SEX, DRUGS, AND DISNEY: THE SHOCKING TRUTH BEHIND DUELLY NOTED

A Shocking Investigation
By Mr. Robinson '12

December 11, 2009

STILL SHOCKED DEPT.

(WELLIN) Spectator journalist Roger Johnson '10 thought he had a simple assignment: a features piece on Duely Noted. However, in the course of writing his story, he uncovered the terrifying truth behind this seemingly wholesome a cappella group.

“IT’s more horrible than I could have ever imagined,” he noted after selling his report to The DUEL for a six-pack of Saranac. “Turns out that ‘family friendly’ thing is just a cover for all sorts of illegal and immoral shit.”

In the course of his investigation, Johnson uncovered evidence of alcoholism, ‘R. Kellying’, and blatant intolerance (last year’s invitational theme, ‘Duelly Does Disney’, only beat the alternative theme ‘Duely Hates the Jews’ by a single vote).

Mass group incest, affectionately called ‘duellycest’ by the Noted, is also a common occurrence. “Going to re-break is like walking into a Victorian-era whorehouse,” an anonymous group member named Andrew Quinney ’11 remarked. “It’s a lot of fun, but there’s a pretty high chance of catching syphilis.”

“It used to be all about the music, man,” he added. “Now all we do is fuck bitches and make money. Man... Bitches ain’t shit.”

Duely fought back against the allegations. “These allegations of knife fights are simply not true,” acting group president Sarah Andrus ’11 responded. “And while some of our members have struggled with substance abuse in the past, they are currently in rehab. Now stop following me around, you paparazzi piece of shit!”

These revelations are in sharp contrast with popular perceptions of the group. A recent HamPoll showed 49% of the student body described Duely Noted as “pleasant and entertaining nerds,” 35% of students expressed vague apathy about the group, while the remaining 16% believed they were the performing arms branch of Rainbow Alliance.

Dedicated fans of the group remained unfazed. “I love them sooooo much,” rapid fangirl Lauren Kirby ’13 squealed. “They’re like... so beautiful. I just want to touch one of them.” She then paused and added, “We are talking about the Buffers, right?”

Students Realize Over Break That They’re Unprepared for the Real World

Failure to negotiate basic tasks demoralize already jobless seniors
By Mr. Robinson ’12

April 1, 2011

SAD TRUTHS DEPT.

(HAMILTON COLLEGE) Although life on the hill has a number of advantages, like easy access to vending machines and freshman girls, it comes at the terrible price of sheltering students from the harsh realities of upper-middle class life. As they filed back up the hill this past Sunday, many students faced not only unfortunate temperatures, but also the realization that they utterly lack the ability to function in a non-collegiate setting.

“Cooking is really hard,” avid complainor Billy Wonton ’11 admitted. “I tried really hard to learn to make Spanish food and all I have to show for it is a bunch of tough, dry chicken meat covered in salt and oil. I guess this is how it feels to be Bon Appetit.”

He added, “It feels like your grandma walking in on you masturbating.” (Or just shame.)

Some students were so shaken by the trauma of vacation that they had to seek help at the Counseling Center.

“Life off campus is hard,” pampered bitch Franklineinstein ’12 whined. “On Tuesday, I asked a bank teller if he took Hill Card. He punched me in the face and took my wallet.”

“Well, I think it was a bank,” she added. “Looking back, I guess it might have been a barbershop or a prison.”

In spite of its obvious shortcomings, school representatives maintain that Spring Break plays an important role.

“It is true that exposure to the outside world has been known to induce depression, anxiety, and chlamydia in students,” Assistant Dean of Assistant Deans Reggie Plumbottom explained, “but in defense of vacations, they are important practice for real life. Except in real life, there’s nothing to run back to but your thankless, dead-end job where you’re eternally surrounded by ignorant, entitled manchildren and every day is literally like straining your soul through a cheese grater. Hypothetically, I mean.”

*Hopefully not in the food.

CONGRATULATIONS, ANDREW ROBINSON!

As you go on / we remember / all the times we / drank together

HEAVEN AND HELL PARTY GOES OCCULT, OPENS GATE TO THE UNDERWORLD

College activists candelabilit vigil to protest racism against demonic guests, are set on fire
By Mr. Robinson ’12

October 28, 2011

SUPER自然 affairs DEPT.

(BUNDY) Heaven and Hell, DKE’s annual Halloween party, took a strange turn this weekend when a peculiar set of students opened a portal to the depths of the Netherworld, releasing all manner of strange beasts and damned souls into the gloomy confines of Bundy Dining Hall. As the entire campus police force was busy breaking up a belligerent and incredibly dangerous orchestra party in Babbitt, no official action was taken against the legion of the damned.

“I always said I would sell my soul to drop the best beats on campus,” Marcus ‘DJ ResLife’ Von Steuben ’13 claimed, “but I guess I never thought his dark lordship was listening... You’ll never see this guy come in third place in a DJ competition again!”

A number of partygoers complained about the unexpected demonic intrusion, which led to awkward situations, a sketchy atmosphere, and occasionally being mauled to death by vicious hellhounds.* However, in spite of allegations that Lord of Darkness (and apparently also King of Kegstands) Lucifer “totally rigged the costume contest,” most students claimed to have had a pretty good time.

“I had a pretty good time,” excited freshman Phil Spektor claimed. “I got really drunk and hooked up with this really hot Succubus who totally didn’t even make me use a condom.”**

Some brave students made use of the two way portal to pay visits to the Underworld. Music aficionados in particular found the prospect of earing new, literally underground music too exciting to pass up.

“They do this thing where they lay down these crazy polyrhythms over the screams of the eternally damned,” conversational black hole Fred Caliendo ’13 explained. “It reminded me of, like, a cross between Arcade Fire, Tokyo Police Club, and a dying baby.”***

He added, “It’s probably a little too intellectual for most audiences.”

Thankfully, after terrorizing the campus for several days, the majority of the Underworld’s hideous denizens returned to the dimension from whence they came, citing mediocre parties, lack of animal sacrifices, and a ‘draconian and frankly misguided alcohol policy.”

“Side effects may include syphilis, death”****

*They were almost as bad as townies

**Side effects may include syphilis, death

***The animals, not the band

In this issue: mad love for A-Rob
A jealous Burr disciple named Alistair rough time getting You're having a night and miss your get really high to you're still going to ergy today! Too bad Taurus near and dear friend of yours. Their name may Aries the most confusing jog of shame ever! pretend you're on the streaking team while you do Remember to look on the bright side when you it somewhere other than your bed. You will accomplish less work than you in rock, tied to your feet. Have fun. Sagittarius you this week, and no Scorpio sober. This weekend up with any of the girls who look even remotely Libra game of beer pong and fail miserably at hooking This weekend, you will watch or participate in a Staff Seers By Mr. Robinson '12

January 1804: A jealous Burr disciple named Alistair Featherhoff once onto the grounds of our beloved col- ledge, which was then referred to as the Hamilton-Onesla Academy, or "theoneidaacademy," an Onesla word which means "white-man-brainwashing center with lackluster psychology department." Armed only with a can of red paint, he proceeded to deface both of the academy's buildings with portraits of Alexander Hamilton riding goats (Hamilton detested goats because they are filthy and are his parents). To avenge this slight, Hamilton got shot and died. July 1863: Deeply disturbed by the Emancipation Procla- mation and its wide-reaching consequences, re: their ability to be utter shit, a group of Kappa Kappa Kappa bros banded together to paint the entire fitness cen- ter with Confederate flags and penis-shaped like Robert E. Lee. Unfortunately, on their way to commit the crime, they walked across a large bed of hot coals and burned to death. The college was going to exact revenge, but it was just too funny. 1923: "Withholdin’" Caulfield '24 painted his room a piece of the most garish kind and then burned himself to death in a fit of ennui. They say that Babbitt 24 is still haunted by his screams, but that’s just a big phony lie to cover up the fact that Melissa Arhenfle '13 is a screamer. 1956: The year of the Great Flood, freshman Freddie Fishsticks painted the entire library the color of the sky, making it effectively invisible to the student body. No one noticed for three days due to excessive opium con- sumption, but apparently, a few people got up because they couldn’t read books or something. 1971: Overenthusiastic hippies painted themselves all the colors of the rainbow after watching the classic mu- sical/biblical romp, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. They all died of lead poisoning. So as you can see, it completely makes sense to levy $700 fines against peo- ple for wanting to paint their rooms like they have for years because paint is evil and must be stopped. And Re-Life is totally cool. (Do I get a lift now?) *Ironically, Hitler was a vegetarian who would definitely have painted his dorm room. Just not well enough to get into art school.

**Note: Every space can also be filled with "poop" or an appropriate form of "poop," like "poopyface" or "pooptastic**

What, you’ve never seen this constellation before?