

YOUR ROOMMATE STILL WEARING FURSUIT
Starting to seem like it’s not a Halloween costume

HEALTH CENTER CUTBACKS
EMAIL ACTUALLY REFERRING
TO UPCOMING CIRCUMCISION
CLINIC

Quite a rip off

By Mr. Steele ’23

IGNORANCE IS BRIS DEPT.

(THE ANNEX) On Monday, the Student Assembly held the year’s first town hall meeting, an event in which any and all members of the Hamilton College student body were encouraged to come and have their concerns and questions ignored by the relevant members of the administration. Prior to the meeting, a poll was taken to determine what subjects students most wanted to have flung back into their faces by those in charge of their best interests, and this event focused on the subjects of sustainability and mental health on campus.

When the discussion shifted to the mental health facilities available on campus, conflict arose immediately. Those students who chose to become greedy, little wretches and request the possibility of counselling more than once per lunar cycle were rebuked for their insolence and retreated to lick their wounds. One student however, not content to merely bury their

head in the kinetic sand, continued to press the issue, citing an email previously sent from the health center that read simply, “Health Center Cutbacks Coming Soon.” After a momentary confusion it was discovered that this email was not referring to further withdrawals of funds to pad the administration’s pockets, but instead to a circumcision clinic being held later in the month.

Later in the evening, Ben Dover, the director of the college’s health facilities issued a statement clarifying the previous confusion and explaining the reasons for holding this clinic. To the latter point he was quoted in saying, “With the recent outbreak of Hepatitis A coinciding so unfortunately with the theft of all our contraceptive devices for the sake of someone’s senior art thesis, we decided to take matters into our own hands and just get biblical with it.” In a follow up he continued, “Besides, we know students on this campus are gonna get circ’d no matter what we do, so we would rather them be safe about it.”

For those interested, the clinic will be taking place on November 12th and the procedure will cost approximately \$269. While this price may seem steep to some, it is important to remember that at least there’s no tip.

HEALTH CENTER TO PUSH NEW
INITIATIVES AFTER TOWN HALL

SuRe, I cAn HoLd

By Ms. Davidson ’23

DEPT. OF STUDENT HELL & WEALTHNESS

(THE HEALTH CENTER) In response to allegations that the Health Center operates like a worn-in flesh-light (functioning, but just not the same as it used to be), employees have unveiled a series of new initiatives to provide students with ample wellness resources.

The first of their new initiatives is HepA Pig: a new WHCL show hosted by a paid Peppa impersonator that will educate the community about contracting STDs on campus. Posters publicizing HepA Pig can be found in McEwen with the tagline “HepA, what are you doing in my anus?”

Another initiative that actually tackles sustainability and health on campus is the “Eco-2-Go Condoms.” Similar to Eco-2-Go clamshells, these condoms are exchanged for a token found in your mailbox, and then once used, returned to Commons for someone else to clean. These recycled dick sacs are then given to another student, and if you guess who had your eco condom before you, you get a free pump of lube into your clammy post-taqueria hands.

The Health Center has also simultaneously solved their unavailability crisis with the unemployment crisis on campus, hiring the leftover slutty nurses from Halloween. These women—no, warriors—were grabbed by their loose Air Force 1 shoe-laces as they walked up from VT and given an impassable opportunity to screen their exes for buff and blue waffle. With their fishnets still in tact and their hangover sweat kept botoxed into their pits, these are the women in STEM the College prides itself on.

When asked at the Town Hall why they had chosen to target these initiatives at sexual health instead of mental health, the singular full-time employee stated, “This is a great question, and I’m now going to give an answer that will be long enough so you can stew in your own rage but are ultimately unable to respond because of the time limit. To put it in layman’s terms: mental health is a social construct, you dingus! Think of it like campus safety.”

McEWEN INTRODUCES “LES
MONDAY”

Void left by Meatless Monday is abruptly filled

By Mr. Lannon ’22

DINING HALL INFILTRATION DEPT.

(McEWEN) In response to a semester’s worth of withering looks from the campus’ vegan population, and a scathing email from Mikey Hall ’20’s mom, the staff at McEwen have launched a new campaign called “Meet Les Monday.”

According to full-time McEwen employee Mitch Jameson, “The venomous looks were bearable, but we just weren’t prepared for that email. That really broke us. I must’ve let slip that we were looking for a new angle on Meatless Monday at a staff meeting, because one moment we were really scrambling for an idea, and the next, President Wippman showed up to lunch here, disguised in a fiery orange wig, a safari jacket, and a sticker that said, ‘Hi, I’m Les Monday.’”

When asked about his unusual outfit and his absence from his regular office hours, President Wippman replied, “Office hours? To Les Monday, the whole world is an office! Between looking for my lemur friend and exploring the glens, I get plenty done. The other day, I even found half a coconut!”

While the general consensus is that Les Monday is a welcome addition to McEwen, a few students have reported nonsensical muttering and manic rifling through food. When asked to elaborate, Nicole Harper ’20 responded, “He’s mostly been great company, but he seems weirdly interested in tropical fruits. Like I was about to throw away an empty bag of plantain chips when he snatched it from me and started trying to rearrange the crumbs into some sort of message, muttering under his breath about how it’s all a lie and they don’t want us to know the truth about plantains.”

In this issue: But Jojo, we can’t pick up the eight-inch cock!

FARM PARTY



It’s the animals’ party, we’re just invited to it

See, “This guy said he would fuck a sheep!” pg. 2001

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON
THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill just plays an episode of *This American Life* to see if anyone will notice

TRAGEDY: A TRAGEDY FORECAST

| EVENING | DUSK | NIGHT |
|---|---|------------------------------|
| | | |
| 4% chance you think this show is actually a tragedy | 0.008% chance either you or the actors know what’s going on | “Guys that show was... sad?” |

From: Handshake <handshake@notifications.joinhandshake.com>
To: NOTICES-STUDENTS



Hey Hamilton Students!

Looking for on-campus employment? The Admissions Office is hiring actors for the 2020-2021 school year!

If hired, you will be stationed along the admissions tour route to wave at tour guides and say hello so that prospective students and their families think tour guides have friends. After they walk by you, tour guides will say made up things like, “That’s one of my suitemates,” or “That’s Peter, he went abroad on the Hamilton in France Program I was telling you about. He said it was amazing,” or “Hamilton is such a great community, I just loooooove it here.”

You will also perform both scripted and improvised conversations to take place in Opus, the Science Center atrium, first floor of the library, KTSA, and the area in front of KJ. You should be able to speak loudly enough to drown out students discussing common aspects of life at Hamilton that parents might find undesirable (lack of mental healthcare, barely any student parking, shitty dorms, no vegetarian options in the dining halls, etc).

We are reaching out because it has come to our attention that most students choose Hamilton due to the strong sense of community on campus. We are confident that if you greet tour guides as they precariously walk backwards over the bridge, we can substantially increase our yield rate.

Interested applicants should prepare a list of their theatrical experience and three 1-minute monologues (one comedic, one dramatic, and one a cappella).

Sincerely,

Hamilton College Admissions Office

Found in Spam folder by Ms. Naston ’20

Socially Liberal, Fiscally Conservative, Sexually Impotent

As a concerned voter this election season, I want to make sure that people know there are many devoted, flaccid people voting for the more moderate candidates. I’ve heard a lot of jibber jabber from the extremes of the political spectrum. They scream and yell and make their wives cum, and I feel that we’re losing our middle ground. Why can’t it be possible for me to believe in small government, gay marriage, and the illusion that I am satisfying my partner with my pinkie-finger sized penis all at the same time?

I call myself “socially liberal but fiscally conservative” because, like my schvantz, I have no hard convictions. After “fornication,” me and my wife will discuss the pressing political concerns of the day, conversations my wife relishes because it distracts her from her disappointment in my repeated, vigorous attempts to achieve erection and lackluster attempts at finding the clitoris. I mean, it’s almost like when it comes to a self-serving, mostly performative action, I’m enthusiastic, but when the time comes to address the important and inseparable work of creating a tangible effect, I lose interest because ultimately I’m a part of the problem. But in reality we all know it’s those kids and their damn phones.

Joe Biden is my candidate because he’s the only one who truly understands what it’s like to need Viagra to fuck. Yeah Bernie’s old, but his organic, ethically raised, grass-fed Vermont meat is still well in its prime; he could never be a true people’s candidate. Why do you think Biden’s leading in the polls? The only people who still own landlines are people like me who haven’t entered their partner in three years.

I believe trans people deserve rights, but the phrase “Did you just assume my gender?” makes me pee in my Depends. Yeah Nazism is bad, but we also need freedom of speech! Of course my wife deserves an orgasm, but if my penis isn’t gonna give it to her, maybe it just won’t happen! Tough shit, Karen! Now, time to watch *John Oliver* and do a line of Cialis.

Half-assed and half-chubbed by Mr. Wilson ’23

My Boyfriend Cheated On Me With An Uggo and Now I’m Worried He Has Poor Aesthetic Discernment

Brandon and I have been through everything together. He was there through my mother’s refusal to financially support my essential oil self-medication. He validated my anger at the C+ I got on my sociology experiment (which was a nuanced series of vibe-checks conducted upon random students across a period of three weeks). He even endured the absolute drama I had to deal with when my suitemate stained a page of my copy of Marx’s *The Communist Manifesto* with unethically-sourced kombucha. I thought he was truly the perfect man.

Then I find out he cheated on me with... her. Amanda Balbert, the straight-up LEAST aesthetically put-together womxn on this campus. The best thing about Brandon is—or was—his aesthetic discernment. We watched *RuPaul* together! He should know what is #fierce and what is bourgeoisie propaganda in the form of fast-fashion! I don’t really care that he cheated, but come on. How in the holy name of Jameela Jamil could he fuck Amanda Balbert, who has maybe never encountered the concept of taste in her life? Her? It’s the ultimate disappointment. How is he supposed to become an art critic to support my passion for creating dollhouse miniatures if he can’t tell which Oscar red carpet looks are #hot or #not? I mean, infidelity is a social construct, but aesthetics is a fundamental science!

Amanda wears brand name clothes all the time, which is both unoriginal and an offensive classist statement. Most of her clothes are about 3/4ths of an inch too small around her upper arms, meaning that she pays NO attention to detail. And neither do you, Brandon, if you haven’t noticed it! Plus, she doesn’t smoke hand-rolled cigarettes, which probably means she doesn’t have the dexterity to roll a cig, which probably means her handjobs are absolute shit, BRANDON! I thought you had a refined understanding of aesthetics, but now I see that I was very, very wrong. I don’t know if I can bring you home for Thanksgiving now, but maybe eight hours of *Queer Eye* with my Aunt Jan will save your discernment.

Found taped to the back of a copy of
Signature Style Ms. Liss ’22

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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.

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