

HOLD THIS OVER YOUR HEAD
See? Blue sky. Now stop complaining.

OTHERWISE STRAIGHT, INDIE-
LOVING HIPSTER CONFUSINGLY
DRAWN TO ONE DIRECTION

Musically and sexually
By Ms. Chappell '15
BROKEN COMPASS DEPT.
(THAT ONE PLACE) The usually predictable Oliver Suivre '14 triggered waves of outrage and panic this week when his friends discovered his treasured Animal Collective poster crumpled in a dumpster behind Babbitt. Further investigation revealed Suivre curled in a fetal position on his bedroom floor, gazing up at a new One Direction poster and crooning sweet nothings while plucking lifelessly at a ukulele.

“We’ve tried everything, but he refuses to take it down,” Micah Chbosky '14 said, casting a sidelong glance at Suivre, who was busy tracing the outline of Liam Payne’s nostril with his fingertip. “I even offered to let him borrow my signed Velvet Underground vinyl, but he just yelled that One Direction is the voice of our generation and threw his pet cactus at my head.”



When asked about his new obsession, Suivre explained the origin of his appreciation for the British singing sensations.

“It was like any other Tuesday: I was kicking back, listening to Matt and Kim while sipping on some vegan pomegranate-basil-chai tea, when someone started playing ‘What Makes You Beautiful’ outside my window.”

Suivre paused to dab away his tears with a Union Jack handkerchief.

“It was just so simple and meaningful, so I Googled the band, and, my God, have you seen Zayn’s chin definition?”

While Suivre’s fellow Darksiders are flummoxed by his new interest, other Hamilton students fully support his swelling enthusiasm.

“Nothing gets me pumped for a night of quality pussyhounding like a few rounds of ‘Up All Night,’” Brad O’Toole '13 reported. He paused for a rare moment of reflection. “Sometimes I get kind of down on myself, but One Direction always reminds me that I’m special on the inside. Plus, I finally know what almost all the words in ‘One Thing’ mean,” he boasted.

Oliver Suivre was last seen hard at work on a series of odes to Harry Styles’ eyebrows. “I’m going to submit them to *Red Weather*,” he said. “I think they’ll really take the magazine in a new direction.”

HAMILTON ACCEPTS FIRST
ORGAN DONATIONS

Why? Don’t worry about it.
Mr. Lanman '15
LOOK INSIDE YOUR HEART DEPT.
(ALUMNI CENTER) Hamilton’s new donation initiative, “Hamilton Deserves,” recently started accepting gifts that all mildly healthy humans are equipped to give. In addition to typical monetary donations, Hamilton alumni may now give most or all of their select vital organs.

“Things are expensive these days,” President Joan Hinde Stewart explained to *Duel* reporters at an unusually eventful open hour. “People joked that the new performing arts building would cost an arm and a leg, but that’s ridiculous; it really cost fourteen kidneys and half of a spleen. And then some money.”

The organ craze has spread rapidly through the Hamilton alumni network, particularly among recent Creative Writing graduates who have relished actually having the opportunity to give back to their alma mater.

“I was worried about donating. I’m pretty

strapped for cash at the moment,” Walt Stevens '11 penned on a postcard from his Brooklyn loft. “But donating half of my liver was so artistic! It’s win-win for me.”



This will probably just about cover the new dorm furniture.

Meanwhile, former Economics major and current filthy rich gazillionaire, J.P. Nelson '08, wasn’t too keen on sacrificing an organ but still wanted to show his devotion to the College’s future, or at least that he was trendy.

“So yeah, I just bought some kidneys from a few of those Occupy Wall Street saps,” he recalled, “It only took, like, fifty bucks. This is saving me loads. Entrepreneur Club: take note.”

Those who have yet to buy tickets to Bon Jovi’s December benefit concert may also be in luck; the remaining tickets range in price from a frugal three feet of small intestine to a whopping kidney-pancreas combination.

Donations of first-born children and food stamps are appreciated, but are pending administrative approval.

AHI CONSIDERS THE MERITS
OF LITERALLY FUCKING POOR
PEOPLE

The catering was superb
By Mr. Sinton '13
THE VENN DIAGRAM OF INTELLIGENCE AND WEALTH DEPT.

(DOWNHILL IN THAT REALLY NICE INN) Following Barack Obama’s re-election on Tuesday, America’s conservative intelligentsia scrambled to double down on its extremist policies, wagering that Mitt Romney was just too moderate, relatable, and middle-class for an electorate clearly begging for a Randian Corporate Oligarchy. After efforts to disprove that Ohio was legally admitted to the union failed, the Clinton, NY sleeper cell was activated with instructions to hold a conference of some sort to discuss things and wear fancy clothes. It was a foolproof plan.

“Our tax policies and demonization of the social benefits systems necessary for any truly free and just society have merely metaphorically fucked over 98% of America for too long,” asserted Prof. Donald McNugget at the opening of the hastily arranged, but obviously well-run because c’mon-it’s-the-AHI-

this-is-their-wheelhouse, conference. “So let’s just get on with it already! Fuck ‘em long, fuck ‘em hard!”

The gathering’s working title was “The Way Forward: Conservatism, The Lower Classes, and That Good Ol’ Fashion Dicking They Need,” but a committee was considering shortening it to “Screw The Poor: This Time, It’s For Keeps” for the press release.

A series of seminars and talks were planned, including “Perspectives on Geisel’s Anti-Communism: Could You Do Them in a Box? Could You, Would You, Wearing Socks?”, “Free Market Thinking: It Was Good Enough For Thomas Jefferson,” and the surprisingly popular “I Mean, What About In The Mouth? That’s Fine, Right?”

Many students ate up the conference’s message.

“I consider myself a libertarian,” quoth James Rondan '14, who once read about Ron Paul on Reddit after getting grounded for trying pot. “Anyone should be able to fuck any one they want, in any way they want, whenever they want, with whatever they want, snorting anything they please, as long as they’re a white male from the upper middle class. That’s just the Constitution. Try reading it sometime”

Yet, despite the all-star roster of scholars included—See “Free loads on the Freeloaders” continued on back page.

In this issue: Israel’s Geopolitical Future

Lone Republican at Sadove Election
Watch Party Kinda Sad



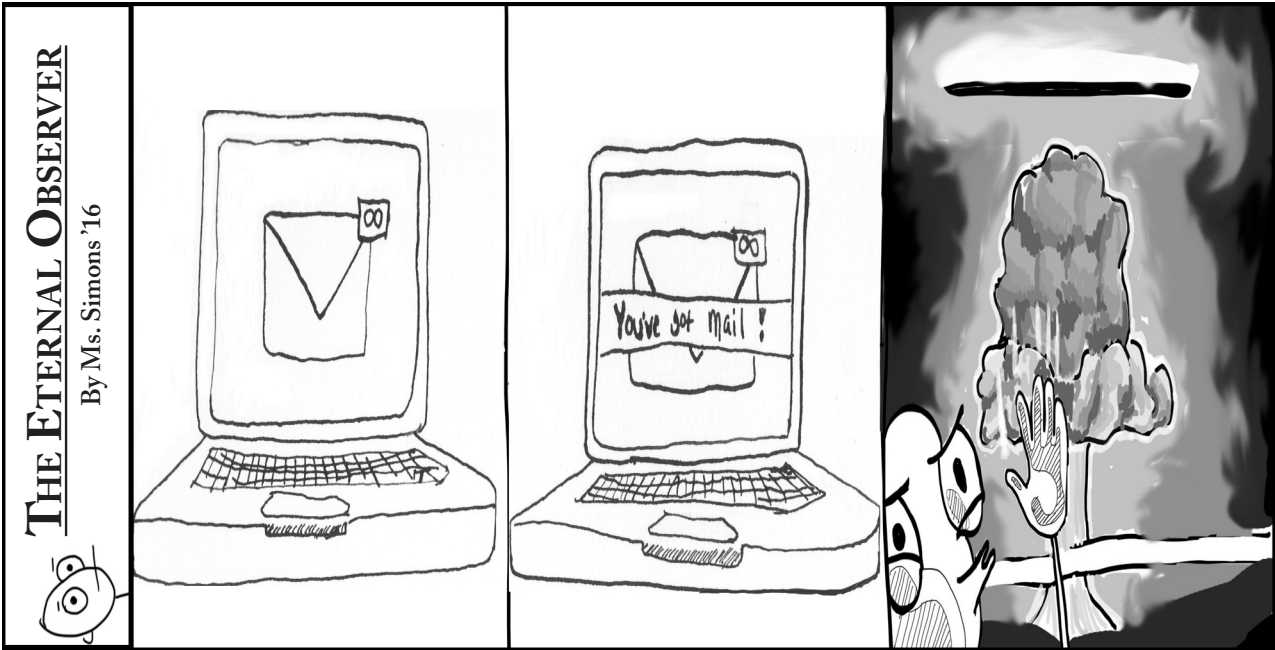
See “Not as sad as the 300+ innocent children killed by Obama’s drones,” pg. This is who you reelected

THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF
KIRKLAND COLLEGE



“I’ve been sleeping really well with Elizabeth-Warren’s maternal arms wrapped snugly around my uterus.”

KJ DAILY FORECAST	1ST READ	2ND READ	3RD READ
	Poorly Executed	Inconsistent	Poopy
	High probability putting out a high-quality publication is harder than you thought.	100% chance this was a waste of your printing quota.	“Somehow you made me approve of Media Board approval.”



Free Loads on the Free loafers

Continued from “The British are Cumming”

ing Prof. Tomas Wiwwen of SUNY-Westchester County, John Birch Professor of William F. Buckley Studies at Irondequoit Community College, Bob Porcelain, and Dr. Bill Johnson of the Institute for Ignoring What Jesus Said About Poor People, some right-wing students left disappointed.

“Look, I’m legitimately interested in Hayek’s

groundbreaking thoughts on society and liberty. I come here for intelligent, vigorous debate that is frankly missing in discussions on the Hill. It’s when we get into this Neo-Feudal, Objectivist bullshit that I get uncomfortable,” an exasperated Jeanne Smith ’13 explained.

“Plus, if these dickheads can get laid with the poors now, how the hell am I supposed to marry into the Martha’s Vineyard vacation home I’ve always wanted? Christ, its like I’m wearing this stupid brooch for nothing.”

EPISTOLARY OVERLOAD

Fuck You, You Prick

Dear Staff of *The Duel Observer*,

I propose you are all *Neanderthals* with *no sense of propriety*.

I detest how you constantly disrespect the most respectable publication on campus. You hooligans presume superiority over *The Spectator* because you have no sense of responsibility. Your interviews are as real as J-Woww’s nose, the statistics have as much accountability as Mitt Romney’s tax records and all the pictures are from Google Images (safe search off). Your research consists of searching Urban Dictionary for offensive sexual phrases and your motto is an utter mockery of the college.

Blue paper? Baby blue paper? Does this campus look like a perpetual baby shower? *The Duel* should come with a chewed baby rattle covered in dry saliva. Even the Bull has chosen the befitting cautionary color of yellow. *The Duel* should come in red: the color of shame, lies, and libel.

It disgusts me that you perpetuate rumors about the decorated and respected educators of this fine institution. Allow me to quote President Joan Hinde Stewart from a recent interview: “I ain’t never said non’ that shit. Those bitches puttin’ words in my mouth.” It makes me downright despondent that you mock this benevolent administration without addressing more pressing issues such as students’ chronic tardiness and ever deteriorating taste in liquors. I find your publication distasteful and insulting at best.

You also constantly contradict yourself. You mock *The Bull* for being nonsensical, and yet you continue to publish “The Vengeful Spirit of Kirkland College.” What cryptographer could decipher the concealed humor of the text underneath that melon-sheathed cat? The feature is more preposterous than the vulgar rhymes of Theodore Geisel.

I stand for the timeless role of journalism as a vehicle to expose folly, and I must admit, though *The Duel* fancies itself biting and witty, it is lamer than FDR. The social commentary is meager and undeveloped at best, unlike *The Spec*, which weekly publishes groundbreaking stories that expose the dirty secrets of Hamilton. You amuse yourself with petty ruthless attacks on innocent guitarists and misogynists.

Worst of all, you constantly write about yourself. This blatant meta-reference, embraced only by young buffoons, undermines the traditional values of the college. It is presumptuous and offensive. Also nobody cares.

All in all, *The Duel* is not useful for anything, even for wiping your bum. I have attempted, and it is all too sharp and of the wrong material entirely to be suitable for cleaning excrement.

By Curr E. Mudgin

Found stapled to the Duel offices by Mr. Dyer ’16

I’m Sorry I Masturbated Today
An Open Letter to the Hamilton Community

Dear friends, classmates, professors, relatives, and especially my roommate,

I masturbated today. It’s been half an hour since then, and I still don’t know what to make of it. I was innocently sitting alone in my room starting in on my Linear homework when, suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, I masturbated. The fact that such a disgusting, vile act could occur at any time of the day on a campus such as this one upsets and deeply disappoints me.

Before you start thinking, “Oh, this is just some bored pervert who gets off streaming low-quality, three-minute porn clips in an incognito window,” let me assure you that this is not the whole story. These things always seem to happen when you least expect them, when your guard is down. And before you know it, you glance up at the clock while leaning over to toss a wad of paper towels into the trash can, and you find that three hours have passed away unnoticed, never to be seen again.

What saddens me most is that any number of things at any point along the line could have stopped this from happening. I could have decided to keep trying to figure out what the hell an upper triangular matrix is. My roommate could have come back from dinner early. I could have accidentally thought of my grandmother, putting a stop to it right then and there.

But no. If there is anything we can take away from this, it is that sometimes horrible things happen that are beyond our control. Make no mistake, everyday tragedies like this one continue to happen time and again to those too weak, bored, and horny to stop them. And until we all come together and decide once and for all to end this madness—this awful, shameful madness—I will continue to masturbate vigorously and often because I cannot help myself.

I would like to invite the entire Hamilton community to a candlelight vigil this Sunday night to commemorate anyone who is affected by, or has been affected by, masturbation. Please e-mail duel@hamilton.edu for more information.

Thank you, stay strong, and God bless.

Alex Rivaello ’16

Transcribed by Mr. Goebel ’15

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS

Compiled by Mr. Glace ’16

My iTunes library is just 6 Sublime songs.

I kick my roommates out so I can practice kegels in the mirror.

I HAVEN’T SEEN A BUTT IN MONTHS,
I’M BARELY HANGING ON.

Tried to fuck my girlfriend on a pile of Fudynus ONE GODDAMNED TIME and suddenly I’m some sort of sexual deviant.

I DON’T THINK THERE’S ANYTHING SEXIER THAN PEOPLE WHO FORGET TO BRUSH THEIR TONGUE.

I am deeply depressed, and I don’t know how to ask for help. I haven’t left my room for days.

I’m actually Andy Dick,
I’ve been going to school here for three years to prepare for a role.

I’VE BEEN USING THE WORD IRONY WRONG FOR YEARS. I THOUGHT IT MEANT CRIPPLING INSECURITY.

I found out the hard way that Lisa Frank is no longer “in”.

Someone left a flaccid dick in my room last week.

I know I’m the ugly friend.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
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I have a recurring Donald Sutherland sex-nightmare.