

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXII, ISSUE XII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

DECEMBER 6, 2013

24 HOUR FILM FESTIVAL THIS WEEKEND

Because we know you have 24 hours to spare right now

STUDENT PHYSICALLY PULLS PAPER OUT OF ASS

Needs to get his shit together

By Mr. Burns '17

DERP DERP DEPT.

(THE TOILET YOU USE EVERYDAY – YOU'RE WELCOME) Charles Jackal '14 was sitting in Commons Friday morning when he suddenly felt a strange sensation in his bowels. At first, he just assumed that it was Commons potatoes burning through his stomach lining with their acidity as per usual. However, reaching down the back of his pants, Jackal managed to extract the first page of what appeared to be the anthropology essay he had forgotten to write the night before. In the bathroom stall, in what can only be described as a miracle, Jackal passed a full 9 page paper through his digestive tract.

"I didn't have a chance to look at it before I handed it to my anthropology professor," Jackal said. "I assumed it was fine. I'm pretty positive my ass has good handwriting."

"Mr. Jackal's paper was covered in feces when he gave it to me," Professor of Anthropology Michelle Charlotte

said. "He seemed quite smug when he turned it in, but it was barely legible. It looked like cave drawings."

Jackal is still searching for an explanation for the most supernatural phenomenon to emerge from his ass since that monster shit he took sophomore year.

"The night before, which I spent watching Netflix rather than doing my essay, I ate a lot of fiber—I think that might have been part of it," Jackal said. Interviews with Jackal's friends have shown that this incident is indicative of how he has spent most of his senior year in college, constantly sleeping through class and browsing the Internet for pictures of carrots that kind of look like Matt Damon rather than doing his schoolwork.

"I remember the last time this happened," Charlotte said. "In '99 I assigned a midterm essay and the student literally vomited it onto my desk. I wish I knew how to get these kids to actually sit down and write their papers rather than having their work come from various orifices on their bodies."

In the hopes that a similar incident will happen for his essay for his Shakespeare class, Jackal has been on a steady diet of notebook paper and plenty of Activia.

NEW NARP DOESN'T KNOW How To NARP

Someone, somewhere, plays world's smallest violin

By Ms. Caswell '14

NEW DIRECTIONS DEPT.

(HIDING IN COACH'S OFFICE) Newly retired athlete, senior soccer captain Scott Sorenson '14, is a little confused as to what to do with his life now that his athletic career is over. So far, his NARP (non-athletic regular person) activities have included drinking every day since November 2nd, taking excessive party drugs, not doing any homework, and eating like he hasn't seen food in years.

In other words, nothing has changed because Sorenson can't seem to abandon his jock ways.

Sorenson reports to the locker room everyday at 3:45pm, to which even friendly equipment manager Murph has said "Move on, kid." He then shows up at the field 30 minutes later and begins his warm up lap promptly at 4:15pm, before getting kicked off the field by the aggressively proactive men's lacrosse team. Sorenson, confused by this, downs his entire shaker of muscle milk and proceeds to wander Martin's Way. When he runs into a teammate, he asks them where practice is and begins to cry openly when they remind him that the season is over.

Tuesday at the VT's dollar draft night, Sorenson began to recite the speech from *Miracle* before a

36-year-old hockey freshman came over and punched him in the face, saying, "You don't know what you're talking about, NARP! Eh?" Sorenson spent the rest of the night attempting to pick up girls by telling them about his game-winning goal in the last game of his sophomore year, but none of them stayed longer than was required to get the obligatory free beer.

Teammate John Freeder '13 said the other two soccer seniors were having a hard time as well, but that Sorenson was taking it the hardest out of all of them. "Yeah, man," said Freeder, "you know Brock has his painting thing, and Jimmy Douran has started riding his old unicycle again, but Scotty? He just doesn't know what to do with himself. I feel bad for the guy. I really do."

Some teammates, however, have not been so kind. Junior forward Miles David '14 and Sorenson had a very public showdown Wednesday morning in Commons. Apparently, Sorenson had attempted to sit down at the men's soccer table at early lunch, when suddenly a very high-pitched David cried out, "You're a NARP now, Scotty. You can't sit with us!"

Later in the day Sorenson could be seen walking towards the Dark Side, with his head down, and Charlie Brown's Christmas theme blasting from his Beats by Dre headphones.



LAKE OUTSIDE NEW PERFORMING ARTS BUILDING TO BE FILLED WITH CASH

It's all about the benjis, baby

By Mr. Spinney '16

WHO NEEDS WATER WHEN I MAKE IT RAIN DEPT.

(THE GREEN IN FRONT OF THE CONSTRUCTION) It was announced on Wednesday that the lake in front of the new performing arts building will be drained this summer upon the construction's completion. Instead of being filled with everyday water, the lake will be layered to the top with U.S. bills ranging from 20s to 100s. The filling will take place once construction has finished to prevent the money getting dirty from "construction debris," President Stewart said in an interview. "We don't want to have to launder that money again."

"We believe that the college is losing its identity as a selective and upperclass institution," President Stewart continued. "What better way to stave off this continuing trend than heaps of cash? Also, I plan on using my open hour to just soak in the money and feel the soft cash all over my body," Stewart continued.

Many across campus believe that the addition will bring unwanted attention to the school. Christine Gates '17 said, "I just think that if you pile money out in the open, dirty, nasty hobos will come in and ruin the diverse atmosphere we have on campus." Dirty, nasty hobos purportedly support the project.

Noting the distress caused by the idea of "Undesirables" entering campus, Fran Manfredo said in an email, "We will have theatre majors surrounding the lake 24/7 that will be ordered to tackle anyone who gets within 50ft of the money. The volunteering will be listed on WebAdvisor as 'Method Acting in the Environment' and will be worth a half credit."

The new "money pit," as people have begun to call it around campus, will also cause changes in the Financial Aid policy. Monica Inzer has said the school will no longer be need-blind, instead revealing that the fountain will be used to hand

See "\$\$\$\$," continued on back page.

In this issue: All the dining halls

MAJICAL CLOUDZ TURNS OUT TO BE BAND OF 4-YEAR-OLDS




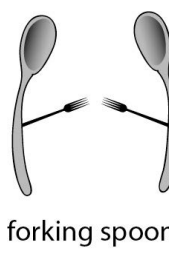

See "Does Fisher Price make a Synthesizer?," pg. 4

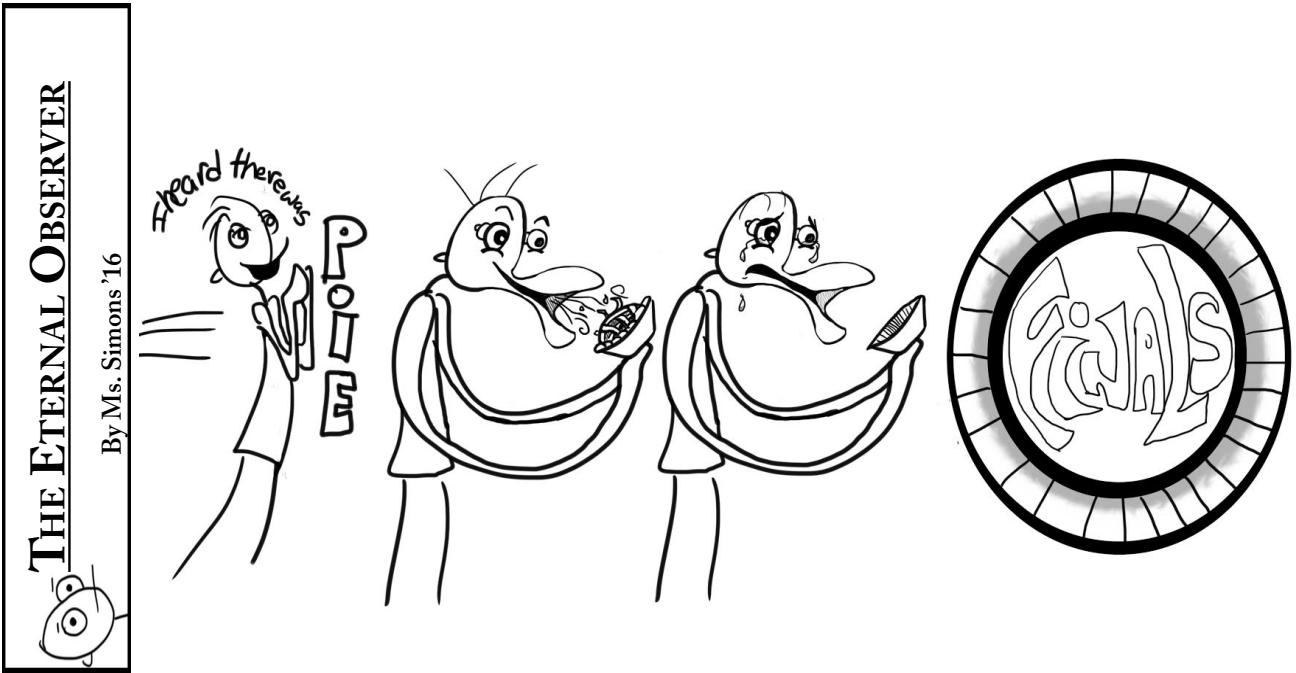
LET THE DUEL STAFF CLEAN YOUR ROOM!



And by "clean," we mean, "steal all of your alcohol and bud!"

~~**BITCOINS ONLY**~~

McEWEN UTENSIL FORECAST	1ST COURSE	2ND COURSE	DRINKS
	Soup	Pasta	Cabernet
	 High probability we're gonna spoon.	 84% chance she'd rather fork.	 "Hey, screw you."



****STILL UNSURE ABOUT YOUR SCHEDULE?!****

The time to add classes might be just about over, but for YOU, WebAdvisor will make an exception!

Sign up for Professor Christopher St. James’s ENG221W: Super Fun Stories That Everyone Likes (previously Structure and Symbolism in Contemporary Fiction) today!

Don’t let the W scare you away – all papers will be written as haikus and strongly-worded tweets!

And hey, just because it’s scheduled to start at 9:00am doesn’t mean students have to show up then!

A passing grade is guaranteed to all students who choose this course instead of Professor Gearhart’s!

All assignments are optional!

CHOOSE ENG221W TODAY!

(Because it’s better than Gearhart’s ENG220, I promise!)

Still not sure? See what others have to say:

“Some of the changes St. James made to his class seem a little...unprofessional.” – English Professor Andrew Gearhart

“The new course description on WebAdvisor is nothing but a link for a coupon to get a free carton of eggs from Hannaford and a kinda sketchy looking invite to a holiday party at Professor Gearhart’s house.” – Jordan Diller ’14

“Professor St. James gave me a twenty dollar Amazon gift card for signing up for his class!” – Cara Spangler ’16

Pulled off the “Manifestos” board by Ms. LaSon ’17

**FOOD REVIEW SHOWDOWN:
THE HOWARD DINER**

GUY FIERI

Host of *Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives*



EVERYBODY! I’m Guy Fieri and we’re rollin’ out, lookin’ for America’s best diners with a captive audience! Today we’re at Hamilton College, which is a small, highly selective institution in upstate—never mind, just call it FLAVORTOWN, USA! And after that long walk from your red convertible parked in Ferg lot, you’ll find the BAMCO staff gettin’ funky in the Howard diner. Morning, noon, and night, you’ll find ‘em whippin’ up funkini’ ridiculous Nutella shakes that will pay for themselves with that wiggly-wiggly salary you’ll get for sure someday.

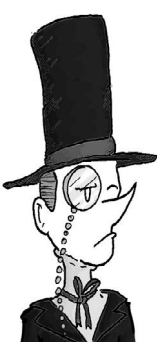
This totally awesome joint features a combination spaceship mission control panel/jukebox and a menu pricing system you’ll need a Hamilton degree to decipher! Your stats class should indicate the likelihood you’ll score some totally righteous curly fries or just some mildly killer pommes frites.

Locals agree that the Howie really gets funktastic in the early weekend hours at Diner B, where even guys with two-toned goatees wearing backwards upside down sunglasses can blend in like a native. Don’t forget to slide some skin to those culinary gangstahs, the late night staff!

Edited by Ms. Rice ’15

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM III

Pretentious Asshole & Sackrace Champion



What kind of respectable, discerning gentleman with a fine palate would even consider mingling with the plebeian patrons that inhabit that dingy place? Dining at a restaurant with only one Michelin star is already a ghastly affront to the palate, but to be presented with a pile of shredded cow and melted plastic, and call it a “Philly Cheesesteak”? King Philip of Spain must be spinning in his chorizo-filled grave.

The booths remind one of WWI trenches, but with a greater chance of acquiring gangrene and lockjaw, and are fitted with lingerie-coloured leather faker than my mother’s love. And Diner B, oh the horror! The troglodytic swarm of venereal drunkards, lasciviously meshing their scantily clad bodies and wafting noxious hash-browns in the air completely rids one of his appetite. I was there only for an instant and my tweed jacket was within five minutes covered in bagel crumbs and sexually-inept freshmen. And to finalize the horror of my ordeal, my order of French fries were limper than a [REDACTED]. On a lighter note, the memorabile banter to be had with the good-hearted staff is always an enjoyable affair, even if one’s well-bred nose cannot cope with the deep fryer’s odour.

Edited by Mr. Renero-Soulé ’17

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Continued from “Lake Outside...”

out financial aid awards. “Instead of simply handing out money,” she said, “we plan on covering the lake with a giant plastic bubble and bringing in some giant fans. Each accepted student will go in as money whirls around them. Each student’s award will depend on how much cash they can grab in sixty seconds!”

The Class of 2017 is planning on building a Last Need-Blind Class terrace on Siuda House as their senior gift.

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS
All the news you should already know, but don’t

Your Backyard, USA

Internet retailer Amazon.com has recently announced that they will start delivering packages by drone. The “Octocopters,” as the drones are called, are futuristic looking bits of plastic that will no doubt someday carry lasers and rule the world from on high. “Grrrrrrrrr,” the Crunchbutton pink gorilla said, when informed of the development.

Beijing, China

U.S. Vice President Joe Biden visited China last Wednesday to discuss rising tensions over disputed airspace. The Scranton, PA, native was reportedly struck by, “The nice clean air and shared inability to access the internet.”

Bismarck, North Dakota

According to a report by Time Magazine, the male residents of North Dakota have the largest penises (penii?) in the nation. The reason for the abnormal size of North Dakotan penises (penii?) has not yet been explained, but it may have something to do with ice fishing. I guess North Dakota fish just really like dick.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The median grade at Harvard University (you know, the prestigious one) is an A minus. I know what you’re thinking, but I’m sure they all earned it. Zing! Our applications got rejected. It’s true. This is not a joke. Stop reading. We don’t wanna talk about it. STOP READING.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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