

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, Issue V

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 29, 2023

What is Sex and Why is Everyone Always Talking About It?

CHRIS CARD REQUIRES NEW “CHRIS CARD” TO PURCHASE ALCOHOL

Students without toes left scrambling

By Ms. Connolly '26

LITTLE PLASTIC RECTANGLE DEPT. (DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE) “Can I see your Chris card?” Jameson Casamigos '24 did not expect to hear these words from his Pub-tender last week-end after ordering a Yoni beer. “You should Google it,” he told us. Casamigos’ experience reflects the toll of Hamilton’s new “Chris Card” program aimed at reducing underage drinking. To acquire a Chris card, students must dig a deep hole in the backyard of the Elihu Root House with only their toes (there are cameras to ensure this) to reach the aptly named Dean of Students’ secret Card Lair.

Upon reaching the Lair, card seekers must verify that they are at least 21 years old, pee on a mini version of the Alexander Hamilton statue, and take a shot of Commons melon spa water. Students must now present their Chris card to be served drinks at the Little Pub, enter parties hosted by Greek life organizations, and use the single stall bathrooms in List. When asked about the List bathrooms, Dean Card shrugged. “I’ve heard people use them to en-

gage in sexual acts. Pregnancy should also be strictly reserved for those 21 and older,” he remarked.

The Duel Observer asked the Pub-tenders how they planned to spot fake Chris cards. “Typical Chris cards look like Hillcards, but instead of a blue background with the Chapel steeple, they have a giant photo of Chris Card’s face,” Igot Booz '24 said. “However, on real Chris cards, Chris Card’s left nostril has a tiny invisible ink message inside of it that can only be viewed with a specific type of flashlight. I can’t tell you what it says. It’s an infohazard.”

Additionally, rumors have emerged that locally revered small business Clinton Wine and Spirits will also require Chris cards from suspected Hamilton students. Owner and Clinton local Chardonnay Merlot was not concerned about being able to identify which customers are students and which are not. “I can also pick up on the distinct aromas of the manure y’all use on the grass up there. It tends to stick to clothes,” she quipped.

The arrival of the Chris cards has significantly changed campus culture, and has heightened the necessity for an underground invisible ink market on campus. “We have to start faking them,” freshman Pync Witnee '27 said. “How else are we going to have any fun? If all else fails, I guess we can just drink the ink. Maybe it’ll make us trip.”

DEER ROAMING CAMPUS DISCOVERED TO BE VERY SKILLED FURRY

The freaks are running this college into the ground

By M. Maya '27

SEXUAL DEVIANCY PREVENTION DEPT. (IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT) Last Friday, Jim Palmer '25 was returning to his dorm from a two AM study session with his roommate’s girlfriend when he noticed a deer lurking behind Minor, staring straight into the sky. Wanting to get a closer look at the deer, Palmer crept closer and closer to it. “I was really surprised the deer didn’t run,” Palmer said, recounting the experience. “It was so focused on the moon.” It wasn’t until Palmer was only a few feet away from the deer that he noticed something was horribly wrong: the deer was moaning.

Upon this realization, Palmer immediately lunged at the deer-person, tackling it to the ground before it could run away. As Palmer went on to describe, the “deer,” Randy Kumraig '27, was a fully nude “twink” covered in body paint, wearing a surprisingly realistic deer mask and a “cute little butt plug.” “I was covered in paint and other fluids by the time I was able to rip the mask off,” Palmer noted.

In an interview with *The Duel Observer*, Kumraig, a popular furry artist on X (formerly Twitter), admitted that it started off as going for night walks around campus. “[The walks] got boring, so I started trying to think of ways to spice things up. Then I remembered how much fun I had roleplaying as my deer-sona, Willoughby, in middle school. Next thing I know, I’m wandering around campus freer than ever, having the time of my life.”

These romps around campus lasted over a month before Kumraig was caught by Palmer. According to Kumraig, he was spotted on multiple occasions during the time, but no one ever seemed to realize he was a person: “I mean, I’m a really good artist. I pay for Hamilton with my commissions.”

When asked about how he was feeling after the incident, Palmer expressed that he was actually grateful for it. “Honestly, it’s a pretty good story for the grandkids. Plus, I got Randy’s number.” Kumraig provided no comment on his and Palmer’s relationship, though he did wink. At this time, Hamilton has refused to provide a statement on the matter, though inside sources suggest that Kumraig may have made a private deal with President Wippman to keep this incident off official records.

THE SPECTATOR RUNS OUT OF PARKING LOTS TO REPORT ON

Print journalism is as alive as construction-grade concrete

By Ms. Lurie '27

OBSOLESCENCE DEPT.

(DUNHAM BASEMENT PRINTING PRESS)

After 157 years in print, *The Spectator* announced the paper would be discontinued, having run out of parking lots on campus to report on. Parking lots were the lifeblood of *The Spectator*, explained former Editor-in-Chief Kevin Newsy '25. It is estimated that nearly 82% of the Spectator’s content was devoted to lots annually with the other 18% being advertorial fodder for the administration officials whom newsroom staff were fucking. “Vast, sterile pools of asphalt really embodied the heart and soul of *The Spectator*,” continued Newsy, “we never even thought to consider that there would come a day when there would no longer be a demand for the same five unoffending talking points reused with one of the five campus parking lots twice a week.”

In the weeks leading up to the paper’s demise, newsroom staff searched desperately for other cam-

pus happenings they could report on. “Everything going on campus is soooooooo complicated...” groaned a staffer and future substack blogger. Staffers direly brainstormed ways to save their vanity project. At the time of the announcement, the prevailing alternative idea had been to publish staffers’ full legal names on a piece of paper for weekly distribution. “It would have the same intended effect,” shared a senior journalist.

The Spectator’s absence will not go unnoticed. “What am I supposed to use as my cum cloth now?” expressed a sophomore who refused to share their name with me lest they face the public humiliation of acknowledging the paper’s existence. When tissues were suggested as an alternative, the sophomore vehemently shook their head, “no creation of man deserves a fate so deplorable.”

The demise of The Spectator can be seen as part of a larger trend in American journalism. When presented with this theory, Managing Editor Brian Pencil '24 agreed, “Print is dead and so are our careers before they began. I wish I had thought to study something useful—like Spanish or alchemy.” When asked what he would do with his new free time, Pencil smiled, “I am really excited to hold hands with a female.”

In this issue: We Give Up.

FORTY-SIX PEAKS



46 peaks, 46 chances to create romance out of trauma. See, “Touch Grass” pg. 46.

Did you know...

The L.L. Bean boot was a figment of your imagination

SEX WEEK FORECAST

MONDAY WEDNESDAY FRIDAY



Buying
Condoms



Waiting...



Selling
Condoms

I Lived It: Only Person In The Friend Group Who Scored Above 65 On Autism Test

I don't know man, I thought it would be fun. Like those buzzfeed quizzes from 2014.

I don't have much time to write this. This Friday night, I was imbibing with my friends when someone suggested that we do the BDSM test. We had all taken it before (praise kinks and liberal arts snobs go hand in hand). "Hey, why don't we take the RAADS-R? We did it in psych," someone suggested. I opened the test. This was going to be a breeze! I'm the most neurotypical person I know! I've observed all of my friends and copied their behaviors to make sure of it. I flew through the test while my compatriots struggled with every question. At the end, we all opened our scores at once.

One by one they read their scores. 15. 47. 28. 2. 34. Everyone looked at me, waiting. I was at a loss for words. Who could have foreseen that my inability to initiate eye contact or my intense hatred for microfiber could possibly be the workings of autism? But my score of 137 could not lie.

I looked at the faces surrounding me. Obviously the test was wrong. My quirks weren't nearly as bad as theirs! Jimmy's the weird one for making eye contact with strangers, that's like having anonymous public sex without a condom. So what if I can't smell menthol without bursting into tears? Or how I know every time someone has died on a Disney ride? That's literally normal behavior. My dad does it too!

"Dude, it's fine if you're autistic. I'm literally doing my study abroad with autistic kids. Why don't we take the Rice test instead?" Another long set of questions and answers. I could feel sweat bead on my brow as I checked the boxes.

"20!" I declared at the end. My friends were shocked. "Bro, you're like the rizzler. The autizzler." I tried to laugh it off, but they started chanting my new title. When I escaped to the bathroom, they crowded outside the stall, and I put my hands over my ears to escape the loud, asynchronous cheering. I slipped out the side door, but I think they followed me. Even as I write this, I can hear them coming. Oh god, they're here—

Found in the mailbox of Mr. Wisneski '25, sent from the New England Center for Children

Word Search: Dorms where i've been rejected

Enjoy the Duel's newest Word Search segment. This week, you'll be looking for the names of Hamilton dorms where I have been romantically rejected. Yes, this is 100% true to life! The first person to find me with a fully completed word search will get an unopened box of condoms that I optimistically bought at the beginning of this school year. Happy Word Searching! :-)

Y G W N I N E T Y F I V E U G I J J G S
P A M Z Z B U E Z X W S A G H W Z Y P O
K T P A Z S I M R L K I D R W Y F B Q P
D W I A O P C Z E K K N M I D Z M N G B
G U N D X I D H M J B X X F S B B T Y Y
H X R O U H N E J C Y U H F B K B R U K
F A I H P N K S Q B I B K I R S I D B C
J P Z D M R H H M U W N H N K F X K F I
Z B L Z Y M M A K C A J T R Z H A I B U
R A B B K I Q M M E F V R O Z R D R B N
Y B C O G W F U M F Q T P A S U E N C X
W B P U Z I G R I D J N T D P H T R G P
F I P F P T Y I L D X G L E N V I E W A
B T G E H U P N B A O C L K V K K I C W
D T A R Y A H N A P W W T R P S J S H R
P Q M G K U U N N T T D V F D N J S G L
L C A U P U W Y K I K D L A N J M X O B
T P Q S C P F F D E I J X X D V A Z R E
N H W O B U N D Y E A S T C M O V Z C E
N S U N I J A K Z N T U K B K Z U L Q W

Griffin Road
Glenview A
Babbitt

Ninety Five
Mcintosh
Dunham

Bundy East
Milbank
Ferguson

Artistically Crafted by Mx. Dupree '26

Friday Five: Reasons Your Crippling Anxiety Doesn't Make You A Burden And Actually Makes You More Endearing

By Ms. Stillman '27

Your mental health is important. We at The Duel Observer strive to make a safe and reassuring space for everyone, even members of the RPG club. No matter where you are in your journey, that's okay, we all have to start somewhere. So here are five reasons you shouldn't be worried that everyone hates you and that you should instead embrace your anxiety.

5. **You're so silly goofy!** There is nothing more quirky than being an anxious. You may worry that you're bothering those around you, but don't fret. Your friends love it when you go into their dorms unannounced at the end of a long day and talk about all of your problems. It's so cute how you make them up just to have hours of bonding time every day!

4. **Your mom thinks you were a cute baby.** Texting your mom every hour is not annoying. Every time you call her, crying and screaming in the fetal position, it reminds her of how much she loved it when she took care of her little baby in the mid 2000's. Really, you're bringing her purpose and nostalgia through your anxiety, so you're doing her a favor. Awww!

3. **You're always so wasteddddd!** Your anxiety makes you everyone's favorite drinking buddy. In fact, everyone wants to be around you just to hear that one secret that's kept you up at night, fearing that your drunk self will reveal it to the world one day. So drink even more to get rid of the fear! And then wake up and don't remember anything! Partay!

2. **Anxiety was created by the liberals.** Okay but have you done enough research on your anxiety? Because I read a reddit post by Dr. Nekbeerd, Ph.D, that anxiety was created by the liberals to manipulate you into voting for Biden. All therapists are liberal plants. They're getting as much information about you as possible so the liberal aliens can abduct you and turn you into a sheeple libshart. Please become normal again. This isn't funny anymore! :)

1. **Ok but you're not really anxious.** Your anxiety is fake, but it's really adorable that you think it's real! Your delusions make people want to be around you more. Wait, but do people really want to be around you? Are the people around you really just delusions? Oh don't be silly, of course not! We're all here together. You are in Commons, alone, at the little square table in the back against the wall near the stairs to the balcony, reading the silly haha blue paper, eating before you write that 500 word essay for Intro to US History due at noon. And I am watching from the table next to you. You look great. Come say hi! I don't bite (or do I?)

THE DUEL OBSERVER

AMANDA ESTHER SEDAKA
Editor-in-Chief / Hat Kidney
JACOB ROBERT PIAZZA
Layout Editor / Sleepwear Chick
CHRISTIAN HAWKE MCCANN
Managing Editor / Gaiter Black-Eyed
BRUCE FREDERICK JOSEPH SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Staff Writers
VICTORIA NICOLE LIEBERMAN
ELIANA GABRIELLA MANNES

Contributors
CAMILLE SABIHA LURIE
EMMETT DANIEL DUPREE
HUNTER LEVON WISNESKI
ISABELLA DOROTHY STILLMAN
KATE ELIZABETH CONNOLLY
SOFIA IXCHEL MAYA

Webmasters
MOHAMMED SAMI
SARA LYNN CONTI

Blank Space
TAYLOR ALISON SWIFT

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?

Email duel@hamilton.edu

Complaints?

Or find us on the interweb!

Recipes?

<http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>