

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXV, ISSUE III “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 7, 2020

SA DECIDES TO CAUCUS FOR CLUB FUNDING

62% of funding goes to HamiltonForPete, funding for other clubs still pending

BURLESQUE AUDITIONS RUINED BY OVERWHELMING NUMBER OF MAYOR PETE DANCES

Diversity win: blondes and brunettes cast!

By Ms. Naston '20

HIGH, HIGH HOPES DEPT.

(THE PETE-UP) This week Untitled@Large, Hamilton College's student theatre troupe, held auditions for its premier burlesque show. While the executive board was excited for the opportunity to explore a new theatrical style, they were less than impressed with the audition turnout.

"I thought I was going to see lots of ladies in sexy lingerie dancing to sultry jazz," Untitled@Large treasurer and known pervert Julian Kimpkee '22 said. "When the first girl came in and did the Mayor Pete dance, I was confused, and honestly, it was a boner killer." The so-called "Mayor Pete dance," which is performed to Panic! At the Disco's "High Hopes," was made popular online when numerous moderates posted videos of themselves do-

ing the dance, proving that their dance moves are as tepid and bland as their politics.

Miranda Johnson '21 made a deliberate choice to perform the Butti-jig, citing her desire to look both woke and sexy. "Listen, I am a huge fan of burlesque; I have been ever since I saw a regional production of *Chicago*. I was really inspired by the bias toward white people in our criminal justice system—that's part of why I love Pete so much! What better way to honor him than with a little South Bend and snap? I truly believe that there is nothing sexier than emulating the utter caucacity of a Buttigieg supporter. I cream my bootcut jeans when I see a man with a 'BOOT - EDGE - EDGE' sticker."

"I personally am thrilled that we had so many interested dancers," creative director Kaitlin Powell '20 said. "Unfortunately, when I saw that seventeen out of twenty auditioners were wearing DIY nipple tassels made out of Pete 2020 buttons, I knew we would be getting people with no rhythm whatsoever."

Despite the generally lackluster reaction to the auditions, following an Untitled fundraiser in a wine cave, all of the Pete supporters were cast in the show.

HISTORY MAJOR UPSET BY LACK OF POLIO DEATHS AT ROARING 20S PARTIES

"I guess those unvaccinated kids didn't make it to college."

By Mr. Chivily '23

EXTREME COSPLAY DEPT.

(A FIRST-FLOOR BABBITT SUITE) As the Hamilton College community welcomes the 2020s, students on campus have been Roaring Twenties themed parties, featuring historically-inspired elements like bootlegged gin, swing jazz, and the Charleston.

However, despite all the festivities, one student is dissatisfied by these playfully anachronistic gatherings. "These parties are historically inaccurate offal for overly rambunctious whippersnappers, too focused on copulating and drunkenly revelling in libations instead of historical accuracy. No one is dying from the dreaded polio!" History major Douglas Whittemore '20 decried. Whittemore himself has been embracing the 1920s' spirit in his own manner, wearing spectacular silken suits and fedoras, speaking old-timey, and calling every woman on campus a "dame," thus destroying his chances of getting laid.

While Whittemore is upset about the lack of polio, he has noted some positives of the parties. "The bootlegged gin is quite lush and succulent. However, the high alcohol-content does make it have a most shuddersome tendency to explode like a grenade in a muddy Flemish trench," Whittemore said to an unimpressed Amanda Green-smith '22 at a party in Eels.

"As someone who actually uses a wheelchair, I think Douglas is being a total dick," Caesar Colombo '20, who also happens to be Whittemore's suitemate said. "We hosted a Roaring Twenties party in our suite. Doug got very drunk, and began to think I was cosplaying as a polio victim. But when my girlfriend Tracy and I went back to my single to hook up, Doug thought that my sex moans were moans of pain from polio, and invited the rest of the party to listen as we had sex. Then he called an EMT. I hate Doug," Columbo said.

Whittemore's bitching is not in vain. After bouts of bloody vomiting, a visit to the health center confirmed that Whittemore had contracted polio. "I think this malady has betided me because my dear mother read a blog from a voluptuous blonde harlot," Whittemore said.

"Karma's a bitch, you ableist shitbag," an overjoyed Colombo said upon receiving the news.

STUDENT SWAPS BODIES WITH VISITING MOTHER

Comedic hijinks ensue

By Mr. Boudreau '20

LOHANS AND EFRONS DEPT.

(DUNHAM) When Laurie McPorter '23 noticed that her roommate Jenna Vazquez '23 wasn't acting like herself after a night out with her visiting parents, she wasn't far off. Reports this morning have confirmed Vazquez and her 46-year-old mother Irene exchanged consciousnesses last night after eating some funny tasting garlic knots at Tony's.




"At first I didn't notice any difference," McPorter said. "Jenna usually gives up on her Calculus homework and just watches *Gilmore Girls* on Thursdays anyway. But then I thought it was weird when she complained about not having any clothes that didn't make her 'look like a hooker.'"

"I never realized all the shit my daughter has to deal with," Irene, who looks and sounds like Jenna, said. "There were some drunk guys checking me out at the diner, and then they told me to 'back that ass up.' I thought they just wanted to go ahead of me in line, so I moved, but then one boy called me a 'tasty piece of cutlet,' so I kneed him in the balls."

Jenna had a similarly eye-opening experience while occupying her mother's body. "The only thing I could think to do with my dad/husband was go the VT and get him so sloshed that he wouldn't try to have sex with me in the hotel room," Jenna, who looks and sounds like Irene, said. "It actually wasn't bad! My mom unsurprisingly has a very high liquor tolerance, and, weirdly, more guys hit on me like this than when I'm in my real body. It kind of gave me a new respect for my mom."

Despite their collective realization that they are "not so different after all," Jenna and Irene remain unable to return to their own bodies. "We've tried everything," Vazquez said. "We conked our heads together, we did the Zoltar machine, we even got struck by lightning. I think next on the list is to jump off a bridge like in *It's A Wonderful Life*." Time is of the essence for the pair, since both mother and daughter have major life events approaching which require their own unique talents: Irene has The Big Client Meeting, and Jenna has to lose her virginity.

When asked how she feels about this bizarrely whimsical turn of events, McPorter said, "It truly has been a Freaky Friday."

FEBFEST FORECAST	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
	CREATE-A-CUB	GUY BRANUM	FOOD TRUCK RODEO
			
	High probability this isn't as fun as you remember	100% sexiest bald man on campus	"Easy there, lassy."

In this issue: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahyeahyeahyeahyeahyeah—yeah!

FRESHMAN FORMAL



This is what you look like See, "Except you, Emily. No, the other Emily," pg. <21

THE DUEL ZODIAC

February 14-29, Mitt Romney: Not much is known about Mitt Romneys, since they've all taken a vow of silence as penance for stealing earrings from Grammy's coffin. They're really good at singing, and they suck at charades—too bad!



Oscar Predictions From Guy Who Audibly Moans in Class

The Oscars are nearly upon us, and who better to give their opinions than I, the guy who makes strange noises every time the professor says something slightly of note. There were a lot of great movies this year, but only a few made me moan so loud the people in the theater thought I must have been masturbating. Jokes on them, as it was a no-touch-gasm.

Best Director: Bong Joon-Ho - It isn't often that a foreign film makes such waves in Hollywood, but *Parasite* has done just that. I couldn't help nodding vigorously and moaning during the final scenes as I realized the movie was about how rich people should be more careful in hiring the help.

Lead Actress: Charlize Theron - I didn't see *Bombshell*, but I can only assume I would have gotten at least a half chub from her performance. The academy owes her for missing the boat on *Snow White and the Huntsman*.

Lead Actor: Adam Driver - Adam Driver proves that guys with asymmetrical faces can still be sex symbols. Not only that, but Driver single-handedly broke the stigma against men punching holes in walls.

Best Adapted Screenplay: Joker - No other movies asked the questions Joker did, like what if you're so horny and also a little kooky that you end up learning you live in a society. When he said "Call me Joker", I moaned so loud it blocked out the noise from the porn I was watching.

Best Screenplay: Once Upon a Time in Hollywood - QT recently said in an interview that he "stalked Margot Robbie" with his camera, which reaffirms my life decisions. Please lift the restraining order, Martha, I want to imagine what your hair smells like again.

Best Picture: Ford v. Ferrari - I like it that the cars are so fast. They go "vrooom" and I can go "vrooooo" along with them. *Back to the Future* was wrong: where we're going we do need roads.

Sealed in an envelope by Mr. Paull '20

Fifty Shades of Grayside

I got a text from his assistant: "Mr. Grey will see you now." These words echoed in my head. This Wertimer RA interview would determine the rest of my life here at Hamilton College, and I had to put my best foot forward. I would do whatever it took. So, I wrapped my golden locks into a messy bun and I steeled myself for the fourteen minute walk from KJ down the hill. Mr. Grey is so removed and mysterious. No one really knows what his job entails; RA of the entire Grayside is such an elusive position.

I opened the door to his room: Wertimer 203. The smell of a patchouli-rosehip-scented candle penetrated my nostrils. "There are no candles allowed here," I said softly as I walked through his door.

"I don't get points, Anastasia, I give them," he retorted, brutishly. I smirked, like the sexy but environmentally-conscious girl I am. He invited me to sit next to his Frank Ocean poster. I dutifully obliged. "Did you like *Blonde* or *Channel Orange* more?" he asked.

"What?" I replied.

"Never mind," he said. There was an air of disappointment in his voice. My shoulders slumped. I was now sad because I upset him. Fuck. The sounds of class warfare between Skenendoa and Bundy raged outside the window. I felt like I was back home in my small penthouse in Brooklyn, but, I don't know, different somehow, like I was not a little girl anymore, and, like, I was a big girl now.

His nose ring glistened in the glaring fluorescent light as I bit my lip. "I'm bisexual," he said without any provocation. "Ok," I said.

"What qualifies you to be a Wertimer RA?"

"I've read *Infinite Jest*..."

"Say no more. That's hot, and it's a sufficient answer," he said, sexily. I quivered.

"It—it is?" I stuttered.

"Do you know what this position entails?" he said.

"No, but I'd love to learn..."

Without another word, he took me in his emaciated, hairless arms and whispered, "Do you want to see my Wallace Johnson?" I nodded, like a sexy lady would nod. He pulled down his pants and pulled out a McEwen global food paddle from his desk. "Spank my Bundy Butt," he whispered into my ear as he turned his bare ass towards me. I hit him. Again and again. He screamed, "Oh god, deprivatize me, slut! Bernie 2020!" and then he came.

In the morning, we got breakfast at Bundy Café. I felt like we were the only two people left on this earth. Mostly because there was no one else there. I walked up the hill, more sore than I've ever felt in my entire life. From the walk, not the sex. The intercourse lasted 47 seconds and he refused to touch me sexually.

Found on WattPad by Mr. Wilson '23 and Mr. Wright-Schaner '23

Friday Five: Things I Wish Would Jump Through My Window

By Ms. Batal '23

Last Wednesday, esteemed social media account @hamilmemes reported that a deer had run through somebody's window in Babbitt. While many found the event amusing, I, in fact, felt envious of the Babbitt resident. Why haven't I ever received a surprise as insane as that deer? Here are the five things I want to jump through my window and surprise me.

5. The Kool-Aid Man. Is there a better surprise than this delicious, delicious man hopping through my window to give me a taste of his sweet, sweet bodily fluids? I'd probably ask him if Tony the Tiger is as great as he claims to be, or if he is really just a fraud. Anyways, I'll probably just ask him for a drink. Slurp slurp, oh yeah!

4. The Fab Five from Queer Eye. If something is gonna jump through my window, it better damn-well be the crew from *Queer Eye*. I want Jonathan to brush my hair because I ran out of shampoo four days ago. I want Antoni to feed me an avocado because the food in Commons has given me irritable bowel syndrome. Basically, I'm a straight white woman who needs to be taught the importance of personal hygiene, and the importance of fixing my disgustingly depressing lifestyle. Yasss queen, werk!

3. A Drunk Buffer. I know this is disgusting, but hear me out. If a Buffer drunkenly runs through my window, I might get a free Buffergram. Then, I'll record his bloody, glass-torn carcass singing "I Want It That Way" through the pain, and then I'll get on the actual Barstool account instead of just the NESCAC Barstool account.

2. A Jan. Now that the Jans have stopped talking about their semester abroad in wherever the fuck and have started blending in, I don't really have anyone to make fun of. However, if one jumps through my window, maybe I'll have another reason to sigh and say "Ugh, Jans" in a disappointed tone.

1. My Estranged Father. I hear a crash and stumble from my bed. Could it be? Yes! It's my father, back from the store with the milk. We reminisce of a better time before he left ten years ago. He asks if I want some of the milk. I tell him I'm a vegan now. He leaves without saying another word.

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