

WE ARE THE DUEL OBSERVER And we’re legally obligated to inform you we live in this neighborhood

BOOKSTORE BEGINS CHARGING LITERAL ARMS AND LEGS FOR TEXTBOOKS

Freshmen appalled; upperclassmen not surprised

By Mr. Boudreau ’14 SHEDS AND VISCOUNT DEPT. (IT’S PRONOUNCED ‘SAY-DOUGH-VE’) Due to the rise of the ebook, Hamilton’s bookstore has been forced to restructure its pricing scheme to incorporate student body parts as the only acceptable payment on ninety-nine percent of merchandise. Luckily, gum is still absurdly easy to steal.

The payment is extracted by means of a high-powered laser, which Barnes and Noble is touting as “safer and quicker than the rusty saws of yesteryear—it cauterizes as it cuts!”

Although most customers pass out shrieking as the laser slices into their flesh, “Is this going to affect my chances of getting Leia’ed?” after they convalesce they report the process as “remarkably painless.”

“I expected to bleed, like, a super lot,” Kaite Paulssen ’16 said, “but luckily I didn’t—bloodstains are so hard to get out.”

Apart from a poorly-proofread article in *The Spectator* declaiming the practice, most students are coping well with the new changes. Lucas Matthews ’14, who lost his left leg to *Conquest or Crusade: Ideological Implications of German Foreign Policy in Swaziland*, said:

“I have twice as many socks now, so I don’t have to do laundry as frequently. Which is good since I can’t make it to the laundry room unassisted anymore, but what are friends for, right?”

“I’ve really enjoyed triggering different hemispheres of my brain by writing with my non-dominant hand,” neuroscience major and newly-minted southpaw

CLASS OF 2016 BEYOND THRILLED FOR ABSURDLY EXPENSIVE FOUR YEARS OF PRODUCT OPTIMIZATION Also beyond Good and Evil

By Mr. Sinton ’13 MARKETING DEPT. (THE POST-MODERN CULTURAL PANOPTICON) Right on schedule, the annual fresh shipment of zombified products of consumer culture have been deposited for incubation on the Hill and seem to very much like lanyards. Reeling from their subconscious commoditization at the hands of the supreme merciless enemy—Late Capitalism, of course—students of the newly admitted Class of 2016 seemed excited to start their college journey.

“It’s a whole new world,” sang out Jasmine Smith ’16, “a whole collection of peers I am compelled to market myself to!”

Orientation reports indicate the incoming froshpeople intuitively bonded over being shaped by reality television, those darned college apps, and being too young to have used *fucking Myspace*, tacitly aware that social expectation reduced their every move to crass advertisements for Me™.

“My main metrics of success are going to be liquor bottles and used condoms,” explained Tom Broman ’16, “but I also plan on focus-grouping with my roommates, incen-



JUNIOR BECOMES AWARE OF LAST YEAR’S NEWS AFTER WATCHING THE NEWSROOM

Oddly enough, neither *The Spec* nor *The Bull* will print his op-eds.

By Mr. Lanman ’15 READ A FUCKING BOOK DEPT. (HBO) James Fick ’14, who frequently misuses words like ‘hegemony,’ ‘caucus,’ and ‘filibuster’* over Opus Magnums, was surprised to discover that the BP oil spill was a legitimate tragedy and not merely a clever plot device from Aaron Sorkin’s popular drama, *The Newsroom*.

“At first I thought ‘Aaron Sorkin, you God, you’ve done it again!’” Fick said, as he filled his laundry hamper with semen-stained socks for a Hillfresh pickup, “But then my Environmental Ethics professor started talking about the spill in class—as if it actually happened. So I went to office hours and, yeah, it turns out it was a real thing. But so what? That’s just a blip of misinformation in my sea of surefire smarts.”

But it actually isn’t. Fick’s previous television obsession, *The West Wing*, led him to believe that Martin Sheen was actually an American president, among other embarrassing lapses in common sense. His paradoxical decision to deem

tivizing their participation with things like a joint, *Super Smash Bros*, or friendship. My masculinity percentiles are like Vineyard Vines level already, but I have room to grow.”

While hanging up two reproduction Stanley Kubrick movie posters and asking about my opinion on *Moonrise Kingdom*, Harold Curt ’16 gleefully added, “I can literally force people to think I’m interesting now by taking otherwise footnotish quirks about my first 18 years of life and blowing them up into ‘defining traits’ of my ‘unique identity!’”

And so the unflinching assimilation of raw material into the shared contrivance of campus existence continued unabated. “The best four years of my life,” muttered John Kuffman ’16, seated alone in Commons, rocking slowly back and forth.

He wept into his diminutive salad as he continued, “I will be created by my time here. I chose this, man. Blank slate, no one knows me. Everyone I puke on or cum on or help with homework creates my brand. Its like they’re forcing me to be fake. I want to find real friendship and be loved for who I am. But who the fuck am I? Some 18 year old in clothes I bought at some fucking mall? This is real! This is real fucking life now. This is what I wanted, what I worked for! I don’t know, I just don’t, it’s overwhelming, it’s just...” and then he got a big boner and totally farted and everyone heard it. What a loser idiot that guy is. This is a comedy publication. Hilarious.

The West Wing factual and *The Newsroom* fictional is still, to *The Duel* staff and beyond, a baffling conundrum. All the same, such errors haven’t kept Fick from confidently spouting statements like “Aaron Sorkin



has turned me into a genius.”

“Yeah, no,” Professor of Environmental Studies Leon Bernstein later clarified, “he actually really sucks. But like most people who suckle at Aaron Sorkin’s Netflix teat, James knows how to sound intelligent, even if the bulk of what he says is utter crap.”

Fick seemed to disagree. “I don’t know what the fuck he’s talking about,” he ejaculated**, failing to hide a sheepish grin, “Yosemite?”

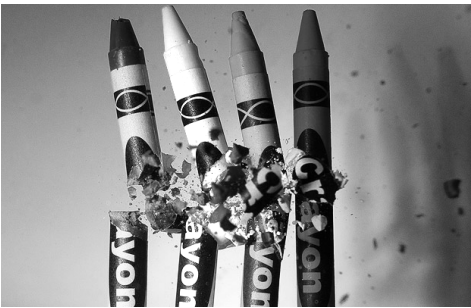
Assuming that his professor wasn’t referring to the picturesque but certainly unrelated national park, Fick was probably blindly quoting the show to dodge the accusations. We’ll let him get away with it for now, though; he needs it.

* Also used the word “heteronormative” six times, which much to his dismay failed to get him any pussy.

**The double entendre here may or may not be (but definitely is) relevant.

In this issue: Hentai. Sorry.

MOST DIVERSE CLASS EVER ADMITTED; ADMINISTRATION DECLARES COLOR WAR






See “Good call, Res Life,” pg. 29

DO YOU LIKE GOING TO MEETINGS?

Silly? Literate? Misanthropic? ALL OF THE ABOVE?

COME WRITE FOR THE DUEL!

Meet us in KJ 101 at 7:00 PM on Sunday, September 2. Because misery loves company.

FRESHMAN Q’s FORECAST	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<p>Where is Commons?</p>  <p>High probability you’re not tired of chicken...YET</p>	<p>Where’s Tolles Pavillion</p>  <p>100% chance shows up at Annex party at 10</p>	<p>Where is the clitoris?!</p>  <p>WHERE IS IT? WHERE??</p>



EYORE NEVER GETS INVITED,
BUT YOU ARE!

The Duel Observer is looking for a new weekly cartoonist. Artists with a comedic streak are encouraged to apply to be serialized and universally adored. Make your doodles a little less worthless!!



Email
wsinton@hamilton.edu if interested.
Email
spectator@hamilton.edu if not.

“At least it’s not a rip-off”
Continued from “Bookstore literally charges an arm”

Stacy Peralta ’13 said. “Plus, it’s been great for masturbating.”
Perhaps the most contentious issue is the bookstore’s new buyback program: students may return their books for a lesser value, but the body part returned to them may not be theirs.
“I’m worried that my marked-up philosophy books are only going to give me a hand each,” Carolyn Caroga ’14 said.

“If I could at least get an entire left leg back for my math book, I’d probably be happy. Especially if [the leg] is in good shape,” she conceded.
As always, savvy students are looking for deals online. Greg Stephens ’15 reportedly found a “killer” deal on Amazon for his bioethics textbook. “The bookstore is charging your non-dominant arm for it,” he said, “but I managed to snag it online for just my right pinky.”
Shipping, unfortunately, got him by the balls.

- 2. WE GOT WASTED: Okay, well, kind of. Heather took too many Claritin. But it really fucked her up.
- 3. SEX. We speed read *50 Shades of Grey*. Yeah, it was a quickie ;)
- 4. DRUGS. See #2, re: the Claritin overdose.

So cool it, okay? Stop making fun of the REAL program. We’re tough motherfuckers (cool points if you catch the Oedipus reference in that slang term), and we’re not taking your guys’ shit anymore. Much like the Wu Tang Clan (?? plz. spell check that name) we aren’t anything ain’t nothin’ to fuck with.

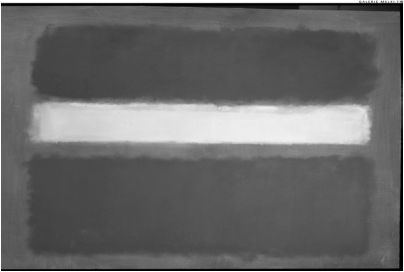
Suck our private parts,
The REAL program (where shit gets REAL, assholes.)

Edited by Ms. Van Dusen ’15

EXCERPT FROM
INTRODUCTION
TO MODERNISM
SYLLABUS
(Assignments)

- It is recommended to complete all requirements in order to receive credit for the course. However your grade will mean little in this dark new world. Never forget this.*
- In three pages or more, write a brief description of your sexual orientation, or lack thereof. (10%)
- Write a seven word poem. Submit it to Red Weather. Take it seriously. Preferably death-y. (7%)
- Drink Absinthe and Wander Aimlessly. (15%)
- Sit in the front pew of the Chapel. Laugh hysterically. (11%)
- Write a philosophical treatise. Burn it. (4%)
- Paint a picture of an idea using only yellow; weep. (23%)
- Contract syphilis. Discover the 51st shade of grey. (29%)
- Rip apart reality at the seams, bask in a literal chaos-space, make a collage. (1%)

Edited by Mr. Wilson ’15



This is your professor.

PERSONALITY QUIZ: WHAT
DRINK ARE YOU?
By Mr. Hostetter ’13
Where can you be found on a Saturday night?

- a) Getting slapped by drunk sorority girls: Franzia
- b) Passed out on the floor of Bundy: Keystone Light
- c) Trying to blend in so nobody notices how gross you are: Everclear
- What do you pretend to have, but actually lack?
 - a) Class: Franzia
 - b) Taste: PBR
 - c) Money: Andre
- How would you describe your ideal romantic partner?

- a) Willing to have sex for the least investment: Keystone Light
- b) Dusky, mysterious, and carrying exotic STDs: Jungle Juice
- c) Illegal as of a few birthdays ago: Four Loko

What did you dress as last Halloween?

- a) A sexy sailor: Salty Dog
- b) A sexy revolutionary: Bloody Mary
- c) A sexy illegal immigrant: Appletini
- d) Joan Hinde Stewart: Cough Syrup

Instructions: Mix all the drinks you chose in a pitcher and chug! You’ll end up puking, but let’s be serious, it’s the first weekend back – you were going to do that anyway.

Yours,
I Use Homosexuals As Accessories

Dear IUHAA,
Glad you asked! While I must note that members of the LGBT community have a wide variety of tastes and I don’t think you should form your friendships based on stereotyping or predetermined criteria, Comparative Literature majors tend to prefer the Skinny Bitch Latte.

Kowabunga Dudette,
Isaac from the Love Boat

Look for more lovin’ and shovin’ from Issac next week! Be sure to send in your questions! Hang looses, geeses.



WORDS TO THE
WHYS:
Have you got questions? Well Isaac from the Love Boat, the Duel Observer’s Spiritual Guru, has answers! Text your questions to 315-282-5426 and he’ll bequeath upon you infinite wisdom and turn your blues to news, hepcats.

Dear Isaac,
Help! I’m a freshman girl, new around these parts, and I really want a pretentious gay friend who will watch *Will & Grace* and *Fraiser* with me on Thursday nights. I own the DVD boxsets, so that’s not an issue. Is there a specific drink order at Opus that will signal my intentions to their community?

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Managing Editor/ Lowered Her Risk of Skin Cancer
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FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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