

HOUSING LOTTO FORCES FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS
Pulling five guys at once gets campus approval

THE DUEL OBSERVER DELIVERS
QUALITY REPORTING ON
SPORTING EVENTS

Slowly encroaches on *The Spectator’s* professionalism

By Mr. Grebey ’12

PHONING IT IN DEPT. ATHLETIC DEPT. (THE TURF FIELD, PROBABLY?) Last Saturday, the Hamilton Continentals won a game against their opponents 15-ish to 9.

They took the field and played very well for every fraction of the game.

Captain Chris Chance ’11 scored 3 goals at some point during the heated match. So did Alex Flowers ’12, Sam Unisecs ’13, and probably several other people as well.

Ummm, the Continentals’ opponents played a bad defensive or offensive game, which is why they lost.

Rory Imadeupthisquote ’11 said that, “The game was a very good game.”

The game, as mentioned earlier, was on Saturday. Saturday comes after Friday, but before Sunday,



Women’s Softball wins swimming & diving meet

so the players had to be mindful of that.

Jesus, are you still reading this? You must be on the team. People who are on the team are the only people who read these articles.

I don’t actually want to have to do any real reporting. I just got stuck with this dumb article assignment.

I emailed someone on the team asking for a quote, and they didn’t get back to me. What do you want from me? An actual interview? Some form of reporting? Not likely.

I’ll admit, I don’t really know what happened. I didn’t go to the game. I had work to do. Alright, fine, I didn’t have work to do, but reruns of *Jersey Shore* were on.

And what now, you want pictures? Well we don’t have any. Fine, here’s a picture from an old game with the wrong caption on it. Get off my back.

The Continentals play their next game on the 30th... of July? Whatever, it’s in the emails. You can look it up.

R.A., R.A. RIOTS EXPLODE
ALL OVER CAMPUS

“The time for Pah Pah Protest is over!”

By Mr. Sinton ’13

RESDEAD DEPT.

(THE SMOLDERING RUINS OF THE POINT SYSTEM) Hotter heads prevailed over the weekend when RAs, inspired by misplaced tack holes in a CAB conecert poster (think about it), decided to stop taking everyone’s shit and straight-up riot. In a manifesto scrawled in frosh-vomit from Dunham, they declared their intention to “go Galt” and prove they were the true (Rodney) Kings of campus.* The complaints of the residential revolutionaries ran the gamut from, “I don’t get paid enough for this, and by enough, I mean anything,” to, “Another room inventory? What is this, IKEA?”

After days of rallying in front of the Sadove Student Center, Nick Olgan ’12 finally ripped the shot(s) heard ’round the world. The cry of freedom emanating from his slurring voice rang from the top of the Farmhouse to the back of the Mail Center.

“I regret that I have but one Keystone to Key-

stone for my Keystone!” the drunken orator orated. “If this be treason, keystone keystone keystone! Give me keystone or keystone me KEYSTONE!!!”

Others quickly joined the yell-y fray. “I’m sick and tired!” Katie Eliot ’13 shouted. “I don’t have any specific demands. It’s just the end of the year, and I’m sick and tired!”

As Campus Police rapidly advanced on the unruly contingent of snitches-turned-folk-heroes, cries of, “Don’t shotgun until you see the whites of their eyes!” and, “One if by can, two if by weed!” echoed amongst the revolting advisers, who were hell-bent on making up for Saturdays lost to sobriety and timid requests to turn down the stereo. What happened next occurred Too Too Too Fast for words.

Informed of the destructions, Joan Hinde Stewart exclaimed, “Oh No, Oh My!”, marking the most emotional attachment she’s shown to campus during her tenure.

**Editor’s Note: According to The Duel Observer Style Guide, Ayn Rand allusions written in puke are the only appropriate ones.*

PHYSICS SENIOR’S
“MAJOR LAZER” A MAJOR
DISAPPOINTMENT

Given an A+ based entirely on attendance

By Mr. Anesta ’14

ARTS AND CULTURE DEPT.

(DARKSIDE) Last Friday, Physics major Kevin Timmons gave his senior thesis presentation on the roof of Major and received what he described at first as a “phenomenal (like, quantum tunnelling style) ego blowjob.”

“People actually showed up!” Timmons ’11 said with a cracked voice. “I thought all the posters I placed over campus would draw a professor or a couple of people tired of the week’s Late Nite at best.” Timmons printed hundreds of posters stating that Friday night, the switch of his “Major Lazer” would be flipped.”



Upstaged

After being unable to answer complaints on why he would “teabag everyone’s hopes and dreams” by making them think

that semi-popular Major Lazer would be playing a show on campus, Timmons claimed that he had never heard of electronica.

“I mean, it’s not even a real word,” he whined. “I spellchecked it.”

Hundreds showed up thinking their virgin eyes and ears would be ravaged by a peerless electronica performance but were disappointed by a dinky laser built on Major’s roof. After Timmons’s presentation, his audience left in disgust. Still, Timmons said he was not hurt by this reaction.

“All I know is that I did something that I could be proud of and my parents could be proud of. I mean, my whole family showed up!” he explained. *The Duel* promptly got a response from Timmons’s family:

“I couldn’t believe we drove seven hours for that!” Mrs. Timmons ’85 said.

“Goddamn kid can’t do a thing right,” Grandpa Timmons ’99 (1899) muttered, taking off his Major Lazer t-shirt.

The only ones who seemed to actually enjoy the preparation were those who did acid in preparation for the show.

“Who cares if it isn’t dubstep?! The lights were insane!” Thomas S. Hunter ’13 said. “Oh my god, the walls are melting!”

In this issue: a-maize-ing jokes

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING
TERRIBLE THINGS



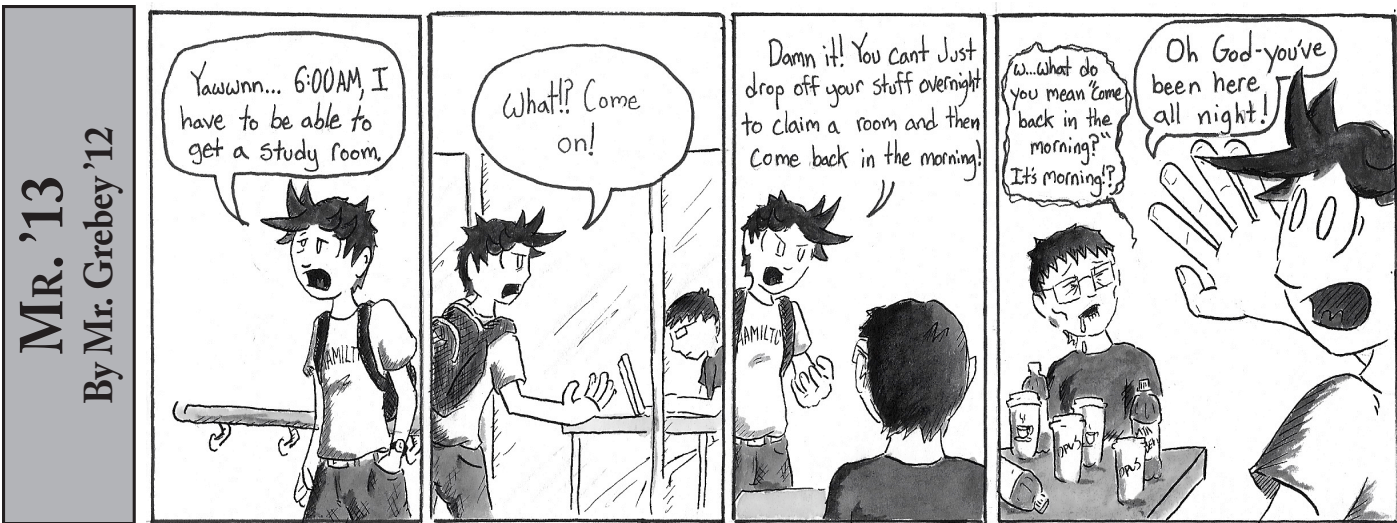
Puppy: I did my time; I don’t understand why I have to register as a sex offender.

OWNER OF CLINTON WINE &
SPIRITS THINKS OF VACATIONING



See, “Not during Class and Charter Week!” pg. Think of the kids, man!

WEATHER FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Mostly Cloudy	Sunny	Partly Cloudy
	50% chance of showers. Highs in the mid 50s	“Highs in the lower 60s. Northwest winds 10 to 15 mph.”	Medium probability highs in the lower 70s with showers



MR. '13
By Mr. Grebey '12

24-HOUR FILM FEST REJECTS

By Ms. Joyce '13

The 24-Hour Film Festival had many more participants this year due to the desire to prove a liberal arts education actually has some creative merit. The following films were submitted to the festival but turned out so bad that they couldn't even be shown to drunk college students at 2:30 in the morning.

Fill in the Blank by Kim Mare '13



C'mon guys, it wasn't even a good movie

Genre: Heist

Summary: Two students break into KJ to find the answers to their Econ exam. They sneak in by breaking a window, disarming the nonexistent security system by miming stuff, and

picking their professor's office door, only to discover that it was an open book take-home test.

Casualties: One window.

One Night in Dunham by Greg Jones '13 and Alice Hurly '13

Genre: Sex tape

Summary: In a poorly lit Dunham single, two lumpy shapes are barely discernable under a blanket. One appears to have fallen asleep halfway through a blowjob. There isn't even a cum shot.

Casualties: Possibly someone's hymen.

The School of Cock by Frank Score '11 and Mark Truff '11

Genre: Period Drama

Summary: Back in 1920, an all-male student body wears cardigans and berets while writing papers by hand, doing research in books, and never getting laid.

THE HOUSING LOTTERY: BECAUSE WE DIDN'T BEAT THIS TOPIC INTO THE GROUND ENOUGH ALREADY

By Ms. Tomkin '12

With the General Housing Lottery upon us this Sunday, most of us are well aware that the fate of the 2011-12 year is in the hands of both the random number generator and the people that take all the good spots. So, here's a guide to all the places you wish you could live but probably won't get to.

Farmhouse: Typically the number one choice for people that have friends, common sense, and an appreciation for stealing popcorn from the pub, the Farmhouse is a fantastic choice for housing. I was going to make a joke, but I don't have anything bad to actually say. So, uh. Penis. Lol.



Eells, Ferg, and Carnegie: Collectively known as "the Lightside dorms that don't suck," these dorms are the perfect place to live in if you harbor an inexplicable rage towards "people that wouldn't be allowed in my country club at home."

Darkside Quad Faculty Apartments: Also known as breeding grounds for hipsters and

Casualties: Those of the Class of 1920 that were still alive when this film was shown promptly died simultaneously after it premiered Saturday night.

Bundy Bloody Bundy by John Peur '12 and Alex Mort '11

Genre: Snuff film

Summary: Michael and Kelly meet at a party in Bundy and leave to "watch a movie." Michael murders Kelly and places her in his trunk with the corpses of other freshman girls, who look suspiciously like blow-up dolls. The flies and the smell of rotting flesh went unnoticed in Bundy.

Casualties: Whether or not "Kelly" actually died is up for debate. Campus Safety has been notified, but there is no word on whether they did anything about it.

Tanz der Schmetterlinge by Hans Allein '14

Genre: German Impressionist Cinema

Summary: A girl eats a popsicle until she drops it on the sidewalk. Rainclouds move across the sky. A single fish swims in circles around an empty bowl. Johannes Brahms plays in the background. Ende.

Casualties: Post-modernism.



people who still think leather jackets are cool, these spaces tend to be the best choice for campus groups that didn't get a good enough number to get a Lightside quad but don't have enough friends to fill up a suite.

Milbank Faculty Apartments: Also known as "un-official social spaces," the two Fac-Apps in Milbank have proven to be some of the most competitive places to live on campus, particularly for those who are semi-functioning alcoholics. A great place to live if you plan on supplying the alcohol 98% of the student body will drink during the weekend and are okay with being drawn and quartered if you disappoint them.

Bundy: Both Bundy dorms smell like a combination of recycled McEwen macaroni and cheese and the crusty stuff you have to scoop out from between your toes after wearing the same pair of socks for a week. Other than that, no comment.

Other Grayside dorms that won't give you syphilis from sitting on the carpet: Um. You can get away with smoking a lot of weed, I guess.

Comments?
Complaints?
Recipes?

Email duel@hamilton.edu
Or find us on the interweb!
<http://students.hamilton.edu/duel/>

MUZZLE ME TOO, PLEASE:

A letter to the Editor

From Mr. Nottle '13

Hamilton was recently given a Jefferson Muzzle award for forcing incoming freshmen to attend the "She Fears You" presentation this fall which accused them all of being rapists. Many people seem to feel this is something to be ashamed of, but that is ridiculous; we should be proud to be a bastion of censorship and backwards thinking.

First of all, the presentation did not actually accuse the men of being rapists, it merely implied that they were closet rapists. Saying that these two things are the same is like saying that Obama was born here just because he has a birth certificate saying so.

More importantly, though, Hamilton really should be honored to have received an award that places our school in the company of such paragons of integrity as the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and BP. Far from being ashamed, we should stand proud and embrace discrimination based on sex. All men should be treated as inveterate rapists, and all women should be treated as objects who are unable to defend themselves.

Indeed, we should embrace this as a calling to return to our founding principles: the granting of History, Economics, and Government degrees to rich, white men. As long as we're adopting sexual determinism, we might as well go ahead and ditch the whole "diversity" thing while we're at it. It wasn't working out anyway; I mean, our Muslim population is obviously a terrorist sleeper cell.

Freedoms of speech and expression and such are overrated anyway. When it comes to amendments, remember the old rhyme: first is the worst, second is the best, third is the one about military guests.

Edited by Mr. Hostetter '13

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