait, that’s the one with the pregnant American teenager who has to ward off gymnasts with nothing but her wit and a Samurai sword, right?”

Regardless of the chosen replacement, the cast will live in ELS, which is rapidly being transformed into an Italian-American Dream World.

“Somehow I stumbled into the ELS construction zone Friday night and found myself in a fantasy of tanning beds, golden bins of Heineken, dumbbells, and a boxing ring,” Antonio Pallizi ’12 said. “I later found out I was actually in Dean Urgo’s summer apartment.”

EVIL STUDENT ASSEMBLY BEING GENERALLY TYRANNICAL, MEANIE PIES

Latest victims? Valiant, underdog korfball team
By Mr. Sinton ’13

AGITPROP DEPT.

(BUTTRICK) In a stunning show of evil callousness, the Student Assembly has once again removed the velvet glove of club patronage and used its iron fist to crush the dreams of Hamilton students. Then for good measure, it removed its velvet boots and kicked the shit out of their friends with its iron socks.

Last week, when the Assembly noted in its minutes that Korfball, kind of/almost/not really the college pas-time, had been denied thousands of dollars in funding to take a trip to Belgium to compete in the Korfball Olympics, a couple of students were outraged.

Self-styled revolutionary Gina DaMico ’10 fumed, “I was ready to toss my coin-purse at my class representatives—but I didn’t know who they were.”

Students have frequently criticized the Student Assembly members they elected for their decisions.

In the words of Genny Briar ’12, “They’re a super-commie, ultra-fascist, labyrinthine system of committees, elections and votes that perpetuates patriarchy and contributed significantly to the death of my puppy!”

The KorfClub decision was the last straw for those whom it directly affected. “You know, it’s the national sport of Belgium, so if you think about it, this is a racist decision,” Scott S. Mann ’13, who claims to have Wikipedia’d the sport, seethed. “What do they have against waffles and getting crushed by the Germans?”

“Why won’t those wieners let us play with our balls in peace, with \$4000 of their dollars?” KorfClub Communications Director Jimmy John ’11 sobbed. “Those tin-pot despots are being ridiculous. I don’t like their sass.”

In response, Student Assembly Press Secretary John Nitterman Jr. ’10 explained, “We think whatever you’re talking about is a great opportunity for our kickball team, but we’ve chosen the responsible route and passed the buck.”

When it was clarified that the question was about korfball, not kickball, the representative cackled, “Oh, sorry, I misheard you. Yeah, fuck them. More money for Model African Union!”



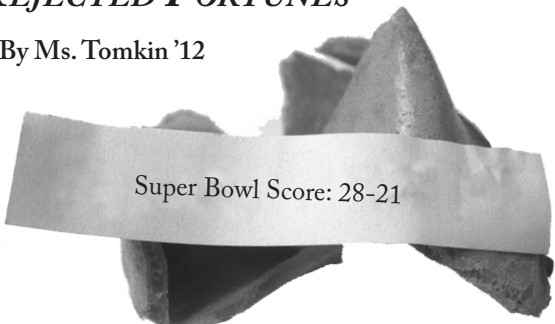
“This is for the ice rink, not you.”

BAD WEEK FORECAST	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY
	Bad Paper Grade	Argument with Parents	Drunken Foolishness
	“The Nazis in Anne Frank’s diary were not metaphorical—they were just Nazis”	71% probability of needing more whiskey money	48% chance of waking up naked, smelling like Keystone/soup

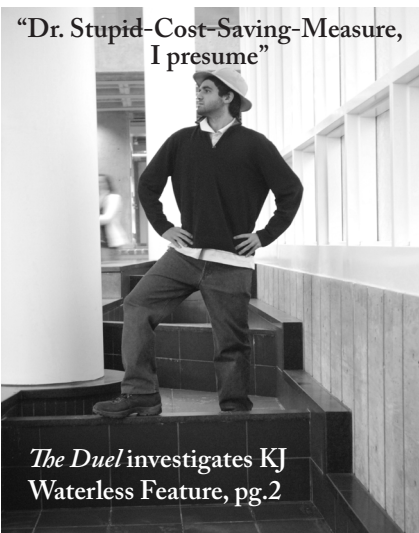
In this issue: things about stuff

CHINA SEA[®] REJECTED FORTUNES

By Ms. Tomkin ’12



Super Bowl Score: 28-21



“Dr. Stupid—Cost-Saving-Measure, I presume”

The Duel investigates KJ Waterless Feature, pg.2



OUTSIDE-THE-BUBBLE NEWS: THE U. S. OF AWESOME

Baltimore, Maryland

President Obama joined House Republicans for an annual retreat in Baltimore. Here, Republicans made two mistakes. The first was holding their “retreat” in the city that gave us *The Wire*. The second was inviting President Obama, who according to most critics made the GOP look “whinier than Holden Caulfield.”

Scottsdale, Arizona

President Obama decided to freeze all government spending, except on Arizona’s new outdoor ice rink and the fleet of helicopters keeping it frozen.

The Pentagon

The military is considering repealing the controversial “Don’t Ask Don’t Tell” policy because Army Chief of Staff George Casey watched a few episodes of *Will & Grace* and thought Jack would be perfect for Army Intelligence.

San Diego, California

Apple’s iPad was announced to mixed reviews. Reviewers have expressed concerns that new device’s name sucks, that it still doesn’t support Flash, and it’s basically just a big iTouch. In a public appearance responding to the criticism, Steve Jobs replied with two middle fingers and a crotch-grab.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

Pretoria, South Africa

President Jacob Zuma celebrated the birth of his twentieth child, which he fathered with the daughter of a 2010 World Cup executive, making him twenty times the man John Edwards will ever be.



Paris, France

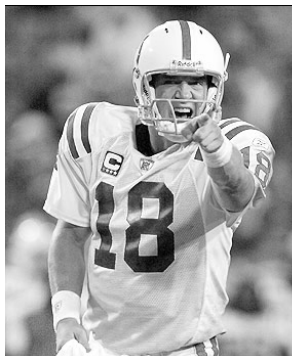
A man was denied his request for French citizenship this week because his wife wore a burqa, officially transforming President Nicolas Sarkozy into your racist drunk uncle with the hot wife ranting about “dem damn Muslims” at Thanksgiving.

By Mr. Robinson ’12 and Mr. Sinton ’13

RAMBLE-TO-THE-EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I belong to a group of mythical creatures known as “Female NFL fans”—and not one of those “watch the game because the Chargers uniforms are pretty and I need an excuse to get drunk on a Sunday afternoon” fan, but a real “rough ’em up, fuck ’em up” fan.



Kristin, you need a new Manning in your life!

because he needs to “do work.” I used to wonder what kind of sad, soulless creature didn’t watch the Super Bowl and apparently I’m dating one. What work could he possibly have that’s more important than the biggest football game of the year? A research paper? A vagina extension?

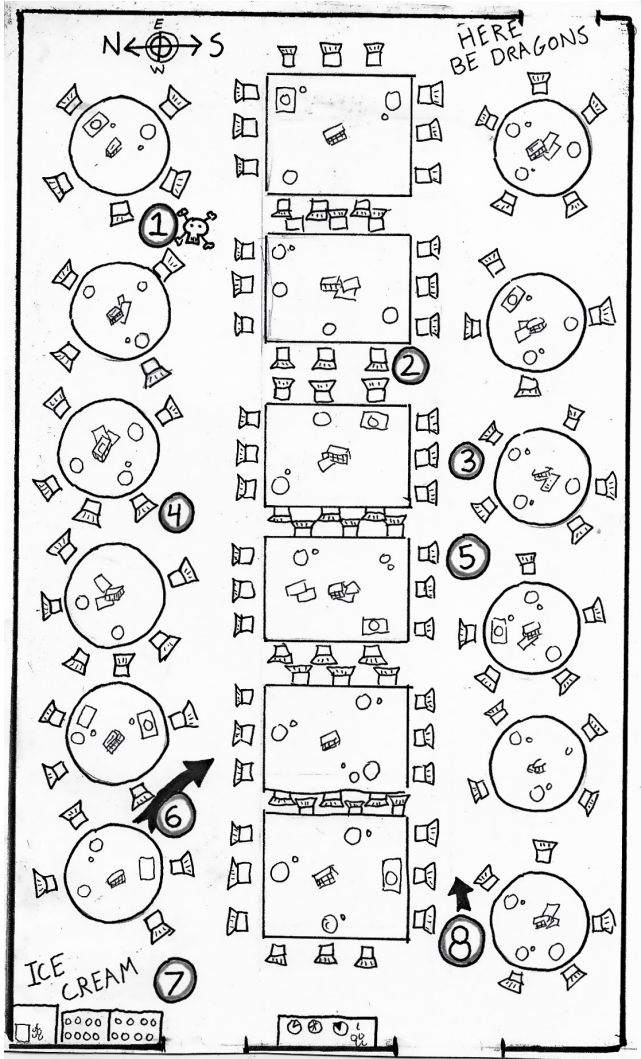
I’ve put up with his wimpy shit before—the *High School Musical* phase was a particularly rough patch—but seriously...what the fuck, man? My father keeps calling me, asking if I’ve broken up with my “pussy-ass” boyfriend yet. I mean, I don’t even know what to say to that.

I should probably break up with him, but I’d rather not have to venture down to Bundy for my monthly sex fix. I’m thinking a simple “Sit down, shut up and laugh at the funny commercials” demand should suffice, but if it doesn’t, I’m willing to put my bitch-slapping skills to the test. Mine pimp hand is strong.

Sincerely,

Kristin Roxbury ’12

Edited by Mr. Hess ’13



COMMONS TABLE TURF BATTLES

A recent *Spectator* editorial accurately pointed out issues with Commons table spaces during meals. Here is a guide for navigating the complex Commons ecosystem.

1. Awkward Freshmen Year Hook-Ups vs. Awkward Junior Year Hook-Ups
2. Two Girls Taking Up Entire Table vs. Track Team
3. Jimmy Hoffa
4. German Table annexes French Table
5. Frat Pledges vs. Dignity
6. (8:58 AM) Charge of the Late Brigade
7. Freshman Girls vs. Self-Control
8. The Infamous “Oh shit, I don’t see anyone I know” Retreat

By Mr. Grebey ’12, Mr. Zappala ’12,
Mr. Sinton ’13, and Mr. Leubsdorf ’10
Drawing by Mr. Grebey ’12

Comments?
Complaints?
Recipes?

Email duel@hamilton.edu
Or find us on the interweb!
<http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/>

THE SEARCH FOR THE KJ WATER FEATURE

By Ms. Riemer-Peltz ’12

Upon returning to campus, students were immediately confronted with emptiness and confusion: the KJ Water Feature had been drained. Without the soft lull of the watery crash, voices carry much easier, making it hard to tune out the mindless jabber that so often debilitates students. Here are some general hypotheses on the location of the missing water:

- Student Activities wanted to put the water to a more pragmatic use and transferred it to the outdoor skating rink.

- Poseidon, God of the Seas, directed his wrath upon the undeserving Hamilton students who have yet to learn the worth of flowing water. He summoned the waters away from the feature, never to return. Either that or his son, the recent prospee Percy Jackson of the Olympians, got really wasted and used to water to make a girl’s white t-shirt REALLY wet.

- It was at the top of too many people’s “places on campus to bone” list and consequently took on a murky disposition with the addition of various bodily fluids.

- Government Department professors redirected the water flow to their secret underground



Percy Jackson, brooding Twilight vampire edition



Turkish baths, a location for debauchery, drug use, and discussions on the influence of neo-patrimonial norms on local governance in Malawi.

- The swooshing whir of the water was a constant reminder of the Administration’s poor financial decisions. They realized they needed the money for shit that was actually important.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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