

FDA DECLARES THE DUEL EFFECTIVE CONTRACEPTIVE (When wrapped around your dick)

LIGHTSIDER DECIDES FEMINISM NOT FOR HIM Respectfully rejects this lifestyle choice

By Mr. Wilson '23 and Mr. Wright-Schaner '23 MEN'S RIGHTS ACTIVISM DEPT.

(A TOP BUNK IN A NORTH TRIPLE) This weekend Jeb Shrub '23, rejected rugby team walk-on, attended the first Womxn's Center meeting of the year. A self-labeled feminist, Shrub expected to find likeminded peers, but instead experienced a rude awakening in the true meaning of feminism. "I thought feminism meant, like, making girls happy and stuff, so I always ask them to smile for me. They never do, but I guess that's just the patriarchy getting them down," Shrub said.

Other members of the meeting reported the meeting a relative success, despite, or even because of, their opposition to Shrub. Shrub claimed to believe that girls couldn't be feminists, because it was a "guy's thing." A leader of the Womxn's Center G-board shot back with a

rhetorical question about his "guy's thing." Because of this, in addition to being told that feminism isn't simply reciprocating oral sex after being asked twice, Shrub respectfully declined to attend the next meeting. As he slapped the Womxn's Center sign with his palm, he remarked, "Y'all can't even spell 'women' right, and you expect equal pay? Pshhh."

Shrub later emailed to explain the new development in his understanding of feminism: "If that's what feminism is, I just don't think it's for me," Shrub said. When pressed as to how people might respond to his bold and controversial lifestyle choices, Shrub added: "Hey, some girls are vegan, some girls are not, some girls are feminists, some girls are not. Some girls are Trump supporters, some are ugly. I respect their choices, and I only ask that they respect mine," was the response. He then said "Kobe" and threw his free copy of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* in a nearby recycling bin.

HAMILTON ANNOUNCES NINTH ACADEMIC PILLAR Reportedly load bearing

By Mr. Steele '23 MEAT-PACKING DEPT.

(BUTTRICK HALL) Hamilton College has long been held in a position of high esteem as one of the premier academic institutions for people who could not actually get into a premier academic institution. This extreme level of intellectual prowess comes as a direct result of Hamilton's commitment to their "Eight Pillars of Academic Achievement" which include such lofty goals as Aesthetic Discernment, Analytic Discernment, and all the other ones. In an effort to further amplify the positive effects of this system, the College's administration made the controversial decision to extend their own academic framework by adding a ninth pillar, and on Saturday, September 7th it was announced that the newest of Hamilton's curricular pillars is Alexander Hamilton's Humongous Schlong.

When reached for comment, the President's Office simply stated that "Hamilton College is committed to the intellectual and personal development of students. We seek to nourish a love of learning, a creative spirit, and an informed and responsible engagement with our namesake's fat hog."

Though the connection between the columnar hunk of grade-A American pork-sword that once swung betwixt Alexander Hamilton's legs and the other areas of academic focus in the College's curriculum may seem immediately obvious to some of our younger readers, many of the school's alumni have expressed concern that the college is placing too much focus on Alexander Slamilton's Spam™ javelin. These concerns were quickly assuaged by a statement from the Board of Trustees that read, "Based on evidence collected by our own history department, we can say unequivocally that Hamilton was carrying a true weapon of ass destruction in his britches. The dude for sure was clapping cheeks left, right, and center, and what kind of school would we be if we did not insist on those same high standards for our student body's members?"

FRESHMAN STAGES COUP AFTER LOSING SA ELECTION All hail the supreme leader

By Mr. Chivily '23 CRUSHED POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS DEPT. (PRESIDENT'S PALACE, FORMERLY DUNHAM RESIDENCE HALL) Shock has gripped Hamilton after earlier this week failed SA Class President candidate, Vladimir Bonaparte '23, staged a coup d'etat. Early Monday morning, Bonaparte riled up a crowd of supporters outside Major, proclaiming that Lily Atwell '23, the winner of Sunday night's election, was in league with Colgate, and that he was the rightful President. The crowd stormed Atwell's dorm in Dunham, forcing her to resign from her position, after threatening to break her Juul.

The following night, Bonaparte moved into the fishbowl at Dunham. Proceeding to use his newfound power, Bonaparte took funding from SA to make Dunham into his own personal palace, banishing all of its occupants to Bundy, which has now been turned into a refugee camp for displaced freshmen. Bonaparte has begun expensive renovations

to Dunham, including turning the basement lounge into his own personal White Claw cellar. "Why fund a cappella concerts or bowling club trips when you control the entire Tri-State area's supply of White Claw?" Bonaparte asked.

President Wippman, condemning his actions, discussed Bonaparte's atrocities with the UN Security Council. "We cannot stand by while Bonaparte makes our housing crisis even worse. The UN Security Council has agreed to initiate sanctions against Bonaparte, and consider military intervention," President Wippman said to reporters. True to their word, the UN Security Council has given Campus Security six new F-35 stealth military jets. Bonaparte has violated the sanctions, turning a former quad into an alligator pit to throw his opponents into. The breaking of the sanctions has forced Francis S. Coots, head of Campus Safety, to order that if he does not resign by midnight, "we'll bomb the shit out of him." Bonaparte proceeded to take President Wippman hostage, forcing Coots to cancel the airstrikes and engage in negotiations, which are ongoing.

In this issue: We don't write "mastication." Ever.

CONSTITUTION DAY ADDRESS



28th Amendment announced: mozz sticks are now a side See, "Oh say can you," pg. 1789

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill does ASMR, taps wads of tuition cash and chews oversalted Commons squash

MIDSUMMER OPENING FORECAST

ATHENS	FAERIE	THE WOODS
Low probability the guy you like is the guy you've been betrothed to	15% chance that's the right youth in Athenians weeds	"My ex is literally such an ass."



Oh no, Baby fell into the KTSA pond but I haven't the theoretical framework to save her!

Terrible news: Baby has fallen into the KTSA pond, but as a thick-brained lowlife, the imperative to rescue her falls outside of my sophomoric conceptual capabilities! Shame on me, for I am just a bumbling invalid with no knowledge of the big world, only my own small little eyes that can heartbreakingly see Baby gasping for air in the deep well-hole.

I am physically fit, I am thinking, but I cannot grasp the concept of jumping in and saving poor poor Baby, that suckling babe. I am stood, frozen by my own incompetence, unable to take the leap into that frog area. I tried to call for help, I did, but there was no one around to hear, and I had gone and forgotten the steps for beginning to run, oh woe is me! I would place a phone call, but in the commotion and emotional distress of watching poor Baby suck her last breaths, I fumbled my fingers and dropped my telephone into the pond. There's so much that I wish I could do in this instance, but this simpleton I am, there is no way for me to understand the necessary processes for saving her life.

I am weeping. I am weeping profusely now on the stormy shores of the KTSA pond as Baby wails and shrieks. But it is not the end of Baby's life that elicits the tears, it is the heart-wrenching knowledge that should another fall into the body of water, I don't think I'll have the conceptual understanding to save them, either. For I, the poor little child boy that I am, will live as a pariah for the remainder of my life, known only as the one who was too stupid, too much a slave to his own false view of the world and the theoretical frameworks of the past to muster the gumption necessary to save another Babe, should the need arise.

The sun is setting on Hamilton's campus, and on Baby's short lived-life, and I am still standing here, paralyzed by my narrow world view, languishing in my own impotence. I best take my education more seriously in the future, for the consequences are dire.

Found scrawled on a stone by Mr. Case '21

Help! I Have Cummed My Pants Whilst Playing with VR in the Library

Oh the shame and sorrow that has befallen my noble house. 'Twas a rainy day, and a dark mood had fallen on the campus, so, to brighten my humors I decided to take a stroll to the renowned Burke Library. While perusing the periodicals, laughing at the funnies in the *New Yorker*, and finishing my little snack of a tasty glazed cake, I saw something quite magnificent over to which I could not help but scamper. I learned this contraption had the name of virtual reality, or VR as the professionals have dubbed it, and consisted of a series of monitors and other miracles of the modern age. The kind porter helped me into a quite marvelous headgear that went over mine eyes and transported me to a world I had never visited before.

Suddenly I was no longer myself, but a brave wielder of sabres made of pure energy, and what's more, I was faced with an onslaught of blocks that I had to slice and dice, lest I myself be slain in righteous combat. I had not felt such joy and uncontained mirth since I played hoop and stick back at my grandpapa's farmstead.

However, like Icarus flying too close to the sun, I cummed my pants whilst with the VR. The flippant swinging of the sabres aroused me with the feeling I get when I am doting on my sweetheart, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins. What would father say if he knew I had ejaculated straight into my britches? Would mother faint in shock if she knew that I spilled my seed so wantonly?

I struggled with the headset, hoping to exit the strange world that gave me such passion usually reserved for the occasional nocturnal emission. The kind porter helped me out of the infernal contraption, and it was good fortune that he did not espy the conspicuous stain that was blossoming over my naughty zone. I bounded back to my humble abode in Wally J, where I immediately collapsed on my bed, trembling, for I knew that my spritely youth was over. If only I had cummed my pants while delivering a masterful oration, I wouldn't feel this shame.

Encountered in the Matrix by Mr. Paull '20

WANTED: NON-GREEK-AFFILIATED SOPHOMORE TO BULLY

Upperclassman seeking motivated, charismatic sophomore with no sorority/fraternity connections to be my personal bitch during the 2019 fall semester. Applicants should be easily manipulated, sheep-like sycophants desperate to fit in with a social group. This full-time position runs through the end of the year, with an option of renewal through the spring semester following a performance review. Work hours are 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, with regular breaks for existential crises. As a full-time employee, you will qualify for group membership, superficial friendship with both upperclassmen and fellow serfs, and social clout (largely imagined). Pending successful execution of bootlicking duties, the salary for this position is validation of social status.

Ideal traits:

- Submissiveness/fear of authority
- Binge-drinking ability
- Willingness to perform demeaning tasks
- Easily exploited insecurities

Deal-breakers:

- Self-confidence
- Leadership skills
- A personality

Candidate must be able to multitask, work with others, and endure regular verbal harassment from upperclassmen authority figures. Applicants should be in adequate enough shape to perform physical labor such as carrying all of my books to class and cleaning my room daily. Candidate must possess a valid driver's license and be available to run errands and do favors, no questions asked, for me and my fellow upperclassmen, as well as provide adequate transportation to and from bars for up to five of my belligerently drunk friends. Additionally, the position requires that the candidate live primarily in a basement in Bundy and forego various hygiene, personal style, and self-care activities (such as regular bathing, fashionable dress, positive self-talk, etc).

To apply, candidates should contact me directly by liking and commenting on all of my social media posts. Please submit resume, cover letter, and suggestions for degrading nicknames by which you would prefer to be addressed. If selected for further consideration, candidates should expect to be kidnapped and blindfolded for the follow-up interview.

Self-respecting individuals need not apply.

Found on a Sadove bulletin board by Ms. Knapp '21

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