

BIRNIE BUS LET OUT TO PASTURE

RUSH SEASON REPLACED BY GOING THROUGH MOMMY’S MEDICINE CABINET

Looking for that premium rush
By Mr. Paull ’20
SELF MEDICATION DEPT.
(MASTER BATHROOM) While the semester was still physically grounded on the Hill and not aloft in the inescapable void of Zoom lectures, Jason Johnson ’23 had hoped to join one of Hamilton’s fraternities. Johnson was being courted by both an overtly rapey frat and a slightly more Dark Side frat, who prided themselves on covering up sexual assault in a crunchy way.
“I was so excited to metaphorically suck off the pledge masters (and maybe even literally if they made me during pledge next semester), but now it’s all so completely fucked,” Johnson lamented.
As an only child stranded with his parents in their summer villa in Aspen, Johnson realized the only way he could experience a rush was going through his mother’s medicine cabinet and

sampling the various prescriptions.
“I started out with Lorazepam, which had me on my ass. I think it’s the one my mom takes before she’ll let my dad plow,” Johnson said. “Then I mixed some of Mom’s Lexapro with Dad’s boner pills for what was the most emotionally vacant jerk sesh of my life.”
Upperclassmen were quick to voice their support for Johnson after learning of his new fix.
“Jace was such a solid and bland dude. Exactly what we look for,” DIK president Clement McDowel said while tracing concentric circles around his nipples. “But I’m glad he could turn to some good scrippies in these trying times. We love to see self-care.”
However, Johnson was soon found out by his parents and given a stern talking too.
“Now son,” Mr. Johnson, a manager at a private equity firm said in an even tone, “you know going through your mother’s medicine cabinet is unacceptable. If you want to get high, just ask us, and we would be more than happy to let you into our blow stash.”

HAMILTON ANNOUNCES IT WILL NEVER REOPEN. EVER.

VT goes out of business
By Mr. Komissar ’22
IT NIGHTMARE DEPT.
(A DARK BASEMENT I HAVEN’T LEFT IN DAYS) Only a few short weeks after a struggle to keep Hamilton open as long as possible, President David Wippman announced Thursday night that Hamilton’s campus would be closing permanently. “After much consideration, we realized that permanently closing Hamilton’s campus would help prevent the spread of COVID-19. And hand-foot-and-mouth disease. And norovirus,” Wippman said in a campus-wide Zoom call.
When asked what would be done with the land the school owned, Wippman said, “We currently plan to hold onto the land until we desperately need the good press that comes with returning it to the Oneida people. Until then, you can continue to see beautiful pictures of campus on Instagram as if you were really here.”

The Joel and Elizabeth Johnson Center for Health and Wellness has closed its doors after less than a year of being open. Students in need of counseling are now recommended to speak into the Zoom test mic feature. “With this new, cutting edge solution, students will never have to wait for a counseling appointment again,” the Counseling Center said in its announcement of the closing.

Students still living on campus have now been asked to find other accommodations. Hamilton will not aid them in this endeavor as they are no longer asked to pay room and board. This led some students to suspect an ulterior motive. “They’re clearly doing this for the money,” Ian Stukin ’20 said as he packed his Skenandoa single. “Without a physical campus, they don’t need to pay nearly as much staff to keep things running smoothly.” Facilities staff developed plans to go on strike over this decision, but national guidelines for social distancing forbid it.

The decision also sparked outrage in Clinton. Many fear a local economic collapse as the biggest revenue stream and attraction in the area closes. “It was the only interesting thing for miles around!” one local said. “Without the Wellin or stage productions each semester, where am I supposed to go to seem cultured? New Hartford?”

Any further questions or concerns are to be directed to Terry Martinez who can be found looting the refrigerators in abandoned fraternity suites.

ANIMAL CROSSING INSTITUTED AS NEWEST VARSITY SPORT

Immediately surpasses hockey heam for highest collective GPA
By Mr. Wilson ’23
E-SPORTS DEPT.
(TWIN BED) In light of the recent cancellation of the Spring 2020 semester, the Hamilton College Athletic Board unanimously voted on Thursday to institute a new varsity sport: Animal Crossing. The newest edition of the popular Nintendo video game was released recently, and, unlike baseball, it has kept young people entertained. The release came in the midst of a pandemic which has decimated the global economy, so the perpetual impossibility of paying off your mortgage has resonated with young people across the U.S.
HCAB representative Andrea Michaelson told the *Duel*, “We wanted to ensure our students still had the opportunity to participate in an activity which inflates the participants’ self-worth beyond reasonable expectations without actually accomplishing anything of actual value, even when working from home. We briefly considered the idea of making our first all-electronic sport Overwatch, but we wanted to avoid at all

costs the risks of porn coming from this endeavour.” This did little to nothing to deter the sick, sick fucks, who are feverishly cranking out Tom Nook inflation pics like there’s no tomorrow.
Within hours of the announcement, more people signed up to join the sport than all players on all collegiate squash teams in the nation combined. The funding allocated to the program was drawn from previously-promised arts funding, but when asked for comment, all arts students responded that they were too busy trying to figure out their sourdough starter to address it.
Coaching the team are two cartoon squirrels in oversized t-shirts who merely serve to indicate when a player’s console is about to die, and give periodic reminders to throw away Hot Pocket wrappings and cum socks. Currently the salary of each pixelated rodent is listed at \$300,000 per year. Uniforms have arrived in the form of two graphic tees from Urban Outfitters with the word “Pizza” spelled out in the *Friends* logo, a starter-kit for dying hair, and an emotional support copy of *Fantastic Mr. Fox*.
The team hopes to make it to nationals by the end of the semester, but their path is blocked by the formidable prospect of the game being, by design, noncompetitive.

In this issue: I am the female dog and I am *zooms in* aloof.

VIRTUAL GRADUATION FORECAST

PROCESSIONAL	DIPLOMAS	RECESSIONAL
90% chance the bagpipes are still too loud through your shitty computer speakers	High probability the ceremony times out after 40 minutes	“This recessional could not be more aptly named.”

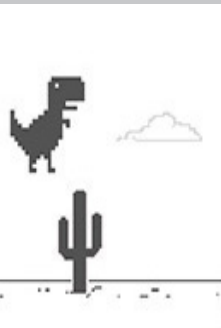
CLASSES NOW CREDIT/NO CREDIT



Have fun defining your self-worth based on your effort and skills
See, “I think I’m gonna make it after all!” pg. You Are Not A Number

THE DUEL ZODIAC

September 13.5
- September 32,
Bolan: This zodiac is just a liiiiiiittle bit problematic, but we keep them around for the laughs. Bolans have little arms but the strongest sense of courage. Make sure you have a Bolan with you when you lose your virginity!



Family Dinners: An Idiot’s Guide to Survival Cannibalism

Greetings to all my self-isolating survivalists, my name is Dirk the Un-circed Herc (that’s short for Hercules) and welcome to Home Survival 101. In today’s lesson we’ll be covering the ins and outs of survival cannibalism. Many folks seem to believe that they could never eat their families, but this is actually a common misconception. Absolutely anyone can eat their loved ones for the sake of survival. Just ask the Donner party! Or don’t, because I bet they won’t wanna talk about it! The key to a successful cannibalistic experience is simple, just remember the four *Hs*:

Honesty: Before evaluating who in your family should be eaten first, critically examine your position in the hierarchy. Are you the weakest link? Do you have the juiciest flank? Do you lock your bedroom door at night because one time you woke up and your mom was at the foot of your bed, not really doing anything but breathing kinda heavy, maybe drooling a bit? If the answer to these questions was yes, simply give yourself over to the horde! As their ravenous hands tear you apart take comfort knowing that through your death, they will be reborn. You have become Christ the redeemer, forgive their sin, they know not what they do. Just in time for Easter!

Honor the Dead: If you survived the first round, be sure to honor those who weren’t so lucky! In between bites of your uncle’s hamstring, take a moment to reflect on life’s blessings and celebrate the man who gave his life for you. Break off a shard of his ribcage and use it to carve his name backwards into your forehead so that every morning when you look into the mirror you have to know what you’ve done and let it weigh on you like Satan’s yoke since you are no more man than beast anymore. Or buy a wreath or something.

Never fully Heal: One day this will pass. You will step outside again and feel the sun on your face. Those who remain will feel a tension in their blood, as though it cries out to leave their body. You will not be able to look your mother in the eyes, maybe you never will again (especially if you ate her). Across the cul-de-sac you will see the same tragedy play out for all your neighbors; this comfort will not last. Carry a pistol with you always, one silver slug in the top chamber, but know in your heart that a bullet will not end what you have now become.

Heat the Oven to 400: Charbroiled babies, baby!

Recreated from a Bon Appétit Test Kitchen video by Mr. Steele ’23

Dear Obby...

To be Observed: Being home for quarantine, I am going to be spending my first Passover with my family in a long time. Seder begins soon, but I’m worried because I recently read some Virginia Woolf, and now I no longer believe in God.

Is there a way to tell my parents that I don’t believe in God anymore without ruining Passover? - Gille

My Observation: Before I say anything, I need to say that my opinions do not necessarily represent the opinions of the *Duel Observer*. Now that I’ve said that, I need to tell you that your name is incredibly stupid. Did your parents name you Gill and then want to make it look more posh? Either way, stupid name aside, Obby is here to help.

Now isn’t the time to completely divide your family, so the best you can do is to convince them you still believe.

There are many ways to convince people you believe in God. One way could be to quote some of your favorite Old Testament quotes in the middle of seder like, "You must not offer to the Lord an animal whose testicles are bruised, crushed, torn or cut" or, "And on the seventh day of Passover the Lord brought coronavirus unto the Pharaoh, and all of our immediate plans were ruined." Your parents will be very impressed with your knowledge of ancient Jewish law and the ten plagues and won’t realize that they sent you to a college that’s corrupted your mind by offering classes that teach you that, despite what a 5,000 year old book says, women may in fact be equal to men.

Another good way to lie is to just avoid the topic all together. At the start of seder, stir up some tea by challenging their support for Joe Biden, telling them that in doing so they’re perpetuating this already broken health care system. When Dad makes a weak argument about how Elizabeth Warren could have never won the election, counter him by reminding him he was bald at 20. Then, challenge his masculinity by telling him that his recent gun purchase is inspired by Mom spending more time at home and taking his place as the alpha of the house. Mom, while agreeing with your last point, will then kick you out of seder, and you won’t have to worry about the whole God thing!

These are just two of many ways to lie and avoid the topic. You should tell them at one point, but maybe now is not the time. Your family members are different from you; you’re a dirty heathen, your parents are probably creationists, and your sibling is a bit too into horses. But now is the time to come together. You all need to be as close to a family as you can be right now.

Enjoy starving yourself of most carbs! - Obby

Read over with his morning coffee by Mr. Projansky ’21

Friday Five: Things to Fuck in Your House

By Ms. Naston ’20

It’s time to face the cold, hard facts honey: you’ve been whacking it to the same four Pornhub videos for the last three weeks, and Alexis Texas just isn’t doing it for you anymore. Your hand is chapped and you’re almost out of lotion. What to do, what to do?! Fear not. We here at the Duel have compiled a handy-dandy list of everyday objects you can find in your home that are perfectly fuck-able.

5. *A VHS box set of Lord of the Rings*. It’s nine hours of fun for everyone! You’ve got twinkles, you’ve got bears, you’ve got feet, you’ve got sexy elf ladies — honestly, the only thing missing is Sam and Frodo actually kissing. The ridges in the tape reels? Ribbed for your pleasure, baby. If you’re really into it, try the extended editions.

4. *The hole your dog keeps digging in the backyard*. Uh oh, Archie’s at it again! No matter how many times your dad fills it in and replants the grass, your sweet pooch just can’t keep away. It’s the bro code: he knows you need to stick your dick somewhere, and what better way to get it wet than in the moist soil of home? And once you’ve fucked it, it comes with a surprise treat: you get inducted into Chi Psi!

3. *The 1980s vacuum cleaner your parents refuse to replace*. Ooh, it’s got a hose and everything! If you can manage to wheel this monster into your room, it’ll suck you off until you can’t see straight. The best part? No cleanup necessary.

2. *Your Genuine Zelda™ Master Sword Replica*. This one works perfectly for people with any anatomy. Hetero boys, keep reading — prostate orgasms are God’s little gift to you. Whether you’ve got a pussy or a asshole or both (hopefully you have at least one), you can enjoy the feeling of Link’s long, hard, sacred blade penetrating you until you achieve a triforme or-gasm that makes you say, “hiyah!”

1. *Your dad’s fleshlight*. We all have needs, and unfortunately so do your parents. Please, do you think your dad has gotten any ass since your little siblings were born? Ever since baby Samantha popped out of your mom, things just haven’t been the same between them. They’re only together for your sake anyway. Don’t like it? Too bad. Doesn’t apply to you? Fuck off for having a “healthy family situation.” The only thing keeping your household together is an artificial pussy, which could be yours if you can find a way to sneak into the master bedroom to retrieve it while your parents use it to work from home. Oh, you naughty boy!

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