

DARKSIDE DEBATES ATTENDING RAC
Lightside debates cocaine or molly

OUSTED MASCOT, AL HAM, TO
RELEASE SOLO ALBUM

Plush pink pig plots a comeback sure to make you squeal

By Mr. Burns ’17
SWINE FLU VACCINATIONS DEPT.
(AFTER THE END OF ANIMAL FARM) On Tuesday, Hamilton’s ex-mascot, Al Ham, released his first rap concept album, *unKo\$her*. Ham voiced his intention to get back to his roots with this album in his barnyard home.

“This is my journey from being runt of the litter to top hog,” Ham said. “Being in the pen was what inspired my artistry, what made me the pig I am today.”

Rolling Stone has called Ham’s newest album, “the best LP by an anthropomorphic pig since Babe’s seminal heavy metal album, “That Shit Just Won’t Do, Pig.” The lead single, “Making Me Squeal,” finds Ham rapping about his current girlfriend and animal actress Sarah Jessica Porker. Many of the other songs on the album have to do with what Al Ham calls his “exploitation” by Hamilton College.

“What can I say? Like so many eighteen year-old pigs, I was young and I needed the money,” Ham said of the mascot job that made him famous. “But they took advantage of me. The administration used to call me filthy behind my tail. They made bacon jokes all the

time—Kevin Bacon jokes, specifically.” One song on the album, “Shoot You In the Face (I Wish I Had Opposable Thumbs),” is a graphic depiction of the end result of a duel. Ham raps, “You call me Porky Pig, man you call me a joke. / But when I get my Burr on, I’ll say “That’s all Folks!” When asked whether the song was about Alex, the new human mascot, Ham denied the association. However, he did comment briefly on his replacement.

“I’m just saying, it figures that they’d pick a rich, white guy,” Ham said.

Despite his reluctance to speak on the topic, there have been rumors circulating of a conflict between Alex and the hotheaded pig. Ham was allegedly thrown out of a Utica nightclub after an altercation with Alex, in which he called the current mascot, “child nightmare fuel” and compared him to Gaston from *Beauty and the Beast*. Alex responded to Ham’s insults in a letter written by quill pen: “Ham doesn’t know what he’s saying,” Alex wrote. “He has a real dependency problem. Next time you see him, ask him what’s in his trough.”

“Alex can slander me all he wants,” Ham said, “but 10 Dolla Bill hasn’t put out any good content since *The Federalist Papers*,” he continued, stepping into his limousine, snout smeared with cocaine. “My music speaks for itself. I’m the biggest ham since Kanye West.”

ah Moore is seeing anyone?” Holly Norris ’15, of team *My Little Moan-y*, said, downing the rest of her Woodchuck. “Even though every team responded that she and David were still adorably together, Mark refused to give any of us points and would only mope and play Elliot Smith songs for the rest of the round.”

By the picture round, in which teams were asked to rank a series of potential Facebook profile pictures of Bertram and draw a labeled map of the clitoris, teams were becoming confused. Resident cheaters *Snap Crackle Cock* were particularly flummoxed by the turn of events.

“Usually a quick Google search is all it takes, but like how am I supposed to Google the way to make Mark’s father proud?” team leader Joshua Cohen ’18 said bitterly. “Oh, don’t look at me like that. Everyone cheats. Right? *Right?*”

Even after the final round, as the disgruntled teams filed out and the bartenders began making loud hints about closing for the night, Bertram still had questions. “I guess, I mean,” he said through the mic to no one in particular, “if no one has any expectations for me, is it possible for me to let them down? And also, is it normal for her to play 2048 during sex?”

ENGLISH PROFESSOR FORGETS
HE’S ACTUALLY SUPPOSED TO
LIKE THESE BOOKS

Assigns readings of Jayden Smith’s tweets philosophy, instead

By Mr. Riopelle ’17
ENGLISH DEPT.
(ROOT HALL, UPSTAIRS, SLEEPING ON THE COUCH) The English Department received complaints last week from students of ENG 313: Famous Dead Guys, claiming that their Professor, Dr. Gilbert Buckley, had stopped giving even the tiniest damn about literature.

“In hindsight, it’s pretty clear he never really cared,” Jake Hunter ’16, a student of Professor Buckley, said. “I mean, the prompt for our first paper was, ‘Compare two passages from two different authors and make an argument about what each was smoking at the time.’”

Over the course of the semester, Buckley’s rate of damn-giving has steadily declined. During break, Buckley reportedly updated his syllabus with new weekly topic headings, such as, “Clinical Depression in Book Form: Morrison’s *Beloved*,” “Will This Guy Ever Shut Up: Faulkner’s *As I Lay Dying*,” and “What Is This I Don’t Even: Joyce’s *Ulysses*.”

“I went to his office on Monday to get my paper back, and he offered me a s’more,” Christy Bolling ’15 said. “He was using our papers as kindling to roast marshmallows. The s’more was tasty, though.”

The English Department has since revoked Professor Buckley’s bonfire privileges on weekdays, but not all are on board with condemning his disinterest in the great classics.

“Buckley’s a hero,” Professor Heather Hampton said. “I’ve been rereading the same Hemmingway crap for thirty years, and I’m sick of it. I want to read some E. L. James. That stuff is... Deep.”

On the other side of the desk are more moderate professors who want, among other things, to keep their jobs.

“Look, we all know this stuff is boring,” Professor Brandon Jacobson said. “But if we don’t keep up appearances, students might look for things that will actually help them get jobs, like Econ or Dance.”

Approached for comment, Professor Buckley laughed and said, “Oh yeah, I just earned tenure. What, you think Milton would have kept writing if he had a free ride?”

TRIVIA NIGHT HOST ASKS THE
QUESTIONS HE’S AFRAID TO
ASK

Hasn’t heard of the internet, apparently?

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15
PSYCHOLOGY DEPT.
(LITTLE PUB) Trivia Night this past Tuesday took a turn when guest host Mark Betram ’16 realized that he was holding a microphone in front of fifty people, all of whom were there to give him answers.

“I looked out into the eager faces before me,” Betram said, “and that’s when I realized: I’ve got a history paper due in four hours and a bunch of people at my disposal who are way too invested in winning.” Betram cackled for several minutes, then continued somberly, “But really. They care about this game too much.”

“I knew something was up in Round 1 when we were asked to construct a thesis explaining the economy in the southern colonies prior to the Revolutionary War,” Jeff Hastings ’17, member of team *Tyrannosaurus Sex*, said, scratching his head. “I’m spending three hours on a Tuesday in a bar. You think I’m here to learn?”

Bertram didn’t stop at crowdsourcing research papers. “In Round 2, a question was, ‘Do you know if Sar-

In other news: FUCK TRAINS

CAMPUS HAT GUY STILL
WEARING HAT



See “Stoop kid afraid to leave his stoop,” pg. 118

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ELECT MAYOR IGUANA



The dopest tape to bump with a vape. “Mixtape is mad fire. Pls share.”

HOLY WEEK FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Good Friday	Passover	Easter
	75% chance one of you will betray me.	High probability raining frogs still better than snow.	“Resurrection? It’s called a nap.”

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I Gave Up Pooping for Lent

Dear Mr. Editor (a.k.a. Nate a.k.a You Dick),

I write both to air a grievance and to make a public service announcement.

Perhaps you recall the last time we met? I remember it well, for it was the last day I was truly happy. We sat together, wracking our brains for how to best change our lives for the next 40 days. Determined to outdo those who chose merely to forgo vulgar language or “give up” their time and do community service you cried out, “By Jove I’ve got it! We’ll give up defecating!”

Too naïve to know better, I listened. I trusted you. Yet you betrayed me. Not even 24 hours into this mess I saw you sneak off to do your business. The worst part? I wanted to be upset about the loss of our friendship, but I just don’t give a crap anymore.

You’re not the only one who left me, you know. All my friends keep a 10 foot radius, but I hear them. They call me Pumbaa behind my back.

By the time this ordeal is over, over 1000 hours will have passed, each slower than the last. Commons stopped being an option 30 minutes into making this damned decision! Unable to move faster than a shuffle, I have learned to give myself an extra hour to waddle to class.

If there is one legacy I leave, let it be this: do NOT give up pooping for Lent. Give up chocolate, video games, or loving your family before taking on this nightmare.

As for you, Mr. Editor... rest assured that I will be leaving a very “special” gift outside your door once these 40 days are through.

Not-so-cordially-yours,

A Dutiful Christian

Edited by Ms. Reading ’16

BECOME AN INTERN WITH THE DUEL OBSERVER!

Attention all desperate/lonely/horny jobseekers,

Think you’ve got what it takes to be our new intern? Qualifications include:

- At least 18 years of experience emptying your bowels
- Ability to swear politely over the phone
- Working knowledge of all the words to “If I Was Invisible” by the glorious Clay Aiken
- Willing to do nothing but observe duels for extended periods of time

You won’t be paid, but after 14 weeks, you will be allowed to spend a night out with the clique. Plus, by the end of the semester, you will be able to put the following on your handy-dandy little resume so you (hopefully) don’t have to live in a horizontal refrigerator*:

- Expert at finding rare clip art
- Fed a blue sheet of paper coffee and biscuits each morning without spilling
- Herded goats into a Mini Cooper

Here at the Duel Observer, we’re not arrogant. We believe our interns are the bright hopeful faces that will lead paper publications to victory when Apple wages war with their next micro-nano-milli-pico weapon. Preserve the art of the written word and never get annoying internship advertisement emails again! So, get your finger out of your nose and fill out the application at: www.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/apply/BBHMM.

*We’re going to make you live in a horizontal refridgerator.

Found posted in a bathroom stall by Ms. Merriam ’17

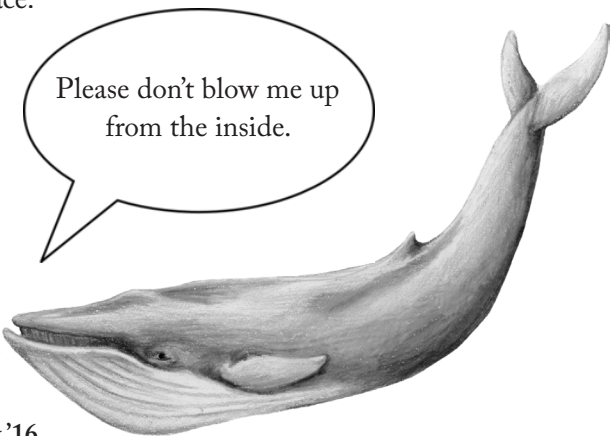
REJECTED INTERNSHIP FUNDING APPLICATION

Hi please give me money.

I would like to apply for funding to get eaten by a blue whale this summer. I don’t think anyone’s ever done that on purpose before. I can already hear your objections: “But it’s dark in there!” I’ll bring a flashlight. “Could you tell me how this applies to your math major?” Is the whale contained in the set of all sets? “But you’re not krill!” I identify as krill. “How will you get out?” Dynamite.

Alternately, I have constructed a plan to win the internet. What does the internet love? Animals and friends. I would like to separate some elephant friends for about twenty years and then film their reunion. It will be adorable. “But that’s immoral!” Shut your face.

You can pick whichever you like better. Idgaf.



Submitted jointly by Ms. Yurkofsky ’15 and Mr. Spinney ’16

FRIDAY FIVE:
FALL 2015 COURSE OFFERINGS

By Ms. Suder ’18

A comprehensive list of new courses added for Fall 2015 that fully and effectively promote the College’s goal of creating an educated and successful student body.

5. **ENVST 223: Semester in the Tundra.** Kind of like the Adirondack semester but more hardcore. Students take a helicopter into the tundra of northern Canada (passport required!), parachute into the vast wilderness, and have a semester to get back to campus using nothing but a compass, a crossbow, a HOC leader, and a five pound block of cheese.
4. **CHEM 245: Volcanoes.** Remember when you made vinegar and baking soda volcanoes for the science fair in elementary school? This is the 200-level version of that. Since there are no college-level textbooks on the subject, this class’s textbook money goes to buying shitloads of baking soda and paper maché. You’re definitely going to need it. Prereqs: Comprehensive experience with the art of accidentally leaving bread in the garage and then finding it two years later after its rotting remains are hosting a termite colony.
3. **BIO 357: Microbiology of Hallucinogenic Fungi.** This course focuses on understanding the physical and molecular structure of the psilocybin mushroom, including how structure influences psychoactive effect. We closely examine how ingestion rates, combined with intake concentrations, affect the intensity of the psychoactive experience. Everything that takes place in this class is strictly educational and relevant to official, academically accepted microbiology. We don’t actually get high off the mushrooms. We don’t do drugs in this class. Really. Don’t call the police.
2. **HIST 201: The Evolution of the Frat Boy.** The history of the societal impact of fraternities and the so-called “frat boys” they produce. The syllabus includes an in-depth examination on the economics of how fraternities have funded the entire liquor industry and also single-handedly created the need for on-campus police. The time frame studied begins with the early 20th century Pledging Wars and continues through the tragic Keg Incident of ’07.
1. **PHIL 375: How To Get a Job with a Philosophy Degree.** “Job.”

THE DUEL OBSERVER

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN
Editor-in-Chief/ Hypersensitive Beta Male
COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY
Editor-out-Chief/ Nerd in a Beanie
SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY
Mynaging Editor/ Long-haired Guy in Band T-Shirt
STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE
Managing Editor/ Uncomfortable Stare at Vans
RACHEL MARIE ALATALO
Layout Editor/ Sufjan Stevens
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss
Senior Staff Writers
HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL
MARY SUZANNE RICE
BRIAN PATRICK BURNS
Staff Writers
BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY
ISLA CLARE NG
CESAR ATZIN RENERO-SOULÉ
TAYLOR CELESTE LASON
TIMOTHY MARK HARTEL
DIANA SARAH SUDER
DAIYAN HOSSAIN
Contributors
ALEXA EILEEN MERRIAM
CATHERINE ALEXANDRA READING

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/