

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XVII, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 21, 2011

## BREAKING NEWS: RECYCLE MANIA KICKS OFF

(*The Duel* helps by recycling overused jokes)

### JUNIOR-JAN ALLIANCE THREATENS CAMPUS COHESION

WWIII started by loners

By Ms. Joyce '13

DEPT. FOR ONE?

(NOT ABROAD) For the few juniors too lame to go abroad this spring, this week's return to campus was a nerve-wracking experience as they realized they had lost all the friends/dining partners they had spent the past three years acquiring. They were relieved to discover a species even more pathetically alone than themselves: Jan-Admits.

Blair Williams '12 wrangled herself a Jan after putting a wanted ad in *The Daily Bull*.



“All my friends are in Europe or South America clubbing and drinking, but luckily I found this really cute Jan for me to raise in my closet. This totally makes up for the once-in-a-lifetime experience that I passed up to enjoy winter in upstate New York.”

Friendless juniors aren't the only ones benefiting from this alliance. Jans are learning the secrets of Hamilton from upperclassmen, even if they are the lamest upperclassmen around.

“They have taught me so much,” Kyle Janus '14 said. “Without them, I would have never known that Late Nites are everyone's favorite weekend activity and that its totally cool to cut in line at the Diner. We even went swimming in the KJ water feature and then played on the rock swing!”

Despite being comprised of a small number of students, the J.J.A. (not to be confused with the Justice Jews of America) is making the rest of the student body nervous. The Board Games Club has been playing only *Risk* on a specially designed board shaped like Clinton, clearly developing their survival strategy.

Art major Lisa Nang '11 explained her survival plan.

“I have started creating elaborate dummies and carrying them around with me to trick people into thinking I have more friends. So far it seems to be working. The dummies get along quite well.”

Despite these defensive measures, there are signs that the Junior-Jan Alliance may be crumbling internally.

“All they talk about is London!” Claire McSmith '12 complained. “If I wanted to hear about life in a foreign country, I would talk to my real friends.”

### HAMILTON EMERGENCY SYSTEM SPARKS RUMORS

Gossip mill not nearly as entertaining as *Gossip Girl*

By Mr. Sinton '13

TETRAHYDROTHIO...FUCK IT DEPT.

(YOUR PHONE, INBOX, VOICEMAIL, AND BODY CAVITY) The Hamilton College Emergency Communication System, set up so that school shooters will hear your phone ringing as you hide, had its first real use this Monday when 200 MILLION LITERS\* of hazardous waste were spilled in the Science Center.

This scary sounding scenario surprised students' en-

dogenous zones with eighteen hundred nigh-simultaneous sensuous vibrations, but surprised Darksiders even more by revealing that Hamilton has a Science Center.

“What's a science?!” an unidentified Opus 2 employee cried while falling to his knees.

The vague wording of the text message coupled with the fact that many sorority members and half the Rainbow Alliance identify with The Plastics in *Mean Girls* caused rumors to fly almost immediately.

“I heard that some CompLit major was doing their thesis on superhero origin stories and got carried away,” Helga Merron '12 postulated.

“Nu-uh!” Angelica Cucumbers '13 quickly interjected. “It was lovers who were tired of candle wax

### OPHIUCHUS ARRIVES ON THE HILL

Causes more chaos than Westborough Baptist Church

Mr. Charman '13

ASTROLOGY DEPT.

(OBSERVATORY) Shortly before students arrived back on campus from winter break, accredited astrologist Sybil Trelawney announced that planetary shifts have altered the sidereal zodiac system\*, adding a 13th zodiac sign: Ophiuchus.

The shift has been as problematic as the new Hamilton website.

“I have spent seven semesters prepping for med school,” Amanda Smith '11 sobbed, “but my new zodiac sign said that I need to take a less serious life direction, possibly in modern art. How the hell am I going to tell my parents that instead of being a successful doctor, I'm going to live in their garage while I drop acid and sling paint around?”

The new signs seem to have altered students' social statuses as well.

“My old sign was Leo and I feel like that described me pretty well,” bro-enthusiast Joe Miller '14 remarked. “I'm fierce when I need to be, have a beautiful mane, enjoy sleeping for fourteen hours a day, and having sex the rest of the time I'm awake—much like a male lion. So I'd gotten a Leo tattoo. Except now I'm stuck with a Leo tattoo on my back and a zodiac sign, Virgo, which literally means virgin. Does anyone see the irony in that?”

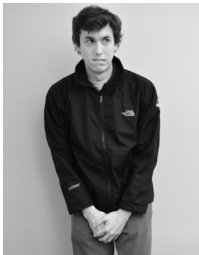
Couples also had a hard time with the shift.

“My girlfriend and I have been dating for four years,” David Martin '11 moped. “Then out of the blue, she dumped me because my zodiac sign changed and we are no longer astrologically compatible. I should have seen it coming though, because I hadn't in three months.”

Still, not all is lost for zodiac-enthusiasts.

“I've taken my new role as an Ophiuchus in a positive light,” Tommy Jones '12 admitted. “I mean, the sign is literally a man grabbing a snake. If jacking off all day is all I have to do to embrace my new identity, then I'm all for the change.”

\*Most Westerners follow the 'tropical' zodiac system, not the 'sidereal'...



Some are still adjusting to mandatory masturbation

and wanted a more atomic thrill. Third degree chemical burns? More like third degree LOVE burns.”

As the day progressed, rumors got progressively wilder and more perverse and by 3:00 p.m., most of the campus thought the incident involved Dennis Kucinich and a double-headed dildo.

“There is enough bullshit swirlin' round this incident to give a cow farm in a hurricane a run for its dinero,” opined the sentient Emergency System, which was built by Southern Methodist University.

The Utica Fire Department responded quickly and awkwardly since the Science Center wasn't actually a burning crackhouse.

\*Oops, we meant milliliters

BAD HAIRCUT FORECAST	THIS WEEK		
	THIS WEEK	NEXT WEEK	EVENTUALLY
	<b>Too Short</b> 	<b>Too Tall</b> 	<b>Just Right!</b> 
	“This haircut makes me look way too young.”	99% chance this won't help... but will make PETA mad.	High probability Headcutters won't be giving your money back.

### In this issue: pandas, SMU & dildos

#### CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS



Mama Panda: You're adopted.  
Baby Panda: Well, you're endangered.

#### THE SHORE COMES TO HAMILTON



See, “I've got email privileges, bitches!” pg. Dave Eng.



## MR. '13 By Mr. Grebey '12

### My Time Abroad in a Foreign World: Spring Semester in NYC

by William Page Benedict-Sadove III

The big city. The land of lights and magic. The city that never sleeps. Graceland. Since I was a little boy, I've dreamed of living in The Big Apple. This semester, I decided to dive straight into New York City's strange and wonderful culture; now, a whole week into the program, I can safely say that I know even more about New York than Mayor Goldstein himself.

Since I know culture shock can be a big problem, I decided to bone up on my New York history pre-flight by checking out some relevant tweets on my new iPhone 4.5. Did you know that the Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Native Americans for some shiny beads? Sick! But kinda actually sick, like, when you consider all the extermination and forced migrations. Oh, also, this is mind blowing: at the end of December every year, the entire city awkwardly stares at a big falling ball in the sky while the Jonas Brothers perform cacophonous tribal chants!

I admit, I considered living in the program-provided housing like some lame sell-out, but eventually I decided to do what the indigenous natives do and rent an apartment. \$3000 was a small price for my parents to pay for the true New York cultural experience. While my classmates are living in their sheltered little sub-bubble, I'm out every day talking to real life New Yorkers. Well, the white ones, anyway.

It wasn't always easy adapting to such a new environment. At first I struggled a little bit with the local customs. It took me several painful hours to learn the complicated sign language of the street, and even longer to get out of the hospital. And don't even get me started on those taxi drivers. I've studied English for years and I still can't understand a word they're saying.

I feel like a new man. I blast Empire State of Mind every night just like a true New Yorker. People just don't understand what it's like to be here on the streets, where the people are real. My week in the city has truly been a breath of fresh air. I've gotta say, Boston will never feel the same again.

Edited by Mr. Robinson '12

## My Experience As A Jan-Admit Snowman

By F. T. Snowman '14

My name is Frosty; I am a Jan-admit and I am proud to be the first Antarctic-American to enroll at Hamilton.

I was happy to hear about the opening of the new Cultural Education Center. However, when I visited, I was disturbed to repeatedly hear my people being lumped into the general category of "white." While I suppose this is technically correct, does that mean I would

be black if it's been a few days since the last snowfall, or that I would be Asian if I had an unfortunate encounter with a dog?

I guess I should have known better. After all, everyone knows real diversity only comes from people whose skin is a different color.

However, while I'm here, let me clear up a few common misconceptions for all of you. While I realize that everyone is trying to be friendly, none of the following things are funny: saying "ice to meet you" when I shake your hand, saying "snow problem" when I thank you, telling me that I should "chill out" when I'm stressed, or asking me if I listen to music on my "iCicle."

I mean, seriously? It's like constantly asking your friend Stacy whether her mom has got it going on. Also, it is not in good taste to stick ice cream scoopers into my body with the intent of making snow cones. Like, literally not good taste.

And no, I can't help it when I track water all over the floor after walking through the buildings. If it gets your feet wet, I'm very sorry, but maybe you should just treat it as an experience of cultural immersion.

P.S. Maybe it's just me, but the entire campus seems to smell like carrots. Has anyone else noticed this?

Edited by Mr. Hostetter '13

## AN OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa,

I'm writing to lodge a formal complaint against this year's haul. While I am thankful for the novelty dancing Christmas tree and the "Billy Joel" edition of *Rock Band* for my Wii, there was one glaring absence beneath my giant, fake, white tree. Specifically, the three pairs of socks I requested.

It's true, we've had our differences in the past: the Barbie bike without training wheels, the Zune instead of the iPod; I can even forgive you for the non-pony of '96.

You see, I go to school in Clinton, NY, a sort of bizarro-world version of the North Pole that has a lot of snow but no reindeer to fly me away from this misery. It gets witch-tit cold and my \$400 custom-made Uggs can only help so much. Do you not have seamstresses in that workshop of yours? Was there some sort of union lockout with the elves? Were you too busy stuffing your fat walrus face to deal with my serious problems? For god's sake, they were just socks!

What was I supposed to do, ask my mother? You think she likes to spend her chilly December evenings wrapping presents and sending Rosalita the maid to wait in line at Target, just PRETENDING to give you all the credit? Bitch, please, I'm not six years old anymore! You shimmy down my chimney, eat my cookies and leave a chicken scratch half-hearted note without leaving the one gift I truly desire! What kind of monster are you?!

So I say to you, Santa, that I believe you owe me an explanation, an apology, and perhaps two small puppies I can tie to my feet BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T BRING ME ANY GODDAMN SOCKS!

Sincerely,  
Yvonne Jamesson '14

Edited by Ms. Ryder '11



See? The glove doesn't fit.

## NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS

By Ms. Tomkin '12

Everyone knows that January is National Self-Improvement Month (not to be confused with *Home Improvement*, the show that made America forget about Tim Allen's cocaine problem) and as a result, the American populace has concerned themselves with going from being hideously flawed individuals to positively mediocre space monkeys. In case you have yet to figure out what your New Years Resolutions are, *The Duel* has resolved to stop being so cynical all the goddamn time and actually write an article that could benefit students. You're fucking welcome.

**Resolution:** Improve my GPA.

**Best way to accomplish goal:** Violate every clause of the Hamilton College Honor Code. Not only will you pass the class, your fellow students won't dare to rat you out if you bribe them with enough weed.

**Resolution:** Lose weight.

**Best way to do accomplish goal:** Chop off a limb! You'll lose at least eight pounds in the process, and that's not counting what you'll lose from blood loss. Paraplegic fetishism has never been so sexy!

**Resolution:** Spend more time with family.

**Best way to accomplish goal:** Fail out of college and/or commit a federal misdemeanor that will get you expelled from school without landing you in jail. Your parents will be so glad that they get to spend more time with you and won't be ashamed of your existence at all!

**Resolution:** Drink less.

**Best way to accomplish goal:** Well that's just stupid. You need to drink in order to, you know, survive. This is the worst New Years Resolution I've ever seen.

**Resolution:** Recycle more.

**Best way to accomplish goal:** "Ohh, it's supposed to be Hahahaha. Hippie. a joke."

**Resolution:** Have sex at least once in the glass elevator of the KJ Atrium.

**Best way to accomplish goal:** Do that.



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