

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, Issue XI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 26, 2024

President Wippman Declines to Comment on Whether or Not He Loves the Female Orgasm

HOLES IN DARK-SIDE CEILINGS GROW CONCERNINGLY LARGE

“I was saving that cement for later!”

By Ms. Mannes '26

CRATER DEPT.

(ROOT FIRST FLOOR. WAIT, SECOND FLOOR) The holes in Dark Side ceilings have been a hallmark of the brutalist and also somehow mid-century dorms, with inspirational quotes such as “I met Anubis while on shroom here in 2019” and “Moloch, Filth, Destruction, Pestilence.” Unfortunately, these historic glyphs have started to disappear as the holes have expanded, stripping the sides of these remarkable cubes.

The widening of the ceiling holes was first observed by Maximus Rhombus '25 on April 23rd. “I was staring at the ceiling sobbing and wailing, but once I had calmed down, I noticed that my favorite hole in the ceiling, Sheet Cake, was larger than it had been the night before.” Coincidentally, on that night, Rhombus was tripping off “that shit they had in 'nam,” which is why in the morning he thought nothing of the previous night’s “hallucination.” However, it was no hallucination. Other students have begun to notice the holes in their dorms’ ceilings expanding.

STUDENT LAYS FACE-DOWN ON COLLEGE HILL ROAD AFTER DECLARING HIMSELF “THE TRAFFIC KING.”

It’s weird, he’s getting too into it, and it’s probably for the best if you just ran him over.

By Mr. Dill '27

PRNDL DEPT.

(THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR) Yesterday, Campo and Clinton Police were overrun with callers, after a local senior, Adame Driver '24, was found seemingly unconscious on the crosswalk connecting Lightside and Darkside. Apparently, he was simply napping. Brock King-Laws, the officer who woke up Driver, reported his mannerisms as he arose: “He just shot up, grabbed my wrist and shouted ‘WHO DOTH WAKE HIS MAJESTY UP FROM HIS SLUMBER?’ or some shit like that, I don’t really know, to be honest. They don’t pay me enough to care about the weird ones.” King-Law continued stating, “it was scary though. He had a gorilla-grip. I think he might be one of those Commons chicken and rice types... icky”

Our team later followed up with Driver to solve this mystery. “As a soon-to-graduate se-

“I was shocked to find that half of my ceiling had combined into one large square. All of the cement in between had seemingly vanished,” wept Vanessa Parallelogram '26. Dozens of students have reported that their ceiling holes have grown larger within the past week. “Not all of the holes are expanding. It’s usually ones that are easily reached by standing on a bed or desk,” commented campus security investigating officer Stew Marino.

Many students were unbothered but still confused about the rapidly expanding ceiling holes. Some of the holes have even started to merge to create mega holes, making the ceiling look normal, and leading students to be devastated at the loss of the quirky ceiling. Parallelogram lamented the loss of her ceiling holes or, as she puts it, “a former lover,” saying through tears “they are my only friend, my only love.” Others are upset that their backup stash of cement for snacking was being depleted. Not much is known about the situation. There is an ongoing investigation as to what or who is causing this odd expansion. It is widely speculated that some greedy student is eating the cement between the holes. There are even a few who believe that the Dark Side dorms have started taking Ozempic and are “getting skinny.”

nior, shit’s hard out here, man. I used to be locked in with a marketing internship with the Tropicana company, but ever since OJ Simpson died, they started doing this weird memorial rebranding that I just can’t get on board with. I lost control over everything after that, and I just wanted to gain it back,” Driver explained. “So, learning that the cars on College Hill Rd. legally must stop for you was an exhilarating experience! I think, for the first time, I truly felt like I mattered. I felt as though, someone, anyone would finally listen to me! Do you understand what it’s like to be lost in the dark for ages, just to finally be found? It’s orgasmic!” Driver then began openly weeping.

“Today, on my way to Theater 100, I noticed some old hag in a Ford F150 had touched the crosswalk paint, That bitch didn’t know the pecking order, so I had to put her in her place!” Driver explained. It should be noted our sources report the “old hag” was his professor.

Continuing, he said, “I simply meant to lay there to assert dominance. Turns out hot pavement would be great for a spa-day, because I zonked off there. But my point still stands, I am the Traffic King! No, GOD! AND ALL MUST KNEEL BEFORE THE POWER OF THE PEDESTRIAN MAN!!! MWA HA HA!”

Adame Driver '24 has since been taken to the psych ward.

STUDENT PLANTS WRONG WEED MATS

Dunham Gets Baked

By Ms. Frid-Madden '27

ALTERNATIVE AGRICULTURE DEPT.

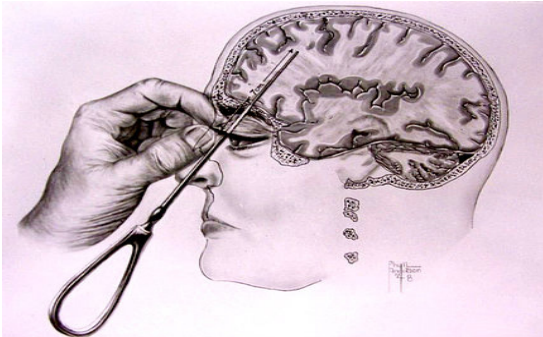
(OUTSIDE DUNHAM HALL) On Sunday, April 21, the Hamilton Sustainability Coordinators planned a “weed mat” event to aid in Hamilton College’s reforestation efforts by installing mats to prevent the growth of weeds around newly planted trees. Unfortunately, on April 20, Mary J Potts '27 misread the email while “totally zonked, man” in her celebration of what she describes as a national holiday. As a result, Ms. Potts spread 420 dried cannabis plants throughout Dunham, making a literal “weed” mat.

In an unfortunate turn of events, at approximately 4:19 AM, Dunham Hall caught fire, resulting in the hotboxing of all four floors of Dunham. All students managed to exit the hall relatively unharmed. Campus Security investigated the incident, but as officers got closer to the dorms, the more intoxicated they became. Eventually, all people in proximity to Dunham, including Campo, were “zooted”, and most ended up in what was described as a “stampede to Diner B.”

According to Nick Fry, a supervisor at Diner, the students and officers charged into Diner at full speed, then stopped short, mesmerized for about fifteen minutes by the neon lights on the ceiling. When they came to, they slowly walked as a pack, funneling into the ordering line. “They looked like a pack a raccoons, with these big red eyes and blank faces. I offered one of ‘em a pancake, this lanky kid. He ate it, shrieked, then all of ‘em stared at me. They kept staring until I served each one.” At some point in the night the song “Hoedown Throwdown” from *Hannah Montana: The Movie* began playing on repeat at the Diner’s jukebox until it got smashed by the Diner workers after approximately six hours and nine minutes of nonstop Hoedown. Hamilton’s Diner is now experiencing a shortage of pancakes, tater tots, bacon, and Starry.

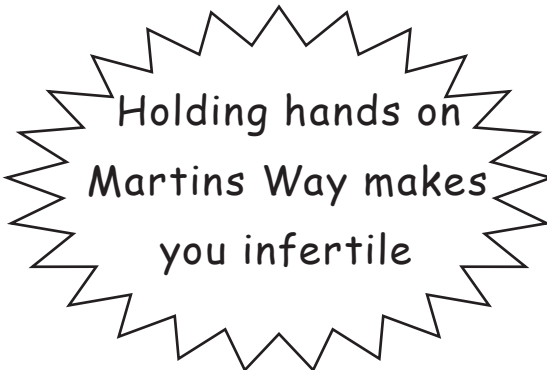
In this issue: The Gates of Heaven Welcome Us

FREE LOBOTOMY



Are you depressed? Suffering from finals-induced anxiety? You may need a lobotomy! See, “Behind the Sexual Health Vending Machine.” pg. 1950.

Did you know...



HAMTREK FORECAST

4:21 PM

5:34 PM

6:12 PM



“I’m swimming in my tears.”



“I’m cycling through emotions.”



“I’m running from my problems.”

Open Letter to Professors: I’m Depressed Because I Don’t Have Enough Work

Dear Professors,

I’m depressed. Every morning I wake up filled with dread for the coming days. I’ve completely run out of energy to get through the continuous struggles of college. Plain and simple, I need help.

My typical day starts when I wake up next to a stranger. Man, woman, other, the only connecting tissue between these people is that I have no memory of them and that they always declare their undying love for me after our “night of orgasmic pleasure.” I’m always quick to kick them out. Too much work if they stay.

After that, I head off to my marty (morning party). God, writing this down is making me stressed. I typically have about eight to ten drinks there before I head off to lunch. Lunch would be my reprieve from this stress, but for some ungodly reason, I have to play stack cup with the boys during this time.

My afternoons are pretty variable, but I generally am doing some form of party game training. I need to keep up my skills or else I’ll get kicked out of the frat. Afterwards, we usually head out to our evening party. It gets fuzzy after that, but I know I’ve been doing well because everyone at the frat still loves me. Holy fuck, I can’t believe that everyone is able to keep up with all this partying.

As you can see, I’m simply overstressed from all this partying and need a break. I long for the days back in high school when I could sit back, relax, and write my weekly ten-page essay. Those were the good old days. I don’t want to overburden you or anything, maybe just a four-pager or so every week. I just need a break. Please, give me something to do.

Found in the drafts of an archived email by Mx. Meisner ’26

Open Letter to Students: I’m SOOO Tired of Grading Papers!

Look, I know, you’re tired of writing them. I get it, really. I don’t like handing out seven-page papers due in two days, but I have to. Why do I have to? Maybe if you stopped asking stupid questions, you would have more time to write my papers. Back to what’s important here: ME. For every one paper you have to write, I have to grade 20. Obviously, after the first six, I stop reading and just give it a B-. I used to have principles and dreams, but then I started reading the work you fuckers do. Now all I have is “an unhealthy relationship with alcohol” according to my therapist. I physically can’t start grad-ing if I haven’t had a glass of wine. I usually go through a bottle be-fore I even start the first paper. That’s why it takes me half a semes-ter to give you your writing back. This year, I might even manage to get your finals back before summer break is over, but I doubt it.

I understand that you feel like the amount of papers I ask you to write is ridiculous, and if I hate grading them this much you want to know why I assign them. Well, I already gave you your answer. May-be if you listened in my class and learned basic critical thinking you could put it together. I’m an alcoholic, and your papers are my ex-cuse to drink. If I don’t have papers to grade, wine doesn’t taste the same. So when I assign that twelve-page research final, I only give you four hours to turn it in because I crave the sweet taste of char-donnay. Mama needs her chard. If I gave you more time to write, I’d have to wait longer before getting my fix and that simply won’t do.

So yes, I’m exhausted, hungover, and ruining your gpa. I don’t care. I never cared. I lied about having principles to begin with. I’ve always been this awful. You should have anticipated four papers a week when you signed up for Anthro 146 Femboys: Concept vs Actuality. You just had to take a writing intensive, didn’t you? So really what I’m saying is that this is your fault and it always has been. I take no responsibility, good luck with finals nerdwallet.

Mistakenly exposed in a department-wide email by Mr. Janicki ’27

Friday Five: Things the Big H Outside of KJ Stands For

By Ms. Sedaka ’25

If you have eyes, or even if you don’t, you’ve probably noticed the new giant H placed outside of KJ. While many believe the H stands for Hamilton College, they would be mistaken. So here are five things the big H really stands for.

5. **HAHA.** And it’s laughing at you, not with you! And you wanna know why? You go here! Fucking loser. I bet we have matching Brown rejection letters.

4. **Hank Green.** Now, you may be getting him confused with his brother, John Green, the famous author. But no, the big H actually stands for Hank, his slightly less famous YouTuber younger brother. Sorry, we tried to get John, but he and Serena are too busy talking at Brown. This is still cool though, right! Right?

3. **Here I am, once again, living lost but now and then...** Who woulda thunk it that David Wippman’s favorite show is Victorious? Well, it is! The big H is a tribute to his love for song, dance, and Victoria Justice. In fact, Wippman originally wanted the school motto to be “Let It Shine” instead of “Know Thyself.”

2. **“Hey, you! I’m an H!”** In this version of what the Big H stands for, the Big H has consciousness of its own existence and can talk. Think Frosty the Snowman but somehow weirder. In this version, David Wippman made an Aladdin-style wish for this to happen. His other two wishes were “to grow hair,” which the genie rejected, and “pretty please,” which was also rejected.

1. **Hamilton the Musical.** The giant H factory unfortunately got confused. While Hamilton intended for the big H to stand for the college itself, the big H factory assumed we meant the musical. Now it’s just embarrassing.

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