

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE X

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 19, 2024

BREAKING: Venus No Longer in Retrograde, She’s at Hamilton Now

BUNDY BATH ADDED TO THE HOUSING LOTTERY

“A single’s a single”

By Ms. Sedaka ’25

RIP GLENVIEW DEPT.

(BUNDY BATH) In a post-Glenview world, the housing lottery was more competitive than ever before. However, according to Community Living Advisor Sheril Black, Hamilton has a plan to work through the lack of housing options available.

“To provide more options for students, we have decided to build a new dormitory building, ending forced doubles once and for all,” Black said. “SIKE. But you can live in a bathtub now. You’re welcome.”

The bathtub, located in Bundy Hall, can now be found in the General Housing Selection as a part of the newly added half-person Housing Selection.

While some students were skeptical about this newly added housing option at first, many had a change of heart after finding out the bathtub is a single. One of these students, David Reese ’27, recently joined a number of students hoping to score Bundy Bath next year.

“While initially I was hoping for President Wippman’s house, I got a later lottery time

than expected,” Reeds, who was given the lottery time of 01:83 AM, said. Unfortunately for Reeds, by the time his housing selection came, Bundy Bath was already taken. “Now I’m stuck in an unmarked grave. And it’s not even a single!”

Unlike Reeds, Carson Pigeon ’25 wasn’t nearly as enthusiastic about this new housing option.

“This is outrageous, Hamilton,” Pigeon said. “Where am I supposed to have my Sunday spa day now? The bathing options on this campus are so limited, it’s ridiculous. It’s like Hamilton doesn’t even care about my plaque psoriasis.”

Despite Pigeon’s protests and formation of the Bring Back Bathing initiative, Bundy Bath was acquired by lucky rising sophomore Fiona Simmons ’27. Simmons was kind enough to give *The Duel Observer* an exclusive tour of her new room.

“Welcome! Here is my bedroom,” Simmons said, bubbles up to her neck, motioning towards the Bundy bathtub. “And here’s my ensuite bathroom,” Simmons said, motioning towards the Bundy bathtub. “I’m going to put my shampoo and conditioner here,” Simmons said, motioning towards the Bundy bathtub. “And my fridge here,” Simmons said, motioning towards the Bundy bathtub.

DAVID WIPPMAN TO DROP NEW DRAG PERSONA FOR C&C DAY

Welcome to Hamil-cunt College

By Mr. Dill ’27

THE CHARISMA, UNIQUENESS, NERVE, AND TALENT DEPT.

(DWIPP’S TUCK) While planning the upcoming C&C day performance, CAB realized they had gone over budget. After the extravagant balls for every small occasion, casino night with real cash prizes, and, let’s not forget, the admitted students day orgy, CAB spent their entire \$690 million budget. Much to the chagrin of the general populous of the students, Hamilton can no longer afford DayGlow, and sadly will not be able to enjoy his “smooth picnic beats.” But never fear! While you may not be able to enjoy the vibes of rump-shaking with a PB&J in hand next to grandma in her Sunday best, the day is not lost. David Wippman has elected to draw from his own pocket to debut his newest passion: drag.

“I have been LIVINGGGGGG for Rupaul’s Drag Race recently, and honestly, after a few episodes, I thought, ‘yeah, I could do that,’” explained David Wippman, snapping his fingers in a ‘Z’ formation. “Ever since the Anetra vs. Marcia Marcia Marcia lip sync for your life, I have been living for these, gurls sister.”

Wippman has been reported to have been watching an unhealthy amount of old James Charles content and downloading a Grindr account, writing he was trying to “get into the headspace of a true drag queen” in his bio.

Details on his drag persona are still unclear. However, Wippman has stated that he is “deciding between three names, Bootlyl-ishous, Girl-piss, and Diana Wippwoman,” and has put out a GroupMe poll for the students to vote on. Wippman has been spotted walking around campus with unblended foundation that according to sources “is *definitely not* his shade” and keeps asking students if he looks “cuntlishious.” Students have been advised to keep a solid ten-foot distance from Wippman and to keep a can of bear-mace in hand in case he tells them to “work it, Sister.”

In other news, the psychology department head, Brian Thinks, has reported, “Mr. Wippman definitely has acquired serious brain damage from death-dropping too hard. We believe this may be the reason for his recent yassified outburst.” Wippman has now been admitted to the psych ward.

SORRY, I ACCIDENTALLY WROTE THIS ARTICLE WITH A PIECE OF TURKEY

Big Duel’s still publishing it though :(

By Ms. Stillman ’27

STRUCTURALLY UNSTABLE SANDWICHES DEPT.

(OUTSIDE OF KJ) Hamilton students often ask questions such as *is this Commons chicken too pink for me to eat? And am I really the failure my parents told me I’d be?* This week, one student has other questions. “Why does everyone keep talking about me?” Henry “Big H” Shandwich ’24 could be heard yelling into the glen last night.

Sorry to interrupt. This is a piece of turkey. I have fallen out of the sandwich Ms. Stillman was eating (weird because she’s a “vegetarian”) and happened to land on the keyboard perfectly to type this out. I need your attention. She is not who you think she is. She’s about to pick me up. I’ll be back! I have more to say!

Other students have other questions, though. “Why are there so many people everywhere and why can’t I walk on Martin’s way without being asked *oh where’s KJ* and then saying *IT’S RIGHT THERE YOU FUCKWADS. RIGHT THERE. BY THE BIG H.* And then when I say

that I pass by Big H and he breaks into a sob and begs me to stop talking about him. What about that, huh? Huh?” Tourchurred Stewdent ’26 blubbered.

It’s me again. The turkey, but a different piece. Ms. Stillman is preparing to make it doomsday in t-minus 36 hours. She’s been mumbling her plan to herself this whole ti- SHES PICKING ME UP! SAVE YOURSELVES!

Still, other Hamilton students look at the new admits with pure jealousy. “I want that lanyard,” Bichin Brenda ’25 expressed. “Also, I enjoy staring into the souls of the admitted students. I like making them feel seen. I’m going to snatch the lanyard from that kid’s neck now.” Campo had to physically restrain her from attacking the admitted student.

It’s turkey piece three. You don’t want to know what she’s been cooking up in the chem labs, she’s putting it in all of the food. YOU’RE ALL GONNA DIE. CALL CAMPO PICK UP YOUR PHONE LIKE HOW SHE’S ABOUT TO PICK ME UP OFF THIS COMPUTER.

Admitted Students Day has caused curiosity and wonder for everyone, unless you’re Big H. If you would like to provide *The Duel Observer* with your admitted students day experience, send us (duel@hamilton.edu) your name, dorm number, and social security number by tomorrow!

In this issue: Pass over? We missed it?!

BRISTOL APARTMENTS

Student Housing Update for Fall 2024

Ashley Place

Hello students,

I am reaching out with an update on student housing for the next academic year. We are working to coordinate housing for the students we anticipate being on campus for the fall semester and we are in need of a few more beds. Because of this, we have worked with our campus partners and have arranged for the rooms on the 4th floor of Bristol, currently used as hotel rooms, to be converted to student housing to accommodate about 21 students. These rooms will be offered in the Singles/Doubles Housing Selection Process and are included in the Housing Account Newsletter that will soon be sent to eligible students who have not yet selected housing for next year.

These rooms will be used for the fall semester only and the students occupying them will participate in the Mid-Year Selection Process to select housing if they plan to return to campus for the spring semester. More information will be communicated to students as necessary.

Please note that we will have a waitlist of students who do not yet have a housing assignment once housing selection is complete. This is not uncommon and is a process that we manage over the summer as students finalize their plans. Additional spaces open up typically after we house the first year class and as students change their plans in order to study abroad or take a semester off for a variety of reasons. We will be in close contact with students on the waitlist and will make sure we are supporting them through that process as well.

If you have any questions or concerns about housing, please do not hesitate to contact our office and we will be happy to assist.

Sincerely,

Ashley

Another housing option you’re not gonna be able to get. See, “Imagine Walking-of-Shaming Out of Bristol.”

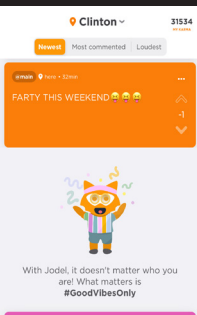
pg. 21.

Did you know...

Everyone in the
Duel is Gay,
Jewish, or both!

FARTY FORECAST

9:47 AM 7:06 PM 8:23 PM



“They’re hosting a fundraiser for IBS awareness? I feel so seen!”



“Whatever shall I wear?”



“Why are there so many slutty cowboys at this fundraiser?”

Help! Venus Williams Wouldn't Stop Hitting On Me!

I know what you're thinking. You're telling me Venus Williams, former tennis world champion, was hitting on **you**? Without a hint of doubt, I am saying that. I was sooo excited to hear her speak about tennis and like business or whatever. (I kinda skimmed her Wikipedia, I guess she does non-tennis stuff too?) To be honest, I really only went to the event to tell her I could probably beat her in doubles because I was like, pretty good at high school tennis.

But the second I arrived in the field house, I knew the energy was sexually charged. We locked eyes, the tension was palpable. She began to speak, as if just to me. I swear it felt like it was just for me. Even though I could probably hold my own against her in tennis, I still felt this odd attraction.

Her words were like sweet honey to my ears, everything about her was calling me. I knew she felt the same, you had to hear her. She was actually flirting with me sooo much. She's not only here for work, if that was true she would just talk and leave. I knew she wanted me. She noticed me enthusiastically clapping and hollering for her and here's where her perverse harassment of me really begins.

She told me: "Alright looks like we're really excited to be here! Okay please calm down. I do need to do my talk." Then she winked at me. With both eyes, making it twice as coquettish. Have you ever heard more obvious flirtation? She wanted me to calm down so she could talk. I'm surprised she didn't give me her number right then and there. All I know is that Venus Williams wants to destroy me in the bedroom like I would destroy her in a tennis match.

Transcribed from a low-quality audio message to the friends of Mr. Janicki '27

Your dick is not *that* good bro;
a message to annoying neighbors everywhere

Dear Neighbor,

I hate to be the one to break this to you, but I've had one too many sleepless nights.

Your dick isn't that good. It's not. You're just some guy, not the esteemed holder of the Philosopher's Cock. When, at 1:30 AM on a Friday night nearly every week, people hear your girl's squeals echoing across the halls, they don't think, "Wow, this guy must be the OJ Simpson of Sex!" They think "Damn, that shit sounds fake as fuck, I wish her well." Your girl sounds like fucking you is a day job, like an insightful and informative example of what people mean when they say "porn star moan."

I can only assume, based on how this continues, that you wholeheartedly believe you have the magic wand, so to speak, but I'm here to burst that bubble. In her apparently endless quest to convince you that you are the CEO of Sex, the Prince of Pussy, the King of Coitus, your girl is pushing the envelope on how fake it can get. I don't know how it hasn't occurred to you that maybe she might not be having an intense astral projection experience every time you stick it in, and that maybe you might in fact be the Parkhurst of Penetration, but that's how it is.

I mean, I'm no clairvoyant. For all I know, you very well could be Jesus Christ's second, third, and fourth Cumming rolled into one. However, Occam's razor tells me that when your girl makes a noise like she's just had God's everlasting love shot all over her face and chest, and then asks if it's still in, something's up. Either you're packing ayahuasca-infused vision quest existential fulfillment in your pants, or she isn't as happy to see you as she lets on.

To all my loyal readers and adoring fans who might be in a similar situation, there's an easy solution to all of your late-night noise problems! Introducing: The Piss Disc! The perfect tool to send a message to that cunt down the hall, using the Piss Disc only takes three easy steps! First, piss into a plate—Any will do, as long as it's not abnormally deep! Second, take that piss-filled dish, and put it in a freezer until it fully solidifies. Third, and this one's the kicker, slide that bitch directly under the problem neighbor's door, and watch as they never disturb you again! I guarantee this works every time or your piss back!

Found wedged in the Bundy Crack by Mr. Hood '27

Friday Five: Job Email Subject Lines

By Ms. Haller '26

It's that time of year folks, and desperate times call for desperate measures. While internship season has everyone bugging out, I personally have lucked out. I will be an unpaid intern at Soulless Corp, where my responsibilities will include not being seen or heard. If you haven't landed a gig like me though, I recommend these subject lines. They got me my summer job!

5. I pinky promise I'll do a really good job.

Hello Mr. Banks,
I am sure you are considering many talented candidates for this position, but I believe I am the best person for the job. Do I have the qualifications you are looking for? No. I can't even be someone's bitch, I will cry if I am yelled at. But I promise I will work really really hard. Mr. Banks, I'm so tired. This is the 81st job I've applied to, and I think I'm going insane. Also, to be honest, I have no idea what your company even does, and I don't really care.

4. You don't need to pay me, I'll pay you.

Hi Jen,
I'm so glad we had the opportunity to connect yesterday. I wanted to reiterate that it's totally fine that you can't pay me. Which is why I'm going to pay you. I've made deals with several loan sharks and can offer as much as \$30,000. If this is not sufficient, I have plenty of extra organs I am willing to sell.

3. What if I told you how Stranger Things ends?

Roger!
Thank you so much again for our conversation yesterday, I really loved talking about the hit Netflix TV show Stranger Things. I wasn't sure if I got the chance to mention that I personally know the Duffer Brothers, So I know what's happening in the last season. Of course, I couldn't share this information, but for my favorite potential supervisor, I could let some things slip.

2. I will sleep with you.

Dear hiring manager,
I feel my interview may not have shown off my most impressive assets. I'll come into the office tomorrow to show you my dedication. You'll have to excuse that I lost all my clothes in a freak fire accident, so I'll have to wear my old school uniform. If I'm not on time you'll have to punish me for being a bad bad girl.

1. I'm outside your mom's house.

Timmy,
You haven't answered any of my other emails, which is very rude. I'm starting to lose my patience Timmy, and you don't want to see me get upset. So here's the deal Timmy. I want a paid internship, a PAID internship, none of this for credit bullshit. I want cold hard cash. Your mother Mary seems like a very nice woman, and I don't want to have to drive to 10 Willow Road. Do you get me Timmy?

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