

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVIII, ISSUE IV “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” SEPTEMBER 24, 2021

Fruit Flies Actually Really Nice When You Get to Know Them

COLLEGE FOR MICE FOUND IN BURKE LIBRARY’S SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Hamembert president Whizman wishes they made smaller computers

By Mr. Hern ’24

RODENT STUDIES DEPT.

(INSIDE THE WALLS) Students on the Hill have become accustomed to the idea that there is a Light Side and a Dark Side. However, thanks to a new discovery made by a circulation assistant, it seems there may be a new Extra Sharp Side. “I was sent to get an early printed copy of the Bible and when I pull it off the shelf, what do I find? A classroom!” Mickey Stilton ’23 said while trying to shelve the entirety of the Babymouse series at once. “It was pretty cute, honestly. All the mouse students were writing in their little mouse notebooks. The teacher even had a tiny little tweed jacket on.” A further inquiry into the situation found that there wasn’t just one classroom but an entire college for mice.

The college, now known to be named Hamembert, takes many cues from the wider Hamilton community, including having a deeply mediocre dining hall and putting multiple students in rooms

designed as singles. Luckily for the students, they’re mice and therefore accustomed to tight spaces. So far, the school features an overwhelming majority of classes in the humanities due to the composition of the Special Collections where it resides. This does have some advantages, as it allows them to be experts in their very niche fields.

However, much of their information is out of date because of the age of the books in the Special Collections. Nimh Frisby, a Hamembert representative, recently gave a statement on the issue. “We here at Hamembert believe that STEM fields are the way of the future. Unfortunately, almost every scientific text from the past is riddled with incorrect assumptions and old theories, which is why we need the books in the rest of the library.” Of course, she said this in mousespeak, but seeing as a total of zero schools worldwide teach mousespeak, we thought it best to translate it.

Hamilton and Hamembert administrators have been talking about whether the two schools should combine. Some say that it would be ludicrous to allot mice the same status as humans. However, these mice are bright young scholars just like the rest of us. What right do we have to deny them their education? There is no difference between the Hamily and the Hamischief.

HAMILTON REPUBLICANS OFF TO A ROCKY START

They spent last year crying about the election results

By Mr. Piazza ’24

DADDY’S MONEY DEPT.

(ODDLY ENOUGH NOT ON HAMILTON CAMPUS) Recently, students’ emails’ most critically acclaimed social activist group announced that they will be returning with a bang.

The Hamilton College Girthy Order of Penises are hosting an event at the Alexander Hamilton Institute for the Study of Western Civilization and How Great It Is and Better Than Every Other Civilization, an association that is neither old nor grand. Best known for its underground cockfighting ring, the AHI was founded in 2007 with no tangible association to Hamilton College or Alexander Hamilton himself, beyond the presence of three professors who decided to use his name.

One of these men, Robert Paquette, recently left the College to pursue a full-time commitment to his contract with Pornhub. Paquette has produced thousands of videos for the site. His specialization is sodomy. This represents a strong reversal on his original stance on sex work when, in 2002, he protested the presence of a former pornstar on campus. Paquette refused to comment on this change.

The College Republicans are hosting a book signing, absent of all cocks. Some claim this book promotes Cultural Marxism, an ideology that is founded on anti-semitism. When questioned about this and other issues, the Charter fellows of the AHI defended themselves. “But, they actually have space lasers. I saw it, so it’s not antisemitic, right?” Professor Ambrose said.

“Uh, Robert tells me that racism isn’t real, and uh, he gives really good head so y’know I believe him, oh, and on the other point, about the money thing: yah, I am actually lying about all that. It’s kind of like astrology, y’know.” Professor Bradfield screamed after doing a line of cocaine off the Commons salad bar.

Administration of Hamilton College’s Finest Grouping of White Men, another official title of the club, expressed a lack of confidence about attendance.

“I just wish people would stop posting all those Instagram infographics! Then people would come to my club, and I could feel cool just like I did when my dad told me he was proud of me in my dream from last night.” Kurt Nathan ’22 said.

TheDailyBull

Events on the Hill 2021

If you’re too cool for school but you actually can’t spell, write for The Daily Bull!

Mommy issues, daddy issues, daily issues: we have them all

Even our parents won’t put it on the fridge

Ask any Bull writer, and they’ll tell you the same thing: writing about sex makes you good at it

But you know what they say about The Bull! People stopped reading it

In this issue: you don’t spell skank with a q at the end.

SARAH OPPENHEIMER: SENSITIVE MACHINE



Rectangles are now camp! See, “Please stop trying to fuck the exhibit,” pg. 125

Weekly Campus Construction Update

Wait, cut which wire? Red?

OSHA Violation Count: 5, 4, 3, 2...



HAM JAM FORECAST	8:00 PM	9:00 PM	12:00 AM
	0% chance you'll get some sweet honey-glazed ham at this bitch	Low probability the fanny packs came with pre-rolls	“I just saw your text! We pre-gamed without u :(next time tho”

I Think She’s Medusa

Sept. 7

Apparently, there’s this new girl on campus from like Greece or somewhere. I think she’s a transfer? Anyways, everyone’s saying she’s drop dead gorgeous, but really a stone cold personality.

Sept. 10

I saw her at this real wild party. You know how you just get a feeling about some people? That’s what it was like. I mean, the atmosphere around her was electric, and it looked like her hair was moving all on its own, writhing in the firelight. I wanted to talk to her, but the moment I met her eyes I was petrified.

Sept. 14

I saw her again today in KTSA making some really amazing sculptures. I’ve always been into artsy girls, and I’m telling you she’s next level. Like there was an entire class’ worth of lifelike statues posed to look like her classmates. Damn it, she’s incredible. I need to tell her how she makes me feel.

Sept. 16

I’ve seen enough Rom-Coms to know the only way to really express my feelings is through a song:

I Think She’s Medusa*

Think her hair was made of something magical

Seemed to move about all on its own

Did her hair just bite me?

With green snakes it teemed

God, her hair’s so pretty, how it gleams

Then I saw her face, I think she’s Medusa

Turned to stone with one of her looks

I’m rock hard

She’s my Medusa, I can’t forget her golden eyes

Her sculptures seem more or less like living things

That looks like Craig from my Econ class

And that looks like Brian

Totally insane

When I looked at her hair, I saw snakes

Then I saw her face, I think she’s Medusa

Turned to stone with one of her looks

I’m rock hard

She’s my Medusa, I can’t forget her golden eyes

Oh

Oh, I think her hair bit me

How, with green snakes it teemed

God, her hair’s so pretty, how it gleams

Then I saw her face, I think she’s Medusa

Turned to stone with one of her looks

I’m rock hard

She’s my Medusa, I can’t forget her golden eyes

Yes, I saw her face, I think she’s Medusa

Turned to stone with one of her looks

Said, she’s my Medusa, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah (she’s my Medusa)

Said, she’s my Medusa, yeah (she’s my Medusa)

I said, she’s my Medusa, yeah (she’s my Medusa)

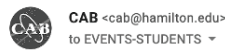
*to be sung to the tune of The Monkees’ “I’m a Believer”

Sept. 18

I serenaded her! She told me I was cute, so I said, “Me? You should look in a mirror!” I was trying to flirt, but for some reason she seemed really offended. God, I’m so awkward around women.

Pilfered off a statue in Wellin Museum by Mr. Lannon ’22

HORSE DONG! GET SOME! TONIGHT!



CAB <cab@hamilton.edu>
to EVENTS-STUDENTS

HELLO HAM-JAM-BLAM-SLAM-WHAM-HAMILY!!!!

I KNOW YOU ALL ARE EXCITED FOR THE CONCERT TN BUT UNFORTUNATELY
I HAVE BAD NEWS :((((

SNAKEHIPS PULLED OUT, DON'T WORRY!! BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "THAT'S WHAT
SHE SAID" WE GOT YOU A NEW BAND!!!!

PLEASE WELCOME... HORSE DONG!!!!



HORSE DONG IS THE BIGGEST (BAND) WE'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME! THEY'RE HERE TO GIVE
US ALL SOME PLEASURE SO PLEASE WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN... ARMS!! (I KNOW I WILL :)))

GET HYPED Y'ALL AND GET READY TO GET ALL UP ON THAT HORSE DONG!!

XOXO LOVE

CAB

Shlonged, sealed, delivered by Ms. Adler ’24

Friday Five: Things to Steal From Commons

By Mr. Komissar ’22

Have you noticed that things have been mysteriously disappearing from Commons? Do you need something to furnish your suite and the fifty bucks on your Hill Card isn’t enough to buy it? Do you ever have a hanker-ing for something to eat when it’s after 8:30 PM? That’s right, it’s the season for stealing shit from Commons. You, me, a ski mask, some duct tape, and all the cookies your grubby little hands can pocket. Here are the top five things to steal from Hamilton’s premier dining hall.

5. All the silverware. Oh shit, someone already did that. How about the dishes? No? Umm... Uh... All the plastic dividers? Yeah, no one’s stolen those yet. You could steal them and start your own COVID-friendly black market dining hall.

4. Dishwasher. We all know the dishwashers were broken at the beginning of the year, or do we? The real reason we’re using disposable everything is because the dishwashers keep getting stolen. And you, yes you, could get the next one. No more dirty pile of dishes in your suite’s sink since all your roommates say it’s your turn, but you really don’t want to do the dishes, so you pretend you’re too busy, and then there are even more dishes and it’s still your turn, and now it’s too late and they’ll never be clean.

3. Commons. You know the shrink gun in *Despicable Me* that Gru uses to steal the moon? Well, I think that Gru was thinking a little too small. Take some physics courses, build your own shrink gun, and shrink Commons. Then when you get hungry, you have your own personal dining hall, and everyone else can just have Diner B and nothing else on Saturdays, I guess.

2. Dish washer. Sometimes putting dishes in your brand new dishwasher can be a lot of work. That’s why we here at The Duel encourage you to kidnap one of the workers from Commons* and put them to work cleaning the dishes in your suite. And if you feel bad, you can afford to pay them more than Bon Appetit does.

1. This newspaper. Go on. Take it. You know you want to. Just make sure nobody sees. You know what happens if they see you. You don’t want that. I don’t want that. Nobody wants that. So steal it, but do it discreetly. Steal the rest of them while you’re at it. The more newspapers you steal, the more you win.

*We here at *The Duel* do not encourage you to kidnap anyone, as that would be a little unethical and probably illegal

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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