

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME ∞, ISSUE #!

*“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”*

MAY 24, 2015

## CONGRATULATIONS, NATE!

**If James Joyce wasn't already the James Joyce of dick jokes, you would be the James Joyce of dick jokes.**

### SCHOOL PUBLICATION THINKS IT'S FUCKING FUNNY, DOESN'T IT?

**Look, here it goes! Talking about itself like it's so witty and meta**

By Mr. Lanman '15

FIRST AMENDMENT FIGHTS DEPT.

(THIS ARTICLE) Despite the collective groans heard resonating in Commons and McEwen every Friday around noon, and despite the thousands of dollars spent in libel suits, gender neutral stripper parties, and swimming pools ENTIRELY FILLED WITH GUAC, the free press tenaciously reigns, and Hamilton's blue satire rag, the Duel Observer, continues to print its self-aggrandizing, trustafarian propaganda, pretending it's actually as good as The Onion, or whatever ironically sprawling emails the Poststructuralist Club is cooking up these days.

On Friday, the campus community was sickened to read another article in which the Duel drew 90% of its humor from humble-braggy self-deprecating asides, and the rest from poop jokes and Nancy Thompson's Tumblr.

"I'm all about free speech," Ron Follicles '16 said

### “SKETCHY-ASS” TOWNIE POSES AS SOPHOMORE’S PARENT

**And he smells like White Mystery. No, not like the Airheads**

By Mr. Lanman '15

FREE CANDY VAN DEPT.

(BUILDING WITH ALL THE FREE SHIT AND SINGLE WOMEN) Standing out from the sea of nostalgic alumni and parents on the Hill for family weekend, a foreign figure skulked across campus. Local parasite Chaps P. Goode found his way onto campus for Bicentennial weekend, drawn to the “colorful signs,” “motor vehicles,” “scents of young life,” and inexplicably, the Dunham basement.

“He showed up Friday morning,” Tom Scott '13 said. “I'm sure most of us assumed he was a parent. Most parents assumed he was an alum. Most girls figured he was one of those old, sketchy townies from the VT. But no one knew for sure he was an imposter until he started shoving all the free stuff down his cargo pants.”

As the day progressed, Goode began weirding the shit out of students and visitors alike. “He followed me to class on Friday morning,” Saul Westin '14 said. “The guy started sniffing my neck and calling me ‘son.’”

“He only left me alone when he ran off to steal things like pens from Admissions, a shit ton of those

as he finished reading yet another asinine article, “but I want them all dead.”

After reading the Duel at least twice from front to back, other students shared and expanded upon Follicles's dismay.

“All they do is self-reference and act like they're so smart and funny, but they're really not!” Carol Quine '15 cried. “They make the same jokes every week, and their fonts suck, and their grammar is horrendous, and sometimes their pictures come out blurry, and their website doesn't even work, and they're all stupid and ugly and they probably aren't even that good at sports!”

Quine purportedly read the entire issue sixty times without finding a scrap of wit or imagination.

The Duel editors have not yet responded publicly to the criticism, which is uncharacteristic for a publication that seems to think it has the right to offend literally EVERYONE. The Hamilton community has expressed hope that the Duel has learned its place, even if its place is on your dining hall table, amusing you to varying degrees.

“I'd rather eat in Commons alone than eat in Commons with a Duel Observer,” Ben Bloom '17 confided, as he ate in Commons with a Duel Observer.

mystery fruits from Commons...

I think he carried a rug from Dunham around for a while, too, and those things are like a crabs clinic waiting room.”

The clusterfuck worsened as Westin's actual father came to visit, finally exposing Goode's scheme. Francis Westin '78 tried to greet his son with a hug, but Goode intervened violently.

“That crazy townie bit my goddamn arm,” Westin said post-attack, “and he kept yelling ‘DON'T TOUCH MY BOY, YUPPIE SCUM.’ I think I might have rabies.”

Rabid or not, Goode left most visitors foaming at the mouth in some sense, displaying unruly defense for his supposed “son” and everything he could stuff in his pants. However, the few Hamilton students hailing from Clinton were relatively unfazed by his arrival.

“We're used to him,” Audrey Shelig '13 remarked as she watched Goode begin a speedy descent down the Hill, cackling maniacally with pockets full of free granola and dental dams. “Around here, we all call him ‘Dad.’”

and a leg, but that's ridiculous; it really cost fourteen kidneys and half of a spleen. And then some money.”

The organ craze has spread rapidly through the Hamilton alumni network, particularly among recent Creative Writing graduates who have relished actually having the opportunity to give back to their alma mater.

“I was worried about donating. I'm pretty strapped for cash at the moment,” Walt Stevens '11 penned on a postcard from his Brooklyn loft. “But donating half of my liver was so artistic! It's winwin for me.”

Meanwhile, former Economics major and current filthy rich gazillionaire, J.P. Nelson '08, wasn't too keen on

### HAMILTON ACCEPTS FIRST ORGAN DONATIONS

**Why? Don't worry about it.**

Mr. Lanman '15

LOOK INSIDE YOUR HEART DEPT.

(ALUMNI CENTER) Hamilton's new donation initiative, “Hamilton Deserves,” recently started accepting gifts that all mildly healthy humans are equipped to give. In addition to typical monetary donations, Hamilton alumni may now give most or all of their select vital organs.

“Things are expensive these days,” President Joan Hinde Stewart explained to Duel reporters at an unusually eventful open hour. “People joked that the new performing arts building would cost an arm and a leg, but that's ridiculous; it really cost fourteen kidneys and half of a spleen. And then some money.”

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Meanwhile, former Economics major and current filthy rich gazillionaire, J.P. Nelson '08, wasn't too keen on sacrificing an organ but still wanted to show his devotion to the College's future, or at least that he was trendy.

“So yeah, I just bought some kidneys from a few of those Occupy Wall Street saps,” he recalled, “It only took, like, fifty bucks. This is saving me loads. Entrepreneur Club: take note.”

Those who have yet to buy tickets to Bon Jovi's December benefit concert may also be in luck; the remaining tickets range in price from a frugal three feet of small intestine to a whopping kidney-pancreas combination.

Donations of first-born children and food stamps are appreciated, but are pending administrative approval.



**This will probably just about cover the new dorm furniture.**



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**In this issue: Brooding hilarity**



# CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: ARE DIK PLEDGES SOFTIES?

By Bramford Whittington Weatherbee '15

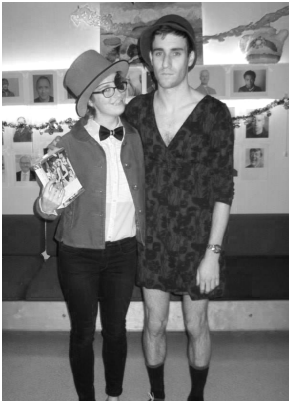
I'm fine with naked pyramids, I'm fine with sticking my thumb up another guy's ass, and I'm fine with literally fucking shit. But I am finished with pledging DIK! People keep asking me, "Bramford, you're straight as balls, but did they make you do any gay shit? Is that why you switched frats?"

Last week, the DIK bros wanted to bring us to the Glen. They said we were going to "rub some branches together." I asked, "For how long?" They said, "as long as it takes to heat things up." At that very moment, I knew I couldn't go. I haven't made a fire from scratch since Boy Scouts. And why the fuck did they want to make a fire anyway? This is *hazing*, idiots, not wilderness camp! Needless to say, I immediately dipped my ass back to Dunham to pregame for lax practice.

My roommate is still pledging, and judging from what he's been saying, it's gotten worse. Yesterday he said they were going to bake out the common room in Carnegie. I mean, what has happened to the world's frats? Baking? Baking what? Cookies? Brownies? Those Rice Krispie things? Who the fuck cares? I didn't join a frat for any of this pansy-ass, lah-di-dah rainbows and bunnies shit.

That was all I needed to hear. I don't know *exactly* what the DIK bros (if you can call those flowery nancies "bros") were doing, but as far as I can tell, it's nothing any respectable bro should condone. I mean, I'll eat a donut off of a guy's dick, no problem, but I will never bake. That's fucking gay.

Edited by Mr. Lanman '15



## PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS PEOPLE FUCKING NEXT DOOR

Good day, plebes. It is I, your chief opinionateur, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, here to weigh in on a riling hul-laballoo that recently took place in the suites.

Last Saturday evening, while pe-rusing a fiery catalogue of feminine debauchery (*Editor's note: The strangest porn our sorry eyes have ever seen.*) my left ear happened upon a rather cacophonous uproar and baboonish banging in the room adjacent to Babbitt 46C. Sex, my dear friends, sex! Its manifold glories and trivial technique—its lugubrious confusions and arrhythmic musicality—a symphonious sex act had befallen my ears!

I believe an alcoholic American poet once wrote,

*Fuck You, You Prick*

*Chronicles from under the totalitarian boot heel of Liberal Arts dogma*

Ricky Shambles '14, that pseudo-intellectual douchebag who pretends to be a Marxist in your political theory class, recently scribbled "This is what a police state looks like!" in a bathroom stall by the KJ Auditorium, in effect giving the finger to the college that his upper middle-class parents are graciously financing.

I recently sat down with Shambles and traced his spree of "anti-establishment" graffiti from its humble beginnings in seventh grade. Emerging from his "pre-pube, post-vein" penis doodle phase, he decided to get political.

"Anarchy is Order" was my main thrust in those days,"he recalled. "What can I say? Rage Against the Machine was a big part of my life. Green Day, too...you know, before they got all gay." Shambles paused to sack tap one of his anarchist bros, who in return punched Shambles in the armpit, making him giggle and fart. (*Editor's note: This is real. Ask our Managing Editor, Sabrina Yurkofsky, for details and inappropriate personal stories.*)

When his testicles finally dropped in eleventh grade, heascended to the ever daring swastika and other an-



"This is the way the sex begins: not with a bang, but a whimper." And so it was: it began with a duet of soft moans coupled with the gentle creaks of a lofted bedframe. This lilting prelude soon fell to a hush, followed by a scuffle of limbs, and the rip of a wrapper ("I think you put it on backwards," one of them crooned). But then it began again. The tempo picked up. The passion brewed. A crescendo of cries—ah, how rabid and primal they became! I pressed my ear harder to the wall and the pounding became more searching, more purposeful. Like all good pieces of music, it ended regrettably soon.

But then, of course, the coda: the post-coital murmurs of sweet nothings. Though pillow talk has been puerile since my imperialist ancestors slew their first savages on the shores of the New World, I was particularly moved by this precious exchange. I couldn't help but feel a part of the moment—as if my lovely neighbor came close to my ear and professed, "I think I hear someone breathing through the wall." How enchanting!

ti-Semitic imagery. Unfortunately, he had no clue what those icons represented until his JCC youth group collectively shoved a shofar up his rectum.\*

"Well fine, it was a little anti-Semitic, but I'd already gotten my bar mitzvah money at that point. I didn't care," he explained, tenderly grazing a finger over his sphincter. "I'm just against every type of establishment, religion included. Suck a fuck, Yahweh."

Such was the case, apparently, for Hamilton College—an establishment, yes, but one that that provides a high quality education and a myriad of other opportunities to students like Shambles, regardless of their deluded perspectives on what constitutes oppression.

While studying abroad in North Korea next semester, Shambles plans to extend his spineless rebellion to an actual police state. I plan to follow his trip on his study abroad Wordpress, "This is What a Police State Looks Like: KJ-2-NK '14" with significant interest and minimal concern for his wellbeing. Prick.

\*L'Shana Tovah, bitches.

by Miles Silver '14

Edited by Mr. Lanman'15

## WHY "BALLS" IS A SHITTY SIMILE: A DOUCHEY BIO MAJOR CORRECTS YOUR DICTION

Edited by Mr. Lanman '15

"It's cold as balls." Yes, I'm a Biology major, and yes, I do have testicles. Ladies and gentlemen, the scrotum is designed to keep the testicles between 95 and 96.8 degrees Fahrenheit—a necessary condition that if interrupted puts one at risk for infertility or a number of other ungodly complications. Have you ever felt a chilly testicle? I have. No, it's not fun!

Now look, I don't care if you're from the West coast, and I really don't care if you really haven't seen snow before. That's your problem. It is not cold as balls up here in Clinton. It's cold, all right. But in this case, the ambiguous term "balls" is inappropriate in many senses. "Balls to the walls" is fine—I've seen people go balls to the walls in Korfbal. But please, stop saying "cold as balls." I'm not a betting man, but if all testicles were as cold as upstate New York, you probably wouldn't be alive and your simile would still suck.

Here's the least graphic of the several visual aids I've compiled to demonstrate this idiocy:



In closing, let us draw from the wise counsel of the famed Elizabethan pornographer, Messr. Wilhelm Shunt: "The sounde resounds o'er thruste and pounde." Sex need not be seen with the nude eye to be a truly magical act. I assure you, my dear readers, that such was confirmed by the lovemaking of my neighbor and her ripe suitor.

*Phineas P. Wurterbottom holds a doctorate in physiognocometry from the University of Kentstocking-at-Worcester's Glen. He also holds balls of knitting yarn for his deaf grandmumma, and four Lyonnaise kittens as hostages in his wine cellar. He will write again for the Duel when "its peasantry of editors gets its shit together."*

Toned down by Mr. Lanman '15

### THE DUEL OBSERVER

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

*Editor-in-Chief*

*Lamson Sound*

*Grandma*

*Kate Lyn*

*Dayman, fighter of the*

*Tater*

*Slow Loris*

*Toilet*

*Bill Murray*

*Good*

*Sexy Nora Joyce*

*Cow*

*Mutton Chops*

*Heart Fart*

*Bing Crosby*

*Potato Leek*

*Secretly-a-Horse*

*Welsh Green*

*Disillusionment of Ten O'clock*

*Wonderball*

*Wrench*

*Hypersensitive Beta Male*

*Slightly Jewish*

*Labrador*

*N*

*The Dual Observer*

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