

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIX, ISSUE XII "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

APRIL 28, 2017

## DAVID VVIPPMAN FUCKING SHREDS "FREE BIRD" SOLO AT IMF CONCERT

### ASHLEY PLACE(D) IN BUNDY Will still get to see her kids on weekends

By Mr. Letai '19

SHIRLEY JACKSON'S HOUSING LOTTERY DEPT. (3 BED, 2 BATH, 250K) Due to a clerical error in the housing lottery, the student with number one in the lottery chose Ashley Place's house as their dorm room for next year.

"If only I had noticed that was a housing form and not a list of interview questions from *Administrators' Quarterly*," Place complained. "This is ridiculous. I'm an adult! With a job! I can't be surrounded by booze every night! I'll be too smashed to get anything done."

Other administrators have expressed concern over the situation.

"If it can happen to Ashley, are any of us safe?" Director of Campus Safety Frank Coots said. "I don't want to wake up one morning and discover I've been moved to the Dunham basement."

Reportedly, the two seniors who claimed Place's residence are excited to move in. Homer

Evander '18, one of the soon-to-be residents of Place manor, said, "I thought they had gotten rid of all the off-campus housing. It was pretty cool of Ashley Place to offer up her place."

Evander and his roommate, Ken McAllister '18, have already begun renovating.

"Her husband seems like a cool dude," McAllister said. "We've already made plans to go bowling together in the fall. Some of the decorations will have to go, though. "Water Lillies," Ashley? Really?"

Place herself, meanwhile, is unhappy with the situation. Since she only realized the mistake after Evander and McAllister had placed their all-powerful stickers, there was no way to reverse the situation. The official statement from Residential Life asserts that "though Ashley Place was not expecting to live in Bundy for a year, she is excited to take advantage of this opportunity to get more in touch with student culture. But she swears, if any of you so much as whisper after quiet hours, she is going straight to the RA."

will come through with a nice, nurturing surrogate, ideally in the financial or business sector, who has fond memories of their own time as a hungry fresh-out-of-school pup and is ready to help another one out," Wolfgang said when asked what exactly he was hoping to achieve by seeking out to the bosoms of more developed Hamilton graduates.

Ben Winckelmann '08, a middle management executive at a well-established technologies firm, expressed his interest in and support for Wolfgang's teat pursuit. "I think it's great that he sees the Alumni Network as something he can feed off of," Winckelmann said. "He's showing definite drive here, and I think that most students in their senior spring are lacking in that areola. I mean area."

When pressed, however, Winckelmann admitted that he would not be willing to bare his own breast for Wolfgang, as he's concerned about chafing.

Wolfgang is nonetheless undeterred. "I'm going to milk this for all it's worth," he said, before excusing himself to go retrieve a laminated copy of his thesis from the Print Shop to teethe on.

### PROFESSOR TEACHES USEFUL INFORMATION, GETS FIRED

Administration takes hard line on liberal arts

By Ms. Granoff '18

AESTHETIC DISCERNMENT DEPT.

(WHAT CAREER CENTER?) Many students were shocked this week when Professor of Mathematics Lysistrata Dunbar was fired after a class in which she paused during the advanced theory she was teaching, and instead began going over a general lesson on personal finance and how to manage student debt.

Many students were confused by the change in subject matter, but were too appreciative to question Professor Dunbar as she went from W-2s to the 1040EZ, essential tax forms for both students and those entering the workforce.

"I think it was probably the single most useful hour and fifteen minutes of my life at Hamilton," Rita Mae Brown '17 reported. "But then they fired her and gave us all this textbook, *How to Speak Obscurely but Impressively about Math*. I dunno, it makes a good paperweight, I guess."

"I am about to graduate with twenty-thousand dollars in student debt, and sometimes I feel like I may as well give up and resign myself to debtors prison. That or paint myself blue, find a broadsword, and run through the glen killing debt collectors," declared Thomas Parke D'Inwilliers '17, another student at the lecture. "But when Professor Dunbar started laying out how to make a budget, balance your checkbook, all that crazy stuff you never learn, I just felt like maybe I could lay down the claymore."

Kelly McMasters, Interim Dean of Faculty, heard of the incident and declared that it was "something up with which the College could not put. This is a liberal arts school of the highest caliber, where students learn valuable skills like how to survive a meal at Commons, or recognize the signs of alcohol poisoning! If we allow a professor teach them how to do taxes, next thing you know, we'll have people teaching them how to change their oil or repair a seam!"

### SENIOR PREPARES TO SUCKLE AT ALUMNI TEAT

The milk of opportunity is sweet

By Mr. Stevenson '19

ALUMNI OUTREACH DEPT.

(THE GLAND OF MILK AND HONEY) On Wednesday, Paul Wolfgang '17 formally announced his intent to abandon any remaining dignity and independence following graduation and to instead lay himself beneath the swollen udder of Hamilton's Alumni Network in pursuit of financial sustenance.

Wolfgang, a double major in Comparative Horticulture and Medieval and Renaissance Studies, had initially intended to pursue graduate school in Canada, but after receiving rejections from every single job, program, and internship he applied to, including most recently the Clinton Subway sandwich shop, he decided to delay his application process for the summer and instead latch his moistened mouth firmly onto the nipple of a successful alum willing to nurse him with work connections and experience until he is ready to consume and digest solid responsibility on his own.

"I'm really hoping that the Alumni Network

In this issue: Crow Boy vs. CrowBot vs. Crow T. Robot

### Class & Charter Day



Because your professors didn't respect you anyway

See "Sniffs thermos," pg. 5.5%

### Hamilton Alum of the Week: The Color Blue, Class of '255

MAJOR: PRUSSIAN STUDIES

SENIOR QUOTE: "DA BA DEE DA BA DIE."

FUN FACT: HAS BEEN DATING THE COLOR BUFF FOR OVER 200 YEARS.

EXISTENTIAL CRISIS FORECAST	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
	70% chance of being so tired you present the wrong thesis	High probability you plagiarize your teacher evaluations	100% chance you can't even finish the <i>Duel</i> because Brian is crying

# THE FIRST DRAFT NANCY THOMPSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

*With retirement nearing, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson has begun to prepare for her departure from the Hill. Through time, patience, and tape, the Duel has managed to reassemble the shredded first draft, with her handwritten edits.*

Dear Student Body,

I ~~hate~~love you all. Honestly, ~~fuck~~ I will miss every last one of you. ~~If any of you got hit by a car, I would high-five myself and keep driving without bothering to wipe my windshield.~~ I am, finally, leaving you ~~deranged wingnuts~~, and am excited for all of you to find your future. I know all of you will pursue your dreams of ~~disappointing your parents by not finding a career with your ridiculous cross department major of "Hypothetical Translations,"~~ and will make the world a better place.

When I first started at Hamilton, I felt at home. ~~That lasted all of a week.~~ All of the ~~incredibly pretentious~~ friendly faces of students and faculty, ~~what a god damn joke!~~ they brighten my day. You wait until you see Monica Inzer behind closed doors, ~~Satan incarnate~~ a perfect angel. And the students are the exact same, ~~parading through my office as if I'm their personal servant~~ each one more brilliant than last. They come in with their problems and I'm like, "we have a counseling center for a reason!" always happy to help.

I've been a Dean since 2005 and it ~~hasn't changed a single fucking thing~~ since the Hill has grown and changed so much. Every day, when I walk in my office, I'm greeted by a fresh pile of ~~flaming shit~~ "thank you" notes on my ~~collection of Russian nesting dolls~~ desk. In fact, less than month ago, a student came in and told me that I had made a huge difference for them here, ~~in that I'm the reason they're transferring~~ and it warmed my heart. I mean come on, does it get any worse-better?

In sum, the past 31 years have been ~~nonstop torture in the deepest pits of hell~~ a whirlwind of fun. I honestly don't have any idea what I'll do now I'm free. I'm thinking that I may just take a little while away to find myself again; since 1986 I've been a ~~slave to you ungrateful, self-obsessed brats~~ had the pleasure of working on the hill. I'll miss you, and I hope you have a ~~terrible~~ great time at the place that is forever in my ~~nightmares~~ my home. Fuckers.

Found covered in red ink in the OCC's shredder by Mr. Fergusson '20

## COMING SOON TO THE MOVIE CHANNEL:



Sent to Valhalla by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

## Three Minute Thesis: My Life as a Chicken

By James Cogburn, Anthropology Dept.

Is there any creature more majestic than the noble chicken? I don't think so. For my senior thesis, I wanted to feel what it would be like to step out of the mind of James Cogburn the human, and into that of God's most awesome avian species.

My first challenge in becoming Beaky McScramble, an intelligent yet humble chicken the likes of which the world has never seen, was that I am not a chicken. Every morning, I would completely shave and wax all my body hair, and then glue individual feathers to my body.

It was not easy to become a chicken at a college specifically designed for human habitation. I had to demand that a special roost be built for me in the Co-Op so that I could incubate my clutch of eggs. Dining also presented a great challenge in my ability to carry out my research. At first the workers of the dining halls would serve me like I was a regular student, completely ignoring the fact that chickens are deathly afraid of porcelain plates. I made a special arrangement where a Commons worker would scatter chicken feed on the floor of Commons while saying, "Here you go baby."

My academics suffered greatly during my time as Beaky McScramble. A professor handed back a paper of mine with an "F" and told me that he wouldn't read "chicken scratch." I told him that I couldn't clucking believe that he would be so insensitive to my research, and that chicken scratch was a derogatory slur. It seemed like life was stacked against a boy pretending to be a chicken here at Hamilton.

In a perfect world, people would have treated James Cogburn and Beaky McScramble exactly the same. What I learned from my senior thesis is that people will go out of their way to make life as a chicken as difficult as possible, and are always champing at the bit to remind you that you are not chicken, but just an ordinary human.

Collected in the hen house by Graham Paull '20

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