

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVIII, ISSUE III

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 17, 2021

## Fojo Beans To Sell New Coffee Alternative: Cocaine

### UNIONIZATION EFFORTS FAIL: STUDENTS TOO ANNOYING

Just like, chill for a sec

By Mr. Wilson '23

PEST CONTROL DEPT.

(ADMISSIONS OFFICE) As unionization efforts from Student Admissions workers intensify, so does resistance to their cause. Previously silent, the admissions office recently released a statement announcing that their opposition to unionization comes as a result of the tour guides being “soooo fucking annoying.” They went on to add that, writ large, the tour guides were “simply too bubbly and enthusiastic about the Writing Center to be taken seriously” and gave the school “absolutely fucked vibes.”

The demands of the student Admissions workers include higher wages, more transparency, and more opportunities to be wittily self-aware about how boring college tours are. The people in charge of organizing, Kameron “Fats” Fanny ’23 and Nathalie “Fuck Nabisco” Wonkleman ’22, have put up a courageous fight for unionization. At a recent

meeting, Fats said with the cadence of Hillary Clinton, “I think we could really turn the tide on these negotiations if we all work together to make ourselves less of a nuisance and more of a glue-sance!” Many consider this statement to be the nail in the coffin for unionization and Fats was given a swirly by the Administration later that night for being “an insufferable piss-weasel getting too big for his Allbirds who needs to go outside more.”

The school has gone on record as saying that it would be happy to meet the demands of the admissions reps, provided the tour guides “go unionize some bitches.”

Tour guides are already considering alternative options to their methods, such as striking, giving way less of a shit, and calling movies “movies” instead of “films.” Right now this is the only movement of its kind in the country, but the infectiousness of the tour guides’ enthusiasm is stirring popular support from the nation’s worst and dimmest. Fats and Fuck Nabisco have been working on this for months and hope that someday they will set an example for other, more obnoxious admissions workers at other, better schools.

### HISTORY PROFESSOR FIRED AFTER SHOWING EMPATHY

History Dept. Now Officially More Alpha than Alpha Theta Chi

By Mr. Chivily ’23

SADOMASOCHISTIC TEACHING DEPT.

(SOBBING IN THE DEPTHS OF KJ) On Wednesday, the History Department announced the firing of beloved History professor, John Keating, after he showed empathy to a student. In an email addressed to History majors, the head of the History Department, Mildred Ratched, explained the department’s decision: “Professor Keating made the decision to grant an extension to a student after she died. His conduct makes him unworthy to teach at the ninth best liberal arts school in the country. We had no other choice but to terminate Professor Keating.”

“I honestly should have seen this coming, especially after the department gave me a warning after I wrote ‘I believe in you’ instead of ‘you disappoint me’ on a graded paper last year,” Mr. Keating dejectedly said, while the soundtrack from *Dead Poets Society* blasted from his office.

The student in question, Kelly Sanchez ’23, wound up dropping History and switching to another concentration, like dozens of other former

History concentrators, as a result of the department’s toxicity. “I couldn’t take it anymore. After Professor Keating was fired, they replaced him with Professor Drooley. He immediately failed me for not handing in my essay on time and threatened to throw me into the portal in the KJ basement if I continued to lag behind academically,” Sanchez said.

“Listen, I have empathy. I felt bad right before I gave my soul to Satan to get a tenured track teaching position at Hamilton College,” Professor Drooley said while swallowing a live kitten. “It’s not my problem that most students fear the History Department. Anyways, we have bigger problems, like how we aren’t able to get more funding. I need my paid vacations, er I mean research trips, to Europe.”

“We care about our students’ mental health and well-being,” Dean of Students Samuel Norton said. “However, it’s best to leave the History Department alone. They’re part of the humanities. If this was happening in a STEM department, then we’d totally detoxify the situation. At Hamilton, you’re part of the Hamily, unless you don’t make enough money for us. In a few years we’ll just combine all the humanity departments; I’m sure the situation will resolve itself then.”

### UTENSIL DISCOVERY SHOCKS BON APPÉTIT’S WORLD

Something new in McQ

By Mr. Lum ’22

BUTLERY AND CUTLERY DEPT.

(THE ETERNAL TAQUERIA) McEwen Dining Hall’s sole staff member Rooob Bobert made a startling discovery early Tuesday morning, uncovering what at first glance appears to be nothing more than a mundane eating utensil. “It was made of silver metal and had a classic utensil handle,” Bobert said, holding back tears. “In that respect, it was exactly like what we have here at McEwen, but something just wasn’t right,” Bobert continued, later adding that he had considered destroying the evidence to avoid accusations of alchemy or witchcraft.


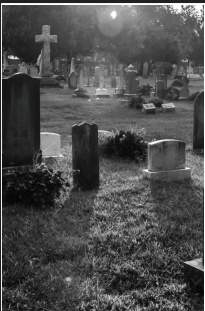

Everyone’s worst fears were confirmed on Wednesday afternoon after local authorities definitively concluded that the mysterious utensil was neither spoon nor knife, quashing the rumors that it was simply a “spoon gone bad” or the product of decades of knife inbreeding. The item was taken via armored vehicle to the Utica Police Department for analysis and temporary storage as part of a government-funded investigation, and new theories have begun to swirl in an attempt to explain the four-tined utensil’s origin and purpose.

Astrology and Cosmetology professor Calliope Kepler believes that the utensil was likely used by aliens with four evenly spaced, tiny mouths. “A small amount of food would be picked up on each tine, and then one tine would be inserted into each mouth,” Kepler said. “It probably fell down from space with those ‘vegan eggs’ they’re always serving,” she hypothesized. The evolutionary biologists of the campus, however, feel that the device may have been used by our pea-brained monkey ancestors as a sort of comb for producing an Elvis-like hairstyle. There is sure to be an abundance of literature published in the coming year as the academic world grapples with this new discovery.

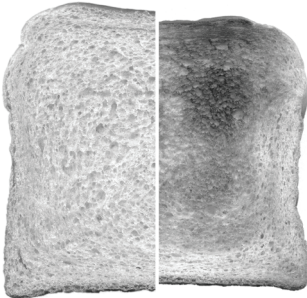
Intriguingly, big nerd student Axley Dweebman ’24 has managed to model and 3D-print a version of the object based on eyewitness accounts, and he feels that it could be a culinary gamechanger. He reports being able to eat foods besides just soup and ice cream. “Even stuff like salads, chicken, and pasta are possible to consume now. I wouldn’t be surprised if this thing becomes really popular.” His list of proposed names for the new utensil include “dweebman,” “spluob,” and “pfonch.”

Bon Appétit plans to remove knives altogether following a small altercation which left twelve first-years brutally perforated on Tuesday, so there will be plenty of room for this new utensil if it catches on.

In this issue: any chance you could eat *louder* please?

PARKING FORECAST	10:00 AM	12:00 PM	10:00 PM
			
	High probability faculty now powerwalks to work	90% chance that isn't a spot	“North Lot reminds me of home: I hate it.”

#### TOAST



The best thing since sliced toast. See, “Damn, this bread is great. Bake it again,” pg. 8

#### Weekly Campus Construction Update

Wait, they wanted it done on time? We’re doing asbestos we can.

OSHA Violation Count:  
D. All of the Above





How to Repurpose the McEwen Taqueria For Your Own Sexual Pleasure

The most extraordinary moments in life happen in unextraordinary places. Like the time I jizzed my pants in the McEwen taqueria line. We all know that Robert W. McEwen is memorialized by his infamous quote, “You can’t beat McEwen meat!” But now, with this sage advice, you can.

Step 1: Grab a fresh plate and get in the back of the line. While you’re waiting, put the plate between your legs. Maybe rub it back and forth a little bit– this will certainly streamline the process.

Step 2: Shove a fork up your ass. I know what you’re thinking--McEwen is always running out of forks! How am I supposed to find an extra one for my anal pleasure? Personally, I try to do this before I get to McEwen, but if you’re not a dirty shameful sub like me, spread your cheeks mid-taqueria line like God intended.

Step 3: Examine the onions. If they’re not doing it for you, check out the tomatoes. Now, if those aren’t pitching your tent, don’t fret– there’s an entirely separate tray with a mix of those exact same onions and tomatoes right next to you. Ah... you’ve found your cup of tea.

Step 4: Remove the fork from your asshole. (If you need tips on how to do this with ease and comfort, I can be reached via courier pigeon.) Stick it right into the onion/tomato mix. Take a bite. Repeat this at least seven times. If anybody questions you, tell them they can sniff your fucking fork for all you care.

Step 5: Feel shame.

Step 6: Get over it. What’s more important than cumming your pants?

Step 7: Rub some guac on your titties. Stick some down your pants.

Step 8: You’ve arrived at the salsa station. This might be the most precarious part of your journey–you’re losing steam, you’re losing your rhythm. Focus in. Which salsa do you want? Wet, wet, watery green, or chunky, stinky red? Either way, you can’t go wrong!

Step 9: You’ve arrived. This is the big kahuna. The only meat in all of McEwen. They made you wait... they made you comb through every last reductive topping... but at last, they’ve given you what you’ve wanted. Don’t take too much– a single serving of Daddy’s meat is more than enough. Revel in ecstasy. You only have the chance to experience this twice a day, five days a week.

Step 10: Return to your table. Call your mom, and then your priest. Go to your 1PM Women’s and Gender Studies Class.

Ladled by Ms. Whelan ’22 and Ms. Taylor ’22

Friday Five: New Over-Enrollment Housing

By Mr. Nelson ’22

*There are too many of us! Even after building the Glenviews and kicking a few dozen students out of the country, Hamilton’s all-important student/bed ratio is rapidly approaching “mandatory spooning” territory. The Administration is feverishly searching for a solution to the campus housing deficit that wouldn’t require spending money or admitting that bald, impotent bankers have no qualifications for overseeing education. We have obtained the following handy tips for finding a place to sleep while you wait for the benefits of a 10% acceptance rate to trickle down.*

**5. Sleep in your car.** Hamilton is also suffering from a shortage of student parking. Why not feed two dead horses with one scone and just sleep across the back seat of your dad’s 2004 Honda? If enough students choose the new mobile housing option, Campo has promised to tear down Dunham and devote six spaces in the expanded Dunham lot to weekend student parking. In support of the new “American Urban Planning-Style” strategy, a well-known trustee has generously agreed to donate two plastic milk bottles to each autohoused student. “One is for giving yourself a sponge bath in the driver seat between rugby practice and psych 100, and the other is for all other sanitary purposes,” the anonymous benefactor explained. “Don’t mix them up.”

**4.Glenview C.** This luxurious new building really has us excited for next year’s housing lottery. Featuring natural air conditioning, a built-in dining option, a picturesque central location, and an open floor plan that will really bring students together as a community, the new Glenview C has it all. Facilities management has requested that people stop calling it the “Dunham Tent.”

**3.Glenview Sea.** Unless you’re talking about fossil fuel divestment or giving up your apartheid South Africa blood money, Hamilton College likes to be first. Proving yet again that unfettered Wall Street control of education fosters innovation, the Board of Trustees has helpfully suggested that we all go jump in the lake. In a United States first, students have been invited to take up lodging in the KTSA pond for only 75% of the usual room fee. Residents can decide for themselves between the conservative “up to your waist” floor and the more hip, provocative “up to your neck” floor. As an added benefit, ArtSea residents will be eligible to drop down to the 7-swipe meal plan and support themselves cheaply and sustainably with in-room carp farming.

**2. Endless Orientation Trip.** At the end of the day, if you want a good education, you’re going to have to either shit in a hole and dodge bears or sleep in a church and play white savior dress-up in Utica. Taking a page from the Jan program, the college has authorized Andrew Jillings to simply let some Adirondack Adventure groups stay out there and see what happens. Admissions has expressed optimism that Hamilton will “achieve an infinite. Wait, no, zero. Infinite?” admissions rate in the near future, noting that it becomes a lot easier when you don’t have to feed, house, or teach the students you admit.

**1. David Solomon’s Bedroom.** What if all of this has been a plot for the trustees to get bunkmates? Everything about the drive for a lower acceptance rate and the complete refusal to spend money on services for students points to our trustees wanting us to share rooms with them and tell them about our problems because we can’t go see the counseling center they won’t fund. Maybe the Chairman of the Board only did all that stuff with bankrolling pipelines and trying to overthrow the Malaysian government because he wanted me personally to tenderly kiss him goodnight and maybe keep watch for monsters under his bed. Anyway, I’m just asking questions and saying please notice me, senpai. Manifesting a Goldman internship with daddy sol the coviDJ everyday :3 uwu <<3

WHCL FALL BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
12pm	Power Hour <i>O.J. Simpson</i> (*45 mins)	How I Got My Internship <i>Token Straight Friend</i>	Unpacking Cancel Culture <i>Otis Shanty</i>
1pm	No Homo, No Problem <i>Person who is the problem</i>	How Do I Balance My Clubs and Classes? I Don’t <i>Friend who doesn’t text back</i>	Why Texas Might Have a Point <i>A.H.I.</i>
2pm	History of Jazz <i>White guy in your class</i>	You Just Have to get to know her! <i>Polarizing Figure</i>	Surviving <i>R. Kelly</i>
3pm	Now that’s what I call music!  <i>Friend who doesn’t know what music is</i>	DaBaby: Cancelled But Not Forgotten <i>Guy who offered you a Zyn</i>	Why Frat House Drugging Didn’t Happen Because I Wasn’t There  <i>Guy Who Was There</i>
4pm		Single life! <i>Dingle that grew up to be a real boy</i>	
5pm	How My Dad Got Me My Internship  <i>Token Straight Friend of Friend</i>	Late Night with Jimmy Fallon’s Friend	Sk8er Boi <i>Guy with Ripstik</i>
6pm		Keeping it in my pants <i>shart@hamilton.edu</i>	Fireside Chat <i>Salem Witch</i>

Written correctly by Ms. Davidson ’23

THE DUEL OBSERVER

DOMINIC MARK LANNON  
*Editor-in-Chief / Melonballer*  
RICHARD JOHN STEELE  
*Managing Editor / Cleaver*  
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JANE PATRICIA TAYLOR  
**Copieditors**  
SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN  
**Webmaster**  
JOSEF SAMUEL KOMISSAR

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