

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

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

DECEMBER 13, 2019

## FINAL EXAMS CANCELLED

### Racist tweets from 2011 unearthed, apology video forthcoming

#### FAILED THESIS: CS MAJOR CREATES GAME THAT TAKES AN HOUR TO MAKE YOU CUM

Press F to inhale sharply

By Mr. Paull '20

EMPLOYED AFTER GRADUATION DEPT. (CLINTON CREAMERY) Many of the intelligentsia in the Computer Science department were skeptical when David Radner '20 set out to make a video game that will make you cum in under five minutes. Their suspicions were confirmed when, upon beta release to the entire campus, the game took a full hour to make anybody cum. The game, a high fantasy adventure chock full of knightly phalluses and elfen yonis, failed to conjure the erotic greatness of such games as *Milfs Ahoy: A Semen Swabber's Ascent to Captain, Leopard Print and Velour: Titillating Adventures as a Mob Wife*, or *The Sims 5*.

“Every game nowadays promises cummies in under five, but I find it’s rare that it ever truly delivers,” Roblox enthusiast and fellow CS major John Tweedy '21 said as he lotioned up for a second run through of the game. “The graphics are great, especially the real—but not too real—gravity of the

thiddies, but overall there just isn’t the immediate impact that has you blow your load immediately.”

The game has also proven difficult for the overworked and undersexed student body, who really value the efficiency a game that will make you cum in under five minutes.

“With finals around the corner, I need my gasm schedule to be tight as the Yokohama bullet train: precise. On the dot,” Jenny Abner '21 said. “Also, my vibrator doesn’t have great battery life, so the full hour is really a non-starter.”

Radner seemed confused by the negative feedback his game received, especially after having spent so many nights alternating between coding, pounding Mountain Dew, and pounding his joystick to fine-tune the controls.

“I don’t get it, I was able to do speed runs every time I tested the game,” Radner mournfully said. “I didn’t even start out wanting to make a game that will make you cum in under five minutes. I wanted to make an algorithm that could help cure Polio or something like that, but then my friend John told me that the cummies weren’t flowing like they used to, and that I should make a game to do something about it. So I kind of just went with it, and it’s led me to ruin.”

#### AHI HOLDS FUNERAL FOR VICTIMS OF WAR ON CHRISTMAS

“You can’t hear dog whistles so our dirge is still technically a capella”

By Mr. Nelson '22

TIKI TORCH DISTRIBUTION DEPT. (MINOR FIELD) On Saturday, the Undergraduate Fellows of the Alexander Hamilton Institute took a break from limp-dicked Student Assembly coup attempts to commemorate their fallen brothers in the culture wars. AHI Campus Commandant Milo Spencer '20 presided over the ceremony, which included a mock funeral and the unveiling of a 70-foot neon cross.

“Today we mourn the victims of the War on Christmas and the War on Men,” Spencer thundered while keeping his arms firmly crossed over his festive red armband. “We mourn the thirty trillion victims of abortion and communism, and we mourn the fact that Sunrise Movement beat us to this fake funeral thing.” Spencer spoke at length on the worldwide persecution of conservatives, concluding with a tearful retelling of his own coming-out story and how he found the strength to say “Merry Christmas” again. After ceremonially lighting the 60 megawatts of coal-fired Christmas lights draped over the cross, AHI laid wreaths commemorating the deaths of

comedy, free speech, and politics-free gaming.

Several students have voiced concerns about the event, citing Spencer’s admiration for a variety of war criminals and the fact that the cross monument shines brighter than the sun into Dark Side dorms. President Wippman has declared a common-ground solution of allowing Dark Side residents to close their curtains for half of the night, but AHI members still fear reprisal from the violent and intolerant Left.

“I was a little nervous about coming over to the cultural Marxist side of campus,” remarked attendee Dennis B. Groper VII '23 in the even baritone of a 90-day NoFap participant. “The leg-haired man-haters over here have been swiping left on me since I exposed myself at an FCC meeting. Like, c’mon guys, no need to cockblock me like this.” Groper is currently under investigation by the WHCL Board for hosting an ASMR show that consists entirely of Ronald Reagan quoting crime statistics.

“Dennis is right, the attempts by radical activists on this campus to shut down the cross monument are unprecedented attacks on free speech,” added Jordan Nectarine, Bannon Professor of Classical/Judeo-Christian/4Chan Values and AHI faculty advisor. “We were actually planning to build a pyramid at first because it seemed manly and hierarchical, but then we found out the Egyptians weren’t white—whoops fuck I mean Western.”

#### ROMANCE BLOSSOMS BETWEEN HAMILTON AND RICH WHITE MAN ONCE AGAIN

Not quite as charming as *Pretty Woman*

By Ms. Naston '20

PEOPLE WHO TOOK POLITICAL ADVANTAGE OF 9/11 DEPT. (1812 DINNER) Last weekend, David Wippman awarded former New York City mayor and Democratic presidential candidate Mike Bloomberg '19 a rare honorary degree from Hamilton College. In his acceptance speech, Bloomberg stated, “I am proud to join the ranks of white men whom Hamilton has awarded degrees based solely on their potential to make large donations.” He later clarified that any such donations must not be used for improving student housing, as it is against his own personal views.

Hamilton students were confused and upset at the news, many citing the lack of communication about Hamilton’s intent to award Bloomberg a degree. “I personally don’t mind Bloomberg. I mean, he’s a finance man, so you know I’ll be voting for him,” Economics major Chet Rogers '21 said. “I just thought it was uncool they didn’t tell us in advance. If they had, I would’ve made sure to go to the dinner just so I could honor him with some ceremonial babes and blow, as is custom.”

Following a meeting with the new alumnus, David Wippman has begun pressuring Frank Coots to adopt a stop-and-frisk policy. In a secret taping of this meeting obtained by the *Duel*, Bloomberg can be heard saying, “Don’t worry, Wippman. All you have to do is give a shitty apology a few years after they finally force you to stop doing it.” He also suggested charging a fare of \$2.75 for each Jitney ride to be enforced by armed campus safety officers.

In response to widespread concern over maintaining Hamilton’s apolitical nature, David Wippman reassured the student body in an email on Monday, saying, “I understand your concerns. Fear not: we will still not be divesting from fossil fuels, improving student health-care, or reinstating the Boston Posse program; anything that can be construed as ‘political’ must stay out of our discourse. Rest assured, our relationship with Mayor Bloomberg is solely financial. Daddy Mikey’s got the big bucks, and you know I’m his little sugar baby.”

#### STRESSED DUEL WRITER TOO BUSY TO FINISH ARTICLE

\*\*\*subhead goes here\*\*\*

By Mr. Stringer '23

(LOCATION:???) With finals season fast approaching, many students are feeling the crunch, including local *Duel* writer Simon Stringer. The increased worklo

In this issue: If you DO buck a Fuffer...

#### THESIS PRESENTATIONS



Come watch your friends fill in the gaps between their breakdowns  
See, “Please, God, let it all be worth it,” pg. 2020

#### THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill reviews *Cats* (2019) in detail... in painstaking detail.

EDITORS' WINTER BREAK

JOJO



90% chance the fourth watch of *Fleabag* is just as fucking good

TYLER



High probability that Tyler wears this suit to his job interviews

MADDIE



“AUDITION FOR THE SEAGULL, YOU COWARDS!”



Oh Shit! I Blacked Out and Woke up in the Sunrise Movement Coffin

So, how was your Friday? Did you see the Sunrise Movement awkwardly marching around campus with a coffin? Well, you know what, I was in that motherfucking coffin. The night before the rally I had eaten five of my roommate Maura’s “special cookies” and after a while I felt woozy. I ended up wandering into KJ around 3 AM, wearing nothing but my “Because Hamilton Day” tee-shirt. And then, my world faded to darkness.

I opened my eyes and saw nothing but black. Suddenly, I heard footsteps and felt myself begin to levitate off of the ground. I tried to scream, but nobody could hear me. What kind of hell was I in? I reached out my hands to feel around and try to figure out where I was. I seemed to be in some box-like structure, made of wood. I wasn’t that worried at first, because I truly enjoy tight spaces. “Where’s the coffin? we’re gonna be late!” I heard a voice say. “Here,” a voice to my left chirped. I felt myself being flung forward, and an incredibly off-key trumpet began to play. I then heard chants about climate change, and that’s when I knew: I had blacked out in a coffin. The Sunrise Movement’s coffin. Fate had chosen me to represent the death of the whole generation. But why?

Suddenly, the countless memories of using recycling bins to yak in, never picking up my dog’s shit in public places, and throwing all my plastic straws in the ocean flashed before my eyes. I was kind of an asshole—at least that’s what the first-year I sell my used Juul pods to has told me. How had I let myself end up it such a dark place? It was time for a change in my life. I began to notice the smell of burnt beef. I must be near Commons! I remembered that the advertisement for the fake funeral said that it ended near Buttrick, which was near Commons (I remembered this because the word “Butt” made me laugh).

The cheering began to die down, and I felt myself being lowered to the ground. I kicked the coffin hard, (It should be noted that I am on the Rugby team, and therefore I am very strong) and broke free. The crowd gasped as my half-naked body rose from the casket. I ran off naked through the snow, determined to better myself, and never, ever, blackout in a casket again.

Eulogized by Ms. Batal ’23

Dr. Scroogelove: Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Chugmas

“Merry Chugmas, Terry!” cried a cheerful and slightly slurred voice. It was the voice of a brother of Psi U stumbling off the Ferg back porch as Dean Martinez drove up the hill from the Vice President’s residence.

“Bah,” said Terry, “Humbug”  
“Chugmas a humbug, Dean?” said Terry’s student. “You don’t mean that, I am sure?”

“I do,” said Terry. “Merry Chugmas? What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You’re drunk enough as is!”

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue his point, the bro withdrew. Terry resumed her labours with an improved opinion of herself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with her.

That night she was visited by the ghost of her predecessor, Nancy Thompson, who gave her a somber warning: “I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. My fate of never having a mediocre time with students in the VT, always wishing I was about three drinks deeper, never bumming cigs and coke off a townie. I never bummed anything!”

“You were always a good friend to me,” said Terry. “Thank’ee!”  
“You will be haunted. By three Spirits. And I don’t mean spirits like liqueurs, I mean ghosts. Like me. You know, ectoplasm and all that stuff. But don’t go calling Bill Murray or Kate McKinnon. The former wouldn’t come and the latter already came. All of your ghostly visitors will come tonight, one after the other, starting at the stroke of 8 PM.”

“Couldn’t I take ’em all at once, and a little earlier, Nancy?” hinted Terry.  
“You will need to go to bed early if you want a chance at waking up for the celebration. Champers gets popped at sunrise!”

Following this encounter Terry was guided through many visions of her past, present, and Chugmases yet to come by what was certainly ghostly figures, and not just her twin cats, Mr. John and Troomba-ba-ba, lapping her face as she broke through on what the students she found working in the community garden promised her were shiitake mushrooms.

“I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!” Terry exclaimed, as she scrambled out of bed. “The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Nancy Thompson! Heaven and the Chugmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Nancy, on my knees!”

Upon witnessing this, while being shoved in a snowbank by the golf team, a meek little bitch boy whose name is Frank but everyone calls Tiny Tim said, “God bless us, every one!”

Oliver Twisted by Mr. Fergusson ’20

Friday Five: Things Shorter Than the Reading Period

By Mr. Projansky ’21

*Congrats everyone! We’ve made it to the weekend where the administration doesn’t want us to drink so we can study more, but isn’t willing to give us time to study! Reading period is way too short, but at least it’s longer than these few things:*

**5. Me.** With boots on that make me three inches taller, I’m proud to say that 2019 is the year of Short Kings. While the guys on the basketball team may be dreamy, us kings are fast and nimble and we aren’t afraid to admit that we want to be little spoon. Even though most people can’t see me without looking down, at least it’s my friends looking down on me rather than my parents!

**4. How long a Buffer can last in bed.** Just like reading period, having sex with a Buffer is usually painfully dull and all the work you do is incredibly uninspired, but at least the reading period lasts for about two days! Though, if you do decide to fuck a Buffer, you won’t have to worry about violating the 24/7 quiet hours, since it’ll only take him fifteen seconds to finish.

**3. Custer’s Last Stand.** Custer’s final battle lasted for just about two days. Maybe the reading period is so short to honor Custer, someone who shares Hamilton’s problematic history. Just like Custer, I’m sure many of our Trustees would be willing to die if it meant Native Americans couldn’t make claims to land that should be rightfully theirs.

**2. My last relationship.** I met her at the Yule Ball. She was doing an irish jig to Cardi B; I was smitten. I told her I was a Hufflepuff as I joined her in her dance and we immediately began a passionate relationship. After the Ball, we went back to my room to Netflix and Chill, but we accidentally turned on *Marriage Story*. After crying for an hour, we decided love wasn’t worth it to begin with.

**1. Hamilton’s connection to balding old white men.** If there’s one thing for certain about Hamilton, we’re always at most one call away from the next “important” white balding man. With Solomon and Bloomberg already graduates, it’s only a matter of time until Papa Bezos is another honorary grad as well, completing a multi-billion dollar trifecta. But remember, divesting from fossil fuels is just too costly.

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