

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXV, ISSUE X

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 17, 2015

I’VE BEEN STUCK IN THE PRINT SHOP FOR FOUR DAYS!

LISA MAGNARELLI PRAYS FOR ONE BULLSHIT-FREE WEEK

Duel Observer not responsible for weekly onslaught of needless frustration, Dean confirms

By Mr. Lanman ’15

STUDENT ACTIVITIES DEPT.

(STUDENT ACTIVITIES OFFICE) At 4 p.m. last Friday, three hours away from completing her first bullshit-free week in eight years, Associate Dean of Students for Student Engagement and Leadership Lisa Magnarelli ’96 received word of some grade-A bullshit requiring her renowned administrative magic. Sources confirmed that she wearily scrubbed clean the novelty chalkboard reading “__ days since last bullshit” that hangs above her Duel-strewn desk, took up her rapidly shrinking nub of chalk and, sighing, drew a fat white zero over the indifferent black slate.

“This close,” she said, holding her thumb and pointer finger millimeters apart, possibly imagining an invisible joint, which, no doubt, she could probably use right about now. “This close to seven bullshit-free days, when a first-year who forgot to go to the CACC meeting asks for seven flagons of octopus ink, a Polish translation of *Finnegans Wake*, and thirteen goat ovaries for ‘an art thing’ by 10 p.m.

RES LIFE SELLS Co-Op TV RIGHTS TO MTV

Program promises to shed light on whether vegans are lying or not

By Mr. Burns ’17

“WANNA TRY MY HOME-BREW?” DEPT.

(ON THE CO-OP COUCH, WHICH DEFINITELY HAS SEMEN ON IT) The Co-Op, the most mysterious and bio-degradable residence on campus, will open its doors for a new reality show called *Co-Op: Recycled*.

“Honestly, we did this reality show thing just because we want to know what the Co-Op is doing. They seem so cool,” Assistant Dean of Students for Residential Life Travis Hill said as he looked out his window and thought wistfully of the ’80s.

MTV executives are also excited about the deal. “We envision this show as a cross between *The Real World*, *Drunk History*, and *Breaking Amish*,” MTV executive Jackson Rich, who likes to wear sunglasses indoors, said. “I mean, these kids are basically pretending to be Amish, right?”

The show’s producers claim it will explore the drama that comes when you put twenty environmentally conscious people in one house, which extends beyond

tonight.”

Though Magnarelli managed to acquire those items with hours to spare, her dismay is justified. Her goal of completing the bullshit-free week—the four-minute mile of Student Engagement and Leadership—has been a frequent target of her colleagues’ scorn.

“Oh sure,” campus spokesman John Nitterman Jr. slurred into his gazpacho at a boozy solo brunch on Saturday. “She came to campus with all these wild hopes and dreams. I used to have hopes and dreams (*Editor’s note: This is not true.*), but you don’t see me trying to get 2,000 college kids to stop bullshitting. Dream on, Lisa.”

“Lisa Mags?” Nitterman’s personal EMT, Carly Kinbote ’16, asked. “Total badass. But she’ll never get a bullshit-free week as long as Patrón, prescription drugs, and privilege reign supreme on this campus.” (“HELL YEAH, PIMPS,” Nitterman rejoined.) “There’s simply too much bullshit here for one woman to handle.”

Though Magnarelli’s prayers have evidently gone unanswered, recent reports suggest that hope still remains. After Monday’s steaming wad of top-of-the-line, USDA-certified bullshit was assuaged, Hamilton has remained bullshit-free for the last seventy-two hours. If the Hill staves off all heinous dickery and brazen twatwaffledom through the weekend, Lisa Mags’ bullshit-free week will be realized.

Do it for Lisa. Don’t fuck this up.

the question “whose job was it to take out the compost?” (The answer, by the way, is Emily. Always Emily.)

“These Co-Op kids are vicious—I think it might be the fact we get too much kale and only one day of meat,” Co-Op resident and self-proclaimed gourd enthusiast Becky Walters ’16 said. “If it’s not a fight over who is more eco-friendly, it’s a fight over who made edibles and didn’t tell anyone. I ate some couscous from the fridge one night and was high for my Calculus test!” The main rivalry at the Co-Op is between resident bad girl tomato farmer Vanessa Jacobs ’16 and Ento Club member Kelly Riley ’15.

“Kelly’s boyfriend brought a banana in here once,” Jacobs said, disgusted as she peeled a yam for Co-Op dinner. “That skank—doesn’t she know that that shit isn’t local?”

Half of the show’s budget will reportedly be spent on pixelation of the Co-Op’s parties, which feature more appendages that need to be blurred than an entire season of *Dating Naked*.

“We think this show could have broad appeal, but not too broad—we don’t want to be mainstream,” Rich said. “We’re even considering a spin-off about 3994, but it’s going to get cancelled real quick.”

SOMETHING BIG ACTUALLY HAPPENS AT HAMILTON

Hell of a way to start a week, huh?

By Mr. Riopelle ’17

EXPLOSIVE JOURNALISM DEPT.

(HAMILTON, YES, OUR HAMILTON) In an event that made national news—no, really—the campus went into emergency lockdown on Monday following a call made to Campus Safety concerning a bomb allegedly placed somewhere in Kimer-Johnson. The event left many people shocked, wondering when Hamilton became a place where things actually happened.

“I always thought real stuff only happened at real schools, like Yale, or Williams,” Katelyn Pullman ’17 said. “Did our ranking just go up?”

The lockdown began around 10:40 a.m., immediately ruining those plans you had made to get late breakfast/meet friends/go to the bathroom. Seal Team Six, The Avengers, and Chuck Norris arrived a few minutes after 1:00 p.m., but were turned away by the already present coalition of campus, local, and state police.

“It’s alright, guys,” Head of Campus Safety Fran Manfredo said, pulling out some phenomenal tinted shades. “We got this.”

A small legion of bomb-sniffing labradoodles and officers navigated the labyrinth of KJ and, after defeating the minotaur guarding it, fetched the suspicious package. Expert bomb technicians from Albany then determined the package did not, in fact, contain an explosive device, but rather a plate of leftover fish from Commons. Police extended the lockdown and removed the “dirty bomb” to a safe distance for a controlled detonation, which local stoners called “totally boss.”

The lockdown was finally lifted at 5:57 p.m., after seven long, shockingly boring hours. The incident caused problems for many students, such as Jessica Neworth ’15, who spent the full time locked in the office of her geology professor.

“I had to listen to a man talk about rocks for seven hours,” Neworth said, “and all because of some prick who was too lazy to even make a real bomb. If I get my hands on him, I am gonna shove him so full of trachyandesite, he’ll erupt like Vesuvius.”

Other, less harrowing tales include that of new campus pariah, Joseph Johnson ’16, who reportedly spent the lockdown in his G-Road single, playing Xbox on his flatscreen and helping himself to his neighbor’s bottle of Macallan scotch. The public has sufficiently punished him.

Despite the stress and scare, the campus has resiliently soldiered on. President Stewart commented after the lockdown ended, saying, “Yeah, nice try, jackass. We’re still kicking.”

In this issue: Badass Admins

ARCHERY CLUB EMAILS INCITE RIOT, TOTALLY PREPARED



See “Free Ice Cream,” pg. Fuck you.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS: K9 UNIT 453!

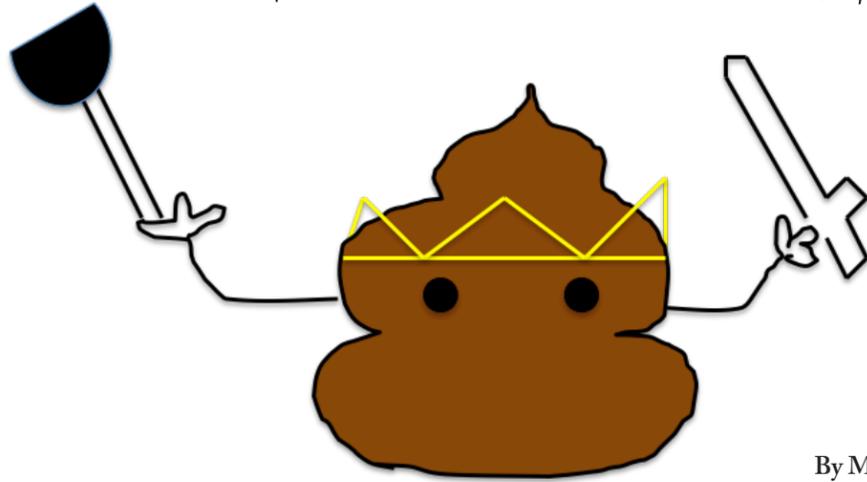


He’s a good boy.

“BARK BARK ALL CLEAR BARK BARK.”

VICTORY LAP FORECAST	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
	<p>Yes</p>  <p>100% WE MADE IT!</p>	<p>We</p>  <p>High probability it brought everyone together!</p>	<p>Can</p>  <p>“Are we talking about Wigo or ...?”</p>

GAME OF CROHN'S



By Ms. Chappell '15

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: Health Center is One Big Placebo Effect

It was just a regular Tuesday when it happened. I had stayed up until 4 a.m. watching *Going Down on the Farm* and went to sleep dreaming about hot red-headed lesbians in overalls drinking wine from mason jars. I kept tossing and turning throughout the night with thoughts of foreplay, but when I woke up, my morning wood was nonexistent! I was terrified because I always have morning wood. I've been told it's my best attribute. I jumped around my room naked for an entire hour, hoping to revive the little guy with some fresh air. But he was limp and I couldn't stand to look at him anymore.

At first, the Health Center refused to let me set up an appointment. But after thirty calls, they finally relented. Dr. Haulle claimed that nothing was wrong with me, that it was probably psychological. But I begged him to prescribe me something, anything that would help my little guy out. He hesitated for a moment before briskly walking out of the room. I thought all hope was lost and let a few tears escape, but then Dr. Haulle came back in with a large bottle of orange pills. He told me these pills were generic brand Viagra and that the Health Center was totally approved to give them out to college students.

I was supposed to take two pills a day but I was skeptical. I've seen the commercials about the negative side effects of Viagra on young men. Even Google says my penis can fall off from taking it! I wanted to see whether or not the Health Center really gave me generic Viagra so I made my roommate take one. He said it tasted like a spoonful of sugar and honey. I watched him for a few days to see if he had any symptoms but nothing happened. He didn't even get one raging boner!

So the Health Center gave me sugar pills. What else have they been lying about? I mean, the pills taste good and my boner is back full force. But I think I need to set up another appointment to investigate. May my boner be with me!

Dictated to Ms. Hawkins '18

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Duel Observer,

Now that I have your attention, Hamilton Archery Club has a meeting tonight in the KJ Red Pit at 8 p.m. We will be discussing bow-stringing techniques.

Sincerely,

Legolas

To What's Left of The Duel Observer,

We think we speak for the entire campus when we say that you have got to start taking yourselves more seriously again over there at The Duel. We miss the days when you published articles that presented a serious issue and then took a serious stance. Today, your publication is littered with spineless people-pleasing fluff pieces. So we ask, where did all the gold go? We just feel like you guys are starting to take this publication as a joke. We used to enjoy your articles. Week after week, your publication would provide sobering social commentary on important current events. Take for example your stance on the Bill Clinton scandal. You were the only other campus publication that had the balls to stand up and defend the man's right to assert his manhood. Now we are not fans of Bill's policies, but we are fans of freedom. The week of the scandal your publication wrote something we have taken to heart since reading, "If a man is no longer free to stick his Jimmy Dean Breakfast Burrito wherever he sees fit, then I for one think this America thing has gone too far." Have you gone far enough?

Sincerely,

The Alexander Hamilton Institute

Dear Duel Observer,

When will the madness end? I can't distinguish between comedy and reality. I just murdered a blonde, a brunette and a redhead and poured sea salt all over them but now I'm thinking it was supposed to be a knock-knock joke. I'm giving myself in to the police.

Sincerely,

Confused

Editor,

Just to let you know, the girls' softball team won our game Saturday even though you never ran our ad. Thanks for nothing Duel.

The Girls Softball Team

Dear Duel Observer,

Keep up the good fuckin' vibes.

Sincerely,

Joan Hinde Stewart

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

Just like the actual news, but better.

By Mr. Johnson '18

Sadove Basement, Clinton

The 2015 MTV Movie Awards premiered last Sunday night to a record low audience after its move from the Nokia Theatre in Los Angeles, CA to the basement of Hamilton College's Sadove Student Center. After attracting 2.84 million viewers to last year's Conan O'Brien-hosted show, viewership dropped by a dramatic ninety-eight percent. The drop was attributed to Amy Schumer, the prospective host who did not attend due to a bad case of the 'Stripes,' a fictional disease made famous in David Shannon's children's book *A Bad Case of Stripes*.

Panama City, Panama

In a historic meeting fifty years in the making, U.S President Barack Obama and Cuban President Raúl Castro met face-to-face Saturday in Panama City in an effort to improve relations between the two countries. In a similar manner, Hamilton President Joan Hinde Stewart held a séance today, invoking the spirit of Aaron Burr in an attempt to end centuries of hostility between the college and the former Vice Presidential specter.

Helsinki, Norway

The Nokia Corporation, the laughingstock of the telecommunications industry, is prepared to buy French rival company Alcatel-Lucent SA. The deal should boost annual revenue exorbitantly, allowing Nokia to invest more money in future ventures, including its continued research into a phone with a camera obscura-like device, and the implementation of a rudimentary Pong game into their phone's interface.

Gale Crater, Mars

New data accumulated from the Curiosity rover released by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in 2011 show signs of liquid water close to the surface of the planet. Soil samples taken by the rover showed the presence of perchlorate, a salt substance capable of absorbing water vapor from the atmosphere as well as decreasing the freezing temperature of liquid water. In other news, Governor Jerry Brown of California has announced plans to colonize the Red Planet immediately.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Contributors

DEASIA HAWKINS

ALBERT IAN LUNN

REED EDWARD JOHNSON

Copyeditors

IAN ULYSSE BAIZE

JACOB MARTIN KRAFT

PATRICK FLOYD MARRIS

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Compiled and shredded by Mr. Lunn '18