

JFK COMES TO THE HILL!
Luckily, it's too cold for convertibles

MUSICAL THEATER REJECTS START *BELIEVE IN OFF-OFF BROADWAY*

Student body reminded once again of why they shunned theater kids throughout high school

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

EXPERIMENTAL THEATER DEPT.

(JEALOUSLY PEEKING IN THE WINDOW OF THE CHAPEL) Several students who didn't quite make the cut for *Believe in Broadway* have resentfully lowered their standards and are half-heartedly organizing their own show with a selection of Off-Off Broadway songs. The songs' writers were so shocked that anyone would even consider performing them that rather than charging for the rights, they sent a muffin basket and some nudies in thanks.

"I really see it as a positive endeavor," Abby Bartlett '13 explained after her Wham! medley failed to earn her a solo in *Believe in Broadway*. "Now, we get to enlighten the school to the shows that haven't been tainted by mainstream culture. I mean, who knew there was a musical version of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*?"

The production will feature a selection entitled "Dude, That Wasp Over There is Fucking Defying Gravity" from a musical written by Hamilton's very own John Hoynes '12.

"I was half passed out on my bed, decently baked, and this wasp flew by. I just thought to myself, 'Dude, that wasp's fucking defying gravity!'" Hoynes said. "I guess you could say that was sort of my inspiration." His show is titled *Bong Boy: The Musical* and also features numbers such as "Switzerland is Really Pissing Me Off Right Now, Man" and "How Far Is the Nearest Chipotle?"

Believe in Off-Off Broadway closes with a rousing number called, "Just a Spoonful of Sugar Helps the Medicine Go Down." Although it shares the same name as the *Mary Poppins* classic, this memorable song is actually from the climax of *Walking 42nd Street: Life of a Hooker*.

"I have a lot of trouble remembering lyrics," Deb Fiderer '15 admitted, "so I was thrilled when I heard about the musical *You Can't Stop the Tweet*, which only features songs under 140 characters. I even got the solo to "Starbucks Eff'd Up My Order Againnnn? Consider This My Suicide Note."

Performances begin (and probably end) this Friday night on whatever patch of grass is least occupied by drunken bodies.



"Oh, this is that scene where she takes acid and birds fly out of her vagina!"

JUKEBOX HEROISM OR VIGILANTE MEAT LOAF?

Jukebox replaced; good times no longer so good, so good

By Mr. Boudreau '14

MUSIC (NAZI) DEPT.

(HOWARD DINER) Drunk students in line for Diner B last weekend were even more confused than usual when they realized that a diner icon had disappeared: the much beloved looked-at jukebox had been replaced by a new model that allows people to select whichever artist they want—from Avicii to whoever the hell sings the *Pokémon* theme song in Spanish.

Diner manager Sherry Goldfield (who, despite her name, has never done porn) explained that it was the first of several planned changes.

"We're trying to suck the soul out of the diner," she said. "Fries are actually spectacularly unhealthy for you, so we're going to stop serving those, along with onion rings and chicken fingers. And we're also going to close at 6 PM sharp on weekends."

Reactions to the new jukebox were mixed.

"I'm really not a fan of this change," College Republicans president Kirk Afton '12 said. "I'm eating American food—hamburgers, frankfurters, French fries—so I should be listening to American music, not Kraftwerk. They don't even have the Beatles! What's more American than the Beatles?"

The Duel's boss, Bruce Springsteen, is decidedly anti-jukebox and has gone on record stating he's looking to return to the diner's "Glory Days."

Greg Oakley '14 said he "wept" when he saw the new jukebox. "I lost my virginity to the old one," he sobbed. "Jewel was singing that one song she sings, and the moment just felt so right. When it was all over, my friends told me I had mechanophilia, but just 'cause it's full of CDs doesn't mean it can't feel love!"

Caroline Reinhardt '15, however, was ecstatic.

"Mozart? That shit SCREAMS party! I think. I can't really understand the words, though...is it in another language?"

The new jukebox is far from problem-free, however—the Chemistry Department is frantically searching for a way to make the touch screen resistant to Keystone spills and vomit.

When asked how she felt about the new jukebox, diner employee Chastity Price (who, despite her name, has done porn) responded:

"I don't give a fuck anymore. What do you want as a side?"



STUDENTS FORGIVE SOPHOMORE FOR NOT BEING FROM NYC

Extreme sympathy considered for Nobel Peace Prize

By Mr. Kennedy '14

ATONEMENT DEPT.

(PROBABLY A CORNFIELD, FLYOVER STATE) In a surprising act of deep understanding and compassion, the Hamilton student body reached a tentative agreement late Thursday evening. Though many were skeptical, several brave individuals decided to forgive

Lindsay Jones '14 for not being from New York City.

"We first started to think she was weird when she said she didn't have a fake ID, but we just assumed she was lame or poor," Director of Student Activities Lisa Magnarelli stated. "However, when she said she liked the Mets, we knew something was seriously wrong."

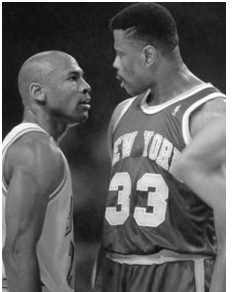
And something *was* wrong. On Saturday, Lindsay slowly began telling her closest friends her deepest secret: that she was not from New York City.

Lindsay, a Chicago native, vainly tried to explain her heinous crime, stating, "When I said I grew up in a city, people just assumed, I meant New York and so it slowly became who I was. But after some deep thought,

I couldn't keep lying to myself that Knicks fans aren't douchebags."

Many didn't know how to respond to the shocking news. Most were simply angry, but others, like Jimmy Jepynszki '15, was confused by the fact that people existed outside of New York City. "I mean, I know I have some friends who say they're from just outside Boston, but I thought they meant north of Manhattan."

See "Chicago ≠ New York City," continued on back page.



In this issue: way too many jukebox jokes

PERRY DOESN'T DEBATE BECAUSE "HE'S A DOER, NOT A TALKER"






See, "Apparently doesn't use foreplay either," pg. 69

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: "One jizz towel, shame on you. Two jizz towels, shame on me. Three jizz towels? A waste of towels."

LAUNDRY FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	10:23 AM  99% chance your clothes are atop the wash, sans underwear	4:07 PM  High probability you must remove lax bro's sopping jock strap from the washer	5:42 AM  "Momm... the dryer gnome ate my socks again!"



Continued from “Sophomore Not From NYC” on front page.

Chicago ≠ New York City

Surprisingly, several campus leaders spoke in Jones’ favor. “We must remember that we do not have to accept her faults to accept her apology,” Hamilton College Chaplain Jeffrey McArn offered in his sermon the following Sunday. “We may not understand why Ms. Jones chose not to be from New York, but we can choose to forgive her.”

McArn’s speech eventually inspired Amnesty International and HAVOC to take on Jones’ cause as their own, which led to large signs and a lot of emails. The campus sentiment had shifted towards reconciliation.

FRIDAY FIVE: REJECTED LOCALES FOR HOGWARTS@HAMILTON

By Mr. Johnson ’14

5. **Roger’s Estate:** Like Hogwarts, only people who live there know where it is. Also like Hogwarts, nobody doing Hogwarts@Hamilton will ever live there.
4. **Sadove / ELS / the name changed, deal with it:** Almost granted, but there was a schedule conflict with *Jersey Shore* reruns night and we’ve got to have our priorities straight.
3. **Commons:** Looks like the Great Hall, which is a plus, but it doesn’t seem to mesh well with magic. The house elves operating the conveyer belt

Many, like former best friend Laura Frost ’14, found answers to her questions about Lindsay Jones during this trying time. “She’s just been to so few shows on Broadway and back-alley drug deals gone wrong! No wonder we ran out of things to talk about so quickly.”

“Yeah, and it’s totally clear why she drives like a complete madman!” James Gofred ’12 agreed. “She only drives 10 miles per hour over the speed limit and uses turn signals. She’s gonna kill somebody someday.”

Jones sobbed in reply, “I know that I occasionally let others into my lane without honking at them for three straight minutes. I’m sorry. I really am. But that’s my cross to bear now.”

were only recently convinced to come back, we had to eat with paper plates for weeks after the dishwasher got hexed, and, let’s face it, ever since that troll stole the hot chocolate machine, nobody even wants to go there anymore.

2. **Dunham:** While it certainly seems like something mysterious and unexplainable is happening in the plumbing, you would also run the risk of freshmen attending. No authentic Chamber of Secrets is worth that, no matter how big that snake is.
1. **Future Site of the Wellin Museum:** President Stewart: “It’s just... Well... you know, you guys would be the first student group to have an event in the new building, and, well, we just...don’t want you to be that group.”

LEAVE WILBUR ALONE!

Dear flesh-devouring mongrels,

As a self-identifying, morally-conscious, eco-friendly vegetarian, I find it appalling that an event known as the “Farm Party” is universally endorsed by this school. The name alone suggests that the suffering of our animal brethren is on par with

getting shwasted at the Annex. I challenge all of you to ask the next cow you see how he feels about this degradation. Look him in the eyes, breathe in the warm aroma of freshly chewed cud, and I think you’ll have your answer.

Also, rumor has reached me that the so-called “festivities” may include the ritual disembowlement of a herd of warthogs. I was, quite frankly, nauseated by this idea, to the point that I was unable to finish my lentil and soy-paste salad. Allow me to suggest an alternative activity, such as the symbolic freeing of a rooster or perhaps a guided meditation to help us get in touch with our spirit animals.

So, when you’re sitting in Commons on Saturday, eagerly anticipating a night of flannel and Bean boots while chowing down on a patty of DEAD ANIMAL, take a moment to reconsider whether you’ll be able to live with yourself after attending a speciesist party that endorses animal genocide for sport.

I hope those of you with some shred of a soul will join me at my “Occupy Farm Party” sit-in. Feel free to bring your dearest animal friend. Also, I recommend wearing long sleeves—crowds can make the bee hive antsy.

Sincerely,
Wildflower Sunshine ’15 (It’s a real name, dammit.)

Edited by Ms. Chappell ’15

WHAT’S YOUR CAPTION?

Being that The Duel Observer lacks originality and aims to mimic everything everyone else does, we’ve compiled our own favorite captions for historical Hamilton photos. Here are all the winners of this semester’s Duel Observer Caption Contest:



Chapel windows were barred shut after a student responded poorly to the Stock Market Crash of 1929.



Best. Photobomb. Ever.



Joan Hinde Stewart’s Open Hours



“Brick, your lamp will be fine. By Jupiter’s Nipple, look at the damn camera.”

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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