

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XVI, ISSUE IX

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

OCTOBER 29, 2010

## LOIS, LOIS, MOM, MOM, MOM, MOMMY, MOM, MOM, MOMMY...(Hi.)

### WEEKDAY DRUNKENNESS IMPROVES GRADES ACROSS THE BOARD

Can icing that bro help him in acing that test?

By Mr. Hess '13

DISORDERLY CONDUCT DEPT.

(SOMEWHERE IN MILBANK) Family Weekend is approaching and Hamilton students are prepared. Rather than forego their usual drinking time, students have chosen to move their three-day orgy of drugs, sex, and alcohol forward to Tuesday.

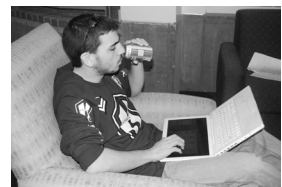
While professors and students alike worried that partying during the week could lead to horrifying results, several departments are reporting record-high grade point averages for exams given during the week.

"Like some sort of Scooby Snack for bros, booze has somehow helped Hamilton students achieve a heightened sense of awareness, like when you try angel dust or bestiality!" Dean of Faculty Jane Lambert commented.

"Everything just made so much more sense once I got my drank on," Chad Armstrong '11 explained. "Turns out quantum mechanics is nothing compared to trying to find your pants in the hay after the Farm Party."

Psychology professor Elaine Wriggles was delightfully relieved by their drunken behavior. "I've never seen the men in my class so attentive, although I'll admit, the obscene number of high-fives and renditions of Meatloaf's 'I'd Do Anything for Love' kind of pissed me off."

Not all were as impressed by this sudden academic turn-around by Hamilton's alcoholic community.



Ten page papers: always smooth, even when you're not.

"These students' use of liquor to boost their grades is completely unfair," Becca Layne '14 moaned. "I study intensively eight hours a day to get my A's while Broseph Lieberman over there gets smashed on Mike's Hard Lemonade and suddenly knows calculus."

Josh Smith '13 was also upset over the weekday drinking. "Girls plus alcohol is supposed to lower their self-esteem, not make them good at math. Now I'm never gonna get laid."

### PRESIDENT STEWART PUBLISHES BOOK, STAFF SCRAMBLES TO CATCH UP

Letter to the Editor mailbox for *The Spectator* quickly fills

By Mr. Charman '13

POOR USE OF FACULTY DEPT.

(PRINT SHOP) Professors went into a publishing frenzy last week after President Joan Hinde Stewart published a book about France with a really long title. Although I have no idea what President Stewart actually does, where she works, or if she even exists, this book suggests we can find her in 18th century France. Her recent publication raises questions regarding the faculty publishing standards.

"If I can write a book, I don't see why everyone else cannot be expected to do the same," President Stewart remarked. "What up now, bitches?"

The bar was raised when Jonathan Mallinson, general editor at the Voltaire Foundation where the book was published, \*called the work "a book written to be read," as opposed to books written to be injected directly into the bloodstream via giant needle.

The staff was less than thrilled. "It's hard enough to teach at a school that requires you to hold students' hands all the way though their college experience," Professor of Zoology Joseph Smith said. "Where the hell am I going to find time to write a book? I am going to have to give up my daily Zoology beer club for this."

Approaches to keep pace with President Stewart varied.

"I just recently published a book titled *Metal Catalyzed Reactions and Their Affect on Global Warming*," Chemistry Professor Susan Regis noted. "It's a children's coloring book, but I think the title will throw off Stewart enough so that she won't open it."

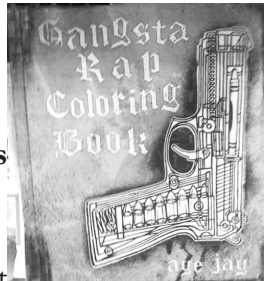
When asked about her motives for writing the book, President Stewart employed the Don Draper tactic of having great hair and speaking in incomplete thoughts, but she eventually had enough scotch and cracked.

"It's really just about the money," Stewart admitted.

If anyone is interesting in purchasing the book, it is for sale on Amazon.com for \$145.44 and does not qualify for Super Saver free shipping.\*\*

\* I didn't make this up

\*\* This either



### UNORIGINAL STUDENTS STEAL COSTUME IDEAS FROM LOCAL CHILDREN

Also include full MLA citations

By Ms. Joyce '13

HEAVEN & HELL DEPT.

(BUNDY DINING HALL) After meticulously planning their Farm Party costumes for weeks, exhausted students were shocked to discover that Halloween is this weekend, forcing them to once again come up with a creative outfit that screams, "Fuck Me!" Luckily, several students found inspiration at Clinton Elementary School's annual Halloween Parade.

"I saw a ghost costume that was really creative," Greg Girrard '12 commented. "I just wish that my sheets didn't have so many questionable stains on them."

Other popular costume ideas included Disney princesses, Power Rangers and Bob the Builder, allowing select students to fulfill their childhood dreams and perverse sexual fantasies simultaneously.

For the sisters of Eta Omega Epsilon, the children's costumes proved appealing due mainly to their small size, which, though appropriate for a seven-year-old, translated into barely enough fabric to cover their boob-jobs.

"Slutty nurses and French maids are so last year," Ashlee Vince '11 confirmed. "This year, I want to be a slutty Hannah Montana. She's as skimpy and wholesome as that pregnant teen on Nickelodeon!"

Amongst the men of Hamilton College, the most popular costume choices appear to be the Superman, Spiderman and Batman outfits, which come with a set of plastic washboard abs, allowing even the laziest of stoners to trick girls into thinking they go to the gym.

Unfortunately, the size six spandex pants are less forgiving in other key areas, causing students to wonder why all the bananas have disappeared from Commons.

Some students, however, have less elaborate plans.

"I'm just being a pirate," John Robin '14 said. "By that, I mean I'm chugging a bottle of Captain Morgan and seeing what happens." This statement left his bewildered roommates wondering how his costume idea differs from every other weekend.

There are still some costume options for the intrepid/asexual individuals who do not want to dress like their inner whore, such as a mummy, which has the added bonus of ensuring that at least one person in Bundy will be able to find toilet paper on Friday night.



He/She Fears You

### In this issue: D.A.R.E. program drop-outs!

#### WORDS OF WISDOM WITH MADELEINE ALBRIGHT



Madeleine Albright thinks *The Duel Observer* needs to stop just using her as a vehicle for expressing their teenage angst... Chip.

#### OH NO! LORD ZED & RITA REPULSA!



See "New *Dancing with the Stars* lineup announced," pg. 5

POINTS FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	JUDGEMENT DAY
	Naughty Touching  High probability that grab-assing at Bundy won't get you a Tip of the Hat	Possession of Weed  "No points... but only if you share."	Staunch Stupidity  100% chance of receiving 8 points for not returning <i>Green Eggs &amp; Ham</i>





## FAMILY WEEKEND SPOTS TO AVOID

By Ms. Tomkin '12

*Family Weekend is upon us, and you know what that means: time to pretend that you're still the innocent, naïve kid that your parents shipped off to college however-long-ago to turn you into a grown up. Besides finally washing your sheets and perhaps hiding your meth lab under the bed, here are some spots on campus you may want to avoid showing your parents for the sake of your mother's poor, virgin eyes, or they may pull you out of this school faster than a one-night-stand who's not wearing a condom.*

## CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: SECRET COALITION OF PARENTS INTENT ON STEALING OUR BOOZE, WEED, RAISON D'ÊTRE

Investigative reporting by Mr. Affeldt '11

This weekend, the Hill will be inundated with loving parents excited to see us and partake in the various forced bonding festivities planned by the Administration. Time-honored traditions will ensue, like dinner at Nola's, amicable/excessive drinking at The Pub, and a painful introduction between the 'rents and that pre-pubescent freshman guy you rode rodeo-style in the hay last weekend who you run into on the bridge and try to avoid but OH SHIT only notice after it's too late to turn around.

But is this seemingly innocent display of parental affection masking something more sinister? Methinks so.

I knew something was up when my parents started talking about the guided graveyard tour, which they've done every year now since I got here. Besides being boring as hell and seriously cutting into my beating off time, this reeks of a cover-up. These fiendish agents are not who they seem—they probably aren't even our real parents!

I know what's going on now: they're only here to steal our booze! I should have known ages ago when I caught Mother feverishly shoving our suite's weekend supply of Keystones into her purse. Or when Dad disappeared for an hour to take tequila shots with the girls next door and then belted out "Can't be Tamed" in a falsetto that haunted my dreams for months to come.

Yeah, that's right, Mom and Dad, I'm onto you. I know you're still sick of me and my Fall Break shenanigans from a mere two weeks ago. Why visit now when you quite obviously shouldn't want to see me 'til Thanksgiving? This timing looks more suspicious than that fifteen-inch bong currently chilling in my dresser drawer. Speaking of which, we really need to establish some boundaries when it comes to refolding my underwear.

Edited by Ms. Adams '12

## WHY THE DUEL SUCKS

By Mr. Boudreau '14

My God, I can't believe you're reading this trash. I'd normally tell you to stop reading and light this publication aflame immediately, but this article contains SOLID-GOLD TRUTH, so read it and read it well...then light 'er up.

*The Duel Observer* is without a doubt the worst publication on campus. It is unfunny, unprofessional and un-good. *The Daily Bull* is also all of these things, but at least it's vaguely useful (please answer my ad—I'd really like my opium pipe back).

Let's start with the unfunny. For a publication with the motto "knowe thyself," few of the writers seem to "knowe" that they stopped maturing around the seventh grade. A perennial fascination with the male phallus indicates Freudian compensation and sentences are short. And often poorly written.

All jokes made can be dropped into three categories: drunk jokes, sex jokes and drunk sex jokes. I've even heard that many of the articles are written Mad-Libs style: "Can I get a four-letter slang term for fellatio?"

There is also an incredible lack of journalistic integrity and censorship. I mean really, fuck-a-doodle-doo! Quotes and entire people are often fabricated out of the blue. You mean you've never actually met Topher Bonerface '13? What a surprise.

Also, has anyone really looked at the comics? It's obvious the artist just copies James Grebey from *The Spectator*.



Imposter!

*The Duel* does do one thing well, however: distribution. Whenever I need an oversized blue napkin in McEwen, there's always a

*Duel* at hand. Go ahead, wipe away.

Two final points before you can consign this paper in your hand to purifying flame: the articles are incredibly short. Seriously, they're all under 300 words. That's not even enough time to build up a decent rant before you're abruptly\*

\*Editors note: See?

### The Library

Blatantly winning a game of "which Lightside building doesn't belong," this parking garage for books is the Hell Hole of the original Hamilton campus. It also might not be a great idea to show it to your parents and introduce it as "the place where I buy my Adderall and then spend all night in the 24-Hour Reading Room calculating the best angle to throw old drafts of my eight-page paper that's due tomorrow into the garbage can."

### Milbank/Babbitt Laundry Rooms

This may not seem obvious at first, but seriously, the suite laundry rooms—especially the ones underground—look like a serial killer's kitchen. It's pretty much the place to go if you want to get jumped by a creep who's looking through your underwear and get your skin made into a suit like in *The Silence of the Lambs*.



### Bundy

This one's too obvious. The Dining Hall that smells permanently of booze and bodily fluids is an obvious no-no, but if you're a sophomore who was stabbed in the soul by the housing lottery last year, then there's just no hope for you. Your parents will arrive in your room and scratch their heads wondering what their \$50,000 is paying for.

### The Glen

The Glen is a great place to go on a nature walk. It's also a great place to discreetly shoot up heroin and hide your collection of human skulls, but hey, if they don't notice the smell of weed that's a permanent part of the Glen experience, then they probably won't notice why all of your frenemies and cheating exes have a knack for suddenly disappearing off the face of the earth, you creep.

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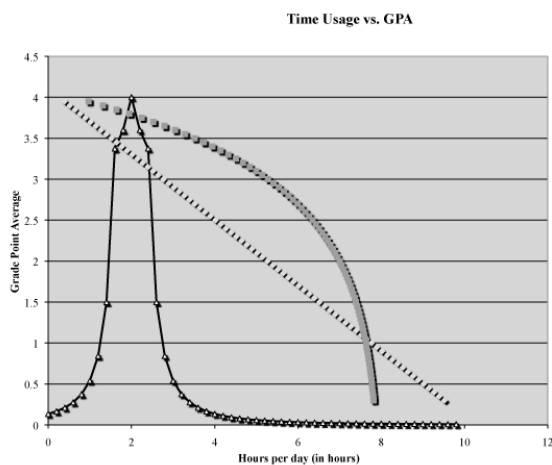
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## FRIDAY FIVE: RELATIVES I CAN NO LONGER INVITE UP FOR FAMILY WEEKEND

By Mr. Zappala '12

- Little Brother** - "No, Dad, he totally had that coke habit before he came up to visit."
- Crazy Uncle** - We look a little alike and I am not getting blamed for another syphilis outbreak.
- Remaining Baby Cousins** - Apparently toddlers are not currency for booze.
- Grandfather** - He's got a weak heart. Hamilton has a streaking team. It's never good when a heart goes down, no matter what comes up.
- Mom** - The cool factor doesn't seem to outweigh the embarrassment when the woman who gave birth to you drinks you under the table.



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