WHY WON'T ANYONE FUCK ME?

Duel Observer: Voice of the People

Professor of French Chuck de Gaulle appealed to the Faculty Association earlier today but gained little traction when fellow Professor of French Vicky Pétain insisted virtues just be trippin'. Unperturbed by the complacency of the faculty's newly-assembled League of Languages, Joanie Hinde Stewart reportedly organized a Resistance movement earlier today. "I fucking love France!" Joanie whispered.

Other officials were unsure if underlying tension between the two groups could lead to the German aggression. Speculating wildly, Nancy Thompson faulted fraternities, alcohol, and the death of Patrick Swayze, while Professor Pop Baguette blamed gays and communists—two groups he allegedly learned to distinguish Tuesday.

The school's seventeen Asian student groups, however, were oddly silent. Together they sent a mere two thousand emails over the weekend, causing rejoicing among the student body, and anxiety among the Organization of Hawaiian Hamiltonians.

At press time, Ithler had just finished a rousing speech encouraging a reconstruction of the Religious Latin Department. "I'm just happy to put my Communications minor to use," Ithler yelled over the screams of resisting French majors. She then pulled out her iPhone to text her Russian friend an offer to go halvesies on the pierogis.

Lesser Known Hamilton Band Upset at Not Being Asked to Perform with Bon Jovi

Make sounds only a mother could love

By Mr. Caswell '14

First World Problems Dept.

(KEEHN FAC APP) Several months ago, when Bon Jovi announced he was to do a benefit concert for Hamilton, mass excitement spread throughout campus. Even more exciting was the fact that one of Hamilton's own lead singer of the lesser known Upbeat Locks, Jacques Ox '13, said, "We never get any attention. I don't get it—we're just as legit! We have an EP out, a kickass name, and we just had a gig at the Roa a couple weeks ago. Sure, we weren't formally invited or anything, and we didn't get paid, but no one kicked us out until we'd done three whole songs! That counts, right?"

When interviewed about the Upbeat Locks, Don of Don't's Roa said, "They were awful. At first I thought they were "cool.""

When interviewed about the Upbeat Locks, Don of Don't's Roa said, "They were awful. At first I thought there was something wrong with the pipes or the electricity, just a bunch of weird banging and whining, but then I saw these assholes had set up shop in the corner of the bar. I didn't notice they were there at first, but apparently they'd been singing 'Wonderwall' for like ten minutes."

The Upbeat Locks don't have a very large following on campus. "We have three or four fans," says drummer Derek Adams '14. "We're looking to expand our audience. But what can we say? People on this campus just don't have good taste in music." When reached for comment, the rest of the student body, and anxiety among the Organization of Hawaiian Hamiltonians.

In this issue: Pro-Choice

Zoologists Vigorously Debate Whether Male-on-Male Giraffe Butt Sex is an Expression of Sexuality or Dominance

The Vengeful Spirit of Kirkland College

"The secret ingredient in Opus cookies is enthusiastic consent :)"

See "Zoologists Vigorously Debate Whether Male-on-Male Giraffe Butt Sex is an Expression of Sexuality or Dominance" continued on back page.

Student Moved by Art

Lacks Inspiration to Make It

MISTAKEN HOMOPHOBIA DEPT.

(MIST ARTS CENTER) In a moment unprecedented in the history of Hamilton Theatre, a play elicited an emotional response from the audience. Much of the audience reported feelings of "empathy" and "emotion," often combined with an awe-struck sense of wonder at the beautiful imperfection of humanity.

Hours after the play

Evan Gary '16 was still stunned by what he'd seen. "I haven't cried since the Patriots lost the Super Bowl," he said. "But after that play I wept like a little girl. I couldn't help myself." Gary stopped to wipe his eyes and quickly added, "No homo."

That night, Gary tried to put his emotional experience behind him and enjoy his Saturday, but his attempts were futile. "I was playing this game of beer pong and it was getting pretty intense. I had a really important shot but I just kept thinking to myself, 'Why do we care so much about such inconsequential things? Why does this game matter when there's so much death and injustice in the world?' Needless to say, I missed the shot. Next thing I know, I was alone in my room playing acoustic guitar."

Daniel Freidman, Gary's friend and beer pong partner, was asked about Gary's odd behavior. "Just because he saw some play about AIDS doesn't mean he has to be a pretentious dick about it. Bitch, don't kill my vibe," Freidman said.

Mark Eggson '14 attended the play on his second date with Sarah Goldeen '15. "On our second date we went to go see Hamilton, mass excitement spread throughout campus. Even more exciting was the fact that one of Hamilton's own incredible alumni bands was to be the opener at the concert. Nearly everyone on campus was stoked.

Nearby everyone.

"Fuck those guys, man. That's all I gotta say," the lead singer of the lesser known Upbeat Locks, Jacques Ox '13, said, "We never get any attention. I don't get it—we're just as legit! We have an EP out, a kickass name, and we just had a gig at the Roa a couple weeks ago. Sure, we weren't formally invited or anything, and we didn't get paid, but no one kicked us out until we'd done three whole songs! That counts, right?"

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By Ms. Bodzas ’16

“Walls” is a Shitty Smiley: A Douchey Bio Major Corrects Your Diction

I’m a Biology major, and yes, I do have testicles. Ladies and gentlemen, the scrotum is designed to keep the testicles between 95 and 96.8 degrees Fahrenheit—a necessary condition that if interrupted puts one at risk for infertility or a number of other ungodly complications. Have you ever felt a chilly testicle? I have. No, it’s not fun!

Now look, I don’t care if you’re from the West coast, and I really don’t care if you haven’t seen snow before. That’s your problem. It is not cold as balls up here in Clinton. It’s cold, all right. But in this case, the ambiguous term “balls” is inappropriate in many senses. “Balls to the walls” is fine—I’ve seen people go balls to the walls in Korfball. But please, stop saying “cold as balls.” I’m not a betting man, but if all testicles were as cold as upstate New York, you probably wouldn’t be alive and your simile would still suck.

Here’s the least graphic of the several visual aids I’ve compiled to demonstrate this idiocy:

Quiz: How Stressed Are You, Really?

By Ms. Bodzas ’16

It’s almost finals week and stress levels are approaching an all-time high. We wonder… how doomed are you?

1. It’s scientifically unconfirmed, but we suspect newborn babies are awake and working, and, apparently, long naps in the middle of the day when respectably with your heads in toilets, taking indulgently lives feel the depressing reality of seriously empty pockets.

2. With incomes dropping in the U.S., lower class families feel the depressing reality of seriously empty pockets. How many live beneath the poverty line in America?

   a. 45 million
   b. 46 million
   c. 46.2 million
   d. I have $23.45 left on my HillCard and a week of all-you-can-eat laundry in the middle of the night.

3. Approximately 250 million children work exhaustingly demanding jobs in sweatshops worldwide. Which of the following are child slaves deprived of?

   a. Normal childhoods
   b. Education
   c. Lives free of abuse
   d. I have even been so overworked that you just start watching livefeeds of kittens while online shopping in another tab? Killing it.

4. Endangered rainforest animals everywhere are freaking the fuck out because it sucks to be homeless. How much of the planet’s forest cover has already been lost to deforestation?

   a. 70%
   b. 80%
   c. 90%
   d. I’m 100% done with this shit I’m so stressed help when is break I’m literally crying fuck everything so I’ll just get some sleep

Thoughts On the Eve of a Weekend: An Open Letter from the Babbit Baby

Translated from babble by Ms. Cavanaugh ’16

I would like to personally issue a warning to the students of Hamilton College, and in particular, those who plan on ‘partying’ in Babbit this weekend. I have, for months now, put up with such pleasantries as listening to violently ill freshmen itching in the bathrooms adjacent to my room, hearing “Mercy” twenty times a night, and being dragged outside due to your apparent inability to coexist with fire alarms.

I haven’t once complained, even through all of this, but if I may be blunt, I am sick and fucking tired of the immaturity. Never in my life have I been exposed to a more childish bunch of individuals than you sorry excuses for students, and frankly it ruins my weekends, which I should be spending exploring the sublime pleasures of a pacifier.

You are all pampered little brats. I’m sure none of you have ever worked a day in your lives, and you are an embarrassment to my college. If things don’t start to change around here, I will personally beat you all over the head with your own vodka-splattered Dark Side of the Moon posters. You’re all a burden on the mature, hard-working adults who keep this school running.

And far be it from any figure of authority to hold you responsible for your actions! In my opinion, they’re just too soft on you losers. Each weekend, as the EMT calls in and the useless husks of human beings drift from party to party, I wonder what happened to good, old-fashioned discipline. And you have the audacity to continue ‘breaking shit’ after being explicitly instructed to stop! I dream of the day when I will rule this college with a tiny iron fist and finally set things straight.

This behavior is simply unacceptable. Stop spending your parents’ money on alcohol, stop selling your prescribed medications, and stop believing you inherently deserve what you have been given. You slobs are good for nothing but sobbing hysterically with your heads in toilets, taking indulgently long naps in the middle of the day when respectable people are awake and working, and, apparently, deciding where you’re supposed to be.

Please, for my sake if not your own, grow up.

The Duel Observer

William Cameron Sinton II
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Editor-out-Chief/Ear mibbles

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Managing Editor/Stroking your hair

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Happy Birthday Nate!

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