

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 1, 2023

We did Have Pizza you Motherfuckers.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES TO ADD McDONALDS STYLE PLAY PALACE TO KJ

Gotta entertain econ majors somehow

By Ms. Mannes '26

DANIMALS PRIZE DEPT.

(THE BALL PIT) Over the summer, Hamilton's Student Activities office got an exciting email. Years prior they entered the Danimals "Rally for Recess" contest which offered a \$20k prize to design a school playground. Over summer break, Student Activities was notified that they won. Even though this prize was for elementary schools, Hamilton applied because, to quote a former board member, "The budget is tight right now." Patricia Oglethorp, director of Student Activities said, "that was the most exciting moment in my career, I genuinely cannot wait for what this will do for student life on campus."

Deliberations soon began on how the school should use these funds. There were pitches for traditional playgrounds, however, a brave board member suggested a Mcdonalds style indoor play palace. This idea was seen as revolutionary, especially considering the long winters we have. "I've always loved watch-

ing hamsters play in their cage tube complexes and a McDonalds play palace is the closest thing to that for humans," remarked an anonymous board member. The committee assigned to this project decided to put the new play palace in KJ as a way to stimulate economics majors and give anthropology majors experience for their post grad service-industry job. They believe that the challenging tunnels and ball pit will provide much needed intellectual stimulation and problem solving for some of Hamilton's most lack-luster minds.

Construction will begin mid-september inside of KJ rooms 101 and 102. However, as to not disturb the classes that are currently taught in those rooms, construction will only be happening from 6-10pm and during the day classes will be held as normal, even when the ceiling has been removed. The new play palace will include a ball pit that is five feet deep, two slides, tunnels with windows as well as a trampoline. "I wanna see them scurry on their hands and knees, and-" the anonymous board member explained with a strange, almost hungry look in their eyes, before Oglethorp hurriedly interjected "We hope that this new play palace will be a place of community gathering and a nice place to relax after a long day."

CAMPUS TRAGEDY: MINOR FIELD WALL GONE

Campus Security investigating alien involvement

By Ms. Connolly '26

MYSTERIOUS TOMFOOLERY DEPT.

(SOMEWHERE; NOT HERE) This week, Hamilton students returned to Minor Field for their regularly scheduled ultimate practices, Spikeball matches, and séances to the heart-wrenching discovery that the famous graffiti-laden back corner wall had vanished. Chaos immediately set in as students frantically wracked their brains over where it could have gone. Reports emerged of the wall being spotted under the Eells porch and sticking out of the Chapel steeple. It even was purportedly being served at Bundy Café. "Those bagels are a bit crunchier than last year," three-year Bundy resident Billy "The Crack Man" Buster '24 mused.

Art student Palit O'Paint '26 was particularly disheartened by the news. "I was painting the wall as an outlet for my deepest, darkest ruminations," he explained. Upon being asked where he believed it was, he chuckled softly. "I haven't the foggiest idea. I sure hope it isn't at the FBI headquarters. I'd be royally, or shall we say federally, fucked."

"Haven't you heard? It was split into pieces and meant to be recycled into utensils for Commons, but Wippman and David Solomon realized they could make a profit! Moneymoneymoneymoney!" Eugene H. Krabs '25, an economics major, exclaimed. "Check the campus store. They're selling little souvenir pieces of it glued onto plastic pedestals. Kinda like the Berlin Wall."

Further investigation revealed that the faculty of Hamilton were also in the dark on the issue. "We carbon dated the wall a few years back and discovered that the wood dates back to 1793, the year Hamilton was founded," history professor Ainshent Man remarked. "We actually managed to figure out that Alexander Hamilton pissed on it! There even was evidence of Frat pledge urine."

Conspira C. Theery '24 had other ideas. "You know, this is just another part in a series of events powered by the deep state," she said. "First, the weight room still doesn't have enough squat racks, they changed all the signs on campus, I still can't get laid after being here for four years, and now this. Can't you see that something fishy is going on?"

The whereabouts of the wall may remain unknown for all of eternity. A funeral for the wall is being held at 3 AM on Wednesday, September 6th at Bab Pav.

FRESHMAN WANDERERS FIND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Turns out it tastes like Pink Whitney

By Mr. Ortiz '25

SPIRITUAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE DEPT.

(BABBITT PAVILLION) Last Saturday night, a mass of freshmen encountered the mystical Fountain of Youth while engaged in the proverbial wander. The group was said to have began at Dunham and congregated at Major, though when asked to describe the journey most proclaimed they were "too fucked up" to remember. I had the displeasure of interviewing a number of now immortal freshmen who were sober enough to recall (some) events. "We were pregaming some Pabst in the crib," Mr. Morris '27 said before certain pervading smells prevented the interview from proceeding. "It tasted like Pink Whitney, you know? We also drank a bunch beforehand, so like it was pretty wild," said Ms. Williams '27. "I didn't even need a chaser," said Mr. Uris '27, a freshman with a re-

markably punchable face. Almost none of them were at all concerned with their newfound eternal youth, preferring to recount tales of a sick party that happened in "the Dark Side."

It is said another group wandered past the elephant graveyard and into the ethereal plane, though most are yet to return. Sources reveal, however, that the group was mainly comprised of hockey recruits, their disappearance resulting in a net positive for the school. "It was like being on shrooms, I think," said Mr. Thornton '27, a twenty-two year old freshman. When asked about his missing teammates, Thornton shrugged and assured me that replacements were being grown in "the vat."

Several other wandering units were reported. I managed to receive some statements from them on Sunday morning at commons: "Who are you?" Ms. Lawrey '27 said, followed by giggles from the women at her table. "Go interview someone else you fucking nerd," Mr. Gray '27 said.

In this issue: No jans yet

PHOTOGRAPHY 101



Learn how to take great photos like this!
See, "LinkedIn headshot training" pg. 45.

Did you know...

Alexander Hamilton was a bottom.

CLUB FAIR FORECAST

FRIDAY

TUESDAY

THURSDAY



"I can't wait to join every single club!"



"Shoot! I missed it. I'll just go to the next meeting!"



"There's always next year!"

Below the Mean: Behavioral Observations of Little Man Syndrome and Strategy to Maintain the High Ground

There were key signs from the beginning that my RA with little hair left was going to act like a third tier tyrant.

- His 4’9 short man syndrome ass ran the floor meeting standing on a box. Three Residents still towered over him.
- He turned ballistic over smudges on the bathroom mirror, despite the fact that they were in the shape of his own shiny scalp.
- Glaring at his subordinates (residents) made him as cockily satisfied as the short guy that sells O’hare Air but with less hair.
- He stole my hairbrush from the counter when I was in the shower because it was in violation of “cleanliness standards.” When he returned it the next day there was curly hair on it, maybe his girlfriends?
- When Resident 214 took two minutes to take the trash out he wrote a campus report accusing them of smoking “the devil’s lettuce.” It has since been dismissed by campus authorities as another of “little baby RA bad days.”
- When I splashed water on the counter, he made me scrub it hard and watched from beside me (he couldn’t see from over my shoulder without the extra foot). I think this was his attempt at rizz. It didn’t work…obviously.

Since the beginning, it has become apparent that the RA of floor 200, with a cockroach-like attraction to grime, gets a power trip from bitching and whining. He waddles taller after each incident (tantrum). His therapist probably told him it’s curing his prepubescent trauma of not being able to grow a mustache. It’s almost like power trips are better than having hair. I’ve had to develop a number of strategies to supersede the new little bitch boy in charge.

- If you left stray hair in the shower, you hear him crying when he goes to rinse his shiny head.
- When he’s complaining and you smile at fellow residents, you can watch the wrinkles form on his three button collared shirt in real time.
- Any reference to how great your RA from last year was makes his height shrink at least an inch, maybe two.
- If you bring someone special to your room you can watch him angrily write up at least three residents before you finish. It even works with Gaming Club members that only last two minutes. However, I don’t recommend it since they’ll finger you like you’re a stuck playstation control.
- Quote Karl Marx. It suggests people are human.

Received in Morse Code off of the shine of her RA’s bald forehead by Ms. Wallen ’26

Is That My Friend or Just Another Gay Woman?

I, Christiana Salmonella ’24, Suburu Owner, stand atop the hill, speaking eloquently to the crowd. They hold onto my every word as I speak about the improvements made to queer life at Hamilton College. I proudly explain how it took years of turmoil (debates over whether women belong in STEM or in my bed), but our differences have finally been overcome. The gays and the straights have become one group, happily coexisting at Hamilton. It took activism, it took Stonewall, it took a Psi U brother hooking up with a bi girl, but everyone has mutual respect for one another. Queer people have assimilated into campus culture. Yesterday, I spied a man (straight!) wearing itty bitty teeny weeny shorts. King. One can no longer tell if she “thinks you’re really pretty!” or if she “thinks you’re *really* pretty”, and that is a beautiful thing.

I end my speech to the crowd with an interpretive and improvisational dance dedicated to children growing up with straight parents and announce that I will pass the mic to my friend Flora Tweiteigh, who has planned another wonderful speech for the group. I swiftly spin on my heel, ready to share the spotlight with Flora, but unfortunately, she has disappeared into the crowd.

I look out into the masses as panic grasps my throat. Eyelined eyes and pierced noses watch as I search the sea of people for Flora, who was wearing a white midi skirt and a green floral shirt. The crowd starts to boo and I try to remind them that it’s not politically correct to boo a gay woman. They hurl tomatoes at me. Disgusting but very Shakeaspearean. I’ve read Shakespeare, so I would know that. However, Flora is still lost.

I muster up the last of energy and call out “Does anyone see a woman wearing Blundstones?” The entire crowd starts shouting, pointing towards their neighbor. Damn. “Curtain bangs?” Same thing. “If you crochet…” Everyone continues shouting. My hope for finding Flora is quickly dimming.

The crowd begins to dissipate when I finally see her. She is shrouded in a white light. 20 feet away, her blundstones echo on the wooden floor. 15 feet now, her chunky rings catch the light. 10 feet, I can see the floral patterns blossoming on her shirt. 5 feet and I smell lavender essential oil. Her miraculous resurrection is about to save me from the fear flooding my body. 2 feet away and her eyes meet mine. This is not Flora.

This is my Lit professor.

Interpreted from ancient scribblings by Ms. Lieberman ’26 and Ms. Freedman ’26

Friday Five: Unavoidable Conflicts With Your Roommate

By Mr. McCann ’25

Across the globe, freshman students are moving onto campus full of hopes, dreams, and pent up sexual frustration. We at the Duel would like to prepare you for the tense, dangerous, and unavoidable conflicts that may arise from engaging with your freshman year roommate.

5. **Shelf space.** When sharing a space with another student, it’s common to disagree on the amount of space each of you get. While this conflict may be fought as a proxy through catty catholic women passive aggressive arguing while they live vicariously through their acne covered lovechild, you can also resolve this conflict by simply asking your future roommate to put his Magnum extra smalls in his drawer instead of on the window sill.

4. **Who’s on Top?** From masculine men on the squash team to darkside girlyies who only bought a strap-on as a joke, the decision of who asserts dominance is decided when you first enter the room. The top bunk to many is more than just a living situation, but a status symbol, a marking that defines you for the rest of your campus days. When looking to claim the best bunk, remember to make loud noises by yelling, banging pots and pans or using an air horn. Make yourself look as big as possible by waving your arms. Then bend that spankable little ass over and remember that tonight: the tops belong on the bottom.

3. **What are we?** While cuddling in a sublime post-coital bliss known to few, your roommate may ask the most dangerous question any darkside bisexual with tattoos, Doc Martens and with a fear of commitment (but in like, a hot way) can ever be asked. In response, say nothing. Why the fuck do they deserve to know your thoughts and feelings, they’re not your mom (sadly).

2. **Whether to sign a prenup.** For those specifically living in Dunham, and absolutely nowhere else, a prenup might be a lucrative option. The thought of daddy’s money is almost enough to wash that Jan stench away and allow you to embrace that bad bitch divorcee life in the coming future.

1. **The bed squeaking too much when you fuck.** Perhaps the most common problem for incoming students, the bed squeaking too much when you fuck is the biggest issue reported to RA’s on the first day of campus. While there are many common solutions to this problem, we recommend you debunk the bed when your sweatpant-clad econ major roommate decides that the seductiveness of you responding to that all campus email is too much to bear any longer. Alternatively, we also suggest going to pound town with someone else that doesn’t live five feet away from you.

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