

STUDENT ELECTIONS BEGIN!
Gives everyone extra opportunity to not care

BON APPÉTIT DUTIFULLY PREPARES FOR NEXT WEEK’S THANKSGIVING DINNER

Everyone excited about the one good meal they make per year

By Ms. Tomkin ’12

ALBUQUERQUE WAS A TURKEY DEPT.

(COMMONS) Students are excitedly anticipating Commons’ & McEwen’s annual Thanksgiving dinner next week, where they will be treated to food that doesn’t make them want to sob uncontrollably into what would have, in a better world, been a quesadilla.

“Last week, I ate something that looked like beef, smelled like burning fabric, and tasted like what I thought I threw up last weekend,” Sally MacSkewin ’14 commented. “So I’m really looking forward to a meal that, at its worst, can only give me smallpox.”

Bon Appétit has reportedly been preparing this meal for weeks in the hopes that for at least one day of the year, the student body won’t completely despise them, although for some students, that’s not so difficult a feat.

“I actually prefer Commons’ Thanksgiving to Thanksgiving at home,” Jon Kab-obvigilante ’13 admitted. “At least here, if I take the last of the cranberry sauce, I won’t get smacked in the face by my alcoholic grandmother who thinks my name is Fiona.”

Bon Appétit prides themselves on providing local items in their meals—such as home-made corn, oil from local hydrofracking sites, and half-eaten Diner sandwiches found in Milbank trashcans—and Thanksgiving dinner is no different.

“It’s all locally grown foods, of course,” Bon Appétit worker Davis Davissa divulged. “We actually kill the turkeys ourselves—we have a slaughterhouse in the basement of List and we have this tradition where we chop off their heads while listening to A-ha’s ‘Take On Me’ on repeat.”

This is not to say that there aren’t any drawbacks to the highly-anticipated meal.

“The lines are always soooo loooong,” resident spoiled brat Kira Neon ’12 whined as she dropped the keys to her Porsche into her Prada bag. “But besides that and the fact that I’m planning on being a vegetarian next week, it’s gonna be great.

“Although,” she added, “if you’re standing in front of me and you get the last of the sautéed green beans right before I get up to the front, I swear to God, I will fucking kill you.”

STUDENT ASSEMBLY PASSES JOBS BILL

No “stimulus package” innuendo to be found in this article

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

INFRA-YOUR-STRUCTURE DEPT.

(BORING KJ LECTURE) Student Assembly announced the passage of a landmark \$447.18 jobs bill yesterday. The bill passed over the initial objections of the Bro/Jock Alliance, who were upset about the bill’s tax hikes on baseball caps and flexing. The coalition’s filibuster was broken at the last minute when the Bro contingency was lured in by the addition of a subsidy for pastel dye producers.

“This bill is a bipartisan effort that will create doz-

ens of jobs on campus and reduce the number of homeless students sleeping in the Annex and bathing in the water feature,” Student Assembly Secretary Jack Pryor ’14 said. “The use of the feature can now be restored to the streakers and fraternity pledges to whom it rightfully belongs.”

One section of the finalized bill provides for a bailout of the KJ elevator, which leading econ majors consider too big to fall. Other parts aim to create jobs through infrastructure development, such as fluffing the KJ couches, repairing the vomit-eroded floor of Bundy Dining Hall, and finally having someone throw out those hideous metal sculptures behind the diner.

Some students have decried the bill as wasteful

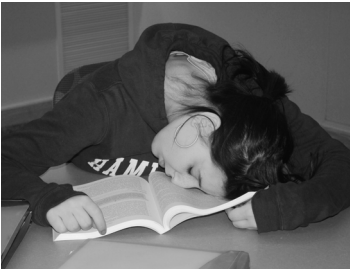
FRESHMAN CRACKS UNDER MODERATE WORKLOAD, PISSES EVERYONE ELSE OFF

“How can they actually expect me to read 20 pages in one night?”

By Ms. Chappell ’15

COMPLAINT DEPT.

(BURKE LIBRARY) When Campus EMTs received an emergency call on Sunday morning, they expected to find a semiconscious hockey player lying in his own vomit. Instead, they discovered Todd Harris ’15 curled up in the fetal position between book stacks, rocking back and forth while pulling out tufts of hair.



“I haven’t worked this hard since I paid that kid to take my SATs.”

It appeared that the cause of his breakdown was having to study for an exam and write a paper in the same weekend. “We weren’t sure of the best approach to take,” EMT Andrew Currie ’13 admitted. “So we removed him from the library, duct-taped oven mitts to his hands to prevent further self-induced baldness, and recommended a healthy dose of perspective.”

This incident has received mixed responses from Hamilton’s students.

Harris’ friends, Mike Snorple ’15 and Danny Lintel ’15, were horrified by the news and sent Todd an Edible Arrangement along with a singing sympathy card. “We just want him to know that we’ve got his back,” Snorple explained. “In times like these, we’ve got to support each other.”

Lintel nodded, looking scared. “It could happen to any of us,” he warned. “I had to read fifteen whole pages for econ last night. I think I may have given myself an aneurism from thinking too hard—can that happen?”

Others have found Harris’ plight less than heartbreaking.

Sarah Whelps ’13 was so infuriated that she ripped her bio textbook in half after hearing the news. “I haven’t left the Science Center in seventy-two hours and I’ve been living off Saltines and the sugar packets outside of Opus, but do you see me calling the EMTs?”

Billy Wallace ’12 shared Whelps’ sentiments. “I’ve pulled four consecutive all-nighters this week, I’m cloning my own brain in a petri dish, and I’m working to cure cancer in my free time. WHAT NOW?”






spending.

“Take a look at this Escalator to Nowhere they’re building in the Science Center*,” AHI fellow Ali Gianni ’13 griped. “What do people need to get upstairs in that building for? This is a liberal arts school, we don’t even have science majors!”

Nevertheless, the bill has already created some new jobs on campus. Opus I recently announced its plans to hire several new employees, thanks to a provision in the bill allowing it to pay them in vintage clothing and vinyl.

“I think we’ve created a great bill that will reduce student unemployment dramatically,” Student Assembly President Bryan Jackson ’12 said. “Don’t get too used to being employed, though. You’re graduating soon.”

*Yes, I know. No, I’m still not calling it Taylor.

| WTF WEATHER FORECAST | WEDNESDAY | | |
|----------------------|---|--|---|
| | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | |
| | Summer | Autumn | Siberia |
| |  “1 point for open container, 9 points for having fun.” |  10% chance if the weather is good, the apocalypse is near |  Low probability we fare better than John Leguizamo |

In this issue: no idea, I didn’t read it.

“REAL” CRITICS DECLARE: “WOYZECK IS FUCKING AWESOME”

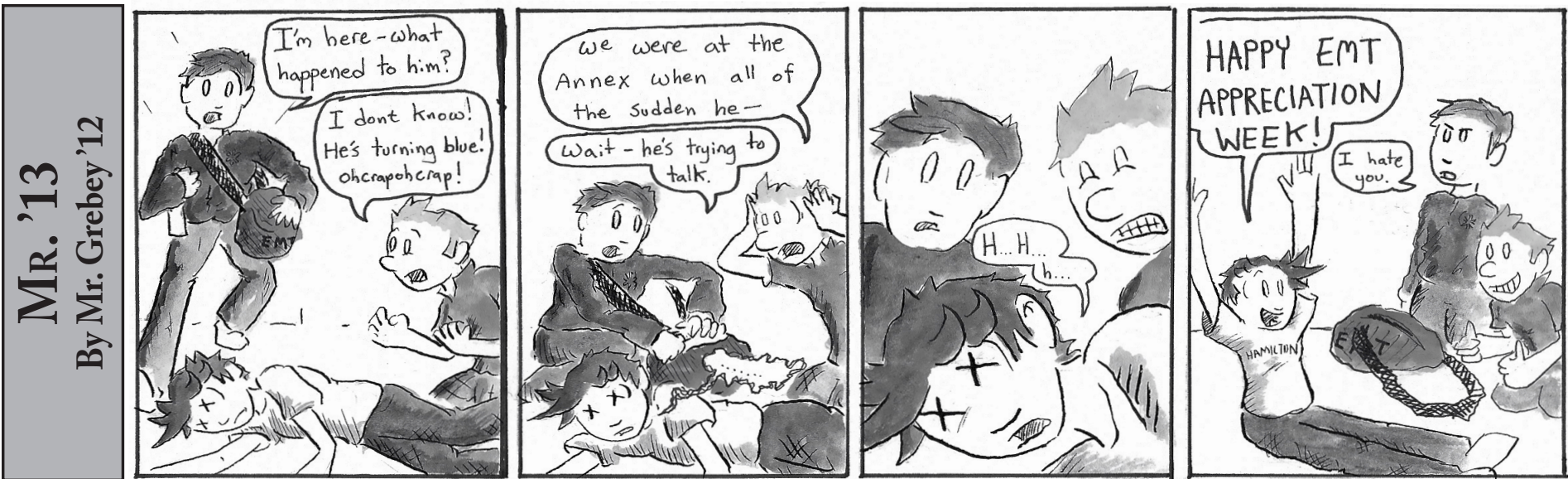


See, “Go see it,” pg. shameless plug

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “Even if the blowjob is ironic, you’re still totally sucking a dong, dude.”



A MODEST PROPOSAL TO ADDRESS ALCOHOL

By Mr. Kennedy '14

There are serious problems plaguing our school. The number of points given out, damage to campus property, and HCEMS calls have all skyrocketed over the past three years. Student suggestions, like safe-drinking programs and minimizing binge drinking, were pretty stupid and should be ignored by the Administration (which will happen anyways). However, I have a different, sensible solution to the problem: decrease the reports and force everything underground. If we take away any way to measure the problem, there can't be a problem!

The first step is to decrease the amount of points given to students by getting rid of the point system. For open container violations, RAs can make students play Edward 40-hands, except use superglue instead of duct tape. For hard alcohol infringements, Camp-Po can take shots... at students' faces with tasers. For drinking at an Annex party, students will be forced to dance with Nancy Thompson (who, reportedly, is totally down).

Drunkenness at college football games is perverted and entirely unique to Hamilton College. At least I'm pretty sure. I've never been to a school with any spirit, but I honestly think tailgating is just a myth. Dealing with this heinous offence would probably entail something about Satan's mouth or Joanie's open hours.

Vandalism is prevalent on campus, so ignoring it may be a challenge. Instead, Hamilton should get rid of everything students can vandalize. If Milbank doesn't have windows or mirrors, how can they be destroyed? I have a dream of a windowless Milbank where boys and girls can binge drink alone before in their bedrooms falling off the third floor and no tyrants can stop them. Besides, having mirrors in bathrooms leads to an overly vain society. And just like that, we kill two birds (both quite ugly) with one stone.

Now for the final indicator that we must target: HCEMS calls. This statistic makes Hamilton look bad to students, Oneida County EMTs, and—most importantly—people who give the school money. How can we get rid of this problem? Easy. Train a squad of ninjas who would infiltrate the health center and destroy all the records kept within (the Martial Arts and Dance class would finally have something to do)! Our campus could start clean along with Trixie Swift '13 who, according to all formal records, would not have syphilis.

We cannot hope to decrease the reasons for the problem. As one probably drunk student uttered at the all campus meeting on alcohol, "We'll always find a way to drink! Viva la resistance!" However, as any good doctor would tell you, treatment is always best when it ignores the diagnosis. As soon as we destroy all the records of our problems, everything will be all better.

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

The world is ending, but we'll be safe here...right?

Rome, Italy

Stock markets everywhere jumped through the roof upon news of Silvio Berlusconi's expected resignation. He then continued to govern and markets plummeted. The end. Yay.

Everywhere, U.S.A.

Elections occurred November 10th. Up for election was—wait, it was the 8th? Shit. Doesn't change the fact that nobody reading this voted anyways.

Cannes, France

President Obama proved to Republicans that he is more whipped by his wife than the UN in this photo from the G20 summit meeting:



YOUR \$500 STUDENT ACTIVITY FEE PRESENTS: SADOVE VIEWING PARTY DOUBLE FEATURE!



YU-GI-OH

COME WATCH YOUR TWO
FAVORITES **BACK-TO-BACK**

&



HARDCORE PORN

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS THESIS PROPOSALS

Compiled by Ms. Murphy '15

Tired of reading completely bullshit, last-minute thesis proposals, the Communications Department threatened to publish the worst proposals they got, hoping it would scare seniors into actually trying. It didn't.

“The Effect of Nudity in Advertising on Hamilton College Students” by Jason O'Toole '12

Me and my friends are gonna watch some ads for, like, adult diapers and wheelchairs, and then watch Victoria's Secret ads, and see which products we feel more “positive” about, if you catch my drift. My hypothesis is that the Victoria's Secret ads will be hotter, I mean, work better. Except for on my friend Dave because he gets boners from all kinds of weird shit.

“The Effects of Social Media on the Field of Communication” by Dan Brown '12

i likke twitter way mor then other kynds of comyunka-

tion bcuz you don't have too kno how two spel or use comas and shit #thesisproposal #FTW

“How Not Being Able to Talk to My Family's Maid Showed Me the Value of Communication” by Whitney Llewellyn '12

I love the maid, she's really sassy and wise, but she totally doesn't speak English. Have you ever tried to tell someone how to tell which clothes are last season and need to be burned when they don't even speak the right language? You can't. So that's why I majored in Communication, to talk to Dorota (I don't know her name, I just call her that because of Blair's maid on *Gossip Girl*). I would have majored in Spanish, but I'm not 100% sure that she speaks that either, and my dad would hate it if I wasted his money on something that stupid.

“All-Campus Emails: Blatant Liberal Propaganda” by Jessica Franklin '12

Whenever I get an email with a picture of a cat, I automatically feel good about the topic of the email, like Opus lunch or Water Zumba. They're clearly exploiting my emotions to fuel their propaganda. And you know who else did that? Nazis.

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