

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XVI, ISSUE X “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” NOVEMBER 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 nature of the real 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 alcoholic or surrendering your dreams to the entrapment of a loveless marriage and an unwanted pregnancy or crying yourself to sleep in your one-room apartment as you realize you will never amount to anything beyond middle management at a paper company?”

“I don't need to know about the metaphysics of ethical-realist-neomodernist thought,” Bryce Schmidt '13 added. “I need to take a class on learning 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.”

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 up the hill and started teaching classes without anyone noticing the difference.

In response to these criticisms of the course catalogue, college spokesperson 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 EELLS) 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 moved me, man,” Ernest Flemingway '11 commented. “It was all like ‘unions are awesome’ and ‘strike against the man’ and ‘sexual tension can be resolved by waltzing with cow carcasses!’”

The play, written by Naomi Wallace, exposes the harsh lifestyle of slaughterhouse workers and their working conditions in a way that is original, creative, and totally badass.

“I was incredibly moved by the open discussion of sexism and racism and pyromania in the plot,” Annabeth Spock '12 tearfully whispered. “And the Sausage Men were obviously a metaphor for penises. After seeing this show, I'm swearing off 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 can'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 themselves over the symbolism of a guy mooing.”

BRILLIANT SADOVE CENTER PERFORMANCE ART MISCONSTRUED BY ADMINISTRATION

Misunderstood artists don't understand why no one understands them

By Mr. Sinton '13

NO POSTERS FOR YOU DEPT.

(BETWEEN THE CHEEKS) A great blow was once again struck against Hamilton's incredibly small, like-really-you-can-count-them-on-one-hand “artistic community” when the evil, Sauronic Administration demolished an art installation erected on the third floor of the new ELS building.

The administration alleged that pouring out all the bottles of paint, stealing the Barrels O' Monkeys and leaving gallons of rotten milk under the chairs was “a total dick move” and “performed by infantile assholes probably drunk off their asses in an attempt to deal with emotional alienation and compounded parental neglect.” The artists didn't disagree but claimed their “art” was “art.”

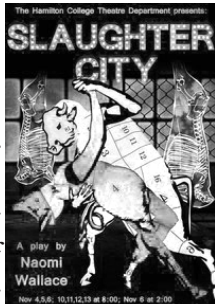
“No one stopped Jackson Pollack from getting belligerent and doing asshole things. Is wanting my undiagnosed mental illness treated like a gift really too much to ask?” Jacques Jackson '12 asked.

Other assholes artists who participated in the ~~douchery~~ installation had more political motivations for their ~~mindless destruction~~ art.

“I had to take a brave stand against the overpriced smoothies in this late-capitalist behemoth that could more aptly be called the Sadist Center, and when the personal is the political, then my actions are my art,” bemohawked activist Che-ster MacArt-thur '11 polemicd. “When I shotgun and then vomit all over your girlfriend: art. When I piss on the side of your dorm: art. When I torture myself by reading the *Green Apple*: art.”

Other participants in the ~~drunken romp~~ boundary pushing avante-gardeism took the universally negative reaction to their irresponsible idiocy in stride. “I think if we were assholes who expected everyone to understand our aggressive humor, we'd be “Thumbs Up, Thumbs Down”....BAZINGA!” a probably high Ollie O. Li-Oxenfree '13 giggled.

Student reaction was universally condemnatory. “Who would steal all the barrels of monkeys?” Scott Hajj '14 wondered. “There are some sick people on this campus.”



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 second,” Manny Sanwitch '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 weekends on campus. 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 Peekaboo '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



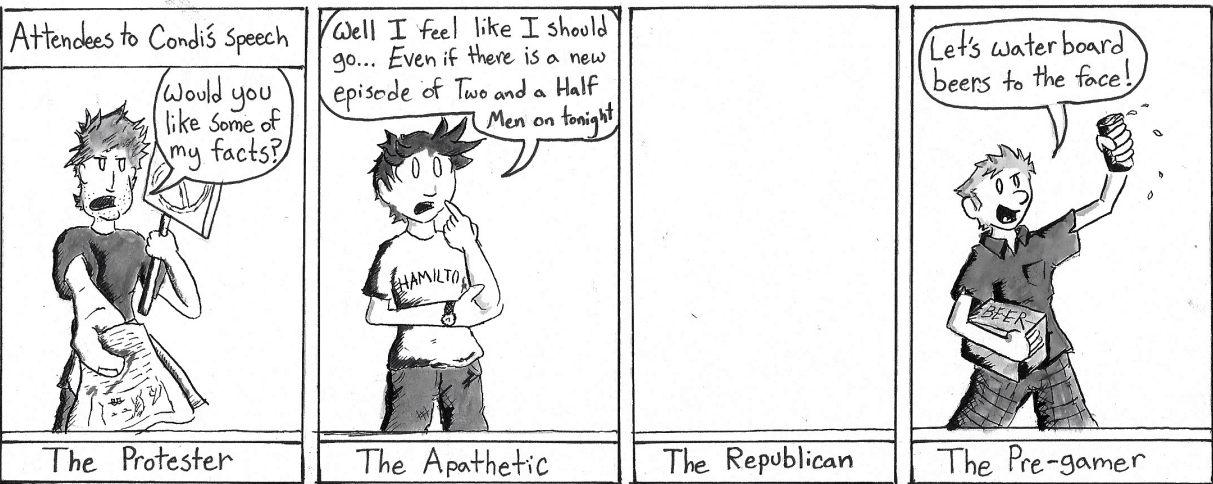
Madeleine Albright wants you to try to connect her to Aretha Franklin. Go for it, Joanie!

IM VOLLEYBALL STILL NOT COOL



See “in fact, hotter than ever,” pg. trying really hard not to make a gay/scientology joke

TEEN ROMANCE FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	<p>Love at Frst Sight</p>  <p>“When I woke up next to you it was love at first sight...because I don't remember last night”</p>	<p>Running to the Airport</p>  <p>High probability Patriot Act prevents TSA from letting you through</p>	<p>Pregnancy Scare</p>  <p>100% chance your life just went from sitcom to <i>Teen Mom</i></p>



FACE-OFF (IN WHICH THE PARTIES ACTUALLY AGREE ON THE SUBJECT MATTER BUT ARE TOO BUSY ARGUING SEMANTICS TO REALIZE): GENDER NEUTRAL HOUSING

Moderated by Ms. Adams '12

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 suckitude and misery involved in living with Peter “Fuckface” Kragen '13 are beyond anything I have experienced at Hamilton so far. Not only is he an ESPN-addicted scumbag who smells vaguely like cooked cabbage, he has been known from time to time to leave diner “surprises” around the room for future consumption weeks later. During our semester-long cohabitation, he succeeded in doing exactly one load of laundry.

For a policy that lists housing choices “regardless of gender identity and/or expression,” all Mr. Kragen can seem to “express” is his undying love of CoD and quite frankly obsessive interest in Marissa Miller’s lopsided breasts.

Lastly, if his pet ferret ever crawls into my pillowcase again, I swear to God I will wring its little neck, cook ferret patties out on the Minor Field fire-pit, and serve ‘em up real nice for dinner.

Sincerely, Laura Connor '13

I am writing in response to the recent editorial by Laura Connor '13 on the subject of gender-neutral housing. Ms. Connor’s letter is riddled with inaccuracies, blatant *ad hominem* attacks and a decidedly erroneous description of Marissa Miller’s bosom.

Furthermore, while Ms. Connor implies that the aforementioned laundry was washed only once during the semester, it is clear to all parties involved that the perpetrator, mainly, me, fully intended to complete the task on multiple occasions. A cost-benefit analysis was conducted, and when it became apparent that the amount of effort exerted in the process would far outweigh any and all benefits associated with clean boxer-briefs, said perpetrator elected to smoke a shit-ton of weed instead. Said perpetrator is pleased with his decision.

I also take issue with Ms. Connor’s characterization of the residential experience as consisting in a state of “suckitude”. I find a far more apt description to be a “perpetual and excruciating ass-reaming that makes Chinese water-torture seem positively delightful.”

Ms. Connor should not flatter herself that Mr. Nibbles would ever want anything to do with her pillowcase. She is clearly under the mistaken impression that Mr. Nibbles’ attraction is to her and not to the frozen mice I sometimes hide in her bed for shits and giggles. I would further warn Ms. Connor that I know where she lives and have always secretly hated her weird Siamese cats.

Respectfully, Peter Kragen '13



Aww, Mr. Nibbles is a nazgul...

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: CHANNEL 55 IS PLOT BY CHINA TO TAKE OVER THE UNITED STATES

By Howie McCrackpot '11

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 on one image for the past several months. Innocuous technical error, right?

Dead fucking wrong.

The motionless Zen master with the stern look on his face is part of a plan for China to take over the United States of America, starting with Hamilton College. Starting the project in central New York is an ingenious move because the last time anybody paid attention to it was when Utica was a prosperous city and not a total shithole.

Look at him there, silently watching, observing my every move, piercing my very soul. How can a TV watch me you ask? Well, our TV’s were made in China, so they had the opportunity to put hidden cameras in them so that they can watch us at all times! This means that the Chinese spies have seen me doing some pretty foul stuff. Take that, you commie bastards.

We can’t let the Chinese steal more of our secrets. They already have an advantage over us in population, poisoned pet food production, lead-painted toys, and mass synchronized drumming.

What do we have left? Democracy? The KFC Double Down sandwich? An even male-to-female child ratio? We can’t let the Chinese take anything more from us. Well, except for maybe debt. They can have lots of that.

You can also tell it’s totally a plot to destroy us all because he’s not completely frozen. If you stare at the TV really, really, eyeball-bleedingly hard, he moves. It’s subtle, but I swear I’ve seen him breathe or blink those piercing eyes.

And I have no idea what the Chinese characters at the bottom of the screen say. I assume it’s something evil. I would ask a Chinese major to translate it for me, but as I mentioned before, I don’t have any friends.

Edited by Mr. Grebey '12

CAMPUS ILLNESSES: WHO TO AVOID FOR THE NEXT 6-8 DAYS

By Ms. Joyce '13

As you have no doubt noticed from either the sauna or freezer that is now your dorm room, the cold weather is here. With the cold traditionally come a variety of papers and presentations and their corresponding illnesses. We at *The Duel* have assembled the following list to help you fulfill your *House*-fantasy and diagnose everyone in sight.

- Common Cold**
Symptoms: runny nose, cough, headache, ten-page History paper due tomorrow
Where to contract it: anytime, anywhere, as long as you are still breathing
Treatment: hahahaha
- Hangoveritis**
Symptoms: migraine headache, nausea, regrets
Where to contract it: that unidentifiable punch, which was mixed in a trashbag but tasted like Juicy-Juice
Treatment: double bacon cheeseburger from the Diner
- Swine Flu**
Symptoms: vomiting, fever, curly-tail, sudden love of rolling in own filth
Where to contract it: farms, Mexico, Cornell
Treatment: death, being made into “sausages” and/or “bacon” for breakfast at McEwen
- Chlamydia**
Symptoms: itchy, burning grossness in your *ahem* special parts
Where to contract it: Bundy, the Annex, ELS Basement, basically anywhere you can fuck someone without actually seeing which gender they are
Treatment: ultimate walk of shame straight to the Health Center
- Rage Virus**
Symptoms: sudden inexplicable desire to kill and maim
Where to contract it: 9AM classes on Monday morning after sleeping for 28 days and waking to find the campus abandoned
Treatment: prayers, underground bunker

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

RECIPES FOR DISASTER

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, lace gram with quaaludes. Mix thoroughly as to render detection impossible until inhalation. Pre-heat, have (most likely) intoxicated subject remain in usual marijuana stupor until euphoria hits. The end product may vary, but if delirium and excessive vomiting do not occur shortly thereafter, you need to go back and up barbiturate dosage. Final results: Death/Party!

Oops, You Bought Fake Acid

- Ingredients:
- approx. 1 tbsp. tiny shredded pieces of neon paper
 - gullibility

To begin, combine gullibility with one or more freshman in possession of cash and a desire to “get a taste of the real college experience,” a.k.a. 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 of muddled coordinates
 - approx. 16 handles Gray Goose (to ensure the feeling of being “loose”)

For best results, begin by letting team marinate in positive body image and handles before 10 a.m. After team is thoroughly coated, throw in your miscommunication, mixing well so as to ensure all ingredients are fully integrated. To garnish, sprinkle lightly with muddled coordinates. Let loose and enjoy!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN
Editor-in-Chief/ Keyser Krueger
WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON
Editor-out-Chief/ Jabba the Hun
JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA
Managing Editor/ Sith Nazgul
JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY
Layout Editor/ Cruella de Terminator
ALICIA TAYLOR SPECHT
Layout Editor Emeritus/ Ursula Goldfinger
KATHERINE HELENE STILL
Photo Journalist/ Jarus 9000
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers
JAMES ATTICUS GREBEY
LESLEY ELIZABETH RYDER

Staff Writers
AMR ROUVAN MAHMUD
ANDREW LEE ROBINSON
KEVIN NATHANIEL HESS
AMANDA MARIE O'BRIEN
KATHERINE JANE ADAMS
HALEY ISADORA RIEMER-PELTZ
CRAWFORD MCKINLEY CHARMAN
JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU
COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER
KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

Contributors
ANNA ELIZABETH JASTRZEMBSKI
THE GOOGLE

Copy Editors
SARAH MCCOY BITHER
CAROLYN MARIE ANDERSON

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.