

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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

FEBRUARY 21, 2020

CUFFING SEASON OVER, STOP AND FRISK SEASON BEGINS

Thanks, Mr. Bloomberg ’19!

12-YEAR-OLD PRODIGY GIVEN FULL ECONOMICS SCHOLARSHIP

Immediately plays devil’s advocate

By Mr. Steele ’23
1-8-7-7 EKON 4 KIDS DEPT.

(KJ 202) In the first-ever breach of Hamilton College’s long-standing policy of offering no merit scholarships of any kind, President David Coileach Wippman announced that the school would be providing 12-year-old prodigy Dirk Muckraker a full scholarship to study Economics. This decision came after an admissions representative in New York City witnessed Muckraker spitting directly on a homeless man and asking the man, “If you hate being poor so much, why don’t you just not be?” This statement was met with astonishment and orgasmic excitement by mean-spirited white guys everywhere.

It was this stroke of brilliance that the head of Hamilton’s Economics Department referenced in his speech to welcome Muckraker, saying, “Here on The Hill we look for the innovators. Those unafraid to completely obstruct those who want to challenge the status quo and to ask the tough questions like, ‘Do the poors deserve rights?’ and, ‘But what would you do if I was naked in your room right now with you haha?’”

Since his arrival on campus Muckraker has made

it clear that he’s just like any other Economics student, having already cheated on his girlfriend twice, made her apologize to him both times, and written fourteen think-pieces for *The Enquiry* all within his first week. Unprompted, in the middle of an Art History class Muckraker reportedly announced, “I know some people here like to gawk and stare at me like I’m some sort of sideshow act, but I’m not Doogie Howser, okay? Sure, I’m preternaturally gifted, but thirty years from now you won’t catch me hosting the Tony Awards and being in a loving, committed relationship. No sir, I can’t remember the words to showtunes on account of all my non-athletic concussions and I go fully flaccid if somebody even thinks ‘I love you’ in my vicinity.”

The Duel had the chance to sit down with Muckraker to discuss his transition to college life, but unfortunately, he spent the entire time mansplaining Jordan Peterson books and expressing his distaste for the movie *Parasite*. To the latter point, he said, “It just seemed unrealistic to me, besides I couldn’t understand their accents, and for it to win over a movie like *Joker*, which so beautifully portrayed how we should treat the poor and mentally ill, is an insult to cinema as well as to my desire to lick Scorsese’s boots.” Muckraker then kicked our reporter directly in the balls and One-Wheeled out of the room.

NEWLY DECLARED GEN. ITAL. STUDIES MAJOR SURPRISED

Only noodles to play with are fettucini and lasagna

By Mr. Lannon ’22
HAPPY MISTAKES DEPT.

(THE ITALIAN TABLE) In the aftermath of major declaration week, some sophomores have already come to regret their decision, and no one has shown their regret more than Jared Sullivan ’22, who recently declared a General Italian Studies major. “I was going to just declare Econ and make bank, but when I saw that Gen. Ital. Studies was an option, I knew that was my calling. Making a career out of fucking is a dream cum true! How was I supposed to know that it was an abbreviation?” Sullivan blubbered to his quad mate, Kevin Grossman ’21.

“Someone should probably tell him he can just switch majors, but having him wake up in the middle of the night howling about how he’d had a dream about going down on Katie, which then

turned into a nightmare of her vagina singing ‘That’s Amore’ was too good,” Grossman admitted. “He’ll never live that down.”

While Sullivan is hysterical, others have found his unexpected declaration to be good news. Lisa Tartaglia ’22 slipped him a note during the info session that followed declaration, asking him if he wanted to, “fill my conchiglia with your penne?” Tartaglia later stated, “I don’t think he got the message though; he told me he’d boil some water and we could work on the sauce together if I bought the ingredients from Hannaford.”

It remains to be seen whether Sullivan catches Tartaglia’s meaning, but in the meantime, it seems that he’s started to own the major, no less horny than before. In his newly-embraced identity, Sullivan has taken to wearing a shirt that advertises him as a “man-u-gotti have” and wandering around Diner B offering his Italian herbs and cheese footlong to any takers.

LIGHT SIDER LOSES IDENTITY AFTER LOSING BASEBALL CAP AND HOODIE COLLECTION

“My trustee daddy will get to the bottom of this!”
By Mr. Chivily ’23

FUTURE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE DEPT.
(CARN) Manly screams of anguish shook Hamilton last Wednesday morning when Light Sider and Men’s Lacrosse athlete, Chad Chaddington Chadsworth IV ’21, found his entire baseball cap and hoodie collection missing from his quad in Carn. After a desperate search with help from his roommates, Chadsworth found no trace of his collection. “Bro, this is so sus. How am I going to impress potential hookups without my perfectly composed outfits of \$400 worth of sweats and a \$50 Flyers baseball cap?” Chadsworth complained.

While walking to Commons for breakfast, Chadsworth felt a strange feeling stir inside him. “Instead of waiting in line for an omelette for an hour, I felt the desire to eat a jumbo muffin at Opus 1,” Chadsworth said. Unable to decide, Chadsworth stood frozen on Martin’s Way, and eventually was brought to the Health Center for assessment.

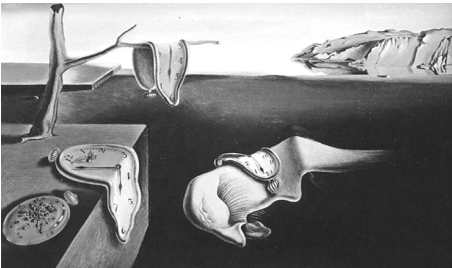
“What we have here is an identity crisis,” Health Center Director Barbara Ann Flutty said. “I’ve encountered it before with a Dark Sider. She thought she was a Light Sider after she dropped her Creative Writing major and started doubting fourth-wave feminism. She went from reading Shakespeare in Root to being topless and passed out in her own vomit on the Ferg porch with members of Women’s Squash.”

After being released from the Health Center, Chadsworth decided he would embrace his inner Dark Sider. He dropped his Econ and Gov classes, and is now taking Classical Studies and Theatre. “I love my new lifestyle,” Chadsworth said while drinking a soy-infused latte in the Opus 1 lounge. “I’m totally woke, do tech for Untitled@Large, and write for *The Duel Observer*.”

Weeks after Chadsworth’s transformation, his collection was found in the golf course buried in snow. Since some of the snow has melted, Facilities Management was able to extract the collection. “A partner in my throuple is an Art major, so he can convince the Wellin to put it in an exhibition no one understands. A true sign of my personal journey to be seen by all,” Chadsworth said on his WHCL talk show.

In this issue: We can use the word ‘cock’

WHCL PRESENTS: MELT!



Climate change is real.
See, “In your mouth, not your hands,” pg. 32°

THE DUEL ZODIAC

March 16-Tax Day, Humble Steve: There’s no one humbler than a Humble Steve! They won’t even acknowledge that they need food or water. They are usually quite taciturn, unless they see you eating any animal products—watch out for their fury!!!!!!1!!!!!!



FLU SEASON FORECAST

SORE THROAT	VOMITING	ASCENSION
Low probability you’re “probably fine”	60% chance the McEwen food looks better this way	“Can I miss class if I was legally dead this morning?”

Hahaha Which Emily Are You Thinking Of?

Hey did you get that email from Emily?
Emily who’s weirdly pro-Fentanyl?
Nonononononono I’m talking about redhead Emily, not Hunchback Emily.
Oh you mean anti-vaxx Emily? I thought you meant E. Coli Emily. The Emily I’m thinking of was in the “Roxanne” music video. It was just her taint. Did you not see that video?
You know, Emily the hussy?
Emily the penis puppeteer?
Emily whose Bat Mitzvah was on D-Day? Everyone blames her, but she couldn’t have known!
Greta (Emily) Thunberg? Her?
Waitwaitwaitwait which Emily are you talking about?
Emily with the aromatherapy nicotine-free vape?
Incel Emily?
The Emily whose instagram is @emilywithdaddyissues?
Oh Emily who always says “there’s no ‘T’ in ‘anal sex’?”
Emily who wrote obituaries over the summer?
Emily who dyed her hair bald? Oh you’re probably thinking of Rory Culkin? Brenda Song’s brother-in-law and brother of famous childhood star Macauley Culkin?
Whatever happened to Emily that sang back-up in Raini Rodriguez’ hit single “Living Your Dreams?”
Wait is this Hepati-tits Emily you’re bringing up?
Emily that vomits blood when she cums?
Emily who always carries around an Eco-2-Go container full of pussy power? Nonononono that’s intersectional black women’s rights advocate Sojourner Truth, not Emily J. with an ass for days!
Do you mean Emily that made a TikTok about white rights?
Domesticated Emily? She’s a cat; she’s such a slut lol!
Lmao why do you keep bringing up the Emily who always shits in the KJ water feature?
Gnome Emily?
Reincarnated Emily? Franken-Emily! Yeah, she’s literally the nicest girl, but I don’t trust her.
Emily who blew the Aflac duck in Cabo?
Emily that spent her gap year tending to Cuban Sweetheart and platonic partner Fidel Castro?
Oh, do you mean eugenics Emily?
Sapphic Emily?
Emily that was an extra in *The Secret Life of Pets 2*? Yeah, she has a shitty dude ranch she keeps asking me to go to. It’s like in India or something. Wait, I mean Indiana.
Oh, Papa John’s Emily! Her?
Emily with the Stacey Dash fanpage? I thought she was put down. Nonono that’s Dog with a Blog-Emily.
Wait, the Emily who gets breastfed? She’s like 22! She’s also the strongest woman I know.
Emily who blows O’s when she queefs?
WaITTT, omg I’m Emily.

We’re all Emily...

Discussed by Mr. Wright-Schaner ’23 and Ms. Davidson ’23

Meet Don “The Rok” Johnson

Whoopsie there, sorry I almost spilled yer brew. Can’t be too careful, yer limbs can betray ya faster n you can say “fuck me sideways with a wooden spoon.” Oh, my name? I’m Don Johnson, but you can call me The Rok, all m’ friends do. All m’ friends bein’ big Hollywood celebrities of course. I own this here establishment, but I moonlight as Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson’s stunt double when he voice acts. Most people would say, hey Don, that don’t make no sense, *Moana* is the only animated movie the stud’s been in. Well I say damn near every movie Dwayne’s been in has been almost entirely computer generated in some way or ‘nother, and I’ll be slapped silly by Rudy Giuliani’s toes if he doesn’t do a lot of stunts. That’s where I come in, I do all of the oofs and urgghs and yeah give it to me Stathams. Now you might also be wonderin, Don, can’t a man the size of a Buick sound out his own primal grunts of effort while flawlessly jumpin out of a careenin helicopter? To that I reply: where would Batman be if not for Robin? Burgers without fries? Could Simon survive without Garfunkel? Actually, never mind that last one. Point bein, I’m a master of m’ craft, and he’s a master of his. You get it. It’s nice talking to a real man, I feel like all we get down here are queers from the hill.

What’s that?

You’re 18 and pansexual?

Well I don’t have no problems with that, I’m gay m’self, but I’m more of a *Brokeback Mountain* than a *Call Me By Your Name* know what I mean. And I ain’t about to vote for no Marianne Williamson. Put me in the shit with Bernie Sanders and I’ll gladly fight for him because... I mean... look at em. I believe in the man’s policies but he’d be pretty useless against the Viet Cong, believe you me. And I don’t mean to get all political on ya, but between us guys, I woulda given Buttigieg the wedgie of a lifetime if I saw his scrawny rat ass scurryin around the Model U.N. meeting. I reckon I support any visible out people, bein gay m’self, but man does he remind me of all the worst parts of airports. I could bench press him and I’d like to an awful lot. Anyway, pansexual sounds like a whole lot of fun. More fun than the husband back at home. Always yappin away, naggin me. Take my husband, please! Ah, you caught me ramblin again. Go on, git, git back to yer friends up there. This won’t be the last y’hear of Don “The Rok” Johnson.

Overheard in a Clinton bar by Mr. Wilson ’23

I Was Worried About Going to the WHCL Concert, but a Patty Melt and Two Tabs of Acid Later and I’m Feeling Groovy

I wasn’t sure what I’d be getting myself into going to see a band with a name like Melt. Ever since I pissed myself last Tuesday while watching the scene in *The Wizard of Oz* where that little asshole douses the sexy green M&M lady with water, I have been deathly afraid of melting, or things that are in the process.

As I was waffling over whether or not to go, I took two tabs of acid to help me get some clarity. Just as I started to laugh hysterically that they named the tree skin and the sound doggies make after the same thing, my suite-mate came in and asked me if I wanted to go see Melt. I had never realized that my room-mate was also remarkably smooth with anime girl eyes. I said yes, but we had to stop at diner first so I could get a tuna melt, as I would feel ever so gauche without one.

When we got to diner I asked for tuna melt, but I don’t think they understood me. I tried sounding it out for them. T-U-N-A M-E-L-L-L-T, but I gave up when I realized it would be funnier to spell tuna sub backwards. My suitemate, who had unfortunately lost his absolutely smooth complexion, was very kind and got me a patty melt instead. I was a little upset, because tuna melt is a better snack for kitty cats, but I got over it.

We finally got to the Annex after what felt like at least twelve furlongs of walking, but was actually just a quick jaunt under the breezeway. Melt was surprising in that they weren’t the ones who were melting, it was the wall behind them. Suddenly my fear of melting vanished and I started hardcore vibing. I literally manifested my vibes into an energy javelin and handed it to the lead singer. She didn’t notice at all, which I thought was kind of rude.

It’s three in the morning and I still can’t go to sleep. That’s the last time I’ll drop so late at night.

Written in good faith by Mr. Paull ’20

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