

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, ISSUE II

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 8, 2023

Shocking: Martin’s Way Paint Tastes like Paint

TRANS PRIVILEGE IS RUINING HAMILTON COLLEGE

Discrimination Isn’t Dead

By Mx. Dupree ’24

STRAIGHT PRIDE DEPT.

(IN A DUNHAM SPLIT DOUBLE) Hamilton freshmen were taken aback to learn that one of their own, Sock Du Pont ’27, received special privileges for being transgender. Despite identifying as nonbinary on both their application to the college and their housing form, the Community Living department decided it would be a wonderful idea to put them on the first floor of Dunham—normally an all-girl floor. This wasn’t Sock’s first time being confused for a girl; “My shoulder-length hair and excellent eye for interior design often confuse people,” Sock said. In order to rectify this mistake, Community Living offered Sock a deal: they would still stay on the all-girl floor, but be moved into a split double with its own bathroom. Sock accepted the deal, not knowing that it would ultimately lead to chaos.

Now, a week into the semester, riots are breaking out on the Dunham lawn. Students angrily wave

signs with slogans like “I won’t piss in prison” and “I’m AFAB, too.” It is truly a cis-syphean struggle for cisgender activists on campus like Kathy Covington ’27. “I’m absolutely furious,” Covington said. “Why does Sock get to have their own bathroom as a freshman? It’s like the school is saying that cis students don’t matter.”

“I think the protesters have a point,” Sock said, barricaded in their hard-earned split double and cowering under their desk. “Other than getting harassed on Tinder and being deadnamed by my econ professor every other class, I have to admit, we have it pretty easy here.” And Sock has a point. Only 82% of transgender students on Hamilton’s campus have ever experienced discrimination, either from fellow students or from faculty.

Here at *The Duel Observer*, we take Hamilton’s policy on diversity, equity, and inclusion very seriously. We send all our support to the warriors on Dunham lawn. And firmly believe that the arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward just cis.

For any cisgender students in need of support, the Counseling Center is available 24/7 at the following number: 315-859-4340

GEOGUESSR CLUB REVEALED TO BE SECRET VIRGINAL CULT

Pagan cults have never looked so uncool!

M. Maya ’27

SEX HAVERS DEPT.

(SECRET DUNGEON UNDER LIST 231)

When freshman Oliver Klosoff ’27 found himself lost in List last Wednesday, the last thing he was expecting to find was the Geoguessr Club meeting. “I was just trying to find the bathroom,” Klosoff explained, but when he opened the door to List 231, he suddenly found himself being dragged inside by four “crazy excited dudes.” When asked why he didn’t leave right away, Klosoff said he “felt bad for the guys. They kept mumbling something about finally having a new member. I couldn’t just leave.”

It wasn’t until the clock struck 8:00 p.m. that things started to get “freaky.” Club president Noel Hughes ’24 locked the door to the room before making his way to the far right corner. Hughes then firmly stomped on the ground, causing a hidden trapdoor to spring open. “I didn’t know what else to do,” Klosoff said, explaining why he followed the five club members down the trapdoor.

The room at the bottom of the ladder, which has now been closed off by campus security, was exactly what one might picture: a small, dark room with no windows and a sex doll. Three of the four walls were covered in pictures of what appeared to be Twitch streamers, though Klosoff could not recognize any of them. The last wall was a giant bookshelf, housing everything from pickup books to Nintendo Switch games. At the center of the room was a wooden altar that featured candles on each corner and leather cuffs at the ends, presumably for tying people to the altar.

When questioned about the nature of the room by campus security, a Geoguessr Club member, whose identity remains anonymous, revealed that the club would meet down there to worship their patron saint of virginity, jschlatt, and devise plans on how they would pick up “females”—none of which have been successful thus far.

“I regret ratting on them,” Klosoff confessed. “I wish I got to see what they meant when they said they try to feel like women so they can understand them better. I have the feeling it’s related to all the sex toys, and that’s really funny.”

HOMOPHOBES HAS GAY SEX: TURNS OUT HE WAS ONLY AFRAID OF THE DARK

More than just his worldview was expanded

By Mr. Ebben ’27

SEXUAL PREFERENCES DEPT.

(RIGHT OUTSIDE THE CLOSET) Like most Alabamians, Hunter Christian ’25 had been a lifelong homophobe. That is, until last week, when he got his cornhole stuffed with the lights on. “Every other time I been fucked by a dude, the lights were out. Turns out, I ain’t afraid of the gays, I’m afraid of the dark.” Christian proclaimed. “Ever since I was a youngin’, my daddy’d give me an ass whoopin’ with the lights out, so as he wouldn’ta seen my wide spread anus. I s’pose that’s where this all stemmed from.”

When questioned as to why he continued to get Elton John’d despite his fears, Christian stated that he’s so horny he’d “let a bull shove a horn up [his] ass,” and that “God gave [him] all’a these openings for a reason.” Christian’s partner, who has opted to go by the pseudonym Wavid Dippman, a self-described “Malaysian plow-ox,” called Christian a “brave soul” for his continual efforts to “push through adversity and get his Sarlacc pit filled.” Dippman stated that he “never

quite knew why Christian kept coming back.” Dippman claims that “he would always scream as he was rectally rehydrated.” It wasn’t until Dippman turned on a lamp during their most recent game of Bob the Weasel that they discovered Christian isn’t actually afraid of gays, he’s just “a few inches short of a Magnum, brain-wise, of course.” as Dippman put it.

Former partners of Christian state he “always insisted the lights be off” because “the idea of seeing naked men made him uncomfortable.” After hearing the recent news, all his former mutton-busters appeared relieved that they were only “damaging him physically, not mentally.”

“I hope other homophobes hear my story and realize they aren’t alone,” Christian shared, “I’d also like to add that while I may no longer fear ‘em, I still hate ‘em.” When informed that his statement meant he hated himself (a core tenant of being from the South), Christian’s head promptly exploded as it attempted to compute the liberal ideology it had just taken in. His final words were, “Make sure they know I wasn’t a big fan of the Je-” Christian lives on through the starchy cum sock stuffed under his roommate’s mattress and the legacy of his crippling life left unfulfilled by only ever getting stuffed in the dark.

In this issue: GILFS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE



This is a video. See, “Tomorrow’s discussion in Gov 101” pg. 81.

did you know...

You can't get mono from anal

FLU FORECAST	10:00AM	2:00PM	11:00PM
	“Covid test came back negative!”	“I think I’m getting better!”	“At least I don’t have to go to class tomrrow”

After being sexiled by my roommate and the guy she is “just friends with because he just got out of a really long relationship and he’s just not ready for that kinda commitment right now”—of which, she loves to tell me frequently how cool she is with the situation despite the fact she’s crying in her bed stalking his Instagram most nights—I stumbled onto a KJ couch, and made my nightly scroll through Jodel. I came across another post asking “who’s your campus crush?” Per usual, I expected to see my own initials, because I’m hot and deserve attention, but alas, it was a collection of initials that were entirely boring. I really don’t care about this DW guy, and why everyone and their mom is obsessed with him. I sighed as I thought of how lonely and single I was. I cried out “why will no one love me?” And that “I wouldn’t have abandonment issues if people would just stop leaving me!”^

I contemplated how strange it was that someone as amazing and sexy as me could possibly be single for so long. Then inspiration struck, I thanked the Jodel masters for making this app anonymous as I typed the only important initials into the comments: my own. I watched for hours on end to see if it would be upvoted, and better yet when someone else would reply with a “so true,” maybe a “they are so nice” and possibly a “I’ve been in love with her since I first saw her. Her smile is better than ecstasy. I would ruin myself to be with her. I only haven’t told her because I’m so intimidated by how pretty and cool she is.” Or something like that.

Instead, the only reply I received was someone asking “who even is that?” It was a hard blow to my self esteem but not nearly as bad as the next comment “she’s the girl who bumps into everyone at fojo attempting to force a meet cute.” Not only have I been very humbled but my hopes of love have been crushed yet again. I must return to another method, downloading, deleting then redownloading Tinder to find someone who is willing to love me. I must power through as I set the age limit up to 65, and wait patiently until parents weekend. I’m particularly excited to see my roommate’s dad, who is newly divorced. Talk about a silver fox.

Scraps from a manifesto slid under the door of Ms. Haller ’26

Babe, I’m Concerned. You Keep Coming Home With Bruises on your Neck

Hey babe,

I’m very concerned about your recent behavior. When you agreed to room with me after 3 months of dating, I was overjoyed. I truly believed that you were the love of my life, and even after we ended up in a Bundy forced double, I knew that we would persevere. But you’ve been spending so little time in our room lately. You keep coming back from your late night study sessions at 2:00 am or later! Some mornings I wake up, and you aren’t even sleeping in our bed.

But the worst thing that I’ve seen so far were those bruises down your neck and shoulders! Last Saturday, when I was watching you change, I noticed that your neck was covered in bruises. Have you been getting into fights? I know you love partying out your stress, but if that partying is leading to fights I don’t think it’s worth it. You know I’ll come in a minute or less if you ask for it.

The other night, I decided to follow you to figure out what was going on. Your econ study group looks a bit scary. All the guys in it are massive. Thinking that maybe they were the one’s roughing you up, I decided to follow you. I was a bit surprised when you guys went to the chapel because you told me you were studying at the library. And then, when I tried to go inside, I heard a strange wailing coming from above. Like the horrid moaning of a ghost. I’ve never heard sounds like those before. I quickly prayed that you were fine before running off into the night.

I’ve been on League of Legends for hours trying to phrase this right. I trust you and I know this will all turn out fine, but please just confide in me about these things. I want this Bundy forced double to become a Bundy forced home.

Found crumpled up in a trash can in Minor by Mx. Meisner ’26

Friday Five: Reasons You Didn’t Get Into Brown

By Ms. Lurie ’27

The stately old campus, small classes, open curriculum, focus on undergraduates, and creative atmosphere were what attracted you to Hamilton College. But they’re also what attracted you to Brown first. Today, The Duel offers our assistance in making sense of your rejection letter.

5. **Bribe fell through.** You’ve known for years that your mother would be gone at the first opportunity to abandon her luxurious yet unfulfilling life and generous yet emotionally unavailable husband. Unfortunately for you, the man she fell for and subsequently ran away with was your corrupt college counselor, and that \$200,000 helped pay for a palatial Tuscany estate and not four years at an Ivy League university.

4. **Did not submit test scores or genetic material.** Despite the bullshit you were fed on visiting day, Brown won’t spare a glance at an application lacking at least a 1500 and two 6 ml blood-filled vacuum-sealed Vacutainer tubes. Without these details, it’s impossible to determine whether you will be able to keep up with the rigorous curriculum or are predisposed to any health conditions that, if they occur, would require the school to waste resources and money on your pathetic existence when there were thousands of nearly identical, undamaged alternatives.

3. **Came across as lame.** Your pattern of reporting men who had sexually assaulted you and your friends revealed a lack of integrity and a penchant for being a little bitch. The admissions officers were especially put off after they learned of what you said about your old classmate and Brown’s incoming star lacrosse recruit Matthew Biddle two months ago on the witness stand.

2. **Bad CommonApp essay.** They found your narrative of being kidnapped as a child, growing up in a proto-satanic cult, escaping as a teenager, and finding refuge and benevolence amongst the creatures deep in the jungles of Borneo to be a tad formulaic and ultimately lackluster. It would have been much preferred if you had chosen a topic that demonstrated the crux and ethos of your soul and psyche, like an athletic injury or your parents’ divorce.

1. **You gave bad head.** The Dean of Admissions did not appreciate your performance last November. Your use of teeth and lousy enthusiasm made the dean feel like he was getting blown by a child and not a seventeen-year-old who, if raised right, should have had at least six years experience slobbering on the knob. The sheer shoddiness was just pitiful; the dean left thinking he could’ve gotten the same quality from his pregnant wife.

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