

ANGELA DAVIS TO LECTURE ON LONG OVERDUE EQUALITY
YikYak labels it a riot

PROFESSOR PROVIDES CLASS
WITH ESSAY TEMPLATE,
CLAIMS “GRADING IS A PAIN”

As if they weren’t already going to plagiarize

By Ms. Warren ’18
MORALLY GRAY SHORTCUT DEPT.
(ROOT HALL) Professor of Literature Don Hansel changed everything for the liberal arts community this week with one revolutionary Blackboard post. The post, an essay template fill-in-the-blanks MadLibs format, will reportedly dramatically reduce the time Hansel spends grading the many writing assignments students are tasked with each week.

“It’s all about accomplishing the College’s goals of nourishing a love of learning and effective communication skills,” Hansel said. “But what’s really groundbreaking about my approach is that it reaches these goals in a way that doesn’t cut into the time I spend watching *Chopped Junior*.”

The template begins with the sentence “[Author

name]’s use of [literary device] in [book title] problematizes the societally constructed concept of [any noun]” and goes on for three, five, or seven pages.

“It’s cute how that one douchebag in my Seventeenth Century Lit class still managed to over-achieve,” Hansel said, rolling his eyes. The student in question, Carl Peterson ’17, selected the seven-page template for a three-page assignment. “We all get it, you can parse a difficult text and draw comparisons to other works, have fun getting a job with that.”

Writing Center tutors are raving about the template’s tightly constructed thesis, smooth transition sentences and effective use of evidence. Professors across departments are considering following Hansel’s example, and a dialogue about the transition is scheduled to take place in the Events Barn on Feb. 28.

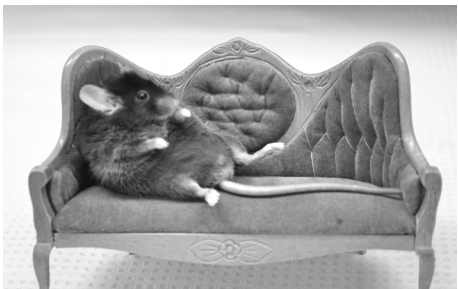
“I was hesitant about this at first,” Lucy Garcia ’18, a recently declared Literature major, said. “But now that I’m not writing essays literally all the time, I’ve had time to eat, sleep and talk to my loved ones. What can I say, I like to indulge.”

trar faculty member Geraldine Stephens remarked, shrugging. “We have yet to implement any policies for non-human enrollees.”

Fellow art major Candice Greenly ’16 also installed her senior project this week. When asked what she thought of the mouse’s magnum opus, Greenly replied, “Who?”

“No one showed up for my opening,” the mouse explained. “But to be fair, it wasn’t well advertised. I wanted to send an all-campus email, but ITS won’t give me a network log-in, and anyway, my fingers are too small for the computer keyboard.”

Despite such low attendance, Babbitt’s mouse remains optimistic. “I used to think I’d never leave Babbitt. I mean, my entire life is here on this couch. But finishing this project has really made me want to put myself out there. Maybe check out the art scene in some exotic locale like the CoOp. Who knows? This could be the start of a glorious career.”



“I admire Stuart Little, but his blind acceptance of the soul-leaching neo-capitalist muck was rather repulsive.”

MANFREDO NEGOTIATING
CONTRACT FOR CCTV REALITY
SHOW

Rejected titles include *Hamilton: An American Fuckfest* and *the Real Roommates of Clinton*

By Mr. Letai ’19
ADMISSIONS CASTING DEPT.
(CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE) Director of Campus Safety Fran Manfredo has recently entered the final stages of contract negotiation for the new reality show *Going Ham* on TLC. *Going Ham* will follow the zany antics of Hamilton students, all with footage taken from the numerous CCTV security cameras newly installed on campus.

“It’ll be like *The Office*, but with unpaid, unaware ‘actors,’ which is totally ‘legal,” Manfredo said, making aggressive air-quotes with his fingers. “Viewers will love seeing how much food junior Tim Werner can smuggle out of McEwen in his cable-knit sweater pockets.”

The plan for the show includes new student employment opportunities: students will be paid to look through the many hours of footage from each camera to find the best moments for broadcasting. Some have already started working on a pilot.

“The other day I saw a guy fall off the bridge,” said Nelly Nelson ’19, who is in charge of compiling footage. “I asked if I should call the EMTs, but Fran said it would be a good developing subplot. I snuck the guy some food that night though. His leg looked pretty messed up. Shouldn’t be too long before the squirrels get him. Poor guy.”

Manfredo has also requested the installation of cameras inside certain dorm rooms. “I can promise the whole nation will be following the classic ‘will they, won’t they’ relationship between Lisa and Dan. Now, I’m not saying we want to see all the, uh, details. But the viewers deserve to know whether things are getting serious or if she just needed to use his printer.”

Some students have raised concerns over the potential threat to privacy. “I don’t want to be filmed all the time. It’s weird. I want to be filmed after I have time to do my contouring-and-airbrushing makeup routine. And the security cameras definitely don’t know my best angles,” Jill Walden ’17 said.

Despite complaints, Manfredo is confident that the show will be a success. “Trust me.” He said. “Any day now, Tim is gonna get yogurt all over his jeans. That’s the kind of stuff that wins Emmy’s.”

DORM MOUSE CONTEMPLATES
HIS IRRELEVANCE

Expresses his turbulent psyche through minimalist art installation

By Ms. Whitmer ’18
RODENT RESIDENT DEPT.
(BABBITT COMMON ROOM COUCH) This week, a dorm mouse living in a Babbitt suite announced the installation of his senior art project. The piece is composed entirely of lint collected from his cushion-based home and arranged in a shape intended to mimic the structure, offering a comment on the excess of materials we use in our everyday lives.

When approached for details, the mouse explained, “I just thought, ‘Why do I need this huge house? I am so small.’ I think it’s become really common for us to have too much of everything. But it’s so unnecessary when you step back and think about it.”

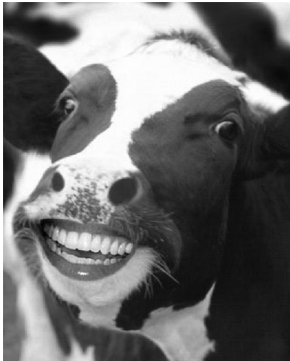
Though the mouse chose a minimalistic approach to his artistic vision, this project did not come together quickly. “I’ve been working on it for five mouse years. According to my calculations, that’s over a hundred human years. So you can just imagine how much lint I had to work through.”

The Registrar confirmed that the dorm mouse has been enrolled at Hamilton since 1812, though no one in the office had realized so until this semester. “I guess we could call him a super senior?” Regis-

SUMMER CONSTRUCTION FORECAST	APRIL		
	JUNE		
	AUGUST		
	Milbank	McEwen	Pool
	Low probability 8 AM is the start of your workday too.	80% chance 80% of campus still not up to ADA standards.	“Doubt the grout can handle the trout in my spout... I came in the pool.”

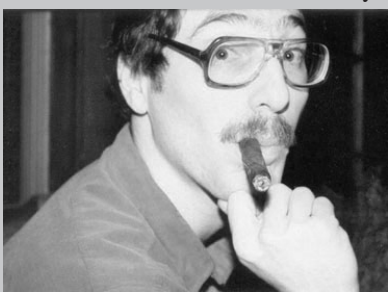
In this issue: Animals: eating things; being eaten

LEA UDDER ’16 SOW EXCITED FOR HER
SENIOR PORTRAIT

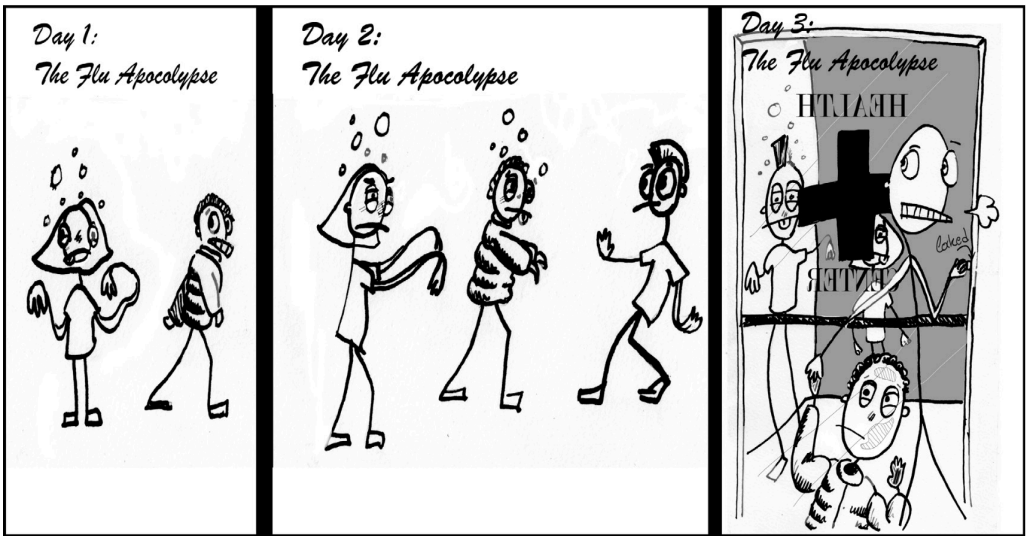


See “Time to show off those milky whites,” pg. 24 oz.

WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS
Real advice from someone we barely know



“It’s okay to rely on others in life—after all, it takes six to kill a bear.”



UNSOLICITED OPINION:
I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS—
I'M ILLITERATE

By Megan Smalley '17

I'm so sick of being surrounded by all these girls who fawn over boys, obsess about makeup, and know how to read. Like, where do they get off? Knowing how to interpret alphanumeric symbols and communicate their thoughts in text—it's probably all celebrity gossip and petty rumors that nobody wants to read about anyway. Though I literally have no idea, because I can't understand it at all.

You see, I'm different. I've always refused to learn how to read. When all the other girls were flipping through *Magic Treehouse* and *Harry Potter*, I had my arms crossed and my eyes closed, resolutely maintaining my independence despite my teachers, parents, and psychologists' insistence that I try to be more like everybody else. How dare they! I'm not falling into that trap. I'm too much of an individual to bow down to oppressive societal pressures of national education standards, dammit.

While all the other girls are out there texting boys, I'm not, because I can't use a phone. I can't even tell the difference between numerals and letters! I also don't waste my time online shopping for makeup and clothes to impress vapid sheeple. I can't read prices, apply for a credit card, or log into a computer. What even are keyboards, anyway? Some load of cookie-cutter crap, that's what.

Sometimes, it's tough being this different. People are always asking me why I don't respond to their emails. My teachers keep insisting that I "can and will fail class" if I continue to turn in crude drawings scrawled in eyeliner (my mom keeps buying it for me even though I told her a million times that I will never stoop to playing into oppressive, narrowly-defined standards of "beauty" or "sanitation") instead of essays, and cashiers get really pissy when I can't distinguish between bills (it's not my fault that they're all green and void of individuality, like most people). But I'm sticking to my guns. Sometimes, being different isn't a bad thing. In this case, I'd say being different is being better than everybody else.

Begrudgingly transcribed and attached to an email by Ms. Alatalo '18

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK:
STUDENT WITH SUSPICIOUSLY HOT GIRLFRIEND FROM
ANOTHER COUNTRY ACTUALLY SON OF RUSSIAN CRIME BOSS
By Jeb Stewart '18

First day of my spring semester, my roommate was randomly replaced by this dude Aleksander. It seemed really odd, but I mean whatever—I barely saw my roommate anyway, he was one of those try-hard pre-med nerds. Anyway, this kid was a real weird dude. He sat in the dorm all day playing video games, drank vodka by the liter and insisted that he's actually dating a model in Russia. To prove it, he sat me down one night with a bottle of vodka, and showed me pictures of them together. And I believed him—I mean, they looked legit at the time.

But that's where it all went downhill. The next morning I looked at the pictures again and realized one thing—I'm too hungover to focus on anything at the moment. I head over to the bathroom to get some water when I hear a hushed conversation in a Slavic dialect. Due to my extensive knowledge of *Rocky IV* (thanks Ivan Drago), I am very comfortable with all Slavic languages and quickly figured out that Aleksander telling his dad about last night. It seemed like his dad's only reply was that he would take care of the witness.

Slightly befuddled over what I had just heard, I went to ResLife to figure out who this Aleksander was and what happened to my old roommate. According to the unenthusiastic intern at the front desk, my old roommate transferred to Colgate, and Aleksander just came back from study abroad in Russia and was just having a hard time adjusting to campus life. Confused over why anyone would transfer to Colgate, I went back to my dorm, and really looked hard at his photos. They were all fake. Aleksander was in the same position wearing the same stained white tank in every picture. And the pixels. Everywhere you looked around him there were pixels.

And that's when everything clicked. The vodka consumption, the suspiciously hot girlfriend, his strong grasp of the grammar and intricacies of the Russian language. Aleksander was the son of a mob boss. I quickly realized several things—First, that ResLife had been paid off. Second, that Alexsander was on the down-low because the rival families are searching for him. And third, I am the only one outside his family who knows of his existence, making me a target.

I write this while barricading myself in the split double. Please if you get this, spread it so that my inevitable-future-killers can be brought to justice.

Found folded up in a paper airplane outside Dunham by Mr. Wesley '16

FRIDAY FIVE: HOTTEST DANCE
CLUBS ON CAMPUS

By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

It's almost March here in Clinton, NY, meaning that hundreds of prospective students will be flocking to the Hill looking to see what the kool kids do on the weekends. Here are some tips on some Continental clubs worth showing your ham for.

- Root Attic.** If your idea of a good time is getting hot and heavy with taco ingredients, this is just the place for you. Hamilton College's fifth hottest club is found on the fourth floor of Root Academic building. Built eight decades before velcro was invented, this club has microwaves above the permitted wattage and a shrine dedicated to Ezra Pound's *The Cantos*.
- Room 005 in KJ.** For the cave dwellers of the Hill, this forsaken salt mine is the perfect location to get down and dirty with any and all things abandoned. Inside, you'll find answers to a '72 stats exam, a VCR tape of *Godzilla vs. Mothra VII*, and your father's approval.
- Anderson basement's basement.** If you're looking to get offered some yummy-then-you're-bummy Xanax juice by a bunch of Aryan lacrosse players, then you'll love Hamilton's new hottest club, affectionately nicknamed "This Jungle Juice Tastes Funny" This club has everything you need: that guy from the Buffers who always has a boner and a glowing bag of soft powder labeled "Totes Sugar."
- Zipcar.** If your favorite hobbies include cow-tipping and picking the dryer lint out of the filters, then this club is for you! This club on wheels has everything: Chernobyl's first broken down nuclear reactor in place of an engine, the romantic tension between those two Opus employees, and the ghost of all jitney drivers' motivation.
- The left-handed desk in the front row of Lecture Hall SCCT G027.** If you were ever a pre-med student with a sinking feeling you could never be a doctor, this is the club for you. Super exclusive, this club features just enough room for you, your to-do list, and all of your bitter, bitter tears.

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Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN

LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

Contributors

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

Copyeditors

IAN ULYSSE BAIZE

MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

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