

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXI, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 1, 2013

THE ONLY THING THAT STOPS A BAD GUY WITH A VAGINA *Is a good guy with a vagina*

HAMILTON ATTEMPTS TO LAUNCH LAS VEGAS PROGRAM

Study abroad (or maybe two)

By Mr. Johnson '14

MANIFEST DESTINY DEPT. (RACK CITY, RESPECTED FEMALE, RACK, RACK CITY) At Thursday evening's sweet ecstasy rave specially convened staff meeting, Hamilton spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. finally confirmed a long suspected rumor: that Hamilton is looking into a Las Vegas program similar to those already in place in NYC and Washington D.C., updating the college to an 1850's mindset regarding expansion.

“We think it could be very rewarding, but it'd be a bit of a gamble,” he said, because obligatory joke says what.

When asked for the college's motivation for choosing “Sin City,” Nitterman explained, “According to our literature, it's a great city for immoral young people with money to burn, and admission demographics statistics tell us that's about half the student population, (Presley, 1964).”

“We're also hoping to maximize my- I mean, uh, staff salaries by eventually sending all abroad students to Vegas. Instead of the NYC Program, we send students to the “New York, New York.” Instead of the year in France program, we send 'em to the Paris Hotel and Casino. We've sent letters to this big opium den where we were hoping to unload the China kids, but all we're getting back are fingers, so we're calling it a wash for now.”

Academic departments are already competing to be the first to send students west. The Mathematics Department hopes to study probability, game theory, and “other things that totally aren't card counting.” Geoscience professors want to look at a bunch of rocks that they assure us are different from some other rocks, while the Classics Department wants to study the authenticity of the décor in Caesar's Palace.

“That last one really surprised us,” Nitterman admitted. “Mostly because all the Classics professors stopped getting paid

See “Sin City Upon a Hill” continued on back page.

CAMPUS ASSIGNS JANS INDIVIDUAL NANNIES

Student Life begins search for other ways to alienate them

By Mr. Kennedy '14

DEPT. OF CHILD SERVICES

(DUNHAM) Several January-admit first year students (colloquially termed “Jans,”) were disturbed Thursday morning to find sweet, grey-haired au pairs in their Dunham split-doubles. These appropriately stern (but never mean) nannies are part of the newest Hamilton Student Life program to ensure Jans become properly acquainted with campus before making any decisions on their own.

Despite a near unanimous hate of incoming Jans, the assault on Hamilton's most sacred tradition—hazing the shit out of scared freshmen—rallied students, alumni, and board members around the flag of letting the new incoming students buy friends. Still, Student Life knew that letting Jans choose their own college experience was too dangerous and would lead to too few stories about how cool London was.

“After the whole Jans not being allowed to pledge ordinance suggestion fell through, we just knew we had to keep them out of trouble somehow,” Dean of Students Nancy Thompson suggested. “Now that Lisa and I both have to work full-time just to make rent, we need

IN SEARCH OF FRESHEST FOOD, MCEWEN BECOMES HUNTING GROUND

Less “Farm to Fork,” more “Farm to Forked Spear”

By Mr. Hostetter '13

FINELY-HONED DINING DEPT.

(INTERMINABLE GAZELLE CARCASS LINE) In a move that will surely please free-range activists, Bon Appetit today unveiled its transformation of McEwen into a hunting ground. Upon swiping their cards for entry, students will be supplied with a sharp wooden spear and set loose into the newly installed savannah.

“We've always strived to bring the very freshest food to the plates of Hamilton students, and we view this as the logical next step in that process,” Bon Appetit spokesman Floyd Green said. “Food that's brought here can be great, of course, but there's nothing that beats tearing into the flesh of a fresh kill, feeling the rivulets of blood roll out of the edges of your mouth as you devour the beast's heart to absorb its power.”

In order to avoid polluting the natural beauty of the savannah, no provisions were made for cooking the food, with students instead being encouraged to chop down trees and build

someone else to make responsible decisions for them.”

Other branches of the school's administration are cracking down on Jan autonomy. Earlier this week, the Dean of Athletics purged Jans from all athletic teams. Senior and People Interested in Social Services club president Leslie Ming confirmed the latest leadership training included anti-Jan segments to deter recruiting new students. Lectures on “How To Spot A Jan,” “Do All Jans Want To Kill Your Club?” and “Jans: Not Quite as Bad as Darfur,” were the least offensive.



“We can't have them gallivanting up there like kangaroos, can we?”

The newly formed Committee On Jan Isolation is plans to report on May 1 in honor of the Soviet International Workers Day. Dean of Faculty Patrick Reynolds denied allegations the committee had instructed professors to kick Jans out of classes upon hearing rumors they lead to

autism.

Despite student protest, Dean Thompson remained firm on the new program. “While the decision to assign Jans nannies is consistent with our objective to make sure these students stay segregated from the rest of the student body,” Dean Thompson began before taking a long drag on her cigarette and pissing on the latest Pan-Hellenic petition. “Seriously, since when does anybody give a fuck about Jans?”

their own cooking fires “Survivor-style.”

“Alternatively, they can just man up and eat it raw,” Green said. “I mean, the Japanese do it, right? It's practically ethnic food, and people always go for that stuff when we put it out.”



“This better be the best Lebanese street food I've ever had”

Overall student reaction was largely positive, as many students cited their appreciation for the opportunity to de-stress through the joy of slaughter. However, some students were rankled by certain details of the program.

“I didn't like the fact that they only gave us spears rather than modern hunting weapons,” Todd Whitfield '14 said. “I just wasn't able to kill enough animals quickly enough to make a full meal. Fortunately, I was able to find a solution,” he added, gunning down chickens with an AK-47.

The *Duel Observer* attempted to retrieve a statement from Joan Hinde Stewart on the changes. However, at press time she was preoccupied by growling and picking her teeth with a tiger claw. When approached for comment, she merely unleashed a roar of ferocious bloodlust, her slavering jaws still dripping with blood.

In this issue: Incompetence

Blue Man Group Wows Students with Infectious Performance



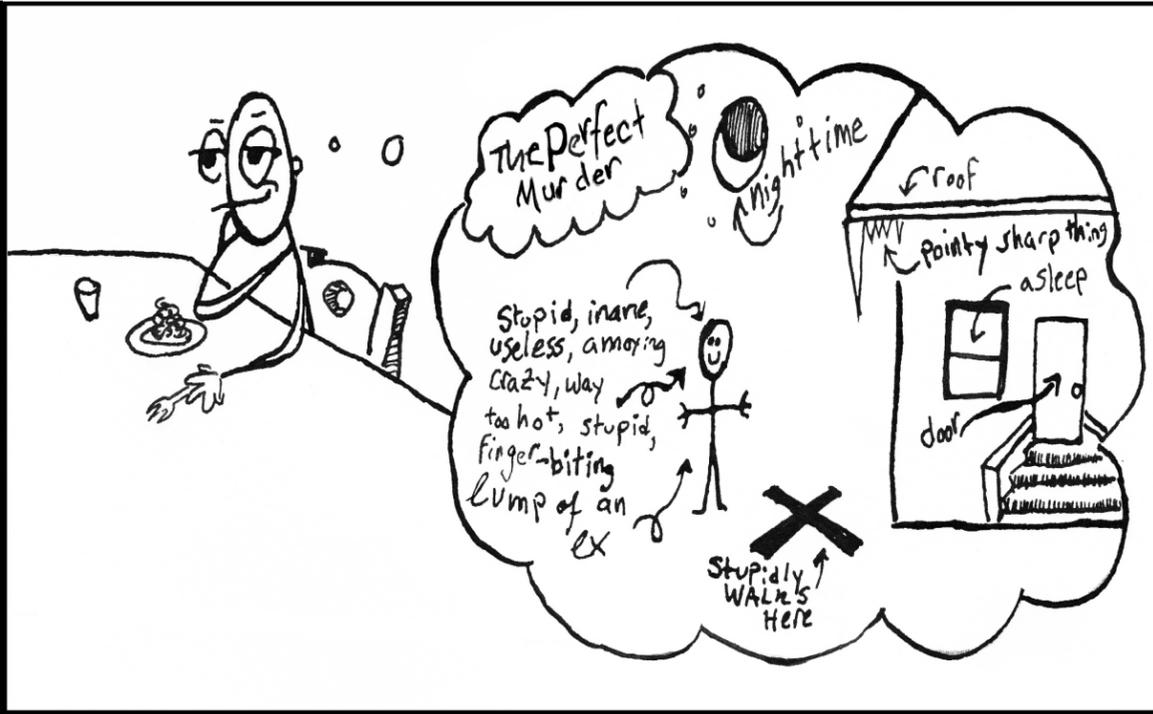
See “Students Hospitalized. Argyria is serious.” pg. 5

TRUE PRESIDENTIAL RECIPES FOR SUCCESS



Coolidge says, “Nothing gives me a calm and cool demeanor like having an orderly vigorously massage my head with Vaseline.”

SUPERBOWL FORECAST	PRE GAME	HALF TIME	POST GAME
	6:30	8:30	11:00
	High probability friend is still wicked pissed about the Pats.	6% chance cameras notice Michelle Williams.	“I'm gonna go to the bathroom and watch that Go Daddy ad again.”



EULOGY FOR FRANKIE THE BETTA FISH: WHAT A BRO

By Ms. Caswell '14

What kind of a man fish was Frankie, you ask? I'll tell you. He was the fuckin' greatest. The bomb. The bomb diggity. A beauty, really. If you didn't know him, you sure missed out.

Frankie was a good fish. At least, I think he was. I don't really know what constitutes a good fish, since they don't really do anything cool. They just float.

I fed him weed one time to see if that would change anything, but apparently when a fish is stoned, it floats pretty much the same. So then I tried some Adderall to see if that would help. Basically Frankie's eyes got slightly buggy and his fins were going real fast and he went in circles for a little bit. That was pretty funny actually. But then I ran out of Adderall so he went back to being boring.

So then I decided to see what it would be like if I gave little Frankie some tequila. I thought it would boost his confidence a little, you know? Make him feel like he was the shit and that he could have whatever little betta ladies he wanted and then maybe have a wicked hangover the next morning. But he just died.

I tried some of his fish flakes one time. Tasted like I was eating little gravel and fish scales. Why does it taste like fish if he is a fish? Is this some sick joke of the fish industry? Making fish eat other fish but no one knows because, let's be real, who eats fish flakes to double check what they're feeding their fish? I mean...except for me.



But, uh, yea. Frankie was a cool dude. He had really pretty blue wavy fins with red in them. I thought they made him look like a stegosaurus, which was rad.

So here's to Freddie- I mean Frankie. We had a great run, my friend. My time with you was the best two days I ever had with a fish. Except for the time we tricked my roommate Jamie into drinking a goldfish. That shit was funny as hell.

RIP FRANKIE THE FISH. YOU WILL BE MISSED.

LETTER FROM MISUNDERSTOOD ICICLE "Sorry for being absolutely terrifying"

Humans,

I know you see me, hanging overhead, sharp as that twinge of regret for the creepiest hookup possible, wobbling a little in the breeze. Yeah. I feel your glances, people. Cold, a little fearful. You have made it abundantly clear that you're freaking petrified of me. Congratulations. And I'm sure you kids don't mean anything by those fearful comments. I suppose you just want to protect your necks and then forget who may be listening.

Let's crush some of those misunderstandings and try to clear the air between you and me. To everyone who makes the 'perfect murder weapon' joke-impale your nemesis with an icicle, leave no trace once that icy dagger melt-kindly apply road salt to your eyes. Look, I recently got my New York license, the in-laws are moving in, the wife isn't so frigid anymore, and my freelance career is really picking up. Things are totally looking up for me, and it took a long time to get to the point where I can look in the mirror and say, "You are worth more than a flawless stabbing." All that ridicule is totally breaking my heart, Hamilton.

again?

Mar 16: Realize you haven't seen the ground in two months. Laugh, smile.

Mar 31: Aaaaand... there's still snow here.

April 6: Glowsticks and Mud-Fucking. Protip: Don't mix vodka and beer and (silent) disco.

April 7: Fun game- Wake up at 8:30. Crack Beer. Trudge over to Minor Field. Set up lawnchair. Drink beer. Watch poor souls try to find broken iPods, cracked phones, dignity. Reminisce. Laugh with roommates.

April 28: First flower-blossom. Weep openly.

April 29: Snow.

May 10: Macklemore brings down the house.

May 11-12: A reading period? Maybe? Before classes are over? Did they think about this at all?

May 20-23: It's Camp Hamilton! Yayayay!

May 24: It's after the fourth hungover morning in a row that you start questioning your life choices.

May 25: Gonna need to find some sunglasses and advil to meet the 'rents again.

May 26: You made it! \$200k for a bit of paper, a badass cane, and the chance to hand Joanie some fruit.

Jun 2: Realize how much you miss this fucking place.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO HAMILTON'S SECOND SEMESTER

For Jans, Transfers, and That One Kid Who We Lost in the Glen for a While

By Mr. Olsson '14

Jan 22: 'So how was break?' (As if I actually give a shit.)

'Oh, it was pretty boring. (I reached double digits in masturbation by the New Year.)

How bout you?' (The next person who went to Costa-fucking-Rica is forcibly kissing the Al Ham statue.)

Jan 25: I forgot what stale beer and vomit smelled like.

Feb 14 (early): Goddammit I hate those couples who are just too sickeningly cute.

Feb 14 (late): Multiple confirmed light-side hipster sightings. Sex plentiful (OMG JEFF MANG-UM!!!111!!!).

Feb 23: Yep, everyone's ass looks good in leather. Care to Time Warp?

About Mar 2: Campus-wide controversy, as per schedule.

Mar 3: Campus unites, rallies, vows action.

Mar Don't Wait Around for It: Campus delivers.

Mar 15: Spring Break. What were we angry about

Sin City Upon a Hill

Continued from "Hamilton Starts Las Vegas Program"

in 2006. Is there a bigger way to drop the hint?"

"At least they made it there, though. The Women's Studies Department sent some professors to scout possible research options, but they combusted as soon as the plane hit the tarmac."

Despite institutional enthusiasm, the program has been put on indefinite hiatus, citing a lack of funds. "Turns out just because McEwen is making food sold on the street from countries with far lower standards of living doesn't mean they won't burn all our funding," Nitterman remarked.

I know you're afraid of death, and I can address this anxiety up front. Freak accidents happen, but the worst we're talking is a simple clunk on the noggin. Bop, and we both laugh about it after. So please, for chrissake, stop making me out to be a big time skullcracker. That was just a phase and there are so many other concussion opportunities on campus. Accidentally bump heads while hugging someone on the rugby team, for example. This stuff happens all the time.

I hope we can turn this relationship around, Hamilton, and stop things from snowballing out of control. Let's have a topical debate. I have very strong views on global warming! Or a heart-to-heart! I'm a conversationalist. I don't need anything permanent. Jeez, I'll be dead in a few months. No need to be so cold, Hamilton. Anything. I'm here. Hanging. Chilling.

Love,

A Misunderstood Icicle

Translated from Danish by Ms. Bodzas '16

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