

DUNHAM FIRE JUST A DEMONSTRATION
Entire campus disappointed

MOVIE CHANNEL OFFERS GAY
PORN FOR LGBTQ+ HISTORY
MONTH

Rocketman just wasn’t cutting it

By Ms. Naston ’20

BACK DOOR DEPT.

(INSIDE A CUM SOCK) Last week, the Movie Channel announced that they were planning to put several gay and lesbian pornographic films online as a show of support for LGBTQ+ History Month.

“We considered adding movies like *Milk*, *Brokeback Mountain*, and *The Favourite*, but at the end of the day, we knew nothing could beat the feeling of seeing a daddy’s throbbing cock jizzing all over some little twink’s face,” Jillian Kurtis ’21 of the Movie Channel said.

While some were confused by the addition, others embraced it with open arms. The new programming was publicly endorsed by the fraternity ΔIK, in a statement that read: “We, the brothers of ΔIK, would like to show our support for the Movie Channel’s recent decision. The timing could not be more oppor-

tune, as we will be showing our pledges several selections of male-on-male pornography to monitor their boners. Of course, should they pop one, they will be dismissed from the organization immediately. Because that’s gay, bro.”

Selected titles include “HOT MILF WANTS TO FUCK COLLEGE GIRL”, “18 cowboy cocks”, “massage therapist gives happy ending to girl”, and *Birate Bussy: Self-Discovery on the High Seas*. When questioned on whether their efforts actually helped LGBTQ+ students, Movie Channel representative Jon Lattis ’22 responded, “What? We can’t fetishize people anymore? Frankly, the pushback we’re receiving more oppressive than the thousands of years of systemic injustice queer people have faced.”

Based on current student body surveys, gay porn is most popular with freshman girls who like anime, while lesbian porn is most popular among straight men. Statistics could not be gathered for staff.

“I personally love the gay porn,” one anonymous freshman said. “The main character in *Birate Bussy* reminds me of my roommate. Not that I’m in love with him, or that I want to fuck his bussy. It’s just endearing. Makes me wanna squirt my gurt.”

Daily public shaming will be held from 2-3 P.M. in front of Dunham. Here, students will be given the chance to shame their weak ass “peers”, because “if you can’t do three shots in one hour, are you really a true Continental?” Carn resident Arthur Dimmesdale ’20 said. Additionally, students will be able to earn FYE points by throwing tomatoes and stones at those being shamed.

In keeping with the theme of *The Scarlet Letter*, the students have also been forced to live a secluded life in the Glen forest, living off of the land like true Hamiltonians. However, the students affected are not as happy as the Health Center expected with this new initiative.

“Living in the forest is nasty and the daily shamings suck. Stones hurt, like, really bad. Plus, I wasn’t even that drunk, so I don’t know why they called the EMTs,” Hester Prynne ’23 claimed while adjusting the E on her SA quarter-zip. According to witness reports Prynne was seen falling out of the Jitney while yelling “Get Scrolled!” at campo.

LARP CLUB REENACTS STUDENTS’
CHILDHOOD TRAUMAS AS THERAPY
Counseling Center approves if it means fewer
appointments

By Mr. Vincent ’22

DAD, IS THAT REALLY YOU? DEPT.

(A DARK PLACE) Live Action Role-Playing Club launched its new therapy initiative this week, reenacting students’ childhood traumas to help with the healing process. Though ethically controversial, Hamilton staff psychologist and closeted furry Davis Baldwin stated, “It won’t bring my wife, Denise, back, but it certainly eases the pain.”

His daughter, Debra Baldwin ’20 recalled, “My mom moved out when I was thirteen because my dad got into role play.”

“Denise, you bitch!” Davis hissed to himself. “It’s performance art.”

“Anyway,” Debra continued, “LARP Club reenacted the custody battle, and even though I don’t remember there being Nerf guns, it really helped me reconcile the divorce.”

Other students shared similar experiences after treatment. “I told them that my cat got hit by a car when I was eight,” Felicity Glum ’22 explained, “so they captured a squirrel outside Commons and thwacked it with a pool noodle.” She trailed off, a tear rolling down her cheek. “Snowball would have wanted it that way.”

“It’s the best therapy our school has to *boffer*,” Medieval Studies minor and LARP enthusiast Atticus Gwendomere chortled, adding, “I’ve had sex.”

The club hopes to organize larger therapy events moving forward, “especially with girls.” Many students on campus remain skeptical, however, questioning the effectiveness of fusing behavioral therapy with cosplay.

“I tell the kiddos I’m their Dad, and that the alimony is in the mail,” said a man dressed in a gimp suit that we interviewed in the alcove under the Martin’s Way bridge.

When asked who he was LARPing as, he responded, “What’s LARP?”

EMT’d STUDENTS NOW FORCED
TO WEAR BLUE E

Hopefully you read *The Scarlet Letter*

By Ms. Batal ’23

SHAMING AND SOCIAL STIGMATIZATION DEPT.

(DUNHAM LAUNDRY ROOM) Due to this past weekend’s overflow of EMT calls, the Health Center has taken a rather Puritanical route in dealing with the situation. As of this week, all EMT’d students will be required to wear a buff and blue “E” as a “sign of shame and inability to hang, those little bitches,” Hamilton EMT Sarah Summers ’21 said.

“There are more lightweights than EMTs on this campus, and their constant 8 P.M. blackouts have been too much for us to handle,” Nurse Chillingworth said while ignoring a dying student’s request for medical attention. “We at the Health Center believe the Es will decrease the number of calls because they symbolize the fact that you’re a pussy who gets drunk off of one White Claw.”

In this issue: There’s a space between the bussy and the colon

TINA FEY!!



Tina Fey! Tina Fucking Fey!!!

See, “Everyone be fucking cool, she’s coming! DON’T BLOW THIS FOR ME!!!!” pg. 8 (at night?)

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON
THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill celebrates
Oktoberfest by shotgunning
a Utica Club into the
microphone

FALL BREAK FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 Low probability your dog remembers who you are	 12% chance you write that paper	 “No, Mom, I didn’t start doing drugs at school.”

Just Because You Got Rhinoplasty After the Baboon Attack Doesn’t Mean Mark Will Hook Up With You

Come on Jessica, who are you kidding? You think just because you got your nose reconstructed by one of the best plastic surgeons in the country that Mark will finally fall for you whorish little ploys? We all saw that baboon tear into your face like a heavy set middle schooler tearing into a pudding pack, and let me tell you two things: it wasn’t cute and it certainly wasn’t sexy. Don’t think for one second that getting a new nose will make Mark forget how fucking disgusting you looked after the baboon went literal ape shit on you.

We all know you’ve had a crush on Mark ever since you made a fool of yourself at the Nautical Studies department mixer, where you had one two many Barefoot shooters and told him you knew how to tie a knot in a cherry stem with only your tongue, but failed miserably. God, and now you’ve gone and gotten yourself attacked by a baboon in front of him? You at least could’ve gotten attacked by a hot primate like a mandrill or something. There is just no coming back from this one. Mark wouldn’t even drool in your morning oatmeal anymore.

I know everyone has been telling you how good you look, even though your eyes are still as swollen as that baboon’s ass, but Mark doesn’t just hook up with people who only look good. Let’s get real, you look like Steve Buscemi on a bad day. Mark is a walking god. Have you seen his liquid blue eyes? He can have anybody he wants on this campus, so why on earth would he hookup with a backwater bitch who got herself ferociously mauled by a baboon? It goes to show you that some people have no awareness of their limitations. I thought that baboon just fucked up your face, not your entire brain.

Carefully transplanted by Mr. Paull ’20

Whoops! The #Relatable Predicaments of Campus Life

- Oh no! I got drunk and sewed my suitemate into a couch and now my girlfriend doesn’t want to make love on top of Luke!
- Oh no! There’s a huge line for the bathroom at the VT and my belly full of sand is pushing my pelvic floor down to my knees!
- Oh no! I’m out of Nyquil and I can’t get sleepy for my disciplinary hearing!
- Oh no! I’m listening to the new Brockhampton album and now my roommate thinks I’m no longer a vegetarian!
- It’s raining outside and the way the light is hitting my eyes is telling me to commit horrible crimes in the name of God, what a Monday!
- Oh no! I ran into my crush in Commons while I was pouring out my colostomy bag!
- My hubby invited me over to watch a movie but now I’m watching *Birth of a Nation* and I can’t stop wondering what his motives are. Ugh, why are all the good men racist??
- Oh no! There’s a party in Co-op but I’ve gotten too existential to make it out of bed, oh woe is me, the intellectual babe with the rockin’ bod!
- My Lit professor won’t stop crying about the tragic outcome of the East Coast–West Coast rap beef. Pac and Biggie were friends once; what happened??
- Jared’s fingers don’t sew the way they used to so I reckon it’s time to put him down :(
- Oh no! I’m hard in class and they won’t stop talking about Climate Change’s effect on the global south!
- Oh no! My waistcoat is too tight and it’s cutting off circulation to my pubic mound!
- Oh goodness! I’ve rubbed myself on the rug and now I’m stuck crotch-first to the ceiling with only an hour left in my Calc exam!
- Jonny dunked on me and now he’s legally entitled to my firstborn child. Joke’s on you Jonny, he’s a little dickhead anyway.
- Oh no! My roommate thinks I cheated on my Anthro exam but I only cheated on my long-term girlfriend!
- Whoops! Because suite walls are so thin my whole suite could hear me loudly picking gnats out of my boyfriend’s hair!
- Oy vey! Bubby never lets me out since the murder trial.

Written in between crying and masturbating by Mr. Case ’21

Friday Five: The Best Things to Do Now that Americares Has Come and Gone

By Mr. Wright–Schaner ’23

Every semester, the charity event Americares seeks to fulfill one charitable purpose: recreating that feeling of stumbling drunk into your high school auditorium for prom. They also sometimes gives money to hurricane relief. Each year, after the event, more and more people feel Americares’ absence weighing on them. If this sounds like you, here are the top five tips for filling the void that Americares left.

5. Give Judaism a try. Still craving the thrill of the pre-Ameri-cares fast? You’re in luck! Every year, Jews celebrate Yom Kippur: a New Years celebration where they cleanse themselves of sin by not eating for 25 hours. Sound familiar? Maybe because the Jewish people took this concept straight from those diet-ing for the first Americares back in 1812 BCE! Instead of trying to squeeze your body into a dress, try forcing yourself into a tallit and kippah. Gmar Chatima Tova!

4. Go to a funeral. If it’s the formal aspect of Americares you miss, then look no further than your local cemetery. Almost every Sunday, you’re likely to find one putting on an event with a similar level of formality to our beloved Americares. If you Ameri-cared about Hurricane Dorian relief, you’ll Ameri-care about Leonard Derringer, 93, blunt force trauma. Plus, there’s ALWAYS a post-party kickback.

3. Go to a batting cage and just stand in front of the ball machine. Ah, the Americares blackout. There’s something welcoming and fun about drinking so much that you forget everything that happened the night before! Many people don’t know, but a quick, easy way to get the same effects in a quarter of the time is to go to a local batting cage, put in money, and just wait for the balls to roll in. You’ll be out in no time and wake up with a similarly bad headache. Life hack!

2. Find New Hobbies. Instead of moping and groaning about all the things we can’t do now that Americares is over, find some fun new things to do. If you loved drinking away the memories of your summer love affair with Ricardo (the cute boy from the rival oil family), try mixology! If you loved the car ride through rural upstate New York, try binge watching all five seasons of critically-acclaimed *Jay Leno’s Garage*.

1. Actually Donate Money to Hurricane Dorian Relief. If you found the actual philanthropic nature of the Americares event the most fulfilling, you’re definitely in the minority. I guess you could just directly donate to relief funds, but where’s the fun in that? If you want to go to like Africa or wherever Hurricane Dorian was and like build wells, go crazy, but there’s no open bars in Africa I don’t think.

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