

MONDAY IS VALENTINE’S DAY!
Three days left to find gifts to exchange for sex!

THESIS DELVES DEEP INTO ROOT CAUSES OF THE DISSOCIATIVE PERSONALITY DISORDER “BRO”

Validates “Parents Just Don’t Understand: A Case Study”(Smith and Jazzy Jeff, 1988)

By Mr. Sinton ‘13

HIGH BROW DEPT.

(JOURNAL OF STUDIES & STUFF) Although most theses are colossal wastes of time destined to look pretty on résumés and to gather dust after being skimmed by barely-interested tenured faculty, psychology major Carol Yung ’11 has produced ‘bro’ research that is sending shockwaves through the Hamilton community.

“I was initially hesitant about Carol’s topic,” her advisor, Professor S. Elf-Senterd, explained. “It was some-

thing the student wanted to do, not something that was going to advance my own research—always a red flag for me. But I relented when I accidentally answered her email after my nightly Xanax and red wine cocktail.”

Yung’s research moved beyond the run-of-the-mill topics such as “FIFA-induced Fugue State,” “The Wetting of the Dick: Promiscuity, Megalomania, Keystone,” and “Malignant Narcissism and the Backwards Hat” and claims to have found that a new root cause of the disorder is enabling parental figures.

“We’ve always known that residual shame over being the fat kid in elementary school and the desire to ‘fit-in’ contributed, but I was inspired to look deeper when I heard about a mind-blowingly unethical doctor’s note through the grapevine,” Yung explicated. “Bros take a break from coke and lying about getting laid to smoke enough weed to get

caught—insert ashamed tsk-tsking from all Darksiders here—and more bros fill the gap to do the same? There was obviously a deeper problem than Ed Hardy and Ke\$ha.”

When news about Yung’s thesis, called “Collegiate Termites with Trust Funds: Your Parents Are the Problem, and thanks for the free beer btw” hit that News-Feed-thingy, parents were outraged.

“How dare you judge me for funding my son’s debauchery and coke habit!” Jonathon Legacy P’12 shouted into his Blackberry. “That’s how I got through Hamilton, and I’ll have you know my third wife and I are very happy, according to our expensive therapist.”

Dean of Students Nancy Thompson was uncharacteristically blunt about the situation. “Who the fuck else is gonna pay fifty grand for this shit? We can’t give scholarships to everyone!”

SOPHOMORES DECLARE CONCENTRATIONS

Rash decision-making suddenly not just for weekends

By Ms. Joyce ’13

DECISIONS, DECISIONS DEPT.

(ADVISOR’S OFFICE) Sophomores who don’t read their email or check the academic calendar were horrified to discover that they have to declare their majors this week, leading to impulsive decisions based solely on whichever department most closely matched their astrological sign.

Mike Foulet ’13 explained his decision as he hurried from List to the Science Center.

“Well, I had to choose between art and neuroscience, but they’re so similar that I didn’t think it really mattered. I decided on neuro because I would much rather spend hours in a lab than hours in the studio. Plus, that’s what my Magic 8 ball told me to do.”

Other students had similarly foolproof methods of choosing their majors. Alyssa Hock ’13 threw darts at a dart board and then, unsatisfied, paid \$3 for a tarot reading she saw advertised in *The Daily Bull*, pointing her towards creating a major called “six of pentacles.”

Another confused sophomore, Jason Walt, confessed his brilliant strategy.

“I crafted an elaborate computer program that would analyze my strengths and weaknesses, which involved writing a whole new computer language. It took me months, but I’ve finally figured out what my major should be: English!”

Even among sophomores who had already picked their major, the week proved stressful.

Sheila Etten ’13 choked back tears as she discovered that despite taking four Chinese courses every semester since arriving at Hamilton, she was somehow only an eighth of the way done with her major. She is now expected to graduate in 2025.

For Matt Handler ’13, the biggest stressor was choosing his advisor.

“I ended up using the same strategy I used in high school to find a prom date: shortest skirt and car with the biggest backseat. This kinda didn’t work though since all the econ advisors are guys with minivans. But they still seemed pretty game...”

DINER CLOSSES FOR DINNER, DARKSIDERS MOPE MORE INTENSELY THAN USUAL

Students demand vigil

by Mr. Haluza ’11

JUST HAND OUT CHERRY GARCIA, I DON’T CARE DEPT.

(HOWARD DINER) Students hoping to avoid a liquid dinner last Saturday were met with crushing disappointment when Bon Appétit management announced that the Howard Diner would be closed the entire night. Their all-campus email offered almost no details on the reason behind the diner’s closing, save a single mention of “gnome-related difficulties.”

When asked to elaborate on these comments, Bon Appétit manager Pancho White only stated that any reference to magical creatures was “mere postulation at this point” and declared that another likely cause was “lack of hustle.”

“Also,” White added, “the Diner may or may not have become self-aware.”

In response to the closing, Commons remained open until 8:45 Saturday night. Bon Appétit employees handled the increased influx of students by stationing Diner personnel in front of all food and beverage areas to dispense items to students.

“I had no idea what to do in Commons,” Kylesa Densmore ’13 complained. “I asked the guy at the grill to put some chicken on my plate and instead, he made me a Tuscan. It was like a less cool version of the Food Network.”

However, Bon Appétit’s response to this unexpected setback left many students out in the cold. Physical Plant was called in early Sunday morning to sweep away the starved corpses of Darksiders that littered the path between KJ and the Diner.

“The mind games started when they kept McEwen closed on Friday nights and weekends,” Milbank lurker Rich Collins ’13 explained. “They’ve been trying to starve out the Darkside ever since. They take away my tofu stir-fry, my fingers, and fries and expect me to eat a recycled pasta casserole instead? I couldn’t even taste my dinner because of all my tears.”




Although the Diner re-opened on Sunday, complaints still circulated across campus. Mr. White denied a recent rumor concerning several gnome-shaped cuts of meat in the back room of the diner. “Rest assured that we’re making your meals just like we always have,” he announced. “Now shut up, or I’ll give away all your bonus meals to poor people.”



People were shocked when Darksiders dying was actually sad



Other students quite enjoyed the dartboard method

V-DAY GIFT FORECAST	FEB. 13	FEB. 14	FEB. 15
	<i>Real Chance at Love</i>	<i>Tough Love</i>	<i>Flava of Love</i>
	 <p>“Gift? Maybe she’d like an annotated copy of <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>?”</p>	 <p>5% chance she finds irony in the VD gift you gave her</p>	 <p>High probability “free Opus for life!” doesn’t go over well</p>

In this issue: mediocre relationship advice

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS

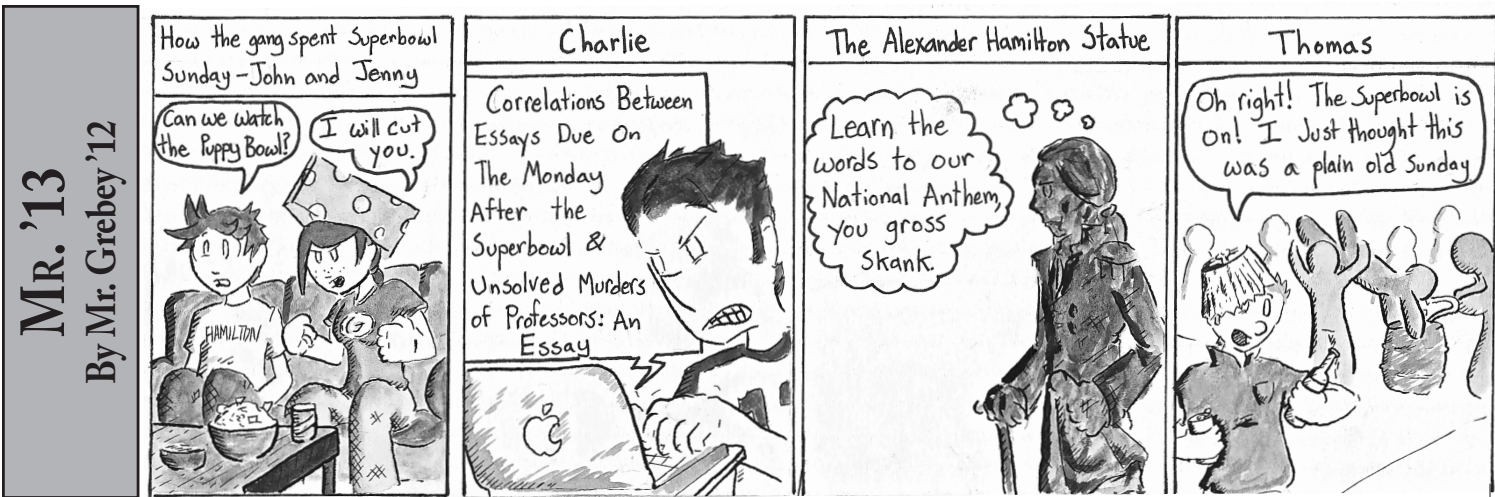


“Why is it empty? I need more bourbon to make the pain go away.”

SHAMWHOA!



See, “This wasn’t the head I wanted for Valentine’s Day,” pg. 3.14...



A NOTE FROM *THE DUEL*

Ghostwritten by Mr. Boudreau '14

So, we've been bottling up a secret for a long time and we've finally decided to admit it to the world: we, *The Duel Observer*, love *The Spectator*. Like, *in* love with them. Fo' realz.

The Spec is seriously like the best thing ever. First, we like all the colors. Sometimes we just read the paper for the pictures, it's that pretty! Shall we compare your pictures to a summer's day? No, because they're waaayy better. They're like a summer's day with ice cream. And sprinkles. Rainbow ones! Even the bylines are great!

Second, and even better, we like the articles. Unlike ours, they actually say things that are (mostly) true! And you guys use really academic words too, whereas our writers are seldom able to employ any sophisticated syntax structures or equally elegant and elaborate elements. We like short sentences. Could we maybe borrow some of your writers? We



just want to smell them.

What is our favorite part about *The Spec*? That's like asking us to pick our favorite episode of *Glee*! It's just not possible.

So *Spectator*, we were wondering if you would be willing to go out with us sometime? You know, just for dinner? We could go to Nola's! Or if that's not your thing, a one-night stand would be perfectly fine. We need to get laid. Here's a little poem to you, from us:

*O Hamilton College Spectator
Is there anything that is greater?
Perhaps a French-fried potater
Or a well-stocked refrigerator*

*Always admired you from afar
Kept feelings bottled up in a jar
But when we see you while driving our car
We sing that song ("something something shining star")*

*So what I guess what we're trying to say
Is maybe this Valentine's Day
Just go out with us please please please*

REJECTED FROM *RED WEATHER*

Love poems that didn't make it

A Swimmy Sonnet

By Mr. Robster '11

My love for you was sole-ly fishical.
When I got you into my ocean bed,
Our bodies swaying like we were coral.
As we floundered there, to you I said,
"Well, my Guppy, let us carp-e diem.
And so we seized the day as on a hook.
For then we were as happy as a clam
I thought, this feeling surely is a fluke!
It was too-na perfect, I must say
things were going oh so swimmingly
kept on the down-low like a manta ray
I was a shark, and you my manatee.
We swam in beds, in clubs, even in cabs
until came the day when you gave me
crabs.

A Really Original Love Poem

By Ms. Kespeer '14

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Sledgehammers bang things
and you should too!
...How about Monday?

Edited By Ms. Lanzotti '14

FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS TO LOVE VALENTINE'S DAY

By Mr. Magaziner '14

5. There's nothing quite like waking up at 6 AM to an a capella version of "Love Me Tender" by the hottest drunk guys on campus.
4. It feels great to give, especially when you buy your girlfriend an expensive gift only to be dumped a week later. Thanks, Lucy.
3. Even Ronnie and Sammy think they have a perfect relationship on Valentine's Day.
2. After eating those chalky, heart-shaped candies, suddenly anything below the belt doesn't taste so bad.
1. And then there are the teddy bears to keep you company even after you break up.

EDITOR'S CORNER:

A true, fictional conversation with the editorial staff of *The Duel Observer*

The *Duel Observer* editors managed to sit down for a few minutes without killing each other to talk about relationships. Jake's found a lovely little sophomore to shack up with and Britt's boinking the cartoonist. Chip is single and cries alone at night in the Co-Op. John is the freshman layout editor and saw boobs once.

Chip: I prefer the phrase "eating vagina" to "cunnilingus."

Jake: I need a piece of pizza.

Britt: Jake, I have some chicken in my purse. Can you get it for me?

Jake: Wow. You really do have chicken in your bag.

Chip: We're supposed to be talking about relationships...

Jake: You don't have one.

(Chip eats entire bag of Sweethearts)

Jake: Don't be upset, dude. Relationships suck.

Britt: Aww, I'm sorry.

Jake: Except for mine. Mine's the best because there's that feeling of with being with someone, and love, which is the best.

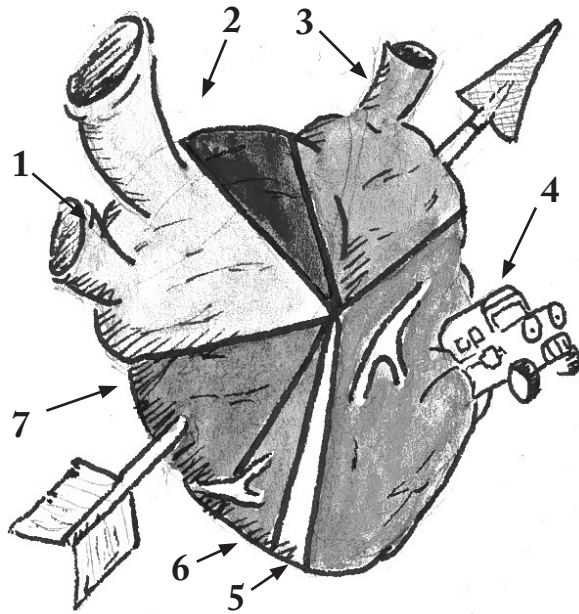
Chip: Um. Thanks.

John: I was in a relationship once.

Britt, Chip & Jake: Shut up, freshman.

Britt: But seriously. Relationships aren't that great. You have to, like, give blowjobs and stuff.

Chip: I dunno, I think there's more to it than that.



Jake: There's not. Except for mine. In mine, there's eating lunch together, holding hands, and during scary movies, she jumps into my lap adorably. But other than that, there's just blowjobs.

John: I like blowjobs too, man.

Britt, Chip & Jake: Shut up!

Britt: You don't get talking privileges.

Chip: I just don't know what to do, guys. I have all these crushes...and all this crushing sadness.

Jake: It could be worse. You could be in a relationship. Other than mine. Because mine is great.

Britt: You keep saying things like that and it makes me doubt you.

Jake: You look like a cross between Tina Fey and an albino Smurf.

Britt: You're an emo guido.

Chip: Can we talk about me more, please?

John: Or sex. Can we talk about sex?

Britt: Oh yeah. We did that three times in one day, once. ONE DAY!

Jake: That's not a lot...

(Chip breaks down in tears).

John: What's it like with the lights on?

Britt: I don't get it.

Jake: Really?

(Chip feels better).

—Happy Valentine's Day! =)



A MAP OF YOUR MAN'S HEART

by Mr. Grebey '12

1. Clogged arteries from eating diner every day for lunch and dinner
2. Left boobs
3. *Rocket Power*. Wuggety
4. *Halo Reach*
5. Tommy, from Young Boys Summer Camp '98
6. Girlfriend
7. Kiera Knightly

Editor's Note: The Bus is the magic school bus, and the arrow through the heart is a cause of death. Seriously, there's no way you could live through that. Is our symbolism of love equal to death? That's depressing.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN
Editor-in-Chief/ St. Valentine

WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON
Editor-out-Chief/ St. Hood

JAKE CHRISTOPHER ZAPPALA
Managing Editor/ St. Lee

JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY
Layout Editor/ St. Ed

ALICIA TAYLOR SPECHT
Layout Editor Emeritus/ St. Boondocks

ALISON NICOLE RITACCO
Photo Journalist/ St. Brees

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JAMES ATTICUS GREBEY
LESLEY ELIZABETH RYDER
ANDREW LEE ROBINSON

Staff Writers

KEVIN NATHANIEL HESS
KATHERINE JANE ADAMS
HALEY ISADORA RIEMER-PELTZ
CRAWFORD MCKINLEY CHARMAN
JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU
COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER
KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE
J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

Contributors

ZAC MARTIN HALUZA
MICHAEL CHASE MAGAZINER
LAUREN EVELYN LANZOTTI

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.

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