

THERE’S A CONCERT! THERE’S A CONCERT!
(Less chai, more Four Loko)

HIPSTERS LAUD LCD SOUNDSYSTEM SHOW AS
“OUR GENERATION’S WOODSTOCK”

Rest of campus laud LCD Soundsystem show as ‘great chance to try ecstacy’

By Mr Sinton ’13

DAFT PUNK IS PLAYING AT MY DEPT.

(THIS IS HAPPENING...IN THE ANNEX) The Dark Side, normally sullen, smoky and pervaded by the faint smell of second-wave feminism, was buzzing with anticipation today because not-really-famed indie dancepunk outfit LCD Soundsystem is going to play a show on campus.

The band was imported by the Campus Activities Board because otherwise there would be nothing to do on this godforsaken Hill except get EMT’d or Diner B’d. Naturally, the section of campus obsessed with feigning cultural literacy was euphoric at the chance to actually gain some.

“They’re the sound of our generation, man!” Joseph Cardigan ’12 proclaimed. “This show is like going to the Louvre, but instead of Mona Lisa smiling like a smug bitch, it’s The Beatles playing a set with Bruce Springsteen and Tupac and Miles Davis and Obama is getting sworn in but instead he’s doing the YMCA with Jesus! IT’S EXACTLY LIKE THAT!”

The hyperbolic excitement was infectious.

“I’ve only ever heard that song they have about drunk girls,” Lucy Chang ’14 admitted, “but I like how it describes my Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and some of my Tuesdays!”

“Also, sometimes the guitar is like wah wah wah and I bet there will be laser songs like pew pew pow,” her friend Amy Curtis ’14 chimed in.



Some students were excited for different reasons. According to Jerry Garcia ’11, “They’re bringing in two tons of lights and lasers! Can you say LSD Shroomsystem?”

Not all of the campus joined in the revelry though.

“I’m just excited to get waasssttteeddd,” Annie Ayteex ’13 giggled. Then again, that’s the quote she gives every weekend.

A few music dorks tried to point out that innovative genrebusting Sleigh Bells was opening, but everyone ignored them because they were being all passionate and having a unique opinion. Lame.



“Look ma, I’m eating local!”

BABBITT BECOMES BLOOD GULCH
L33t H4x0rs forget where game ends and reality begins

By Mr. Boudreau ’14

NEWFANGLED TECHNOLOGY DEPT.

(WORLD OF WARCRAFT) Relaxing with violence is a well-established tradition at Hamilton College.

From bear-baitings and gladiatorial fights to *C.O.D.* tournaments, men prefer to unwind by harming others. These days, most male students relax by engaging in virtual violence only. Unfortunately, some students are blurring the line between reality and fantasy, confusing acceptable virtual actions with real life.

“I was just about to snag the last scoop of cookies and cream in Commons,” Tom Arrondaise ’14 recalled, “when this beefy dude pushed me out of the way and yelled ‘GET PWNED!’ After he got the ice cream, he tea-bagged me.” Arrondaise has been in counseling ever since. He no longer enjoys Lipton nor Earl Grey.

The culmination of this mistaken reality occurred last Friday, when an overzealous ‘human’ actually shot three ‘zombies’ with an air rifle. When confronted with his crimes, he seemed surprised, stating that he thought he “was playing a game with über good graphics.”

Sadly, these incidents represent the milder side of the spectrum. Trash-talking 13-year-olds have recently been sighted on campus, vowing to make good on the threats made in *Halo* lobbies.

Prospective student Greg Mulligan ’18, whose gamertag is McLoViNuR-mOm69 stated, “I told this guy the other day that after I beat his ass in Madden, I was gonna have a goat shit on his chest.”

Many students were quick to condemn this violence.

“Video games were supposed to be a nice way to unwind instead of actual murder,” Carl Hogshead ’12 said. “That’s like, 7 points.”

Interestingly, this blurred reality seems to be wholly regulated to males. Sandy Jacobsen ’13, has said that she “has no idea what these boys are even talking about. What’s an Xblox? Also, why does my boyfriend keep turning me down to play with his Wii? That’s so gross.”



Whip out the Wii-ner!

HAMILTON STUDENTS
SPONTANEOUSLY REALIZE
THEY’RE ALL ALCOHOLICS

AA offered all four years, and no, not the one with hiking

By Mr. Johnson ’14

INCONVENIENT TRUTH DEPT.

(MARGARITAVILLE) Sunday, September 26th, 9:45 AM. Drunken freshman were just beginning to crawl out of the Tolles Pavillion, while hungover upperclassmen emerged from the pub to beat the crap out of them for calling the Annex that. Numerous bleary-eyed hipsters were emerging from the Glen, some apparently having attended try-outs for the streaking team. Bros

littered the grounds like so many fall leaves, if fall leaves wore Axe and mumbled about Mario Kart before blacking out again completely. A few Campus Safety officers made the rounds, one pushing a cart, the other ringing a bell while calling for people to “Bring out your drunk!” It seemed like any other end to a pretty sweet weekend.

However, as the scantily clad and reeking hippies converged with the bloody freshmen and the lawn ornamenting bros, and Campus Safety brought out a second cart, everyone on campus came to a startling, if not entirely surprising epiphany: we’re all a bunch of alcoholics.

“I really should have seen it coming,” said Joe Jameson ’13, “Our drinking games have really been going downhill recently. ‘Beer Pong’ was always fun, and ‘Beerio Cart’ was okay, but it started to get a little

out of hand when someone suggested ‘Schnapps if you Smile.’ After we started ‘Drinking for Blinking,’ it went from a little bit fuzzy to soul-devouringly dark.”

Joe’s roommate, Nate Dillianheimer ’13, agreed. “I’m starting to think all those rounds of ‘Keystone Drink Alone’ I played last Wednesday might have been more about the alcohol than the socializing.”

The Health Center announced they’d be hosting a campus-wide drinking competition to determine who was most in need of alcohol rehabilitation.

College spokesman John Nitterman Jr. explained his lack of concern for the raging alcoholism on campus. “Hey man, as long as they keep off the smack I’m happy.”

President Stewart agreed, “Yeah man, that shit’s pricey enough as is!”

LASER FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SHARKDAY
	Concert	Laser Tag	Aquatic Death Trap
	100% chance epileptics won't enjoy the show nor this forecast	High probability—zap! Damn, I'm out!	“I have one simple request: to have sharks with frickin' laser beams attached to their heads!”

In this issue: a ton of LCD Soundsystem jokes!

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH
MADELEINE ALBRIGHT

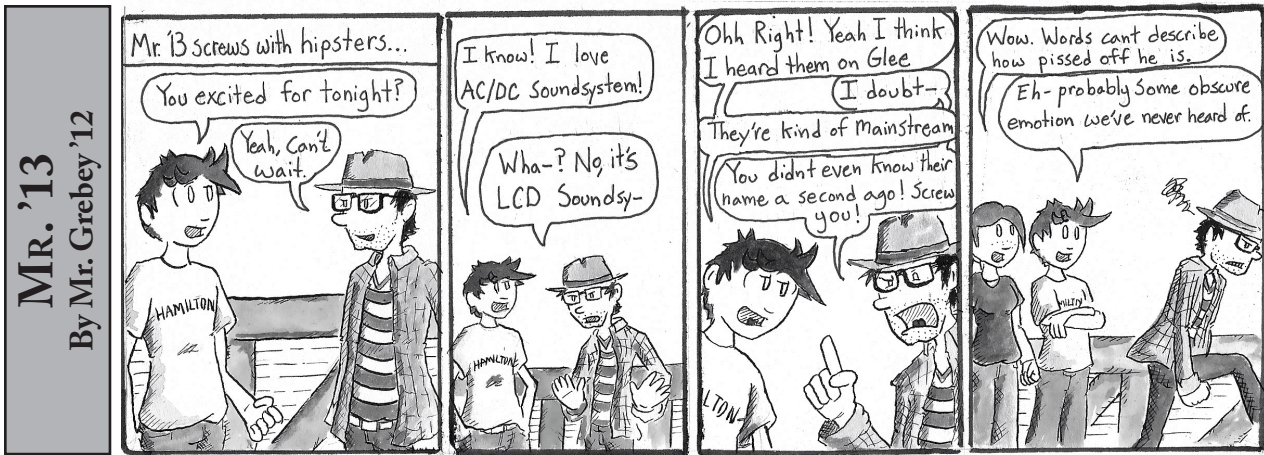


Madeleine Albright thinks that if you’re trying to combat rape-culture, try not to strengthen the patriarchy at the same time. She Fears You? Try “Don’t Rape People,” assholes.

TICKLE THESE, ELMO!



See Katy Perry’s titties, centerfold



DUEL FUN TIME: TWO PICTURES!!!

By Ms. Adams '12

Can you spot the differences between these two pictures? Try to find them all!

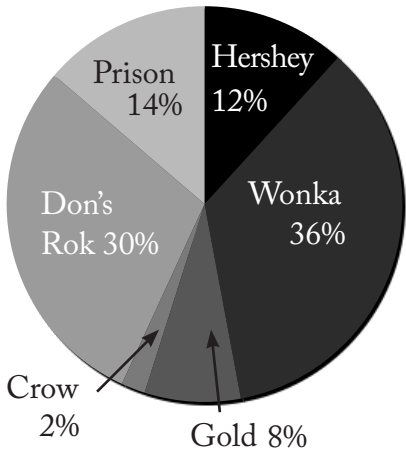


Hint: there are 4 differences

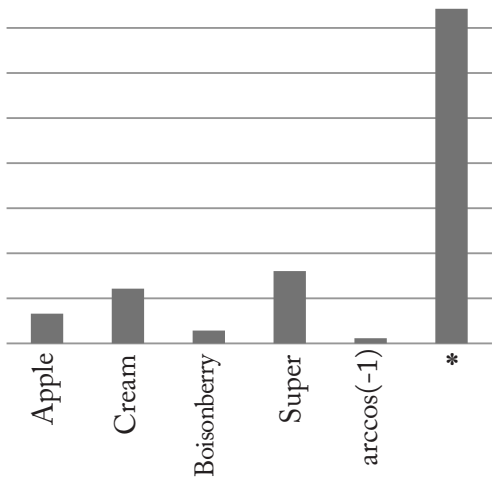


Answer: The first picture shows a family happily eating dinner. In the second picture, Tommy Jr. is sharing his recent homo-erotic fantasy about that kid who sits near him in third period English; (2) Mr. McClary is clearly harboring inner resentment towards his wife's shit-ass cooking while idly wondering, yet again, why his son looks Mexican; (3) Mrs. McClary's saucy grin can be attributed to the six Alabama Slammers she's downed since 9:00 this morning; (4) Little Grace is excited about the truly enormous shit she going to take in approximately 48 seconds. Wipe that smirk off your face, cause poop isn't funny.

FAVORITE BARS



FAVORITE PIES



*The one that gets thrown in *The Duel Observer's* face for making a terrible math joke

WHY SOPHOMORES SUCK: A SET OF GUIDELINES

By Mr. Zappala '12

Sophomores are monumentally aggravating. I know it's not your fault. I understand that a year of smoking pot and guzzling alcohol after eighteen years of being a hard-working student fucks with your brain, even if you didn't ultimately keep most of the alcohol down. But just because you have an excuse doesn't make me want to frag you any less. So to save your lives and my grenades, here's a list of guidelines to adhere to.

Things you may no longer do now that you're sophomores:

- Wear your lanyard. Perpetrators of this rule will be shot on sight.
- Stroll into Babbit/Milbank for a free drink. You're almost an adult now, get a fake (I.D or moustache, either will do) and grow a pair.
- Throw up everywhere.
- Allow Chip Sinton to be your class representative. Why would you have that tool speak for you? In fact, you may also not...
- Allow Chip Sinton to live. Two kegs to the first sophomore who brings me his heart.



WANTED:
William "Chip" Sinton the Second of Dun-Ham. Wanted for obnoxious word play, sophomoric douche-baggery, and his love of single-stuffed Oreos

Things you cannot do just because you've spent a WHOLE YEAR here:

- Tell me that Sadove should be called ELS. I fucking know. And you really only knew it as a giant trash heap anyway, so shut it.
- Complain that you have too much work. There's two class years worth of people ready to eat your soul 'cause they had to skip all three meals every day this week.
- Complain about freshmen. They're there for your fucking benefit. Literally.
- Skeeze on upperclassmen. Now that you've collected every STD known to man from the freshmen (and several known to reptiles), we don't want you no more.

In conclusion, you sophomores are much like recently defiled virgins: just because you've had sex that whole one time in that KJ study room after Rocky Horror with what you're only 40% sure was a member of the other sex (and you're only 65% sure went to the college), it doesn't make you Mick Jagger circa the 1980s.

Look on the bright side, though. You're still above your Jan-admits compadres ☺.

Edited By Nobody, because this is how I really feel.

FRESHMAN TRIVIA TEAM PREVIEW

By Mr. Grebey '12

Team Name:

Lady GaGa's Penis.

Motto:

"It's only trivial when we're not winning" and/or "These questions are rigged, this is stupid! Let's leave early."

Members:

Brian "The Brain" Francis '14:

The team leader. An expert in all things trivia, Brian remembers the most trivial things; he can ace any Sporcle quiz, tell you the capital of Lesotho (Maseru), but regularly forgets to bathe himself. He is generally regarded as being way too intense.

Janet "The Chick" Hutchins '14:

The pop culture wiz. Janet knows Lindsay Lohan's birthday (July 2, 1986), highest grossing film (*Mean Girls*), and drug of choice (all of them). She has no idea who the Vice President of the United States is but has stated that she's pretty sure the president is "the black one."

Ted "The Drunk" Dunst '14:

Ted mainly goes to Trivia Night because he knows a senior who buys him beers from the pub. He has an exceptional and frankly disturbing knowledge of Lifetime's Original Movies and Disney's *The Wiggles*.

Bill "The Bitch" Wallaby '14:

Bill is actually terrible at trivia. However, he has the crucial responsibility of waiting in line for three hours, delivering every answer to the judge's table, and doing his teammates' laundry. He's not happy with this role, but there's nothing he can do about it, because, hey—he's the bitch, and those crusty socks aren't going to clean themselves.

Josh "Plato" Kevitz '14:

A declared philosophy major, Josh is convinced that life is trivial and suggests the inevitability of death as a possible answer to every question. He brings team morale down and is only still on the team because he was Brian's orientation friend and they still haven't figured out a way to get rid of him.

Team strategy:

Using an iPhone. Trying to bribe the judges. Does Dave Eng accept sexual favors? We may soon find out.*

Team Goals:

Win enough Tex Mex to personally bankrupt Paul Ryan.

**Editor's Note: The answer is yes. Don't ask us how we know this. Please.*

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