

ADMINISTRATION CANCELS PEACE PRIZE DEATH MATCH
PLANS BORING PANEL DISCUSSION INSTEAD

LAI D BACK SOPHOMORE’S GUITAR-LIKE THING TOTALLY ABOUT TO GET HIM SOME ASS ON THE DUNHAM QUAD
It’s a banjolin...or is it a dobro? Or the key to your heart?
By Mr. Wesley ’16

(EVERY GODDAMN CAMPUS IN SPRING) Last Thursday, freshmen leaving Dunham were treated to the dulcet tones of John ‘Jacob’ Bergin ’15. The music, described by Bergin as “a disco, bluegrass fusion with a touch of pop,” seemed well received by several freshman girls who were casually searching for him on Tinder.

Leah DeTolla ’16, when asked about her thoughts on his playing, responded enthusiastically saying, “I can’t even begin to understand how much talent playing an instrument like this takes.” She went on to cite the artistic vision and mysterious, free-spirited jumble of notes as reasons why she would totally buy the solo album he reportedly recorded, but left in his Bundy single.

Music major Courtney Schaffer ’14 was confused about the hype around the sophomore. “I don’t understand how tapping a tin can to a detuned guitar makes a new instrument, or how playing the same three notes can be called music,” Schaffer said. “His vocals sound like a mentally challenged donkey covering ‘Call Me Maybe.’” She went on to complain about how his beard was grown to just the perfect length, how his hair was the perfect shade of California sun bleach, and how the beads in his homemade hemp necklace glimmer just so.

John stated that he created ‘The Cacophonix’ to stick it to his Instrument Design professor, who had just kicked him out of the course for bringing a piss soaked carpet to class and shouting ‘The Dude will not abide!’ when told to leave it outside. When asked how long he worked on the instrument, he interjected saying, “this instrument is a she and she is named Leah after that really chill freshman chick, so you can direct your questions to her.” At last report, Leah had no comment.

FRESHMAN TAKES OPEN MIC NIGHT AS OPPORTUNITY TO TALK ABOUT HIS FEELINGS
Counseling department worried about growing competition
By Mr. Spinney ’16

I’M SO SAD; I’M SO VERY VERY SAD DEPT. (A DARKENED OPUS 1) On Thursday night Hamilton hosted another installment of our campus’ most coveted event: Open Mic Night. Enthusiastic students entering were quoted as saying, “I feel like our campus is the only place that does this” and “This was such a creative idea! Why has nobody thought of it before?”

The night’s acts included like a shit ton of poetry, someone singing the latest Lana Del Rey song, and a Freshman attempting to be funny. At least, everybody thought he was trying to be funny.

When William Turello ’16 began his set with, “I’m going to tell you all a story,” everyone assumed he was going to be doing one of those story stand-up bits.

“I love Dane Cook,” said attendee Chad Richmond ’15, “so I thought it was just going to be a story with a lot of hilarious noises that didn’t really fit the scenario. God was I wrong.” For the next half hour, Turello regaled the audience with tales of a normal, upper-middle class upbringing, with prep school and summers in Bermuda that he was quoted as calling, “just so damn hard.”

SENIOR FINALLY FINDS ANSWER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE
Buys another bottle to double check, for science
By Ms. Browne ’13

SENIORITIS DEPT. (MINOR FIELD) In a glorious afternoon of day-drinking, one senior made an amazing discovery: there is, in fact, an answer at the bottom of the bottle. Driven nearly mad by thesis-related anxiety and desperation for any employment prospects for after graduation, Alex Leland ’13 was stunned, more than a few beers in, to discover that the meaning of life lay at the bottom of his Keystone Light.

The discovery induced a moment of Archimedes-like energy, in which Leland screamed “EUREKA!” and ran naked across the Dark Side quad.

Eyewitnesses marveled at the scene. “At first I thought he had just lost it, but little did I know he had just been enlightened,” Janie Smith ’14 said reverently. “Frankly, I’m just surprised the answer was at the bottom of such shitty beer.”

“I was just waiting for the punch line, but it never fucking came,” said Ron Barston ’14, the Café Opus worker at the time. “It got so bad, that people started asking for whiskey and ‘the loudest fucking pita chips you have’ when they came up.”

The performance was halted when Turello pulled out a boom box and attempted to read the note from the end of *The Breakfast Club*.

This reporter attempted to reach out to Turello in order to get the true story behind his performance, but only received an email response saying, “I wish to be alone now. Tell my father he’s a dick.” The *Duel Observer* reached out to Mr. Turello with his son’s message and received a short email back:

“I know my son’s a real pain in the ass. He did the same thing when we sent him off to summer camp in the Catskills before his freshman year of high school. Said something about death marches or some shit. Just tell him to calm the fuck down and he’ll get over it in two weeks. How much money do I owe Joanie for this one?”

In other news, Turello has been recently been spotted holding a sign outside McEwen that reads, “PREP SCHOOL DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR THE PAIN.” Needless to say, the diner has been very packed these last couple days.

With graduation about a month away, members of the class of 2013 are absolutely ecstatic. “All my problems are solved,” one anonymous senior exclaimed. “My plan to move into the Glen and binge drink my way to graduation will turn out to be the secret to my success!”



“There it is.”

Katie Leicester ’13 added, “If the secret is at the bottom of the bottle, Senior Week is actually the most important week of college! CAMP HAMMY!”

In light of this momentous achievement, President Barack Obama issued a public statement thanking Leland for his hard work and dedication and recognizing him as a national hero. In addition, the village of Clinton has declared April 22nd “Alex Leland Day.”

No word yet the specifics of “the answer” found by Leland, but sources tell the *Duel Observer* that seniors will not stop drinking until each and every one has made the same discovery.

SILENT DISCO FORECAST	11 P.M.	12 A.M.	1 A.M.
	Track 1	Track 12	Track 26
	High probability your NPR podcasts are better than the actual playlist.	75% chance glow in the dark condom finally has its time to shine.	“I can’t believe some people have to pay to watch nude mud wrestling!”

In this issue: THE SUN

Freshman Picks Up Bilbo’s Mithril Vest at Clothing Swap



See “Biblo gets worn-out Patagonia” pg. 19

OLD PEOPLE REFLECTING ON SEX



“The good part of Alzheimer’s is thinking you’re having sex with a new woman every night. The bad part is EVERYTHING ELSE.”


THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16





"Our fantastic upper classmen residence halls."

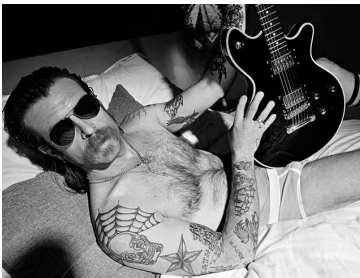


PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS SPRING FASHION

Good day, plebes! It is I, your sartorial arbiter Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to ring in the world's rebirth by reviewing the latest spring fashions.


As Wordsworth once tweeted, "Spring is here! #yo-lo." Indeed it is, dear William. On a few strolls over the Hill this past week, I took note of the prevailing styles permeating the Hamilton aesthetic. Mother Nature breathes deep, and the dress of her children teems with sass and inspiration.

Sunglasses (inside)



Many brutish men of bronze complexion sport protective eye-wear, complementing mesh tank tops and the like. Unless you're legally blind, eye protection stays where it's needed. If you are legally blind, I would love a chance to play with your adorable puppy.

Floral dresses




While whimsically reminiscent of the English pastoral, floral dresses still make you look like a grandma. Tally-ho, Mumma Wurterbottom!

Jorts




Though typically derided as a lazy choice of the impoverished and the socially inept, I find jean-shorts a refreshing rejection of the denim norm, legwear, and human dignity; this is doubly so when the shorts are masterfully handcrafted from a previous beloved pair of pantaloons and dyed with the finest ketchup and mustard in the style known as 'cut offs.' Bravo!

Wife beaters



Aesthetically the pinnacle of human style, it is rare to see them ever since the Womyn's Center started angrily throwing green apples at every man they caught wearing one.

Pashmina Shawl

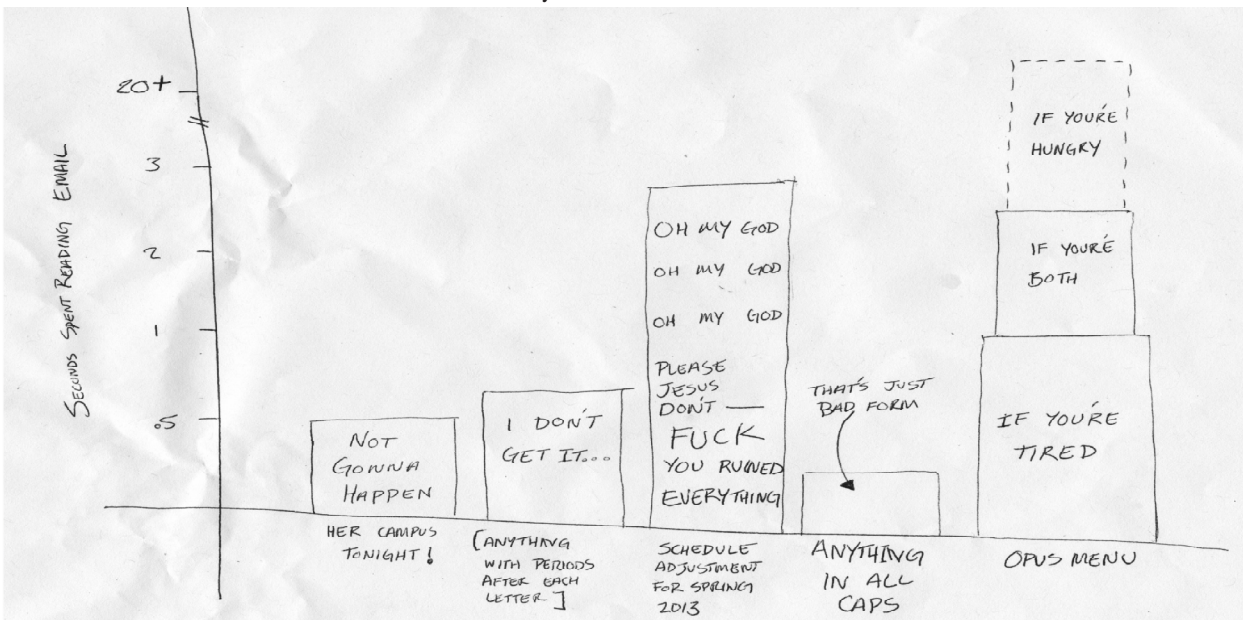


The black plague—a dear friend to me for its annihilation of my blood-line's archrival, the House of Sussex— is long gone. Yet some contagious neck rash must be circulating, for that's the only legitimate reason I can think of to be wearing these god-awful unnecessary scarves. A tidy ascot remains the only acceptable neck accessory for either (aside from a neckerchief, of course) (wait, and also cravats) (and also a tiny string of pearls for when you feel like dressing up like a beautiful lady).

Phineas P. Wurterbottom III took his doctorate of investigative aristocratic journalism from the Universitatus Bristolium. Literally took it—he stole it from the basement of an academic building. He will reimburse the Universitatus with the 40-shilling dowry of his first wife, Catherine the Willy-Nilly. He will write again for the Duel after overcoming a fever that has him convinced that he is King Henry IV.

TIME IT TAKES TO DELETE AN EMAIL BY SUBJECT LINE


By Mr. Goebel '15



Subject Line	Seconds Spent Reading Email
NOT GONNA HAPPEN	~0.5
HER CAMPUS TONIGHT!	~0.5
I DON'T GET IT...	~0.5
[ANYTHING WITH PERIODS AFTER EACH LETTER.]	~0.5
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD PLEASE JESUS DON'T FUCK YOU RUINED EVERYTHING	~1.5
SCHEDULE ADJUSTMENT FOR SPRING 2013	~1.5
THAT'S JUST BAD FORM	~1.5
ANYTHING IN ALL CAPS	~1.5
IF YOU'RE HUNGRY	~2.5
IF YOU'RE BOTH	~2.5
IF YOU'RE TIRED	~2.5
OPUS MENU	~2.5

LIVE-TWEETING DINER B


The Duel found these tweets on the Twitter account of an unnamed Diner employee, who decided to live-tweet his Diner B shift last weekend.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


The amount of alcohol consumed on campus is directly proportional to the length of time before you hear the words "gender binary".



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


Tonight's zero-to-gender-binary time: 35 minutes. Record: 47 seconds—immediately after someone put a Madonna song on the jukebox.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


The upside of having the scent of frying oil permanently burned into my nostrils is that I can't smell the alcoholic fumes on the students.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


Why are they called flapjacks? They're not jacked and they only flap if you throw them at people. #DeepFried-InThought



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


One senior just tried to order a beer. When informed that this is not the pub, he changed his order to a jell-o shot.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


Some guy is passed out in a booth and I'm not sure if he's breathing, but I think the students will kill me if I stop cooking to check.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


If you make pancakes on an open stovetop, shouldn't they be called stovcakes? #DeepFriedInThought



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


A girl just came in alone and got a pint of French vanilla, but that's still less sad than the guy who's waited 45 minutes for his friends.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr


French vanilla is, however, the saddest flavor of ice cream. It just wants to be different from normal vanilla, but nobody notices and nobody cares.



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr

"What is ketchup? No, no, I know what it's made of. I mean, what is it really, on a sociological level?"



DinerBKillinMe @Alan_at_DinerB

27 Apr

We're done. I'm gonna go eat a bag of celery and chug sparkling cider, in the hopes that a Diner B and an anti-Diner B will cancel out.

Retweeted by Mr. Hostetter '13

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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