

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XX, ISSUE XII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

DECEMBER 7, 2012

WHY WON'T ANYONE FUCK ME?

Duel Observer: Voice of the People

STUDENT MOVED BY ART Lacks Inspiration to Make It

Mr. Snyder '13

MISTAKEN HOMOPHOBIA DEPT.

(LIST ARTS CENTER) In a moment unprecedented in the history of Hamilton Theatre, a play elicited an emotional response from the audience. Much of the audience reported feelings of “empathy” and “emotion,” often combined with an awe-struck sense of wonder at the beautiful imperfection of humanity.



Hours after the play Evan Gary '16 was still stunned by what he'd seen. “I haven't cried since the Patriots lost the Super Bowl,” he said. “But after that play I wept like a little girl. I couldn't help myself.” Gary stopped to wipe his eyes and quickly added, “No homo.”

That night, Gary tried to put his emotional experience behind him and enjoy his Saturday, but his attempts were futile. “I was playing this game of beer pong and it was getting pretty intense. I had a really important shot but I just kept thinking to myself, ‘Why do we care so much about such inconsequential things? Why does this game matter when there's so much death and injustice in the world?’ Needless to say, I missed the shot. Next thing I knew, I was alone in my room playing acoustic guitar.”

Daniel Freidman '16, Gary's friend and beer pong partner, was asked about Gary's odd behavior. “Just because he saw some play about AIDS doesn't mean he has to be a buzz-killing pretentious dick about it. Bitch, don't kill my vibe,” Freidman said.

Mark Eggson '14 attended the play on his second date with Sarah Goldeen '15. “On our first date we went to go see *Wreck-It Ralph*, which was a little more low-key,” Mark said. “Sarah's the first darksider I've ever dated, so I thought going to a play would show her how sensitive I could be. I never thought I would actually like it. I was so inspired that I switched from Econ to a Theatre major. Broadway here I come!”

When asked about the date, Sarah chuckled, “everyone knows Mark's gayer than Elton John's anal beads.”

GERMAN TABLE ATTEMPTS TO ANNEX FRENCH TABLE

Model UN excited to have something to do

By Mr. Kennedy '14

INTERDEPARTMENTAL RELATIONS DEPT.

(RHINELAND) Already-drunk Commons patrons were unsure how to react Thursday night when fighting broke out on the back balcony. Trouble began when the new and oddly aggressive German TA, Anna Graham Ithler '13, led her twelve students westward along the third table, slowly occupying French Table territory in what observers described as “a real dick move.”

Confrontation escalated when German major and esteemed tweeter Joseph Ratzinger '16 crossed the line of French fries that French TA Jean Moulin '13 had constructed to demarcate French Table territory. In the ensuing all-out blitz, German majors overwhelmed the tired French students, conquering the remainder of the table and promising a nearby Russian guy that they were “cool.”

Several professors have already taken sides in the dispute. Otto Van Pureblood—the Eugene Eycks Professor of German, Angry Communication, and Applied Racism—literally raced to the support of the German table, dashing out of the bathroom two-thirds through his notable side-side-center shaving process.

LESSER KNOWN HAMILTON BAND UPSET AT NOT BEING ASKED TO PERFORM WITH BON JOVI

Make sounds only a mother could love

By Ms. Caswell '14

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS DEPT.

(KEEHN FAC APP) Several months ago, when Bon Jovi announced he was to do a benefit concert for Hamilton, mass excitement spread throughout campus. Even more exciting was the fact that one of Hamilton's own incredible alumni bands was to be the opener at the concert. Nearly everyone on campus was stoked.

Nearly everyone.

“Fuck those guys, man. That's all I gotta say,” the lead singer of the lesser known Upbeat Locks, Jacques Oz '13, said. “We never get any attention. I don't get it—we're just as legit! We have an EP out, a kickass name, and we just had a gig at the Rok a couple weekends ago. Sure, we weren't formally invited or anything, and we didn't get paid, but no one kicked us out until we'd done

Professor of French Chuck de Gaulle appealed to the Faculty Association earlier today but gained little traction when fellow Professor of French Vichy Pétain insisted bitches just be trippin'. Unperturbed by the complacency of the faculty's newly-assembled League of Languages, Joan Hinde Stewart reportedly organized a Resistance movement earlier today. “I fucking love France!” Joanie whispered.

Other officials were unsure if underlying tension between the two groups had led to the German aggression. Speculating wildly, Nancy Thompson faulted fraternities, alcohol, and the death of Patrick Swayze, while Professor Pop Baguette blamed gays and communists—two groups he allegedly learned to distinguish Tuesday.

The school's seventeen Asian student groups, however, were oddly silent. Together they sent a mere two thousand emails over the weekend, causing rejoice among the student body, and anxiety among the Organization of Hawaiian Hamiltonians.

At press time, Ithler had just finished a rousing speech encouraging a reconstruction of the Religious Latin Department. “I'm just happy to put my Communications minor to use,” Ithler yelled over the screams of resisting French majors. She then pulled out her iPhone to text her Russian friend an offer to go halvesies on the pierogis.

three whole songs! That counts, right?”

When interviewed about the Upbeat Locks, Don of Don's Rok said, “They were awful. At first I thought there was something wrong with the pipes or the electricity, just a bunch of weird banging and whining, but then I saw these assholes had set up shop in the corner of the bar. I didn't notice they were there at first, but apparently they'd been singing ‘Wonderwall’ for like ten minutes.”

The Upbeat Locks don't have a very large following on campus. “We have three or four fans,” says drummer Derek Adams '14. “We're looking to expand our audience. But what can we say? People on this campus just don't have good taste in music.” When reached for comment, the rest of the student population unanimously responded, “No, bro. You just suck.”

Most know the Upbeat Locks as “those assholes who like to show up at random places around campus and play until CamPo comes to yell at them or they get Keystone

See “Upbeat Locks Locked Out” continued on back page.



In this issue: Pro-Choice

Zoologists Vigorously Debate Whether Male-on-Male Giraffe Butt Sex is an Expression of Sexuality or Dominance



See “Frats ask, ‘Why not both?’” pg. 3 a.m. after an Annex Party

THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND COLLEGE



“The secret ingredient in Opus cookies is enthusiastic consent :).”

HANNUKAH FORECAST

1ST NIGHT

Dreidle-lickin'



100% chance candles are awesome for boning.

4TH NIGHT

Latke-eatin'



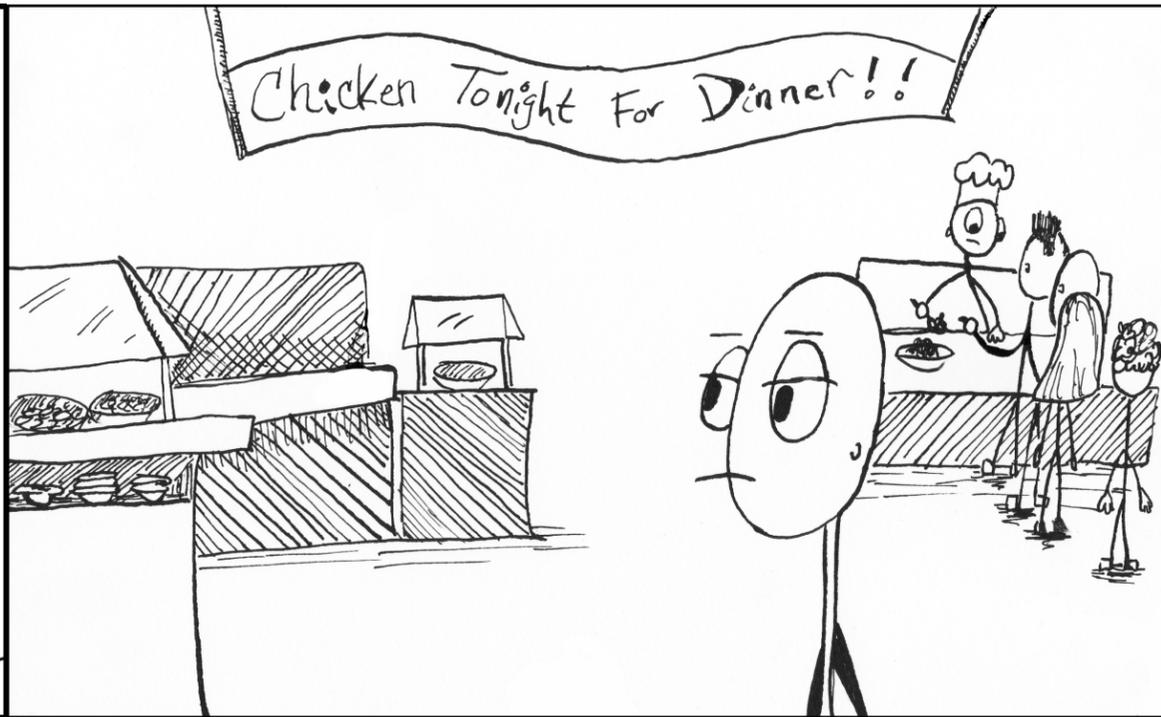
“There's no way you're Jewish.”

LAST NIGHT

Torah-readin'



Low probability the Palestinians were using that land anyway.



Upbeat Locks Locked Out

Continued from "Not with Bon Jovi" cans thrown at them".

The final member of the band is guitarist Blaze Jay '12. Although he never finished his degree, he still lives in Keehn. "Yo," he said in a prepared statement. "If Bon Jovi knew good music, he wouldn't have gone with those guys. We're it, man. We're the future. Ain't nobody got swagger like us. We've sold a full ten songs on iTunes (*Editors note: their mothers probably bought them*), and we have the most talent on this whole damn campus. So what if I'm tone deaf, and Jacques is a whiny asshole, and Derek doesn't know which end of the drumstick to hold? We've got swag, man. And that's all we need." The Upbeat Locks are currently in the market for any gig, anywhere, with literally anyone.

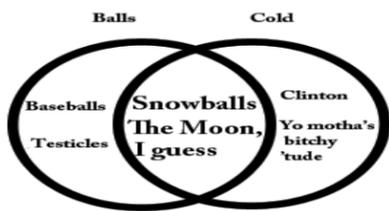
WHY "BALLS" IS A SHITTY SIMILE: A DOUCHEY BIO MAJOR CORRECTS YOUR DICTION

Edited by Mr. Lanman '15
"It's cold as balls."

Yes, I'm a Biology major, and yes, I do have testicles. Ladies and gentlemen, the scrotum is designed to keep the testicles between 95 and 96.8 degrees Fahrenheit—a necessary condition that if interrupted puts one at risk for infertility or a number of other ungodly complications. Have you ever felt a chilly testicle? I have. No, it's not fun!

Now look, I don't care if you're from the West coast, and I really don't care if you really haven't seen snow before. That's your problem. It is not cold as balls up here in Clinton. It's cold, all right. But in this case, the ambiguous term "balls" is inappropriate in many senses. "Balls to the walls" is fine—I've seen people go balls to the walls in Korfbal. But please, stop saying "cold as balls." I'm not a betting man, but if all testicles were as cold as upstate New York, you probably wouldn't be alive and your simile would still suck.

Here's the least graphic of the several visual aids I've compiled to demonstrate this idiocy:



THOUGHTS ON THE EVE OF A WEEKEND: AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE BABBITT BABY

Translated from babble by Mr. Cavanaugh '16

I would like to personally issue a warning to the students of Hamilton College, and in particular, those who plan on 'partying' in Babbitt this weekend. I have, for months now, put up with such pleasantries as listening to violently ill freshmen retching in the bathrooms adjacent to my room, hearing "Mercy" twenty times a night, and being dragged outside due to your apparent inability to coexist with fire alarms.

I haven't once complained, even through all of this, but if I may be blunt, I am sick and fucking tired of the immaturity. Never in my life have I been exposed to a more childish bunch of individuals than you sorry excuses for students, and frankly it ruins my weekends, which I should be spending exploring the sublime pleasures of a pacifier.

You are all pampered little brats. I'm sure none of you have ever worked a day in your lives, and you are an embarrassment to my college. If things don't start to change around here, I will personally

beat you all over the head with your own vodka-splattered *Dark Side of the Moon* posters. You're all a burden on the mature, hard-working adults who keep this school running.

And far be it from any figure of authority to hold you responsible for your actions! In my opinion, they're just too soft on you losers. Each weekend, as the EMT calls flood in and the useless husks of human beings drift from party to party, I wonder what happened to good, old-fashioned discipline. And you have the audacity to continue 'breaking shit' after being explicitly instructed to stop! I dream of the day when I will rule this college with a tiny iron fist and finally set things straight.

This behavior is simply unacceptable. Stop spending your parents' money on alcohol, stop selling your prescribed medications, and stop believing you inherently deserve what you have been given. You slobs are good for nothing but sobbing hysterically with your heads in toilets, taking indulgently long naps in the middle of the day when respectable people are awake and working, and, apparently, defecating where you shouldn't.

Please, for my sake if not your own, grow up.

QUIZ: HOW STRESSED ARE YOU, REALLY?

By Ms. Bodzas '16

It's almost finals week and stress levels are approaching an all-time high. We wonder... how doomed are you? Really, now?

1. It's scientifically unconfirmed, but we suspect newborn seals probably suffer from high blood pressure and stress nightmares about baseball bats. How old are baby seals when it's finally legal to club them?

- a. 6 days
- b. 12 days
- c. 3 weeks
- d. I can't deal with this, my final paper is due in 12 days.

2. Hundreds of people squeeze the everloving *shit* out of a stress ball daily because they don't know where their next meal is coming from. How many people die of starvation every minute?

- a. 15 people
- b. 18 people
- c. 25 people
- d. I don't know. I have a lot on my plate right now—I don't have time for people with nothing on their plates, man.

3. Debilitating diseases cause ungodly levels of stress and pain. How many people live with a terminal illness in America?

- a. 1 million
- b. 1.4 million
- c. 3 million
- d. I think I'm getting a cold or something, this is such bad timing.

4. With incomes dropping in the U.S., lower class families feel the depressing reality of seriously empty pockets. How many live beneath the poverty line in America?

- a. 45 million
- b. 46 million
- c. 46.2 million
- d. I have \$23.45 left on my HillCard and a week of all-nighters ahead, Opus where are you when I need espresso most? #brokecollegekidprobs am I right?

5. Approximately 250 million children work exhaustingly demanding jobs in sweatshops worldwide. Which of the following are child slaves deprived of?

- a. Normal childhoods
- b. Education
- c. Lives free of abuse
- d. Have you even been so overworked that you just start watching livefeeds of kittens while online shopping in another tab? Killing it.

6. Endangered rainforest animals everywhere are freaking the fuck out because it sucks to be homeless. How much of the planet's forest cover has already been lost to deforestation?

- a. 70%
- b. 80%
- c. 90%
- d. I'm 100% done with this shit I'm so stressed help when is break I'm literally crying fuck everything so stressed this is the worst okay.

(answer key: 1. b, 2. b, 3. b, 4. c, 5. everything but d. you whiny bastard, 6. b)

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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