

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIV, ISSUE XII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

DECEMBER 6, 2019

SEASONAL DEPRESSION CRACKS KNUCKLES, WINDS BACK

NEW COURSE OFFERED ON HOW TO BECOME A NEGLECTED COBBLER’S WIFE

Kirkland alumnae displeased, unsurprised

By Mr. Case ’21

DOMESTICITY DEPT.

(A CLOSET IN LIST) As more and more women are accepted into colleges and universities across the country, Hamilton College has taken initiatives to expand its curriculum to better serve graduating classes of modern professional women in their pursuit of tradesman husbands.

The Registrar’s Office has begun advertising a new Women and Gender Studies course entitled “Theories and Practices in Cobbler Wifery.” The course is intended to cover the basics of discovering, cultivating, and locking down an unhappy marriage with a shoemaker, featuring units on subjects like “the inverse relationship between sexual satisfaction and leather prices” and “staring forlornly out a window whilst washing a dish.”

“I am inspired by the ambition and idealism

that our college’s women possess, and my hope is that we as an institution can prepare them for the real world by tamping down their expectations and encouraging them to pursue a tradesman,” new chair of the WGST department and creator of WGST 1819, Harold Schumacher said. “As a former husband and current cobbler, I felt a civic duty to design a course that imparts the knowledge I gained from 25 years with that wretched shrew. My only hope is that the women who take my course are able to become more conscientious, analytical, and subservient, and to help the men who take my course consider abandoning the liberal arts in favor of a more practical trade.”

Over the next three semesters, the department is expected to roll out several new courses similar to WGST 1819, such as “Secretary Might be a Big Ask,” “Caring for a Bastard Child Thrust Upon You by the Church,” and “Don’t You Worry Your Pretty Little Head.” Outrage from the student body has been palpable, but according to the registrar it’s likely just that time of the month.

DAVID WIPPMAN SEEKS DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

“Vote for me, plebeian scum!”

By Mr. Chivily ’23

VAPID OLD RICH GUYS DEPT.

(BUTTRICK HALL) In an official statement to *The Spectator*, David Wippman announced he is seeking the Democratic nomination for the 2020 presidential election. “America needs a fresh start from our current chaotic and disheartening political and social climate. Even though I lack political experience, I make up for it in skills in corny dad jokes during commencement speeches,” Wippman said.

Many people have been confused about why Wippman is even running for president. When voters were asked about their opinions of David Wippman, many were confused about who he even was. “I honestly thought he was Michael Bloomberg or Tom Steyer, because he’s also an old, balding man who became a Democrat once it became politically beneficial,” a voter from Manchester, New Hampshire said.

David Wippman’s campaign has been embroiled in controversy after *Slate* exposed

Wippman’s flip-flopping on policy. “Despite Mr. Wippman wanting health care reform, his track record in that area is rocky. The health center at Hamilton College has been run very poorly. Students have waited weeks for everything from professional therapy to dental dams,” reporter Vanessa Arno wrote.

“I’ve haven’t had proper therapy or head from my girlfriend all semester. I’m about to explode!” Paul Higgins ’20 said.

“I’m sorry if I seem insincere about my political beliefs. Maybe I should have thought of that before I decided to run for president, but I just simply couldn’t resist fucking up everything for everyone,” Wippman said in a statement.

President Wippman has also been seeking a Vice President. “We have some great VP candidates we’re looking into. Two that stand out are Howard Schultz and Terry Martinez,” said Gill King, Wippman’s chief of staff. According to reports, Martinez’s first act as Vice President will be to “shut down that pesky *Onion* publication.”

David Wippman is currently polling at 0%, and, like so many other candidates, refuses to withdraw until he is forced to by God.

YOU’RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN TAKES THE HILL BY STORM

Health Center to borrow ‘psychiatric help 5¢’ booth

By Mr. Golden ’20

PREMATURE BALDNESS DEPT.

(BARRETT THEATER) Untitled@Large’s production of *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown* opened and closed this week to an enthusiastic full house. The crowd, consisting mostly of middle aged men, left the theater in a sweaty mass. One anonymous patron stated, “Oh yeah, it was great, I love me some grown adults in kiddo clothes! Just make sure you bring a towel if you want the full experience.” When asked for further explanation the man simply smiled and said, “I’d love to stay and chat but I have a new episode of *Toddlers in Tiaras* to watch. I’ll make sure to write a positive review of the play in my internet chat room!”

Despite the generally positive response, not everyone was thrilled with the production. “I don’t get the hype,” Nancy Trout ’22 stated when asked for her take. “If I wanted to watch some bald weirdo make poor life choices I could just smoke salvia and watch *Caillou* in my dorm like a real American.” Trout voiced further concern about the choice to put on such a juvenile show. “It’s just a little odd, you know? We don’t exactly have a lot of young children on this campus, and after seeing *Tragedy: a Tragedy* I was expecting some type of gruesome and thoughtful take on the old classic, but no, it was just Steve from my Soc class dressed up like an eight year old and doing that goofy dance for an hour.”

President David Wippman was seen scowling and muttering to himself throughout Wednesday’s performance. When asked for an explanation, he smacked the notebook from my hand and lifted me by my shirt collar, whispering, “I’m the only important little bald bitch on this campus, and you better include this in your cum rag of a publication so this campus doesn’t forget it.”

The Theatre department has since cancelled its planned spring performance of *The Bald Soprano* and has written a thorough apology, stating, “Please still give us funding, we lay prostrate at your feet!”

Despite the mixed reviews, the show has brought positive energy and life into an old classic. The nostalgic atmosphere of the production was enough to quiet the naysayers in the crowd and bring youthful joy to an otherwise jaded campus. In related news, Snoopy was spotted making out with Linus against a wall at the cast party. Now that’s what I call doggy style!

In this issue: What if we listened to classical music... and we’re both gay?

YULE BALL



You waited too long to ask Cho and now Cedric is taking her, you cuck.
See, “And Hermione’s going with who???”

pg. 23

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON THE HILL PODCAST

No episode this week, Travis Hill is filling in for Terry Gross on *Fresh Air*

CHAMBER CRAWL FORECAST

7:31 PM

8:14 PM

8:50 PM



0% chance you want to listen to the flute ensemble



High probability the sax ensemble gets you rock hard



“Dude, the crawl was BYOB: bring your own bassoon.”

Giuseppe, The Old Man Who Makes Fresh Snow Cones, Is Getting His Hip Replaced and Will Be Unable to Make it Up the Hill This Year

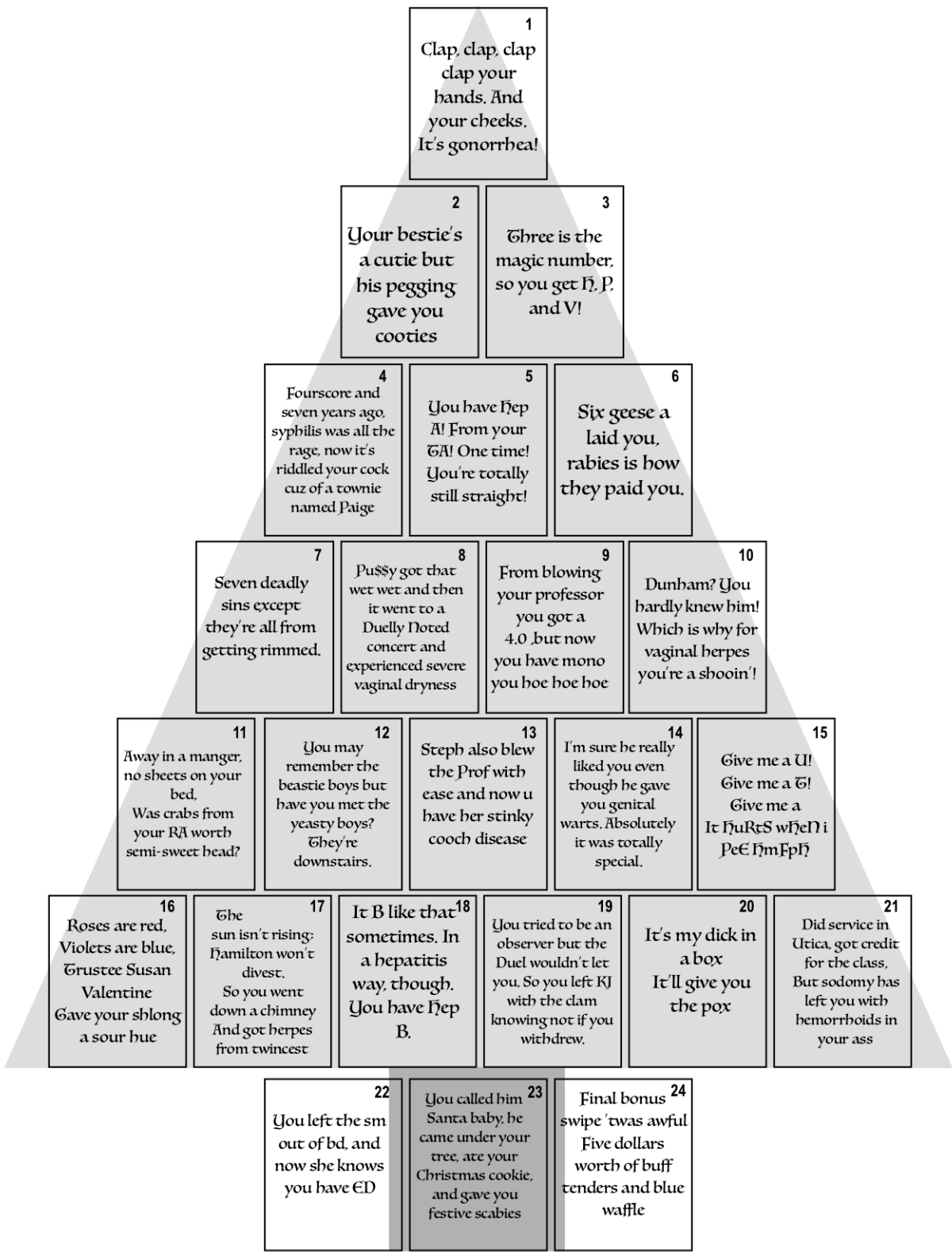
We all know and love Giuseppe. Every year, on the first snow-fall of December, he trundles up the hill with his snow cone cart to make fresh treats out of the nascent precipitation for all the people of Hamilton College. We don't care that the weather is colder than traditional snow cone climate, the warmth Giuseppe brings to this campus is enough to fill any heart, much like a bowl of hearty stew that has the perfect ratio of chunkiness to slurpability. Sadly, ever since Giuseppe's wife, Elizabeta, passed away after a protracted battle with pancreatic cancer, he has been living alone, and no one was there to catch him when he took a tumble, shattering his hip on the linoleum floor of his mid-century bungalow.

I saw the flurry on Monday morning, but was hit with a pang of sadness as I realized that I wouldn't hear Giuseppe calling through the campus, "Children, come a-get your fresh a-snow cones, they are good for your bones!" We all doubted his claims that snow cones promoted strong bones, given that it is only syrup and ice, but we would flock to him anyway. I remember my freshman year, when I was still a cold weather rube from California, refusing to take off my XXL Tommy Bahama Hawaiian shirt, terribly homesick. Giuseppe rolled up to me, with a twinkle in his eye and a twitch in his handlebar mustache, and said, "Son, the sadness in your eyes is as a-deep as a-Lake Como. Would you like a fresh a-snow cone to ease the troubles of your cusp-ing manhood?"

I would visit you in the hospital, Giuseppe, I swear, but finals are coming up and I am up to my eyes in work. I promise I don't love you just for the snow cones: you mean so much to this campus. I can't express the joy you bring me. I miss you Giuseppe, I hope your new hip is as strong as your spirit.

Composed in the throes of anguish by Mr. Paull '20

STD Advent Calendar



Gleefully anticipated by Ms. Davidson '23

Friday Five: Body Cavities to Hide Your Citrus Fruits In

By Ms. Naston '20

The ban on backpacks in order to prevent bringing fruits into the Citrus Bowl is a tragic loss of Hamilton tradition and has left the student body devastated. In an effort to keep this tradition alive, we at the Duel have compiled a list of places on your person to store your oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and limes for the big game.

5. Belly Button. This is the ideal storage space for smaller fruits, like a petite lime or lemon. Unfortunately, this trick won't work if you have an outie, but then again, if that's the case you're probably used to being ostracized anyway. So go ahead innies: squeeze an orange into that navel!

4. Mouth. Perhaps the largest citrus-friendly hole in your body, there's no better place to store your grapefruit than your open throat. Imagine how hot you'll look gagging to produce your citrus at half-time—the ice won't be the only thing that's slippery.

3. Pussy. We see you, size queens! With a handful of lube, sticking a big ol' citrus up your vag should be no problem. Just be careful that the fruit doesn't overheat and go bad as it cooks in your own lovin' oven.

2. Earlobe. If you had an emo phase complete with gauges, this is the citrus storage location for you. Your mom might have said you'll never get a job with your lobes stretched wide open, but she's never experienced the thrill of watching the opposing team trip over a lemon you pulled from your gaping aural accessory, so fuck you, Karen.

1. Ass. The hockey team of today aren't the sweet boys they once were. Boots is gone and he took all of our good will with him. Show them what you really think by throwing shit-stained fruit on their precious ice. Pro tip: line the fruits up anal bead-style for an exciting, never-ending string of fun!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES

Editor-in-Chief / Nimbus 2000

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE

Editor-out-Chief / Spectroscops

TYLER A BOUDREAU

Managing Editor / Deluminator

MADELEINE BELL CAVALLINO

Layout Editor / The Daily Prophet

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSON

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

CHRISTINA SHEA NASTON

Staff Writers

PETER JUDSON CASE

PETER WILLIAM KELLY

JOHANNA C. BOWEN

ANDREW MAXWELL PROJANSKY

JOSEF SAMUEL KOMISSAR

Contributors

THEODORE GOLDEN

PHILIP ALEXANDER CHIVILY

JULIET DAVIDSON

SIMON JAMES STRINGER

Copyeditors

SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

KENNETH STEVEN TALARICO

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/>