

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, ISSUE IV

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 22, 2023

C.A.B. Exposed as Round Earthers

HAMILTON HEALTH CENTER TO OFFER NEW ABORTION INITIATIVE: SOCCER TEAM LINES UP FOR DUTY

We mean what you think we mean

By Mr. Ebben '27 and Mr. McCann '25

THE GREEN APPLE DEPT.

(MCEWEN U-COOK) A new health center initiative took center stage this week, after The Center for Intersectional-Feminism announced a free, innovative, alternative for “all the hoes” on campus. As of next week, the Health Center will be offering free abortions to students who “really need to get their fucking act together and can’t keep their legs closed.”

Paid for by the Kirkland College endowment, the Johnson Center will be employing football participants as emergency health care providers. “We’re proud to be able to provide these new emergency cervixes for our more whorish students,” said Coach Bobby Big Balls, a recent father of twelve. When asked what value the football players brought to healthcare, Coots was simply quoted as saying “they got strong legs, small brains, and pregnant stomachs are a big fuckin’ target.” The soccer team team was strongly in support of the move. Star striker Kum Buckits ’22 was quoted as saying he’s “excited to final-

ly be allowed within fifteen feet of a woman again.” When asked for a demonstration of the procedure, Buckits said nothing, grabbed the Wertimer cat and just punted that “foxy little bitch” fifty yards across campus.

After a positive response to the measure, and encouragement from Hamilton’s most beloved satire paper *The Spectator*, the Health Center also announced that they will now also be offering free child care services to any and all students who “bring their own coat hangers.”

In collaboration with Hamilton’s Health Forward Initiative, the Oneida County police have offered to lift school zone restrictions for players involved in the program, “It feels great to be a different kind of child predator,” said centerback Connor Lingus ’26.

Even Parkhurst dining is getting in on the action allowing “fetus dumping students” to donate their used baby-bits right into the U-Cook refrigerators, allowing Hamilton students to “learn to cook the liberal way.” The student body applauded this move, with Clint Toris ’25, saying he’s glad, that after years of pressing the issue with his girlfriend, “finishing inside is finally beneficial. I’m happy to be doing my part and excited to eat a real kids meal.”

Of the twenty-one people who showed up for the class, eighteen seemed to be loosely affiliated with the lesbian swinger community, though many at the event claim that a singular older man in a poorly manufactured leather bondage suit was prominently featured.

When questioned about the series of events that occurred, instructor Harry Sachs recalled, “once I asked them to show me their Collegiate Shag there was no going back.” Upon further questions on why he never stopped the overtly sexual direction the afternoon took, he replied, “Swinging has been losing popularity. If the new generation needs a more penetrative form of the Jitterbug, so be it.”

When *The Duel* reached out to the administration in order to question (for purely professional reasons) whether the class would continue, Title IX coordinator Bathryn Carryman wrote back, “As it says on our website, Hamilton College celebrates diversity in all forms. At the end of the day, everybody got a workout. Currently, I am working with our Athletics Department to facilitate a celebration of alternative lifestyles through a new phys-ed BDSM for beginners class.”

If you are interested in said class please email the-bull@hamilton.edu.

STUDY FINDS IT’S OKAY IF GIRLS FORGET WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO SAY BECAUSE WOMEN SHOULDN’T SPEAK

Women and gender studies professors everywhere devastated

By Ms. Lieberman ’26

CENTER FOR INTERSECTIONAL SEXISM DEPT. (Agonizing days that are too cold for shorts) As summer descends into fall and women yet again begin covering their knees, students have begun presenting their summer research projects to their peers. Generally well received by an audience of nerds, there was one project that particularly stood out this year to both those who attend this school for the education and those who attend for the reputation alike. This project was done by Johann Mikalson ’25, known for wearing tiny little shorts around his dorm on any given Tuesday.

Mikalson’s project, titled “Why I Ask Women to Shut Up Now,” found that women are happier when they speak less. He included many colorful graphs detailing how women look “so much prettier” when they are not speaking and since pretty women make Mikalson happy, he determined that it must also make the women happy to be silent because of the rules of “math and stuff. You just wouldn’t get it” said Mikalson.

However, there are critiques of his methods. Professor Hildaberg explained that “Mikalson would go up to women at a party and ask them in the middle of the conversation to rate how happy they were. Generally, he found that this rating was between two and three. Later, he would find them when they were outside, taking a moment for themselves and ask them the same question. They would answer about seven or eight. Mikalson thought that this was because they hadn’t spoken for a few minutes. However, his methodology was wrong.” Hildaberg explained that “the women were happier simply because they weren’t speaking to him.”

Though there are many critiques of his methods, there are those that have attached onto his research. “I would simply love it if women would be quiet for once,” said Jim Brogan ’26. “If my mother had ever shut up, my dad would never have had to cheat on her with that Norwegian runway model on the coast of France!”

However, women (indeed, all of them) disagree with the study. “Don’t tell Johann this, but we are planning on killing him tonight by drowning him in the KTSA pond,” said an anonymous female student. “Then the real revolution begins.”

INTRO TO SWING CLASS MISINTERPRETED AS INTRO FOR SWINGERS CLASS

“The music wasn’t the only thing bumping to the beat”

By Ms. Heying ’27

UNFULFILLED SEXUAL FANTASIES DEPT.

(THE CLIT) A swinger orgy accidentally hosted by Hamilton College was abruptly brought to a climax last Wednesday when a freshman began swing dancing, resulting in the near castration of the only man in attendance. Although many of the afternoon’s events were smeared in a lust-filled haze, new facts have come to light in the days after the incident. On Tuesday, the widely distributed Intro to Swing Dance flier appeared on the popular dating site “Swingles.” Rumors continue to circulate about who exactly posted the flier, but many suspect Wavid Dippman, a known patron of “the Lifestyle” on Hamilton’s campus who, according to an overzealous Monitor journalist, was “nursing a penile fracture as large as his fascist agenda” as of Thursday.

“Honestly, I thought the whole swing dance thing was just a coded way for the community to get down and dirty,” Anne Al ’26 commented.

In this issue: The gang gets circumcised!

FREE CIRCUMCISIONS



Hamilton Hillel begins circumcising unexpected students. See, “Shana-tovah bring your foreskin ovah” pg. 805.

Did you know...

my mom doesn't want us to hang out anymore

B.O.B FINDING OUT HE GOT FIRED FORECAST

3:00PM

4:09PM

5:00PM



“I can’t wait to perform at the Hamilton College!”



“An email from Hamilton? Are they giving me more money?”



“Damn those Jews!”

“Pearl Harbor? I hardly know her” and other things to say to your Grandma with PTSD

I was in the pussy (my dorm) at approximately 1:53:23 am when I received a text from my grandmother asking to call me. “Coolio” I thought to myself, but then I remembered how she doxed people over Bluey ships and I was to be her reckoning (by activating her PTSD). I might not care that much about that blue dog and his dilfy (real) father, but I wanted a reason to be a little fuck. Also she was and still is a nazi.

Despite being preoccupied (I was in the pussy (my dorm)), I decided to immediately call her. It wasn’t like she was doing much in the psych ward other than kinky foot sex (it’s those grippy socks), and that can be done on call (everyone knows this). As I expected, she immediately picked up her phone (weak (the strong must receive several desperate texts before picking up*)) with minimal foot related moaning. Before she could even utter a word, I uttered the titular phrase (it’s the title) “Pearl Harbor I hardly know her.” I immediately knew she was in the throes of an episode after I apparated my stand (jojo reference), in the form of B.o.B . At that very moment, her own stand manifested itself, and the planes that attacked Pearl Harbor manifested above the pussy (my dorm).

“Lactation” I thought to myself. My stand does not account for the curvature of the earth nor does it acknowledge the Holocaust, so I knew my only out was to use her own stand against her. Her stand appears to physically manifest her PTSD around the inflictor, so I needed to murder her to end the effect. Obviously niether Hiroshima nor Nagasaki would work, she fucking hates the Japanese (even though they gave us Goku (and vegeta)). Instead, I uttered the phrase “Jet fuel can’t melt steel beams.” Instantly, the three planes involved in 9/11 crashed into the planes above (the fourth missed), causing them to explode (fucking see (planes are made of steel)). Unfortunately the Japanese had more than three planes.

“Coniferous Tree” I thought to myself, but I still had one more idea. I needed to kill my grandma to permanently remove her stand. And also an actual nazi. Focusing on the actual nazi remark, I uttered my final phrase “Hitler didn’t kill himself during World War II, he killed himself after impregnating you” (factual). I heard a gunshot. The planes above my dorm disappeared, only having destroyed the entirety of the cunt (Wertimer) and every freshman living there (deserved). I turned to my roommate, the ghost of Ronald Reagan, saluted him, then immediately shat myself and passed out.

*From my experience trying to engage in The Lego Movie BDSM with strong women.

Recited verbatim to the Duel staff by Mx. Meisner ’26

Sneaky Pete and why he loves the darkside

It’s another beautiful morning on Dark Side when I roll up my shades, and to my dismay I see a tiny face staring up at me. I almost mistake him for a hobbit but I know that creepy face anywhere, Peter Sneakarelli. Or as I like to call him, Sneaky Pete, and boy oh boy does he LOVE those Dark Side windows.

Part of the reason I love Dark Side is not just because everyone is gay or that I can hear my CA have sex through the wall, and it’s certainly not because of the brutalist architecture. I love it because of those massive, monumental, stupendous windows. There is no greater joy in my life than when the sun shines straight in my eye at 6am because I forgot to close my shades the night before, or placing my little friends on the window sill to stare at unsuspecting strangers. But, my love for these windows pales in comparison with Pete’s obsession, his utter and complete admiration for those Dark Side panes of glass.

During my time living on Dark Side, I have become aware of his presence, although I’m not entirely sure if he lives on Dark Side, let alone goes to this school, but he is always lurking. He wakes up pretty early to surprise those living on the ground floor, you might see him smiling, waving or licking your window. And if your higher level friends think you’re safe, think again. Yesterday, I saw him climbing up the side of Root to get a peak into those hard to see upper floor windows. All this work so he can see your feet. When the socks go away, Pete comes out to play.

You may be wondering how I know so much about Pete. Well it’s because I’ve dropped all of my classes to spend my time researching him. He has been responsible for whenever a dinning hall has run out of utensils. He lives in the Levitt center, maybe that’s what that place is for. My studies have nearly driven me mad, every waking moment I think about Pete and his insatiable love of Dark Side windows. He haunts me as I walk across campus, I swear I can see him out of the corner of my eye but when I turn around he’s vanished. So next time you see a scurrying little gremlin on the Dark Side of campus, stay away because he’s bitten me before and I think I may have rabies now.

Found under a mattress in Root by Ms. Haller ’26

Friday Five: Best Things to Shout at Tour Groups to Weed Out the Weak

Ms. Meyers ’27

Just saying “Happy Birthday” is getting a little old. We as a community need to shape the future class and make sure no pussies make it on to campus this fall. After all, some of us will have to live with them for 3 more years if we can’t marry rich before then.

5. **Give them a good long whiff.** If they smell like a solid Christian family, cast a long menacing glare, make eye contact with the father (to assert your dominance) and proclaim “Your God Will Not Save You Here.” We don’t want anyone at Hamilton who is not self reliant.

4. **Talk about child labor.** While passing by, mention how the newly imported child laborers have made all the difference in Commons. Tuition has gone down due to the lower labor costs and the lines move so much quicker now that they have someone to work the 14 hour shifts. This way they will know that we do not condone ageism at our fine institution.

3. **Talk about your favorite disease.** When walking by on the phone, talk loudly and enthusiastically about how you are so close to reaching your goal of collecting Hand, Foot AND Mouth Disease. Don’t forget to say how you caught Foot disease from the Eels pool and Hand disease from your TA. You’re saving Mouth as the best for last.

2. **Partayyyyyy.** As it is truly a cause for celebration, throw a party under the admissions tent to celebrate the emergence of the seniors living in the Dunham walls. Back in the day, there was no Glenview. Also, make sure you mention they were sealed in there by the Hockey team as they did not pass the hazing ritual their first year. Challenge by choice is only told to console the Freshman.

1. **Go up to the tour guide and give them a big hug.** When they shrug you off and ask you “What the hell are you doing!?” Simply begin crying and stutter out, “Babe, how could you do this to me?? After we had our 1st STD together last June. You said you’d stop denying it this time to get with your TA.” This shows that we value integrity on our campus.

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