

COVID? NOT ON MINOR FIELD.
It’s called herd immunity.

MILTON MARATHON READS
PROFESSOR’S REDDIT POSTS

That’s what I call karma

By Ms. Terhune ’21

HIGH BROW LITERATURE DEPT.

(WESTERN CANON) On Sunday, students in the Literature Department’s Milton class accidentally read from their professor’s Reddit account instead of *Paradise Lost* during the yearly Milton reading marathon. Professor Thinbore, who teaches the course, had a “technical difficulty” and sent out a link to his personal Reddit account history instead of an online version of *Paradise Lost*, causing an immense amount of confusion and discomfort.

“I noticed pretty quickly that Professor Thinbore didn’t send us a link to *Paradise Lost*,” Addie Caballero ’21 said. “I was going to say something, but then I saw that he had posted a picture of him and his family to r/wholesome and received twelve downvotes, so I already felt bad enough.”

Unlike Caballero, some students did not realize that they were reading from their professor’s online account instead of from the works of esteemed, seventeenth-century writer John Milton. “Honestly, I hadn’t done the reading for this class up until the marathon, so I wasn’t sure what to expect,” AJ Woode ’23 said. “When Addie started reading about Elon Musk saving the stonk market

while throwing Grimes’ new album at poor people, I thought ‘Damn, I wish I had paid attention earlier.’ And then when I learned that we hadn’t actually read *Paradise Lost*, I thought, ‘Damn, I guess it’s time for another Natty Light.’”

Professor Thinbore blames Mainstream Media for the mixup. “I don’t know how or why someone with the username of ‘ShortieeMiltonManiac420’ would have hacked into our Zoom event and sent us that link, but that is definitely what happened. It’s probably part of some social media advertising scheme put on by Steve Huffman and Bill Gates.” Thinbore stated that he hadn’t noticed the mistake because he had turned off his computer sound. “I don’t think students deserve to be heard,” he explained.

Caballero said that students read from posts in a variety of subreddits, including r/RoastMe, r/ShowerThoughts, and r/PeopleWithBirdHeads. “The most troubling thing had to be his post to r/Facepalm. In it, he just posted a transcript of our most recent class discussion,” she said. “Then I guess the second most troubling thing was his post to r/Cake. It was just a cake he had made with a bunch of figurines of me and my classmates stuck in it, like a wedding topper but made by a murderer.”

Woode, sipping on his second Natty Light, offered one final reflection on the error: “Isn’t the real *Paradise Lost* the Paradise That We Found in this account history?”

on Dean Martinez to resign. However, President Wippman addressed student complaints with the grace and consideration of any man on this campus: pretending he was listening the whole time and finishing much too quickly.

“These situations are tricky, especially in this unprecedented time. We mustn’t resort to scapegoating even when the individual at fault can be easily found and reprimanded. If we did that, then we’d have to start holding everyone accountable. I mean you guys remember OJ. For this reason, Dean Martinez will maintain her title as Head of Student and Plant Life.”

Campus hussy Tort Ollini ’21 criticized Wippman’s statement, claiming the circumstances of a COVID semester have let Dean Martinez off scott free. “How are we supposed to hold Terry accountable when we have to be six feet apart, David? I haven’t been held in months,” she said, pointing emphatically at nothing. Ollini then went on to explain safe ways to hold people accountable during a COVID semester, namely a leash and a prison.

In a final effort to regain favor on campus, Martinez posted a tweet reading, “Uk when shit gets lost in the sauce.” “No,” read every single reply.

EXTREMELY SOCIAL STUDENT
CONTACT TRACES EVERYONE

Karen Leach and the terrible, horrible, no good, very timely notification

By Mr. Lum ’22

INEVITABLE DISASTERS DEPT.

(QUARANTINE) Campus was deserted Tuesday morning after football player and recreational picture book-reader Hunter Halfstaff ’21 listed all 1,852 students and 194 full-time faculty members as close contacts. Because of Halfstaff, everyone is now quarantining off-campus for a minimum of ten days, though with a shortage of quarantine rooms, students have resorted to squatting illegally in random Clinton homes, constructing makeshift beds in the paper towel aisle of Hannaford, and curling up into a ball and crying in the Glen.

In response to students expressing concern about being kicked off campus with such short notice, President Wippman reportedly quoted the 1998 hit song “Closing Time” by Semisonic, clarifying that “you don’t have to go home but you can’t stay here.” “It was a little off-key,” one student said, “but it was instantly recognizable because the song is an absolute classic.”

Halfstaff was able to achieve this impressively catastrophic feat in part by eating eleven meals a day, interacting intimately with hundreds of people during his four daily lunches alone. “I try to be on a first-name basis with everybody here, including all the professors, emotional support animals, the thousands of accepted students that visit campus each day, and President David,” he said. He reportedly even refers to Hamilton College as “Alexander.”

In case Halfstaff misses anyone at meal times, he likes to stop by all the suites to catch up with students. “I try to at least get within six feet of each student every week, and I talk with them at that distance for ten minutes or more, with or without face covering. Sometimes we don’t even speak, just exchange air.”

The administration acknowledges that Halfstaff was also involved in a minor licking incident, in which he joined a very small socially-distanced gathering in a Milbank suite and allegedly licked 96 of the attendees on their faces and necks. “We’ve had to expand our definition of ‘close contact,’” Karen Leach said on Tuesday. “Tongue contact is bad, even if it does not last ten minutes.”

Halfstaff’s licking is supposedly a data-collecting strategy that allows him to maximize the quality of his interactions with others via the detection of pheromones.

On a more positive note, the COVID-19 Task Force issued an email on Wednesday afternoon stating that they could “definitively state that no one on campus has the coronavirus.” However, this is widely believed to be a subtle reference to the fact that there are no people left.

BUFF & BLOOM PLANTS
LOST IN THE SAUCE

Fully my bad

Ms. Davidson ’23

HUFF AND GLUE DEPT.

(ALFREDO) Students have been edging at the edge of their seats for weeks in anticipation of the Buff & Bloom plants promised to them over a month ago. Dean of Student and Plant Life Terry Martinez revealed the whereabouts of the so-longed-for foliage in an all-campus email this Tuesday: “Guys, I can’t find them.”

Though many say aesthetics fueled their botanical desires, some students wanted the plants for concerningly personal reasons. “What am I gonna tell my kids, Terry?” Rice A. Rony ’22 said. “How am I supposed to pay some ‘doctor’ to fix their crap teeth?”

Lena Quisine ’23 was equally perturbed: “I’ve been peeing in a bottle for weeks, thinking that I was getting a fancy new pot to go number one in like a big girl. But here I am like an idiot, still peeing in a bottle, because Terry lost my shitter.”

The Buff & Bloom crisis has photosynthesized into a campus rallying cry. Students have called

In this issue: Four police cars and one ambulance

WHITTLING WORKSHOP FORECAST

A WHITTLE EARLY	2:00 PM	2:05 PM
“What’s with all the baby talk in <i>The Duel</i> these days?”	“You can whittle my woo– I’m sorry I’m really going through it right now.”	“Wait, whittling isn’t a euphemism?”

THE LAST DAYS OF JUDAS ISCARIOT



This is Biden’s America.
See, “Are Catholics doing anything now that Easter is over?” pg. 1 :^*

ON THIS DAY IN
HILLSTORY

APRIL 9, 1812

First Hamilton student threatens to drop out (i mean it this time guys)

A Guide To Putting The “Well” In Wellness Day

So you want to feel a little better,
You want something to replace the void
Of spring break,
Something to release each academic
Fetter,
Something more than a wake & bake?

Boy, have we got the thing for you,
Look no further for your sake,
Give these words the attention that they’re
Due,
You’ll thank me when on Wednesday you
Wake.

Make your way to the cornfield,
Past the photoshoots tightly knit,
Out to meet the tall stalks’ yield,
You’ll know it when you see it.

The drowned man’s throne,
The stony shell,
Standing all alone,
The open maw of the country well.

Climb down the rope,
Abandon your troubles up above,
All you need is hope,
To embrace the subterranean world’s
Love.

Walk along the cobbled tunnel,
’Til you see the sparkling door,
Now you’ve reached the
Clinton chunnel,
Enter and wander ’cross the floor.

This sea of lanterns and mushroom glow,
Hidden deep beneath the corn,
Is home to those denizens down below,
Sheltered from the surface world’s
Scorn.

This metropolis beneath is yours, old
chum,
Bustling and rumbling with life of the
deep,
You can hear the toad-man’s subtle hum,
Assuring his tadpoles there’s no
fisherman to get them in their sleep.

It’s an honest pity,
Your friends stayed on campus,
They don’t see this dank city,
Even if its sewers reek of clam piss.

Walk past the streets of the
under-town,
’Neath the broken lamps,
All the way down,
’Til your feet are riddled with cramps.

There you’ll find him, the one who lights
the underneath,
Stirring his stew, muttering his poem,
Pull up a chair aside his heath,
He’ll make sure that you feel at home.

Cast off your worries and join the well,
You belong here, not above with the
COVID syringe binge,
Forever in the dark you’ll dwell,
Munching on flies as you take on a
greenish tinge.

So if someone asks you how you spent
your wellness day,
Impart this information,
Take this tale of the well amidst the
hay,
And by all means, revel in this slimy
vacation.

Found etched under the bridge by Mr. Lannon ’22

Re: Hamilton CARES checks bouncing like that thicc ass

Student Accounts
stuaccts@hamilton.edu

We at the Office of Student Accounts have recently received a number of emails regarding difficulties with cashing the Hamilton CARES Act II checks that some students have received. Rather than address these on an individual basis, we’ve decided to send out an all-campus email addressing these problems. Because all your Hamilton CARES checks have bounced, we figured we’d bounce back with an explanation (haha)! Here’s what’s going on:

Hamilton doesn’t care.

We really couldn’t give less of a shit about COVID relief for our economically unstable students. You thought we’d support you in this rough time? Give you some money to help you out a bit?

Does that sound like Hamilton?

Let’s be real here, in an institution where top administrators make hundreds of thousands of dollars for sitting on their asses all day, we aren’t really the paragon of caring about those who can’t afford the tuition costs when they’ve lost their jobs to the pandemic. If you can’t make it without the little bit of pity cash we “offered” then GTFO for someone who can. So, yeah, your checks bounced. That money is going towards my new Lexus. #sorrynotsorry

If you really want money that bad, I heard some kids in Milbank 35 were throwing pennies out of their window at passersby, go scrounge for those.

In other news, to full paying students, a new program has been passed by the board of trustees! We’d like to reward you for paying the full \$72,930 by sending out Hamilton ERRS (Excitedly Rewards Rich Students) checks! Look for them in your mailboxes the coming week!

xoxo
student accounts

PS— To all of those enterprising students that want to get on our good side, remember that it’s never too early to start giving back. Pull out that big, thick, heavy checkbook and let us know how much you love us in terms we understand- \$\$\$\$. Just paying thousands in tuition isn’t going to catch MY eye, but an undergrad who knows how to use a bank account? Mmmmm, that really hits the spot, if you know what I mean ;)

Double-checked by Ms. Adler ’24

Friday Five: Websters

By Mr. Komissar ’21

Last night, CAB hosted a virtual performance and Q&A with Faye Webster, the second most exciting event of the day after the arrival of those goddamn plants. There are, however, some other less known Websters we here at The Duel thought deserve the spotlight. From the irrefutably swoon-worthy to the simply criminal, here are five of our favorite Websters.

5. Merriam Webster. Yes we know that’s not really his name, but despite being the sexiest Webster on this list, nobody would recognize Noah Webster, which is why we need to get his name out there. Not only was Noah a lexicographer, widely regarded as the hottest profession, but he was also an old white guy who became disillusioned with the abolitionist movement. What’s hotter than that?

4. Fae Webster. This wood sprite lives deep in the heart of the Glen and holds many secrets. A lot of those secrets are about who she has seen try to fuck a deer, but once you get past that, there are some real gems. Maybe she’ll teach you the secret to everlasting youth. Or maybe how to get a 4.3 GPA out of an A+. Perhaps she’ll even tell you the optimal time to go to the food trucks to avoid the rush but also to arrive soon enough that they aren’t out of food.

3. Charlotte Webster. Few people know Charlotte’s Web is based on a true story. Charlotte Webster ’(19)17 attended Hamilton College in the early twentieth century. When the college administration threatened to have her roommate Wilbur Suidae ’(19)17 drawn and quartered for speaking out in favor of Women’s Suffrage, Charlotte carved messages into the walls of Kirkland Cottage praising Wilbur and thus saving his life. The cottage restorations last semester were ordered in part to cover up this dark moment in Hamilton’s history.

2. Spider-pig. Barely beating Spider-Man for a spot on this list, Plopper Webster, better known as Spider-Pig, is on this list solely because his theme song is such a bop. Honestly, CAB should bring him to campus just to play his theme song. Maybe that can be our C&C concert this year. Then we invite him back for paws to relax next year. And finally, it culminates in Plopper becoming the new Ham mascot.

1. Faye Webster. Not the musical artist but rather a vegan livestock farmer, this Webster is my third cousin twice removed. I met her at a bar mitzvah once when I was about eleven. She’s a nice lady once you get to know her. Before you get to know her though, make sure you don’t let her corner you in an alleyway. Let’s just say she has more than two kidneys. If you ever find yourself in rural Wyoming, tell her I say hi.

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