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 F*CKING 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 satirical rag, the Duel Observer, continues to print its self-aggrandizing, trustafarian propaganda, pretending it’s actually as good as The Onion, or whatever ironically spraying emulsions 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 Tumble.

“I’m all about free speech,” Ron Follicles ’16 said 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.

“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 IN 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 Chase P. Goode found his way onto campus for Bicentennial weekend, dressed in 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 impostor until he started showing all the free stuff down his cargo pants.”

As the day progressed, Goode began weeding the shit out of students and visitors alike. “He followed me to class on Friday morning,” Saul Westin ’14 said. “The clusterfuck worsened as Westin’s actual father 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 hail ing 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 manically with pockets full of free granola and dental dams. “Around here, we all call him Dad.”

HAMILTON ACCEPTS FIRST ORGAN DONATIONS
Why? Don’t worry about it.
By 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 costs fourteen kidneys and half of a spleen. 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 winin’ for me.”

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.

If James Joyce wasn’t already the James Joyce of dick jokes, you would be the James Joyce of dick jokes.
CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: ARE DIK PLEDGES SOFTIES?

By Brannford Whittington Whotebeer '15

I’ve 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 fine with pledging DIK! People keep asking me, “Brannford, you’re straight as balls, but did they make you do 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 bazing, 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 brains? Baking? Baking what? Cookies? Brownies? Those Rice Krispie things? Who the fuck cares? I didn’t join a frat for any of this panzy-ass, lab-di-lah 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

WHY “BALLS” IS A SHITTY SIMILE: A DOUCHY 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 wall” is fine—I’ve seen people go balls to the wall in Korrball. 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:

THE DUEL OBSERVER

NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

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 hulabaloo that recently took place in the suites.

Last Saturday evening, while peering over a fiery catalogue of feminine debauchery (Editor’s note: The strongest porn our sorry eyes have ever seen.) my left ear happened upon a rather cacophonous uproar and baboonish bunging in the room adjacent to Babbitt 46C. Sex, my dear friends, sex! Its manifold glories and trivial technique—its lugubrious confusions and arhythmic music—a symphonious sex act had befallen my ears!

I believe an alcoholic American poet once wrote, “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 mouns coupled with the gentle creak 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 bloomed. 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 codex: 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!

Edited by Mr. Lanman ’15

“Fuck You, You Prick

Chronicles from under the totalitarian boot heel of Liberal Arts degna

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 police state looks like!” In closing, let us draw from the wise counsel of the famed Elizabethan pornographer, Messs Wilhelm Shunt: “The sound emerges...er—theur—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—er—&n