

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“We’ll Meet Up in the City!” Says Liar

RIFF-OFF CUT SHORT FOLLOWING PERFORMANCE OF KANYE WEST’S “BLACK SKINHEAD.”

Singer refused pleas to, “Go soft A.”

By Mr. Steele ’23

CRACKERS GETTING CHEESE DEPT.

(BABBITT PAVILION) This past Friday three of Hamilton’s most A Cappella groups came together for a night of music that seamlessly blended their talents in singing, improv, and acting as each other’s only audience. However, the “Riff-off” was cut short when A Time to Trill’s lead Tenor Tommy Klunt ’23 drew the prompt, “Guilty Pleasure Songs.” Instead of the anticipated Taylor Swift song, made amusing by Klunt’s being a boy and “A Cappella-Straight,” (Only does gay stuff if there’s eye contact), Klunt exchanged a meaningful glance with team-shitty-beatboxer Ray Cyst ’25 who began to imitate the sound of a rolling drum with his lips. What followed was a performance of Kanye West’s “Black Skinhead,” that has been described by some students as, “Problematic,” by others as, “The Afterbirth of a Nation,” and by the Alexander Hamilton Institute as, “Good.”

The Riff-off initially drew the ire of students after an ill-phrased promotional Jodel post promising to, “Blow up Bab Pav this Friday,” was misinterpreted by law-enforcement and resulted in a several hours long shutdown of campus. Tensions ran high as the song progressed towards what everyone hoped would be a timely stop before any truly unfortunate language was used by the glitter-bow tie wearing singer. However, when Klunt reached the phrase, “Early morning cartoon shit,” he began to sing the rest of the song in the voices of various iconic Disney characters leading to an unfortunate soundbite of Goofy overzealously rapping several slurs spreading across various Barstool Sports-affiliated Instagram accounts.

When reached for comment as to whether or not Klunt would be receiving any repercussions for his performance, the Dean of Students’ office informed The Duel Observer, that they were looking into forming a scholarship fund in Klunt’s name to promote the artistic endeavors of quirked-up white guys ignoring the ethical implications of their behaviors in true Hamilton College spirit.

HAMILTON COLLEGE RELEASES NEW CUM PISS MAP TO RESOUNDING APPLAUSE

Yeah I’ve, like totally had sex lol, why do you ask?

By Mr. McCann ’23

BOTTOM OF THE BARREL DEPT.

(TOP OF THE ALEX STATUE) Hamilton released its newest interactive map this week after months of anxious waiting by the student body, and the results have been striking. The “Cum Piss” map promises to accurately detail all the locations where a student has hooked up or gone to the bathroom, but to the disappointment of a select group of users, does not include information for situations where both occurred at the same time. The app has been off to a rocky start with its stability, as beta testers of the map report seeing, “abnormally high rates of sex in Buttrick hall.” When pressed for comment as to why that might be the case, a sweaty senior administrator with a loose tie and undone belt responded that the app was quote “still working out some of the kinks”. In keeping with its rough launch, the app has received mixed reviews by the student body. When asked as to his thoughts on the app, econ major Benjamin Dover was quoted as saying that “The app is awesome! It lets me prove that I totally had sex in a minor (dorm).” While developers are happy with the progress, they do warn that the app “lacks the functionality to differentiate between a home game in the shower and a trip around the bases”. Some are strongly against the app, as CHI PSI pledge SJ Reelee ’23 has complained the map is inaccurate as he, “gets mad puss” and isn’t “a beta male bitch boy” as the map reports he might be. Others see the map for a different purpose: a chance to keep Hamilton’s reputation as a forward institution built on good traditional family values safe. Campus head of safety Heddap Miass plans on using the information of the app to target the campus’ most prolific offenders (dark siders with dyed hair) and deal with them accordingly. Miass also plans to station extra campo officers around the campus hot spots which she reports were List basement, and oddly enough, a random house at the bottom of the hill not known to house any students.

COUPLE STAYING TOGETHER AFTER GRADUATION Baffles MANY

Not my friends though hahaha you guys keep going

By Mr. Wilson ’23

CO-DEPENDENT VARIABLE DEPT.

[IN DENIAL] The end of the year brings with it the tears of people who happily stayed together for expediency’s sake and now have to contend with distance and uncertainty. And pretty flowers and sun! The campus powerhouse couple Gertrude DeLoitte ’23 and Stunt Sneezer ’23—known by their couple name Gunt—are miraculously staying together after graduation.

Gunt has been on the rocks for a few years now, DeLoitte says, but she claims that Sneezer “is just too special. He just makes all of his boys laugh so hard!” Sneezer, on the other hand, thinks that DeLoitte “is a super cool dude.”

Immediately post grad, DeLoitte plans on heading to the wilds of Minnesota to teach inbred children how to code, then, to save some money, moving in with her grandma who watches Blue

Bloods, whatever channel is on when the router resets, and whoever they replaced Tucker Carlson with. Sneezer is contentedly taking a position in front of the TV holding his balls and coasting off his research grant money that he got to study the effects of holding his balls. DeLoitte will be in the Boston area and Sneezer will be somewhere between super high and drooling in fetal for most of the time (because of the bong).

Nevertheless the intrepid Gunt plans on making it through the distance. They eventually plan to move in together in New York, while Sneezer makes his dreams of holding his balls a reality and DeLoitte tries not to be racist on the subway. They plan to manage their physical distance by FaceTiming every night except if they don’t want to and promising only to jack off to porn that’s normal.

Friend of Gunt, Himiny Cricket ’23, expressed confusion. “I just don’t get it. Neither of them can actually do better, but they can at least do like a parallel move? In their defense, I guess they were together all four years despite all of us being like: ‘what?’ Who knows, maybe they’ll be the next Billary.”

Trust me when I tell you, the guys in here know how to use a knife.”

In this issue: I Didn’t Know He Was Gay I Just Thought He Was Single

SENIOR WEEK



Remember all those fun late nights you went to? See, “Sadove Late Night all day!”

pg. 23.

Emotional Support Animal of the Week



Flees from couch I got in Babbitt (Couch)

LAST DUEL MEETING FORECAST

1:00 PM

2:00 PM

3:00 PM

“Together forever.”

Simon’s Duel Highlight Reel

For four years, I have been silenced by the liberal media (The Duel’s editorial staff) because they don’t want you sheep to know the truth (my pitches are too convoluted to be funny to anyone but me). Like closing time at the Rok, it is closing time for me at The Duel, so it is time to hit on the ugly townie of journalism and publish my favorite pitches that never quite got wrote!

- You can give me all the points you want, it won’t get them skid marks out of the jitney.
- Oh no! My search history popped up while giving a presentation in class and now people won’t stop calling me “barbie movie trailer deleted scene cameltoe” :(
- Friday 5 rectangles but they get increasingly more opaque
- Welp, I guess my thesis couldn’t have been very good because admin hasn’t stolen it to hang up in admissions
- Hamilton students up in arms after administration holds classes for three consecutive days
- Guys, I hate my geography class! We’re studying Southeast Asia right now and my penis has never been more sore
- “Better to piss while shittin’ than shit while pissin’” and other unsolicited, folksy nuggets of wisdom from Francis S. Coots
- Yeah I got that dog in me! if by “that dog” you meant five unopened packages of mayo from diner
- We tried all the new ice cream at mcewen! and now my stummy hurts real bad
- Local darkside straight man, “Wow boygenius really put their whole pussy in this new album”
- Cybersex Dos and Dont’s: How I Ruined my Macbook
- First Rosh Hashanah, now Yom Kippur?!? How Hamilton is losing the War on Christmas
- I feel like I’m getting along better with my dad now that I too have developed mild alcoholism
- Oh no!/Yikes!/Not again! This week Topical’s overheards are all intimate and shockingly accurate details of my family’s ongoing custody battle
- New Dean, Same Bullshit: How I got expelled for camming in a KJ Resource Room
- Friday Five numbers (and you have to guess which ones they are)
- I don’t have nipples. That shit’s for girls.
- Like format like an email from the school: “who’s trying to get their dick sucked fuck go back i didn’t mean to send”. It would be one email. But they haven’t hit send. And then they hit send. And that’s the entire feature
- On Zoom, no one can hear you fart but we all can see you gagging

Slipped under the door of this Duel Editorial meeting by Mx. Stringer ’23

Straight from many Adderall-fueled all-nighters and A03 comes Astrella Lastrange’s 420,000-word novel for their senior creative writing thesis, *Love and Death at Diner B: A Supernatural Fanction*. The following is an excerpt taken from their thesis reading:

Ruby and I stood in line after ordering our food. She ordered a buff ‘el guapo’. I ordered a beyond burger. Her beauty astonished me: her silken blonde hair flowing down her back. In response, the soft down on my burly arms stood raised and erect. We got our food, walked over to a booth, and we began to chat about our Lupine Biology course, where we had both come from. “So Dean, what were your findings on the lab with our findings on omega breeding rates in wolves?” Ruby asked, as her eyes drifted over to a magisterial figure moving towards us with his powerful stride.

It was Sam, who sat across from us in class in our rival lab group. Staring at us with his piercing blue eyes and holding his buff tenders with fries in the grip of his powerful hands, Sam said: “Looks like there’s some space here right next to Ruby in this booth.” As he sat down, his carved thighs collided with the booth’s soft red lining, echoing throughout the diner. He paid the jukebox to play “Cola” by Lana Del Ray. He put one of his ripped arms, thick with dark and rugged hair, above and around Ruby while eating his meal with one hand.

Sam commanded the conversation with Ruby, flirting with her. Ruby played with her hair. Her pupils dilated. Her cheeks flushed red with blood, causing her to blush anytime she spoke to Sam. I felt so pitiful, and thought I would sink into the booth, becoming one with the many french fries lost within its folds. Yet, something most strange was taking place. I began playing footsie with Sam, our feets intertwining and soles touching. Every once and a while, Sam would wink at me, his blue eye caressing my inner-being. I began to faintly quiver and shake. My pulse raced. My head swirled. Why would Sam, an alpha-chad ever want me, Dean, a meek beta, so utterly submissive and breedable? And does he think if he flirted and hit it off with Ruby he would make me jealous? No, I cannot get into another fling and let my heart get broken all over again. I need something real and more long-lasting, such as a relationship with Ruby. But Sam is truly a force of nature...and then and there, an idea cropped into my mind: polyamory. To be continued with Chapter 30: “Help from Cas Aboard the Shitney Express.”

Heard by Mr. Chivily ’23

Friday Five: Hardest Ways to Say Goodbye

By Ms. Davidson ’23 and Mr. Wright-Schaner ’23

It was the best of times, and now those times are over. Ugh! Remember when they started? You thought it would last forever. How foolish. Don’t smile because it’s over; cry because it happened. Wait. Don’t smile when it’s over; cry when it’s over. What? That makes no sense. When it’s over, it’s all said and done, but when you say goodbye, that’s when it really is over. Right? Someone help me out here. Anyways... Here are some, if not all, of the hardest ways to say goodbye.

5. With a song. So many have made tearful farewells with a song. Sometimes they can’t even get through the song, and the song suddenly becomes bad. Like, they should stop singing because of all the snot. It kind of ruins the moment. Annoying. But that’s what makes it hard. Remember when Lady Gaga sang that song at the end of A Star is Born? God, that made me weep. I was in the Bethesda Row Cinema with my friend Sophia, and we were like, “oh my god.”

4. Over coffee. So much left unsaid... we should get coffee sometime. How are you? What’s new? See also: lunch.

3. On a train. Wait, slow down! I’m not ready. I don’t know if I ever will be. I want to get off. Sir!

2. Paris, exterior. EXT. PARIS STREET -- EVENING 190. We see ANDY, walking up the street in the dusky light. She has never looked more beautiful. She is serene. And she is free. The wind blows through her hair. She smiles. Her phone rings. She looks down. Sees the name MIRANDA. ANDY doesn’t break stride for a moment as she tosses the ringing phone into the nearest fountain. Wrong choice, Andy. A million girls would kill for that job!

1. When it’s too late.

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