

SENTIENT ATMs VISIT CAMPUS
Fees include: feigned affection, “discussion” of recent life choices

STUDENT GENUINELY
MOVED BY CLASS READING

Doesn't know who to talk to about it
By Mr. Goebel '15
CONFUSING BONER DEPT.

(SURPRISINGLY NOT THE DARK SIDE)
After a particularly emotional session with Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Monday night, freshman Percy Danae '16 struggled to find words to express how he felt—and someone to share those words with.

“I'm feeling kind of sensitive at the moment,” Danae said, staring out his third-floor window while his roommate, Hannitt O'Flannery '16, covertly viewed pornography on his iPhone. “This has never happened before. First of all, I actually did the reading, and then all of a sudden, through all the hard-to-pronounce names and long descriptions, ‘Orpheus and Eurydice’ really got to me.” When asked for a comment, O'Flannery grunted non-committally.

“When Orpheus says that every human is bound for death and that he'll stay in the underworld if Hades won't return Eurydice—wait, hold on,” Danae said. “Let me go find it for you. You really have to hear the words.” Despite his roommate's repeated attempts, O'Flannery reportedly failed to acknowledge Danae's emotional anguish.

Other students in Danae's class were not so riveted by Ovid's tale.

“I didn't do the reading,” Lucy Saldana '14 said. “I mean I started, of course, but I stopped when I saw that the god of marriage was named Hymen. I'm kind of a feminist.”

Danae spoke to *The Duel* after class the following morning.

“So I never actually made it to the end of the reading last night. It turns out after his wife dies Orpheus starts going after pre-pubescent boys. I'm not gonna lie, that kind of kills it for me.

“But this whole ordeal has just been a roller coaster ride from the start. I've felt more in the past sixteen hours than I have since eighth grade when we had to read *Where the Red Fern Grows*. ...Oh, god, it's coming back. It's all coming back. I need to go talk to Hannitt.”



“I take requests, children.”

ICE CREAM STOLEN FROM
McEWEN

Other foods suddenly reminded of their own mortality
By Mr. Dyer '16
DEPT. OF CRIMINAL AFFAIRS

(THE ROCK SWING) The loss of Bryan Wilhelm Ice-Cream '13, who was kidnapped last week, has shaken the security of the McEwen kitchen neighborhood. “I didn't really know him,” said Fish Filet '16, “but it's very frightening that something like this could happen right in our backyard. I mean, one minute he was just chillin', and the next he was in someone's common room, icecreaming for help while some drunkards scooped his melting insides out.”

Others, like Swiss Cheese '13, knew him more personally. “He was my cousin, but really, he was more like a brother,” Cheese said. “I can't believe he's dead; it really makes me wonder who's next.”

Among the most concerned was Sweet Potato-Fries '15, who saw the incident unfold. “I saw an acrobatic guy in spandex climb up the rock swing and do a flip over the railing. He tiptoed down the stairs and turned the ‘McEwen is closed’ sign around,

STUDENT KINDA MIFFED
DROPPING ACID WAS MERELY
FUN

“Why can't I buy a life changing experience already?”
By Mr. Gwilliam '15
CAN BUY ME LOVE DEPT.

(THE HEAVENS) It was late on a Thursday night when Stephanie McAuler '15 got a call from her “special friend.” This friend, her drug dealer, had a much more intense offering than the normal weed and Ad-derall.

“He was calling to tell me he had gotten a hold of acid. Real acid!” McAuler relayed excitedly, “I can't tell you how long I've wanted to pop a tab and just, you know, become a better person. I'm not even that interested in tripping. I just want to have a rational conversation with Ghandi. Floating in boats fashioned from giant unicorn horns down a river of cotton candy optional, but preferred.”

On a sunny day not a week later, McAuler cleared her schedule, turned off her phone and laid

clearing the way for the rest of the thieves to enter.” Potato-Fries escaped capture by hiding behind Carrot Bag, Dean of Produce.

The whole incident has the foods contemplating their fates. Hemp Granola III '12, whose father Sir Hemp Granola II was taken last year, is unsure of his future. “It could, like, go one way, or it could, like, go the other way. As Kansas once said, ‘All we are is dust in the wind.’”

The ‘Sips’ ingredients, however, have no question as to their future. In a candid interview with Katie Couric, Fennel '15 said he knew that he would end his life “spat back into a bowl of corn chowder and verbally defamed.”

Not all of the foods are going to leave their demise up to fate. Chicken Wings, Chair of the Protein Committee, has organized a neighborhood watch campaign, ‘Don't Rewen McEwen.’

“I'm just trying to keep abreast of the situation,” he said.

the white piece of paper on her tongue. She began to feel jittery, like she had one too many cups of coffee. “Then suddenly, there were colors everywhere. Rivers of cotton candy too! That surprised me, but I was so happy. I remember thinking, ‘Holy shit... the world is so blue. Like literally blue. Like that song...’ But there wasn't really anything, you know, life-changing.”

Stories from McAuler's childhood of people taking acid and turning into oranges forever had prepared her for a very different trip. “Afterwards, I was a little let down. I was expecting to come out of it as John Lennon or something. A friend of mine was, like, all prepared to join the army and serve his country loyally, but then he dropped acid. Now, he's working in a coffee shop in Brooklyn, reading Nietzsche, and contemplating the meaning of his life. How much better is that?”

When reminded that only experience offers real, meaningful change, McAuler scoffed, “This is America. If my parents can pay 50,000 dollars a year for my ‘education’ and ‘job security,’ I can definitely buy a mother-fucking life-path-altering trip through worlds unknown, right?”

In this issue: buffed butts and shiny heinies

Yodapez & UCB Tour Co. Saturday






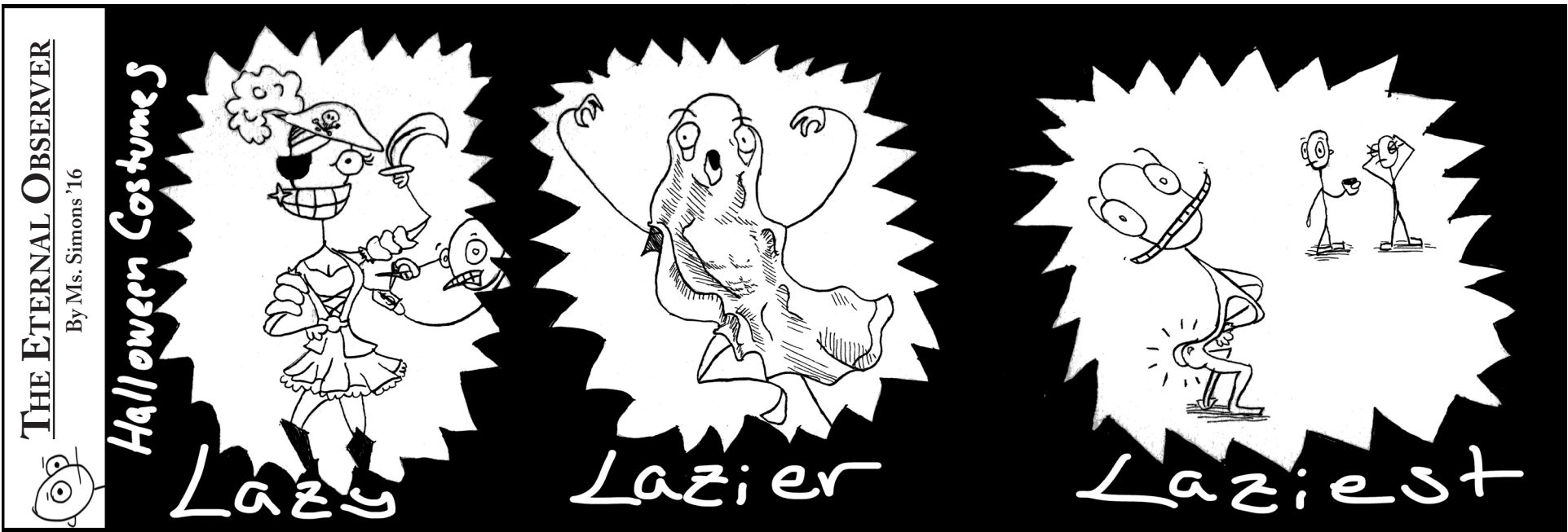
See “If you've read this far, you'll probably enjoy it,” pg. 4

THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF
KIRKLAND COLLEGE



“Seeing your semen donors and egg-carriers on campus only fills me with rage towards the miracle of life.”

FOLIAGE FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Dying  High probability your existence is as fleeting as the leaves.	Dead  98% chance leaf pile is basically a mass grave.	Gone  “Ooh, the red leaves taste like strawberries!”



SEXIST OF THE WEEK: HENRY DILLINGER '14

Henry Dillinger '14 is an Economics major who plays soccer, likes looking at pictures of cats on the internet, and thinks that women are biologically inferior to men. Henry has lived his whole life standing up for what he thinks is right: fighting against racial prejudice, advocating for marriage equality, and arguing that women have no valid role in society except to bear male children.

The Duel recently caught up with Dillinger for an interview.

DUEL: What is it like, being a sexist in a community like Hamilton that is so openly intolerant of your beliefs?

DILLINGER: Well, it's hard some days, you know? There's a very intolerant culture here[...]people throw around slurs like "misogynist" and "woman-hater" as jokes with their friends without thinking of how hurtful what they're saying is.

DUEL: But don't you, in fact, hate women?

DILLINGER: No! Of course not! See, this is exactly the kind of intolerance that I'm talking about. I don't hate women, I just think their natural role is to be subservient to men and function as human chattel. What's wrong with that?

DUEL: Pretty much everything. But in the interest of free speech, let me give you the chance to clear up the record about what you do believe. You're against wom-

en's right to work, to own property, to vote...

DILLINGER: Oh, I'm fine with women having the right to vote, so long as they vote the way their husbands tell them to.

DUEL: How has dealing with anti-sexist discrimination affected your life at Hamilton?

DILLINGER: It hurts a little sometimes to open *The Spectator* and see a page full of pointed op-eds clearly aimed at you without ever quite mentioning your name. I've also been burned several times leaving my dorm because there are candlelit vigils outside of it every other day.

DUEL: What do you think of the different female groups on campus, like the Womyn's Center and Her Campus?

DILLINGER: The Womyn's Center is a fine organization. Their meetings do a great job of keeping some of the women out of everybody else's way. And at least Her Campus shows an accurate understanding of women's intelligence and place in society, even if I'd prefer they didn't read.

DUEL: Alright, this is the end of the interview, so here's your chance to close with a kitchen joke.

DILLINGER: I've never understood those jokes, actually. Women aren't smart enough to cook.

DUEL: Well, that's just blatantly offensive. Oh jeez, it looks like we've run out of space...or something, so we'll have to end this interview right now. Thanks for your time!

Interviewed by Mr. Hostetter '13



WORDS TO THE WHYS:

Have you got questions? Well Isaac from the Love Boat, The Duel Observer's Spiritual Guru, has answers!

Dear Isaac,

I want to impress this cute girl who lives in Major with my taste in music. What's more Dark Side: a dubstep remix of Bach's "Concerto Number Three" or a bluegrass version of Justin Bieber's "Boyfriend?"

Thanks!

Tone Deaf

Dear Tone Deaf,

First off, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. I don't actually know what that means, but I think it needed to be said. I'd go with the dubstep remix if she really digs atonal harmony, wobble bass, or the number three. On the other hand, if she loves Dylanesque imagery, go with "Boyfriend." With lyrics like "Chillin by the fire while we eatin' fondue/I dunno about me but I know about you," it's practically another "Tangled Up in Blue."

Although to be honest, the best music for wooin' that sassy lassie will always be Marvin Gaye.

Keep the cymbals splashy,

Isaac From the Love Boat

REJECTED RED WEATHER SUBMISSIONS



Love is Deaf

A Play in One Act

(The curtain rises on an empty stage. Pierre, our tortured protagonist, stands downstage in a circle of white.)

PIERRE:

.

(Blinks left eye three times. Audience understands this to be an expression of grief of his parents' divorce and his loveless childhood.)

PIERRE:

.

(Raises right foot. Raises left foot. Levitates for 23 minutes.)

Intermission

PIERRE:

!

(Places left foot behind head. Inserts index finger of right hand in nose. Audience recognizes this as a plea for emotional reciprocation.)

[pause while sobbing subsides]

PIERRE:

...

(Outlines box in air. Climbs into box. Chews off left thumb. Presents thumb to nearest audience member.)

[hold for applause]

Curtain descends.

Edited by Ms. Chappell '15

Call Me Maybe

Oh cruel world! That you should bring such an angel into my grasp then rip her away amongst the thrall and sweat of the Bundy dance floor.

Curse you, black-hearted nemesis of the flat brimmed hat for giving my angel a beer, for grinding and whispering in her ear the rhythmic murmurs of Carly Rae Jepson.

Misery

My tortured brilliance cannot be contained like the rain from a hurricane. Death and sex are opposite but oddly the same. Love is a biological construction and so are your fingertips.

Ode to Mary Jane

Oh sticky green filament, substitution for creativity, veiled beneath a common colloquialism and the title of a Rick James song.

Haiku to You

I love you so much that I wrote you this poem then ran out of space.

Edited by Ms. Callwitz '13

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