

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE XIII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 7, 2024

Health Center Reports Students Care Too Damn Much About Their Grades

STUDENTS PLAN TO SAY GOODBYE TO DAVID WIPPMAN THE ONLY WAY THEY KNOW HOW

He’s going to teach us how to say goodbye

By Mr. Piazza ’24

HISTORY DEPT.

(FIELDHOUSE OBAMA COURTS) Traditionally, students walking across the graduation stage have two options for interacting with David Wippman’s hand: shake it or hand it a green apple. This tradition began when Hamilton College forcibly feminized half of its male population and relocated them across the Root Gorge as a CIA-funded social experiment. The green represents the color that students’ balls turned before falling off.

Today, many students look back on the feminization of Hamilton men as an example of radical progressivism in the college space. So, seniors are desperately searching for a new motif to represent their dissatisfaction.

Luckily for students who don’t want to touch Wippman’s hand, there are many controversies to choose from. One senior, Inan Shooter ’24 rattled off a lengthy list: “Well, recently there was the radiation leak in Glenview, which resulted in the

Bundy goblin plague, but I’m tempted to turn to older controversies. There were the Battles of the Bands massacres, the time my friend’s therapist was a groundhog, Andrew Jillings, McEwen focaccia pizza, quarantining in the KTSA Pond submarine during covid, the Rosary Club’s self-crucifixion, and the Jans—every year there’s new Jans, I just don’t get it.”

However, students are having difficulty transferring their discontent into handable objects, and fights have been breaking out in Commons over disagreements. One student, emerging victorious at the cause of innovative use of spa water, explained the issues to us: “A lot of people want to use the goblin bones, but I prefer the radioactive flowers behind Glenview. Some people are even suggesting cum stained cloth masks or upside down crosses. I think though, the only way to get the people to rally behind a singular cause would be an object of Jan-hatred. I’m thinking we collect their hair from the Dunham 3rd-floor showers and give it to Wippman. He could use it anyways.”

The impeccable reporting of *The Duel Observer* reveals that David Wippman plans to turn the tables and hand each student platitudes and non-committal statements to remember him before returning to his home planet of Proxmia-9.

WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES DEPARTMENT INTRODUCES NEW HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Women belong in the Commons UCook station.

By Ms. Stillman ’27

REGISTRAR DEPT.

(MCEWEN CONVEYOR BELT) For the first time since Kirkland became part of Hamilton College, the Women and Gender Studies department rolled out WMGST001: Home Economics this spring semester. When asked about this class, Professor Mahne Splainer told *The Duel Observer* that, “the department introduced this groundbreaking new 000 level course because we figured most of those taking it would be women and football players trying to impress women. And neither of those groups could handle a course at a level any higher. But don’t be fooled, this class is no cakewalk. Well, besides the fact that they are taught how to bake a cake.”

Lessons in this course include *How to hold a knife without stabbing your husband*, *How to not scratch your husband’s new Camero*, and *How to produce breast milk for your husband*. “I only took this class because I needed a QSR course. I guess it was good to have hands-on experience with the difference between a quarter and a half cup, and how many sprays of Windex it takes to clean a square foot of countertop (1.75 by the way),” Jen Derr ’27 said. “Professor Splainer spends a weirdly long amount of time enunciating his words. He also keeps commenting on how we should have kids before our ovaries shrivel up into nothing. He really cares about his students.”

Many male students also found this class valuable. “When I signed up for this course, I saw the word ‘economics’ and didn’t read the description or anything. While I wasn’t expecting to be in a class full of fucking women, I did learn how to sew a tie to give to my dad on Father’s Day,” Klik Rongbutton ’26 said while holding up his creation with a big smile.

After the first semester of offering this course, “Commons has never smelled better, and Dunham has never been cleaner. In fact, I’ve decided that I’m no longer retiring. The students have been pressing and folding all of my laundry, and I haven’t had to cook in months. It’s great!” President David Wippman remarks, sitting in Buttrick Hall as a student mops the floor. He then began snapping his fingers at a second student, telling her to “make him a sandwich or fail Home Ec..”

Though this class may be a change for the Hamilton community, there’s no doubt that Home Economics is becoming an integral part of making our Hamily a Homeily.

SENIOR SELLS HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL IN PREPARATION FOR FINALS WEEK

As an econ major, it would’ve happened anyway

By M. Maya ’27

COMMENCEMENT DEPT.

(KJ 005) When the students of Phil169: The Ethics of Forced Feminization entered their classroom at 8:30 AM last Thursday, they were shocked to see the room covered in strange runes drawn in blood, all desks against the walls, with a large magic circle in the center as the stench of various Yankee candles penetrated their nostrils. Campus security quickly sealed the room off as local authorities were called in for a proper investigation.

Forensic analysis determined the blood to be that of various woodland creatures, including deer, chipmunks, and, as noted in the report, “that one bitch who’s always on a fucking glen walk.” The nature of the circle, however, could not be identified beyond the fact that it was a summoning circle, and no evidence would be found linking a perpetrator to the scene besides an empty pack of Zyns.

Investigators remained stumped until Saturday when four anonymous professors reported foreboding omens. Among these omens were sightings of

groups of six crows, mirrors in their house suddenly cracking, and discovering they had both a gay son and a thot daughter. Determining this could only be the workings of an eldritch being, investigators began to search for a common denominator among the seemingly unrelated group.

That was when investigators finally found Hamilton student Bartholomew Hamish Montgomery III ’24. Enrolled in courses with all four professors, Montgomery was set to fail each class, meaning he would not be able to graduate this semester. “Paying nerds to do your homework only gets you so far,” Montgomery said during his interrogation. “I need to ace all my finals if I want a chance to graduate.”

According to the police report, Montgomery had found an ancient grimoire in the depths of the library containing a summoning spell for none other than the Devil himself. Following the instructions Wednesday night, Montgomery completed the summoning, after which he exchanged his soul for a guarantee that he would pass all his finals.

When asked why he went to such extreme measures to pass, Montgomery said, “[My] dad’s one requirement for me taking over his business is that I graduate in five years, and I’m already on my fifth. I don’t want to have to work my way up the chain on Wall Street. I want my Fortune 500 now!”

Whether Montgomery will graduate is still up in the air, though rumors say that plans for a Montgomery House are already in the works.

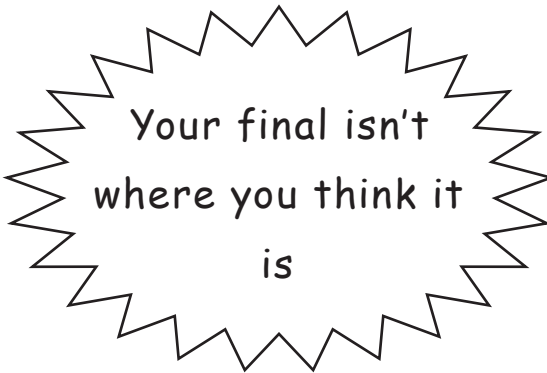
In this issue: We Prepare for the Second Coming

ALL NIGHT STUDY ROOM

Did you know...



Want a place to fuck while your roommate stays up all night studying? See, “Cuck All the Losers Trying to Be ‘Responsible.’” pg. 69.



MOVING OUT FORECAST

10:31 AM 12:02 PM 1:46 PM



“Time to clean out my room. I wonder what I’ll find.”



“Oh no. What is this new land under my bed?”



“Fuck it. I am the King of the Trash.”

For Rent: Summer Storage in My Butthole

Heeeeeeyyyyy guys! Summer break is fast approaching, and I'd like to offer a storage solution for anyone that needs it. You see, I realized earlier this year after my boyfriend left me that my man cave was feeling a bit empty. Not just empty physically, but mentally too. SOOOOO SAD :(.

Anyways, the Bundy Crack (as Father called it so lovingly) has never been more available! So, please please please message me if you need storage for the summer.

Information about the unit:

Size: I'm not quite sure, really. I've heard it can stretch to fit two raccoons, but Hubert's dick seemed to fill it completely. All I know for sure is that it can hold AT MOST 15 bottles of ADD meds, 27 Parm no cheeses from Diner, or one pair of open scissors (although I can probably fit more because the last time I tried I opened another hole in my rectum, unleashing what my doctor called "a tsunami of poop that threatened to fill all organs and orifices near it).

Price: For the hole summer: 27 Parm no cheeses from Diner or 15 bottles of ADD meds (possibly also one pair of scissors or two raccoons)

I'll also offer a weekly poop-out for any renters, just so you have a chance to shuffle through your things and make sure it's all still there.

Please let me know if you're interested! I'd looooooooooooovvvvvve to have you fill me up with the sharp metal objects you need to store.

Disclaimer: items may (certainly will) be infected with Hepatitis A after the deposit is made.

Posted on every bulletin board on Dark Side by Mr. Ebben '27

The Spectator Won't Put Me In Spec Singles, So I'm Making My Own

I'm sure some of you have noticed that The Spectator has recently stopped putting the Spec Singles into their publications. Well, fun fact, this was right after they told me I could be put in, and I'm pissed! So fuck The Spec! I'm making my own! Here's my Duel Observe Me Please, I Need Attention profile.

Hometown: New York City, NY

Dorm: Dunham

Soundtrack to your life? Jolene by Jojo Siwa

Celebrity crush? Jack Griffo (the dude from The Thundermans)

Home on campus: commons gender-neutral bathroom.

How do you rizz? Say the most out-of-pocket shit but in a fun and cute way.

Major? Nuisance (psychology & theater)

Turn on? Bullying out of love.

Turn off? *The Daily Bull*

Best rendezvous spot on campus? Red Pit (which is also what I call my puss).

What TV genre best describes you? Comedy (I'm just a silly little guy).

What are three things you can't live without? Music, Cat t-shirts, a pulse.

If you could join one group on campus, what would it be? Your mom.

If you could break one rule and get away with it, what would you choose? I would LOVE to drink the chemicals in my Chem lab (yummy).

Thumbs up? Zamboni guy

Thumbs down? Leaving the goddamn urinals unflushed.

Campus crush? You ;)

Faculty crush? The diner worker who I bonded over the f-slur with.

Perfect date? Board games and smooch.

Weirdest thing in your dorm room? Stick I found in a river.

What food would you be? Any fruit because I'm gay as fuck.

Lights on or off? Off (for my witchcraft).

Favorite study spot? The Glenview mold room.

Dark side or light side? I sleep on College Hill Rd.

Last lie you told? That I sleep on College Hill Rd.

Meaning of life? The connections you make and the ripple effect that has on the world.

Where do you see yourself in ten years? Hell.

Often heard saying: "Go off girl-piss!!"

Type: Huge dorks and my lesbian friend.

Spirit animal: Why do y'all wanna know my fursona?

First thought this morning: AH HH-HHH

Piece of advice: If he won't shut up about his Bitcoin, he can't get to your bits.



Meticulously crafted by Zach Dill '27

Friday Five: Campus Cryptids

By Mr. Janicki '27

As we are all aware, spooky things lie in wait for us here on the hill. I am a self-proclaimed cryptid expert, and I have had many personal encounters with the cryptids of this campus, some of which have been very intimate. This article will serve as a bestiary for students who believe in what lurks around the halls of List, or swims in the KTSA pond.

5. SWAMP THING. He is actually like really chill once you get to know him. Legends say he was once a student who fell in the pond and was turned into a horrible monster. If you sit on the chairs near the pond at 2 AM he may come up and ask if you have a Marlboro Red, as he used to be in DIX when he was a student.

4. MOTHMAN. I saw the Mothman. He had burning red eyes, dark black wings, and what most stories leave out is his massive cock. Man. That thing was huge. I think it was dragging along the floor. I spotted him as I was leaving Diner B and headed across the Martin's Way bridge. He was eating a rabbit in the stream below and he waved hi. A very respectable, well-hung cryptid.

3. GLEN GOBLIN. Have you ever felt like something was following you in the Glen? There was. The Glen Goblin was originally hired by Campo to enforce the Glen's closing time of sundown. However, it turns out he's such a little perv that he never stops anyone from going in, preferring to watch and listen. He doesn't off to the couples who fuck in the glen, though. He actually gets a kind of physical nourishment from witnessing touching moments, pleasant walks, and any kind of cute activity. Also, he loves the little gifts in the statue and will take them.

2. ECON/GENDER STUDIES DOUBLE MAJOR. I've actually never seen this one, only heard of it. To imagine a student so cut off from the world of critical thinking they want to study econ while having a passion for women and gender studies is truly terrifying. I would rather live with an angry bigfoot than exist in the same world as this monster.

1. PHANTOM OF SCHAMBACH. Have you ever been in Schambach late at night, or even just walking by, and heard the most haunting beautiful mouth-watering music of your life? You could check every practice room, but they'd all be empty because this is the work of the Phantom of the Schambach Center. Widespread conspiracy states that the phantom was once a student who felt themselves too hideous to practice at normal times of day, and so they began to play in the middle of the night at odd times, but were cursed to do so forever. Only completing their final thesis performance can break the spell... or, like, true love probably.

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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.

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