THE DUEL OBSERVER VOLUME XVIII, ISSUE IV "KNOWE THYSELF, NOT BE THYSELF." SEPTEMBER 16, 2011

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HAMILTON RECRUITS "SHIT LOAD" OF FRESHMEN TO SPICE UP THE FOOTBALL TEAM Faculty worries about the recruits' reactions to inevitable failure By Ms. Yurkofsky'15

Tony romo Dept.

(STEUBEN FIELD) In a move that some are calling a "fresh start" and others are calling "giving up," Hamilton College has recruited twenty eight freshmen for its mildly depressing football team.

"We're hoping that the new blood will revitalize us," the coach said, "or at least we know it couldn't possibly make us any worse. Oh God, I'm so unhappy."



The recruits, highly motivated by a sense of camaraderie and pure testosterone, take their role as the last hope for Hamilton College Football very seriously.

"We eat, sleep, breathe, and drink football," Mark

Super Secret Summer Practice with Richard Simmons

 Pillburt '15 said as he kicked back a forty and let out
a super-manly belch. "Fuck homework. I've got toning
to do!" Pilburt then proceeded to perform several onearmed push-ups before collapsing into his own vomit.

While many consider such commitment to be valiant and praiseworthy, it does raise some concerns from the Administration.

"What we worry about," Dean of Students Nancy Thompson explained, "is that in a couple of years, these boys are going to realize that no matter how hard they try, how much they lift, or how many Econ 101 classes they skip, there is literally no way that the team they have staked so much in is going to do anything but suck."

As the new recruits excitedly sprinted onto Steuben Field for practice, the older, jaded players walked behind, heads down, with a slump in their shoulders.

"They have so much to learn," Brant Kosin '12 whispered sadly, staring at the youngsters as they began doing sit-ups just for the hell of it. "It's so cute how they get hammered at parties for fun now. By Thanksgiving, they'll just be trying to drown their sorrows with each successive Keystone until their livers fail them almost as badly as our football program does."

BORING STUDENTS ATTEMPT TO MOLD PERSONALITY BY JOINING JUGGLING CLUB Friendless freshmen throw balls in the air to garner attention and admiration from peers

By Ms. Browne '13

Immature jokes about balls Dept.

(ELS BASEMENT) The endless supply of all-campus emails from virtually pointless student groups has not only pissed off the students on campus that actually have friends, but also attracted droves of starry-eyed freshmen looking for extra-curriculars to mold their college experience.

"In high school, I was President of the Mathletes and a soloist in my church choir," Samantha Johnston '15 explained, "but here at Hamilton, I joined the Juggling Club, and it's the best decision I've ever made! I would die for Juggling Club!"

Jack Flemming '15 said, "I'd been at Hamilton for nearly three weeks and hadn't made any friends. My orientation group was tight at first, but then everyone split up into couples or joined a cappella groups."



Jack's eyes never strayed from the balls he was tossing in the air as he added, "Now, I just juggle my flaming torches at every Annex party and toss them at the couples grinding against the wall. It makes me feel better."

Even some of the upperclassmen have found solace in juggling.

"It's about self-control, you know?" Marty Smakler '13 explained. "Juggling is a metaphor for life. Juggling has taught me that managing all of these balls without dropping them is a lot like managing the many demands of college—like drinking, smoking, and hooking up with anonymous partners."

Fun fact: juggling is the opposite of sex

With the infusion of enthusiastic freshmen, the Juggling Club now has big plans for the upcoming semester. There is talk of a merge with the Streaking Team in an effort to become the single most attention-seeking organization on campus.

"You didn't hear this from me, but if we can make this merge happen, we're totally brandishing our wands at Hogwarts at Hamilton," Juggling Club President Greg Hullton '12 said. "Can you imagine us running through Bundy dining hall, naked, juggling cauldrons and riding broomsticks? It may hurt our testicles, but God damn it, it'll be worth it."

INDIE JILLINGS JOINS CAMPUS SAFETY

Officials worry he might get ruff with students By Mr. Johnson '14

TAKING A BITE OUT OF CRIME DEPT. (THE DOGHOUSE) Hamilton officials faced harsh criticism Thursday after Campus Safety announced that the opening in staff would be filled by local AA mascot, Glen House host, and canine Indie Jillings.

"There were many applicants hoping for the

from my frequent drug use, so instead, I just threw a uniform at some kid who passed me on the bridge. Then it turned out the kid was a dog."

Jillings was mysteriously silent on the matter, but according to the Business Office, he has accepted the position.

"At first we were worried he might not be right for the job," President Stewart remarked, "but then we watched him wander around and sniff the air, and now we have him training the rest of Campus Safety since they don't know the difference between the nally, man," Mike ('Incense' fan) Hockentosh '13 said. "I was like, 'Hey, no kneehigh dog's going to be the hurdle between me and my weed.' Then he walked by me, and I tried to pet him, and... he wouldn't let me. That hurt my feelings."



Reenactment of Indie apprehending a smoker

When contacted, the Administration denied any such guilt-tripping activity by Jillings, citing that the quadruped is simply "alpha as fuck and isn't up to cuddling with any of ya'll bitches." The Administration later specified that Indie is actually "totally down to cuddle with bitches."

job," Administration Spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. said. "They were all very well-qualified and had a temperament that would be perfect for the position. But then it turned out they were all hallucinations smell of a spliff and burnt cheeseburger."

At first, students scoffed at the idea of a dog dampening their shenanigans, but surveys show drug use on campus is at an all time low (excluding Nitterman's office). "I thought they were crazy for hiring this dog origi-



In this issue: meatball mashup

Duel Observer Gets A Twitter Account



See, "Repurposing the Fail Whale," pg. 11

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



*Duel*fucius Says: "Go fuck yourself" is not a good insult if you share a double.



PREMATURELY (R)EJECTED FROM RED WEATHER

Diamond in the Drunk By Ludwig Von Mixes '13

There once was a boy who wrote a poem While drinking a lot of cold Keystone He fell off his bed, hit his head And...YO, DID 'SWEET CAROLINE'JUST COME ON?

I Have a Cock By Jim Breese '12

Down on my farm, I have a cock With a rather large, red head Each morning at the crack of dawn He enters m'lady's bed

She says she doesn't like my cock He's starting to upset her I put him out in the old barnyard So he won't try and peck 'er

I must confess, he likes the cows Who live in the dairy, there But m'lady says don't put your cock Near my dairy air.

Oranges of Red By Robert Alexandrea '12

Frankly, my dear, your Unguents simply Cannot convince me; Klaxons are sounding.

Yet it seems perfectly Obvious that we will make love Unless your roommate comes in.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A ZOMBIFIED ALEXANDER HAMILTON By Mr. Schnacky '14

Zombie Alexander Hamilton has sat down with us to offer some words of wisdom straight from the rotting hole that



FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS WHY WE HAVE HONOR COURT VACANCIES

By Mr. Boudreau '14

5. Couldn't make it through Honor Court hazing

If you can't recite the College's charter while chugging a handle of Everclear, you're out.

4. "Whip It Out" is not one of Robert's Rules of Order

> Although, let's face it, the hearings would be more fun if it was, am-I-right?

3. Plagiarism All of these jokes belong to someone else.

2. Thought it was actually "Honor Korf" Turns out there is something lamer than Korfball.

1. Didn't know she was twelve So she brought her teddy bear and headgear. So what?



Meta for liFe By Persona Non Grata'14

January cold Mixed grill is on the menu Is lead-based paint good?

They All Fall Down by Timothy Rift'12

In my hot shower I grab the scissors and cut Pubes fall through the drain.

as well. Laughs.

Andy Schnacky: When we are doing interviews, you don't have to actually say "laughs." I'll add that in later.

Zombie Hamilton: Duel-ly noted. Laughs.

Andy Schnacky: Don't you think this game promotes paranoia a bit too much?

A BRIEF HISTORY OF UTICA By Mr. Robinson '12

In honor of Hamilton's forthcoming bicentennial celebration, I have compiled a timeline covering everything important that has ever happened in Utica. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed copying it from Wikipedia.

1773: Utica is first founded by Europeans, in what most historians now agree was just an awful decision.

1792: The first bridge over the Mohonk River (Utica has a river?) is erected*.

1793: First bridge over the Mohonk River collapses due to poor construction/completely predictable floods, foreshadowing much of the city's history.

1795: After more than 20 years, Utica is finally named by a cabal of drunks in the town's only tavern (true story). They choose to name the city after the Carthaginian city of Utica, of which Wikipedia notes: "Today, Utica no longer exists, and its remains are located not on the coast where it once lay, but further inland because deforestation and agriculture upriver led to massive erosion and the Medjerda River silted over its original mouth." The foreshadowing continues.

1817: Utica's population reaches 2,860 people, all of whom hate it there.

1836: The Chenango section of the Erie Canal opens, launching Utica into an era of unbridled prosperity and hope, which lasts for almost seven whole hours.

1888: The West End Brewing Company is founded, giving birth to delicious Saranac which historians refer to as "a white spot on Utica's nearly pitch-black record." They also make Utica Club, which hipsters like to pretend is good.

1890: Italians complete their takeover of Utica politics through a combination of forgery, upscale restaurants, and hitting people with big metal things.

1933: Utica earns the moniker "Sin City" for its dangerous political atmosphere and terrible strip clubs.

1948: Utica's nickname becomes "The City that God Forgot" because He did.**

1950: Utica Club starts using puppets in its ads, hoping to increase its market share among people with Muppet fetishes.

2008: A fire disrupts canning and bottling of Saranac / Utica Club, ruining Hamilton College. Typical.

* Teehee, I said "erected" ** See Isaiah 21:9

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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resembles what (possibly) was a mouth.

Andy Schnacky: It's great to have you here Mr. Hamilton. I was a bit worried we would have to go with Aaron Burr at the last second.

Zombie Hamilton: Laughs. I'm just excited to be back for the bicentennial of both the college and, as not many people know, HvZ. It evolved over the years with muskets, then rifles, machine guns, and bazookas. But then we got those liberals in the White House. We tried sending a committee that protested, "A zombie breaks into your home, how are you going to kill it?" Too much government regulation.

Andy Schnacky: You do remember you were always in support of a strong federal government.

Zombie Hamilton: If the Tea Party can change my words to suit their purpose, I'll change them



who barricaded himself in his room and died last year, we do not condone that type of behavior. We also can't be responsible for a few years ago, when both roommates agreed to eat each other's arms so they could survive.

Andy Schnacky: Frankly, I am sick of the ubiquitousness of zombies. Care to defend yourself?

Zombie Hamilton: BRAINNSSSSSS. Laughs.

Well, that's all the time we have with Alexander Hamilton. If you'll excuse me, I'm going to send that bastard back to hell with John Nitterman Jr.'s personal shotgun, Lil' Ball-Crusher. Fuck zombies.

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Recipes?

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