

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE IX “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” APRIL 15, 2022

## Giant Easter Bunny Destroys Campus, Students Report Lift In Morale

### HOTELS FOR THE HEALTHY Know thyself and let thine virus inspire us

By Mr. Lum '22  
STUDENT DISPLACEMENT DEPT.  
(CLINTON COVID COLONY) According to yesterday's nasal appraisals, 1.6 gazillion more Hamilton College students have just tested positive for COVID-19. With 6 bajillion students having tested positive on Monday, this marks the first time that over half of the student population has been infected concurrently, a milestone that has prompted urgent consideration by the COVID Taskforce. According to Taskforce Chair Karen Leach, a massive change is hitting our pure, sterile home on the Hill.

“It is no longer economically justifiable for the College to host positive students off campus. All you econ bros should know that,” said the Taskforce in an email to students this morning. “There’s just too many sick people. And I don’t mean ‘sick’ as in ‘cool’ or ‘awesome.’ Almost 1,000 of you have COVID.” Per the email, effective as of 8 a.m. on Friday, April 15th, healthy students are no longer permitted on campus. Anyone

who tests negative is to be escorted to an off-campus hotel, and all of those currently in quarantine are permitted to return to Hamilton immediately. Commons and McEwen will likewise be migrating to the hotels to cater to the uninfected, with sick people on campus receiving the Official GrubHub Experience™ (iykyk). The College aims to have a 100 percent positivity rate by Monday. “You know we like to keep it 100,” said David Wippman to no one in particular while strutting down Martin’s Way.

Staff, faculty, and administration have until the end of the weekend to contract the virus. Failure to do so will result in their being banished from campus without pay for the foreseeable future. “Don’t worry, I’ve already started licking doorknobs,” assured Wippman.

Leach reports that we are now operating at “Maroon Status” because “we’re running out of colors and I like Adam Levine.” She added that “if the COVID dashboard were a real dashboard, the check engine light would be on.” When questioned on her effectiveness as the Taskforce leader, she lamented “if only it were a COVID backboard. I’ve got hoops for days.”

### FACILITIES REMOVES TOILET PAPER FROM CAMPUS BATHROOMS “Know thyself and shit thyself”

By Mr. Merkowitz '25  
SANITATION DEPARTMENT  
(DUNHAM BATHROOM) After the great success of the removal of paper towels from bathrooms in freshman dorms, Facilities Management has decided to take it one step further and remove toilet paper from all campus bathrooms. This will be followed by removal of toilets and soap in the near future, in an effort to save money and bring the College back to the Middle Ages.

“Do these entitled fucking kids really think we’re gonna clean up their shit for them? Use your bare hands for God’s sake!” Facilities Director Typhoid Mary proclaimed.

Administrators justified the removal of toilet paper on the grounds that it will encourage greater integration with the local community.

“Hamilton students can now enjoy trailer-style living without basic sanitation, just like everyone else in Oneida County already does,” David Wippman said.

After shitting himself for the third time in the past week, Johnny Exeter '25 begrudgingly admitted that the lack of toilet paper in bathrooms was “probably a good investment since I can barely get to the toilet most of the time after eating at Commons.”

Without paper towels or toilet paper, one can only imagine what Dunham’s bathrooms will look like on Friday nights. Several freshmen have already reported that one bathroom in the basement of Dunham is already flooded with a mixture of “shit, cum, and vomit.”

A number of students expressed concerns with the removal of toilet paper, including William Williams '24, who complained that he “would no longer have anything to clean up with after masturbating.”

Many have noticed an overpowering smell all over campus since the removal of the toilet paper. This stench was so pungent that one prospective student wore a gas mask for his entire tour.

“You know, if this school didn’t smell like shit maybe I would come here,” he exclaimed.

Coinciding with the new toilet paper situation, Hamilton has changed its motto to “Shit Thyself” in an effort to provide an accurate depiction of the new realities of campus life.

### A FUCKING BEE REVIEWS “FUCKING A”:

Earlier this week, a select panel of students were given access to an advance showing of Hamilton’s mainstage theatre production, “Fucking A” by Susan Lori-Parks. *The Duel* reached out to several of these students, and the ones who were kind enough to dignify us with a response have since blocked our number. In spite of this, *The Duel* was fortunate enough to get ahold of a bee that happened to be present in the theater at the time of the showing. The following is a transcript of our interview with said bee:

**Bee:** Geez, where to begin...overall, I liked the play. Comparisons to the Scarlet Letter are obviously inevitable, but this production does a really good job of taking that story in a very original—

**Duel:** Okay, lemme stop you right there. I just can’t get over the fact that I’m speaking with a bee. Like, an insect. That’s crazy.

**Bee:** Yes...I get it, it’s...not something you see every day.

**Duel:** Like an actual fucking bee!

**Bee:** Yes, we have established that I am, indeed, a bee. So anyways, the play itself—

**Duel:** This is the craziest shit I’ve ever seen in my life.

**Bee:** Yes, a talking bee. One of a kind, whoopee, I know. I’m so special. But listen, comparisons to other bees aside, “Fucking A” really captures—

**Duel:** Like, a bee with human traits. A fucking bee with human traits.

**Bee:** Can I be honest with you? I agreed to do this cause I was under the impression you cared enough about my opinion as a reviewer, but you seem kind of fixated on the whole “bee” thing and it’s coming off as kind of patronizing, y’know? Bees are people too.

**Duel:** Beeple. (hysterical laughter)

**Bee:** (sigh)...Look, I know you mean well. I get it, you’ve never seen a bee talk, much less have a nuanced opinion about a work of art. But I’m not trying to be the next Roger Ebert, I’m just a bee with some opinions, and I’m trying to make it in this—

**Duel:** Ooh, can we call you Roger Beebert?

**RB:** Christ, I really walked into that one. No, please god, do not print that.

Recorded outside of Anderson Road residence hall by Mr. Hanrahan '22

In this issue: the second CUMMING of Christ. Is that too far?

HOLY WEEKEND FORECAST	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY
	High probability your roommate doesn't know what a seder is	75% chance your religious relatives want you to Zoom in to the observances	"I think I misunderstood the meaning of hole-y week."

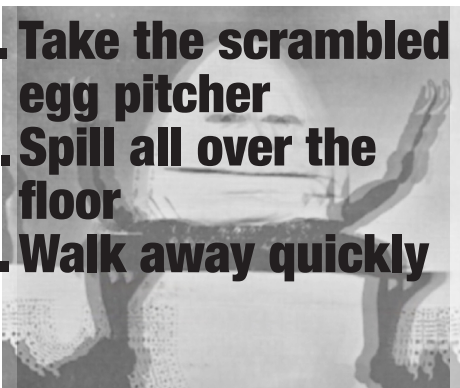
### FOOD TRUCK FRIDAYS



I can see the line all the way from my hotel room in quarantine. Save me a spot? See, “Not another issue about the food trucks,” pg. 4

### Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. Take the scrambled egg pitcher
2. Spill all over the floor
3. Walk away quickly





Friday Five: Things We Hope Don’t Rise

By Mr. Komissar ’22

Now that we’re settled back in from break, students are coming together to celebrate holidays, weekends, and just about anything else that could justify drinking. This causes a lot of problems, from getting a rise out of someone to not getting a rise out of your dick. And, despite the sharp rise in COVID case numbers, there are still a lot of things we don’t want to rise this upcoming week, so here are five of them.

**5. My blood pressure.** I’m starting to get concerned about my blood pressure and the Health Center has no openings, so I think I’m just fucked. I don’t know how I even got to this point. Someone told me maybe it’s the amount of alcohol I drink or my pack of cigarettes a day, but do they just expect me to stop? I mean, I could stop any time I wanted. I just don’t want to.

**4. The sea level.** Juniors and seniors may remember the climate strike from two years ago. Unfortunately, I just checked and it appears the climate is still in some danger. I know we’re pretty far from the sea up here in Clinton, but if this gets much worse the whole hill could be submerged by this time next year.

**3. Bread.** Yes, I know, usually you want bread to rise. However, it’s almost Passover, and letting our bread rise would be disrespectful to our ancestors who left Egypt with nothing but the matzah baking on their backs. So this week, instead of letting your bread rise, try your best to enjoy a food officially referred to as the “bread of affliction.”

**2. Tensions in Ukraine.** I haven’t seen a single on campus march in support of Ukraine, so I don’t think there’s much hope for Ukraine, honestly. If you want to help and don’t want to buy a Ukrainian flag, tape this issue of *The Duel* to an issue of *The Daily Bull* and put it up in your window.

**1. Christ the Redeemer.** Because I’m a Jew, it doesn’t really matter if I believe in God or not. What’s really important is that I don’t believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. I know he technically already rose circa 30 AD, but if he were to rise again this Easter, I wouldn’t really be able to disagree with the facts in front of me. Next thing you know I’ll have to start attending Rosary Club. So please, Jesus, if you’re out there, stay dead this time.

Friday Five 2, Electric Boogaloo: Creative Uses for Your Leftover Easter Eggs

By Ms. Yanco ’25

Bought too many eggs on an Easter Holiday high at Hannaford? Here are some ingenious, non-traditional ways to use them up!

**5. Egg David Wippman’s office.** I KNOW what you’re thinking. This is an obvious use. During the end of the semester, why not let out all your boiled-up rage at the college that you chose thinking you might “Know Thyself” and instead you ended up just wanting to “Stab Thyself.” Take out all that internal self-hate and direct it towards Buttrick Hall, home of both David Wippman’s office and the infamous Buttrick Hall Fire of 2022.

**4. A Tenga Egg.** I hope I don’t have to explain this one to you. Just make sure it is boiled and shelled before use, please. We don’t need any ER visits due to my recommendations.

**3. Cosplaying as a chicken furry.** I mean, it is essential that every cosplay has every necessary prop to make the wearer feel as one with their costume. We have leashes for dog furies, why not eggs for chicken furies? Maybe your senior thesis could be a fully functional egg-laying chicken furry costume. Please don’t advocate for chicken litter boxes in the bathrooms, though.

**2. Long-term stink bomb.** Did your friend try recommendation #4 with your mom while you were at Econ? Well, maybe try sticking an egg right under their mattress. Rub it in real nice to the underside, and place all their freshly-wrinkled sheets back where they were. Maybe smash one deep in the back of their closet. Maybe grind one up inside the rainbow socks they never wear. What about underneath their desk, too? OOH, crack one right into their Keurig.

**1. Implantation.** I never said what type of easter eggs. This fun (and very natural!) activity helps to promote the survival of the human race. What a great way to spend your free time. Selfless. Family-oriented. Just warning you that this activity done in public may come with some hefty legal action.

Friday Five 3, Revenge of the Fifth: Campo Busts

By Mr. Nelson ’22

Ahh, spring. The time of year when a young man’s mind turns inexorably to all the stuff Campus Safety confiscated from him over the winter. The Duel looks back on the most memorable Campo busts of the last few months.

**5. The bronze one.** Arguably the most artistic Campo bust, the bronze statue of officer Phineas Buzzkill is the centerpiece of a small shrine in the back of the Campus Safety office. Buzzkill, who died tripping over a discarded top hat during an early streaking incident in 1911, is considered the patron saint of Campus Safety, campus safety, open-container laws, and wet blankets.

**4. Drugs. Drugs.**

**3. A nut.** Several Campo incident reports refer indirectly to officers “busting the fattest nuts in college history” in McEwen while it’s closed for the weekend, but we have been unable to determine what kind of nuts. We recommend that all students with food allergies avoid this dining hall until we’re absolutely certain that the officers were just harassing unstable students again.

**2. Their busts.** I have been advised by our legal team to not comment on the absolutely rockin’ pair of tits that seems to come as a standard-issue part of the Campus Safety uniform. *The Duel* does not condone the application of any dairy farming terminology to college employees, nor will it speculate on what in the Campo office water supply creates such turmungulbus bonkalonghonkadoos.

**1. A move.** Underclassmen simply don’t understand the magic of showing up to a college event space full of hay, filling your seventeen-year-old stomach with the cheapest hard cider that some fraternity that doesn’t exist anymore could possibly find, and watching a Campo officer get the fuck down with some dance moves that also don’t exist anymore.

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DOMINIC MARK LANNON  
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**Senior Staff Writers**  
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AVERY ELLIOT LUM  
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**Contributors**  
MAX K HANRAHAN  
ALEXANDER SOKOLOFF MERKOWITZ  
ALLISON NOELLE YANCO

**Copyeditors**  
CHARLOTTE JOY CLARK  
SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN  
KATHERINE ELIZABETH MILLER  
ALLISON NOELLE YANCO

**Webmaster**  
JOSEF SAMUEL KOMISSAR

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