

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XVIII, ISSUE VI “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” SEPTEMBER 30, 2011

WE’RE *THE DUEL OBSERVER*, KABOBVIOUSLY! See what we did there?

STOLEN BICENTENNIAL BANNERS USED FOR ART MAJOR’S SENIOR PROJECT

\$50,000 picnic tent found broken at bottom of South stairwell, search for President Stewart continues

Mr. Robinson ’12

TRUE CRIME DEPT.

(LIGHTSIDE ONLY) School administrators have been left baffled and grumpy by a recent wave of expensive thefts and acts of vandalism on campus, which mysteriously coincided with the weekend we invited a bunch of jaded, recovering alcoh-



“I haven’t needed a Nuva Ring since 1982!”

holics to come get drunk and relive their glory days. Fortunately, the mastermind behind the worst acts of all, the Bicentennial Banner thefts, has been brought to justice.

“I needed it to create my Senior Project in Art,” deplorable criminal and perennial *Daily Bull* contributor Biff Tannen ’12 explained. “I was originally planning on making a collage out of Nuva Rings and pictures of old people eating salad, but I was worried that it wouldn’t be abstract enough.”

Some argue that Professor of Art and Postmodern Boogieboarding Dr. Allen Wrench should never have approved Waller’s project, entitled “Elastic Rain: A Study of Gender and Social Isolation in Watercolors and Things I Steal When I’m Drunk.”

In a secret letter to President Stewart, Professor Wrench admitted, “Okay, so I didn’t read his project proposal. So what? I’m tenured, bitch!”

“Although we certainly respect Tannen’s creativity,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson explained, “he will still be receiving one hundred points, which will regrettably result in super-duper-mega-expulsion. I am not at liberty to explain the penalty in detail, but it does involve sandpaper and a cranky wallaby. We will also be sending his parents a very disappointed email.”

“This wave of crimes is just proof that our students aren’t yet scared enough to act in the best interests of the college,” Campus Safety Officer Liqa Madiq lamented. “If only there were some way we could bring order to this campus without coming across like assholes... perhaps we could consult the student body to find out how they feel about our policies.”

Administration spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. pointed out the obvious problem with this suggestion. “But, but...that’d be hard.”

DONATION TO SCHOOL REPLACES ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT WITH ASTROLOGY

Astrologists probably have a better idea of what they’re doing anyway

By Ms. Browne ’13

ZODIAC DEPT.

(OBSERVATORY) In the spirit of transforming the entire campus to glorify generous alumni, Hamilton College has replaced the Economics Department with Astrology, an equally useless but way less uptight department.

The change comes after a donation of 152,920,000 Japanese yen from Amber Starr K’70. After graduating with a B.A. in Celestial Studies, Starr went on to start her own lucrative business selling lava lamps and “enchanted” baked goods.

The conversion has been met with surprisingly little resistance from students and professors alike. Econ majors traded in their supply and demand graphs for star charts, happily donned bell bottoms and flowered ponchos, and convened hookah-smoking study groups on the roofs of Darkside dorms.

Astrology enthusiast and ex-econ major Tim Smyth ’12 praised his new field of study. “I learned that my zodiac sign is a Taurus, which is important because it means I have a really big dick. How’s that for a stimulus package?”

“Over the last one hundred years, a recession has occurred every time the moons of Saturn were in the twelfth celestial sphere, which aligns with Uranus,” Professor of Astrology Cindy Ryvers explained. “And maybe that’s just a coincidence, but for comparison’s sake, economists with doctorates have incorrectly predicted every major economic event since the turn of the century.”

The economics wing of KJ has also undergone a transformation with the intent of bettering the feng shui of the place. Shag rugs and bean bag chairs have replaced conventional furniture. “The open space really improves my chi,” Esmerelda Stone ’13 said, “and the incense helps ward off the souls of econ majors rotting in hell.”

Overall, Hamilton is pleased with the results. The Administration announced more plans in circulation for the upcoming year, including replacing the History Department with Storytelling and the Chemistry Department with Alchemy.



Seventy-five points to Babbitt for drunken debauchery

UTICA NO LONGER A DUMP!

Spoiler alert: it doesn’t stay that way...

By Mr. Boudreau ’14

I-TICA, YOU-TICA, HE/SHE/IT-TICA DEPT.

(GENESEE ST.) After decades of animal sacrifices, a miracle finally occurred in downtown Utica: people visited. Thanks to overflow from Bicentennial Weekend, Utica was invaded with what one bum accurately described as “a whole shitloada people with funny accents.”

As Hamilton parents rushed into the “city” to experience its “unique” “character,” “they found” “it” “had changed.” Overnight, Utica had taken on the feel of New York City itself. Or at least Yonkers.

“I mean, what the hell?” Graham Lyons, P’15 shrieked. “I wanted to go to Utica so I could score drugs for less than what I pay at my firm in Manhattan, but now the heroin is just as expensive here!”

Expensive drugs, however, weren’t the only problem. Although normally a fascinating mélange of different immigrant cultures, the locals couldn’t help but notice the marked change in the city’s demographics.

“I’d always enjoyed Utica’s cultural rainbow,” Aiko Smith ’13 said. “But when I was down there this weekend, it looked like someone had spilled Wite-Out everywhere.”

For many residents, the last straw occurred on Saturday afternoon when Greg Catalina P’12 decided

to open up an outlet of his Manhattan-based *FaschaN* boutique. Catalina said that his new store, *Klub Útica*, sought to tap into the city’s “urban decay” aesthetic to create “shovel-ready” fashions, including the “Genesee,” a garbage bag with armholes that sells for \$150.

Yet, like so much in Utica’s history, things took a turn for the worse on Sunday morning. As the same bum from sentence two put it, “All the fuckin’ people left.” Utica then continued its slow but inexorable slide into obscurity. One man, however, was able to put a positive spin on things.

“At least the brewery hasn’t gone out of business yet,” Juan Mann said. “If that goes, we might as well light the entire city on fire. Maybe we should do that anyway.”

In this issue: short words and talking slowly

SERIOUSLY GUYS, HAS ANYONE SEEN THIS PURSE?



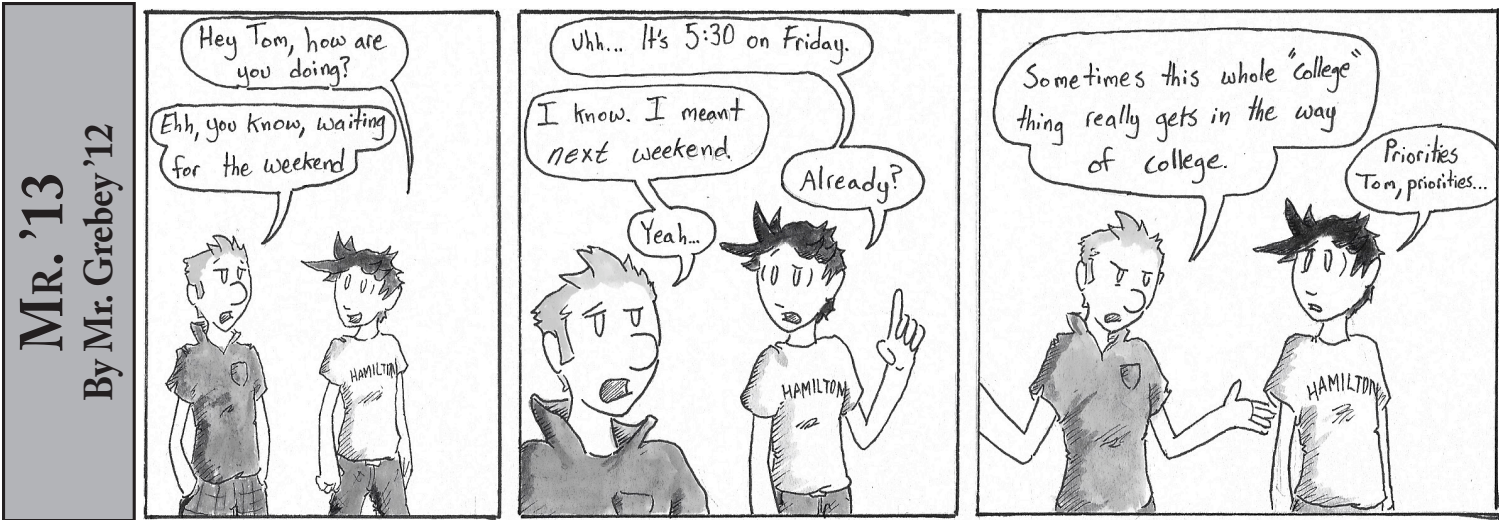
See, “*Duel Observer* editor about to go Jack Bauer on your ass,” pg. waterboarding

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “Give a man a fish, and he will be very confused.”

TRIVIA NIGHT FORECAST	8:00	9:00	10:00
	Titanic Swim Team	Your Mother, Trebek	Senior Ass, Now Show Me Your Tits
	90% chance your ACL is torn trying to get a good seat	Low probability halftime answer is Madeleine Albright	Paul Ryan: “Will someone please Ice me? I’m too sober for this.”



SORRY ABOUT LAST WEEK... CAN I GET A JOB NOW?

Dear Mr. Streetwall P'15,

I am very sorry about my behavior this past Parent's Weekend—it was wrong of me to seduce your daughter so that I could meet you, and for that I apologize, but from the moment I recognized her last name on Hamilton's website, I saw an opportunity. Regardless of my original intentions, the happiness I've shared with Eleanor this past month has been the highlight of my life, despite her lame leg. Well, at least it was until *you* visited this weekend.



So maybe a *little* over the top

It is my understanding that you found the limo service from the airport, your personal trainer Miguel, and the breakfast in bed complete with music by Liberace to be a little too much for you, so allow me to apologize for everything once again.

I also should apologize for the incident in my suite after the a capella concert. My actions were foolish...but you have to admit that it shows I'm willing to do anything to get a position in your firm. To speak frankly, your daughter has a phenomenal rack, and I had thought that the strippers would bring out an exciting side of her, but at the time, I was completely unaware of your devout Christian sentiments.

Also, please don't feel obligated to reimburse me for the matching smoking jackets I purchased just for the two of us. It is my hope that one day we will be able to put all of this behind us and remain the best of friends! And yes, I do think we can move on from that awkward moment with Miguel.

And one last thing, and I'm not sure if I made this clear, but...PLEASE HIRE ME! If I don't have a six figure salary right after I graduate, I don't know how I will survive. Also, your daughter is a gorgeous woman regardless of what I said after those gin and tonics. My awe-inspiring résumé is attached. Please read it. Then hire me.

Forever yours,
Cory Stirwell '12

Edited by Mr. Hennigar '14

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All your blog bookmarks in one place

Seattle, WA

Amazon unveiled its new Kindle lineup, including the Kindle Fire, to compete with Barnes & Noble's Nook Color and Apple's iPad. The product promises to bring innovation to the field of... fuck it, they all look exactly the same.

Leicester, United Kingdom

A recent study found that over 200,000 people may have fallen victim to criminals who woo them on online dating sites before extorting the relationship for money. About 50% of this was done by chatbots.

The Interwebs, Al Gore's Mind

Someone has begun translating the complete works of William Shakespeare into "lol-speak." In other news, we've lost faith in humanity.

Tallahassee, FL

Rick Perry's surprising second-place finish in the GOP Nomination Florida Straw Poll has many looking for another candidate, namely Chris Christie, to enter the race. This forces

reporters to ask the question, "Will he have to buy two tickets on Air Force One?"

Rome, Italy

The Catholic Church recently expressed its disapproval of the extravagant lifestyle of Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi. The condemnation came after reports of a party at Mr. Burlusconi's home where a guest allegedly performed a striptease while dressed as a nun. Reports suggest the Church is asking for photographs of the event in question in order to better understand the licentiousness.

Great Neck, NY

A 19-year-old student is under investigation for SAT fraud for taking the exam for six other students. Ironically, the scores were ragingly mediocre.



OH, CONNIVING DUEL OBSERVER STAFF,

You think I don't know, don't you? You think I don't realize. Do you honestly think I believe that "Sally Mcbadonkadonk '13" and "Bob Suchuhkoch '12" are real people? Well, I know the truth, and I'm going to spread the word. I double-dog-dare you to put this in that weekly piece of codswallop you call a paper! You ready for it? 'Cause here it comes:

All those people you quote each week aren't real. And I know, because they're all ME!

That article about Indie joining Camp-Po? I recognize that intoxicated rambling from when I called Fran Manfredo a bitch!

That feature about one roommate watching another one sleep? Well, what I do to Mike when the lights are off is nothing for you all to joke at.

That article about the freshmen football team? Screw you naysayers, we're going all the way to not-dead-last this year! Penultimate place or bust!

That article about the streaking team last week? ~~I WAS THE ONE EXPOSING MYSELF TO CHILDREN!~~ I actually had nothing to do with that one and do not condone that behavior.

So now, I've revealed your lie to the world, you senseless waste of paper! You couldn't observe a duel if it was between your mom and your mailman and a euphemism for sex, which it TOTALLY was!

You all best get off my trail (I see your staff out there, looking like any other person walking past Dunham, but you can't fool me), or I'll start a publication and talk about YOU using fake names like Ool Dubserver.

Fuck y'all,
Joe Naughtuhreelname '13

Edited by Mr. Johnson '14

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>

FRIDAY FIVE: THE ALUMNI YOU DIDN'T WANT TO RUN INTO DURING BICENTENNIAL WEEKEND

By Mr. Schnacky '14

- 5. The senior you hooked up with freshman year:** While desperately trying to flirt with her, you find out she's engaged. You then stumble back to your room, sad and depressed after you remember you have an interview tomorrow for a real job. Then, you cry yourself to sleep realizing that three years have passed so fast.
- 4. The one that still thinks he goes here:** His life goal is to never miss a Silent Disco, even if it means ditching his business meeting, taking the red eye to Hamilton, snorting a block of cocaine, and injecting himself with a rare stimulant known to cause death in 33% of its clinical trials.
- 3. The alumnus that has his name on a building:** Just looking at him makes you realize that you'll need a flask for most alumni weekends.
- 2. The alumnus that shotgunned five beers in a row and won that game of beruit after doing a keg stand:** In AA. Not the fun one.
- 1. Mid-life crisis alumnus remembering all the fun that he had and will never have again at Hamilton College:** Realizing that death is the only thing that he has to look forward to, his only other goal is to be buried in the Hamilton College cemetery; if his request is refused, he is also okay with his ashes being scattered in the KJ water feature.