

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE II

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 2, 2024

If You Kick Every Freshman Out of Glenview, Who’s Going To Get Mold Poisoning, President Wippman?

AFTER HOCKEY TEAM LOSES, MAIL CENTER RECEIVES EVEN MORE BREASTMILK

Turns out breastmilk is not just for Jans!

By Ms. Stillman ’27

RECYCLED JOKES DEPT.

(FROSTY BOOB) After being crushed at the Citrus Bowl, the hockey team was devastated. But no one is more destroyed than the Mail Center employees. “This weekend alone, we’ve had 356 milk crates shipped in. At least this time we don’t need to build another refrigerator. The milk is being transported directly onto the rink, AKA the frosty boob,” Sally Shipsalot ’24, still a mail center employee, said.

Upon the loss of the Citrussy Bowl, the hockey team lost their squable to Ultimate Frisbee. Having nowhere else to go, they can be found in the Commons backroom (the shame room) sipping their bottles of bmilk in silence. “No one has been able to start a conversation without the Citrus Bowl coming up, and then when that comes up, we all have to go for our milky. I never imagined I’d need more milky once I got over that I wouldn’t make the NHL after Juniors and actually have to figure out my life,” said Skayts McGee ’26, who is 52 years old.

One may think that there is comradery between

the two bmilk drinking groups on campus. However, “we don’t want to be associated with those pathetic losers. I had a pack of citrus zyns under my left boob for 4 hours because those fucks couldn’t score,” Janet Janderson ’27, who is still a Jan, said. “I don’t condone violence, but I understand the Trinity guy who elbowed our player in the face.”

The Citrussy Bussy loss may be a blow to most of Hamilton, but Jans consider this a win. “It’s been nice not being at the bottom of the food chain anymore,” Janice Notareg ’27, a Jan, said with a sigh of relief. When asked if the Jans paid the hockey team to fuck up to improve their own status on campus, Notareg disappeared (I suspect she sneakily changed into camo).

Last week, we got a Hamilton mom’s take on the rise of bmilk on campus. This week, we’ve managed to get a hold of a hockey dad, Mr. Grinch ’75. “I actually think this could be good for the boys. They could use the calcium to strengthen their backbones after that devastating fucking loss,” he vocalized. “I saw on Reddit that men could train themselves to begin lactating. That’s why I’ve begun an organization called Men In Lactation Convention (MILC), where we dads train together on how to produce the most nutritious AND delicious milk possible.” So far, thirteen Hamilton hockey dads have begun partaking in the program.

GINGERS ADMIT TO TIES WITH THE DEVIL

And the devil is so cunt

By Ms. Frid-Madden ’27

#666 DEPT.

(IN A SHADOWY HALLWAY) “It all feels connected somehow...” Kaytlyn Kayse, brunette, ’26 said, standing in the dark. “They seemed normal at first, like in the first few weeks; I barely even noticed they were there. Until I started hearing things...” Throughout the fall semester and since winter break, *The Duel Observer* has received numerous reports about strange sounds students claim are connected to Hamilton’s Ginger population. It seemed fairly trivial until a *Duel* writer walked into KJ late at night and heard “screeches, gurgles, hums, and an off-putting ticking sound” emitting from the Red Pit. The writer waited, hidden behind a corner until the session ended. He says that about forty or so fiery-headed students walked out of the room, “dead silent with peculiar smiles on their faces – almost like that clown from *It*.” Once the *It* people were gone, he snuck into the room, phone flashlight in hand. As he described, there were “candle marks in a circle, a goopy red-dish substance dripping from the ceiling and a pile of scorched blond, brown, and black hair in the center. Then I turned around and–” The writer began to cry and gave no further comments.

The incident sparked an investigation by *The Duel* which confirmed the fears of students. “Bro, like, it’s not even a joke anymore. There’s something seriously fucked going on with them,” Brad McFruity, blonde, ’24 said, attempting to score as he skates on the ice. “They’re, like, infiltrating the school or something.” Strange sounds were heard at the same time as the Ginger meetings emanating from the buildings themselves, as well as overheating rooms, exploding lightbulbs, and unnatural screeching sounds in the pipes. But they’re not just strange noises. As resident chess specialist, Lou Serman, dirty blonde, ’26, explained, “I couldn’t sleep from the ticking noises in the heater, and I know morse code, so one day I decided to write down the clicks...It says ‘The Fire is Coming. It is Coming for Yum.’” Serman assumes the “Yum” was a typo, but nonetheless, the message is worrisome. And so I approached a Ginger known to frequent the meetings and asked about their nature: “Oh yeah no, it’s a seance.” Her friend joined in. “It gets kind of boring up here in the middle of nowhere, so once in a while we’ll get together, curse a few people, sometimes call up the boss to check in.”

When asked who the boss was, the Ginger exclaimed, “The Devil! He’s actually such a sweetie. Well, maybe not to you, ‘cause of, you know...” The Ginger motions at my hair. “But when you get to know him he’s actually so cunt. He even made the Red Pit for us. It used to be just a basic classroom, but now it feels more like home, fire emoji.”

STUDENT WORKS ON HER “BIG FEELINGS” WHILE BEGGING TO BE LET BACK INTO PUB

I promise I can be trusted with affection

By Ms. Mannes ’26

LOVING TOO HARD DEPT.

(THE ROCKS NEXT TO PUB) This past Saturday, Pub was as rowdy and lively as ever. People dancing on the bar and pathetic attempts at flirting were observed by many. Just your average night in a school-sponsored club environment. As chaotic as it was inside, one student was more hysteric than the others. Amy Weiner ’25 was seen sprawled out on the pool table lamenting, crying, and writhing around in a fit of female hysteria. This was not only disruptive to the attempted mating ritual of men playing pool and girls watching them; it was also of great concern to Campo. “I had never seen something like this before. I mean, I have a wife so I’m used to the erratic behaviors of women, but this is a level that I have never seen before,” exclaimed Frank Coots, head of Campus Security.

Weiner was airlifted off of the pool table by Campo’s fleet of drones and was brought to the Health

Center, which was open for the first time in years. She was examined by a sound healing therapist who deemed that she was hysterical. The sound therapist prescribed her a six-month stay by the sea, preferably in her parent’s cape house. Ms. Weiner intended to follow these instructions, but she first wanted one last night of crazy partying before her months of reflection and solitude. So she trudged back to Pub where a campo officer immediately stopped her from entering. She pleaded with the officer to let her back in by explaining that she has since been working on her emotional regulation and is ready to be integrated back into Pub. She was refused once again which is when she fell to her knees and started wailing that she had been working on her “overwhelming, all-consuming emotional turmoil.” This was promptly followed by two Campo officers escorting her back to her room kicking and screaming.

The next morning *The Duel Observer* was able to interview Ms. Weiner while she was packing for her six-month stay at the sea. When asked about what caused the previous night’s actions, she explained that she was “devastated, heart broken, and deeply unlovable, that there is so much pain in [her] chest that [she] couldn’t bear it.” When asked who caused all this pain, she responded by saying “it’s my fault for thinking that someone could love me.”

In this issue: We Suckle the Breast

NUDE MODEL



The Art Department is seeking insecure twinkie bottoms. See, “It’s Not Sexual” pg. 35.

Did you know...

There’s no federal standard on mold levels

FEB FEST FORECAST

2/1



“Oh my god! So many fun events coming up!”

2/4



“Chili cook-off, mentalist, what a great way to spend these cold, winter days”

2/16



“When will I feel joy again.”

A Step-By-Step Guide on How to Break the News to Your Jewish Mother that You Didn't Meet Any Nice Jewish Girls When the Dunham Fire Alarm Was Pulled at 3 am

If your mother is Jewish, you know she's expecting you to meet nice Jewish girls/boys at every event. She has probably given your number to strangers with the idea that she's helping you find a wife. With that in mind, this will be a very practical guide on how to explain to your mother "no, there weren't any nice Jewish girls to meet, it was three in the morning, everybody just wanted to go back inside."

Step one is easy: Assure your mother that you were not cold. This has little to do with the girls, but she will probably want to know that you remembered to bring your coat. While you're telling her that you weren't cold, you can also add how you've been eating super well at college and she doesn't need to worry about what they're feeding you. When it comes to your Jewish mother, some lies don't count.

Step two gets harder: Explain to your mother that none of the NJGs (Nice Jewish Girls) who live on your floor wanted to use this fire alarm getting pulled as an excuse to meet NJBs (Nice Jewish Boys). If your mother is open-minded, you can attempt to explain that you don't view every situation as an opportunity to meet girls, especially when you've been violently removed from the dorm by the wailing of the fire alarm. Play into her delusion by telling her, "They just don't know how nice, Jewish, and single I am. I wish I met some nice girls, but I guess they were running away from the fire alarm from a different exit." If your mother isn't open-minded, just tell her they still separate dorm buildings by gender. She'll believe you.

Step three: Remind yourself, she really has your best interests at heart. Mommy loves you, she just would love grandchildren more.

Step four: Remember that she's probably only asking to make her mother happy. Now think of what you're going to tell your grandmother when she asks if you've found any nice Jewish girls at college. If you tell her no, she's just going to think you're embarrassed and assume you have a secret lover who isn't Jewish. She will then swiftly die from shock.

Step five: Change the subject. While your mother is likely obsessed with the potential nice Jewish girls you're meeting at strange hours of the night, she also probably wants to know if you've been to one of the six million Jewish life on campus events. Once again, try lying!

Finally, step six: Make your getaway. Now that her mind has been temporarily put at ease about the fire alarm, tell her you would love to keep talking, but you have to run to class. Just pray she doesn't ask if you sit next to any nice Jewish girls. And make sure to hang up the phone before she asks why you have class at 3 am.

Inspired by a real text conversation with the mother of Mr. Janicki '27

What Your Extracurricular Activities Say About You

Geoguessr	Women's Rugby
Haha nerds, def need vitamin D supplements	<3 Cause tackling and gay
Acapella	Up and Down Club
You guys are making pitch perfect a reality and for that I applaud you	I still don't really understand what you guys do, the ups and downs of life my ass! I think it's a front for something, My guess is that is should be called the highs and lows club
Varsity athletes	Cloud Watching Club
So awesome!!!!!!! (this is not because I am scared of you hahaha)	While the school may not recognize you as a "real club" you are real ones in my heart
Club Volleyball	Meditation
So hot and sexy and cool (def not a biased take, I am not a social member and I am NOT friends with the Presidents)	You guys are so chill, maybe <i>too</i> chill
The Daily Bull	WHCL
Quantity over quality smh, and y'all didn't have capricorns on your horoscope	Bunch of yappers and pretentious bitches
Hogwarts at Hamilton	Writing Center Tutor
I can't trust you, Percy Jackson is the superior series.	Ya think you're better than me huh?
Women in Finance	Running Club
Werk queen girlboss go! You are totally not going to sell out to an inherently anti-feminist investment bank!	Why would anyone in their right mind run voluntarily? You are all masochists
	Chabad
	you didn't like my dead dad joke, now I can't show my face

Found crumpled up in the trash by Ms. Haller '26

Friday Five: Buildings that I Think Should be Replaced with Sinkholes

By Mr. Hood '27

Walking across Hamilton's campus on a beautiful wintry morning, you might catch yourself awestruck by the utopian elitist vision you seem to have wandered into. Beautiful brick buildings, thriving academic commons, and elegant spaces for the arts abound at Hamilton, and life here is all the better for it. There's just one problem. The community at Hamilton College appears not to understand the virtues of the noble sinkhole! I believe that this must be rectified IMMEDIATELY, so here are five buildings on campus that I think would look better as gaping wounds in the Earth's crust!

5. Bundy. I expect this to be my least controversial proposal, given that most students would already prefer Bundy be swept off the map by the sundering arm of an angry god, but it's also not the best place for a sinkhole. If we're gonna have a sinkhole on campus, it needs worshippers, obviously, and Bundy's distant location from the hustle and bustle of campus might deny the dread crater an adequate congregation.

4. Chapel. Let's get down to brass tacks. Hamilton College doesn't have a chapel, it has a fancy-looking barn/theater/event space. Where's the splendor? Where's the majesty? When I walk into a place of worship, I expect to relate to how a shit-covered medieval French peasant must have felt stepping into Chartres Cathedral, and I don't get ANY of that in the Chapel. You know what would instill that feeling of miraculous awe, though? A really fucking big hole in the ground.

3. Dunham. I've got two points to make here. First, Dunham is an eyesore, blocking a gorgeous pastoral view of fields and forests leading away from the school. Second, and more importantly, Dunham is where the Jans are. Campus has taken a real downturn since their arrival, and I think that them being swallowed up by the yawning abyss would really bring some positive change to campus. Some non-Jans may die, but that is a sacrifice that I am willing to make.

2. Glenview. Need I say more?

1. Commons. Aesthetically, Commons is a good-looking building. As college dining halls go, it is far from the worst one I've seen. I believe this to be in error. In my mind, the form of a dining hall should reflect its soul, and the quality of the food within. I don't know if you guys have noticed, but the food in Commons fucking sucks. Thus, to reflect the emptiness of good food in Commons, I propose that it, and the roughly 1000 yards below it vertically, be replaced with empty space.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

AMANDA ESTHER SEDAKA
Editor-in-Chief / Jan Feminim
SOFIA IXCHEL MAYA
Layout Editor / Trans-Inclusive Radical Misogyny
JACOB ROBERT PIAZZA
Articles Editor / Sarah J Mass Feminism
ELIANA GABRIELA MANNES
Features Editor / Plathian Feminism
BRUCE FREDERICK JOSEPH SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss
Staff Writers
HENRY DELTON EBBEN
ISABELLE VICTORIA HALLER
VICTORIA NICOLE LIEBERMAN
CAMILLE SABIHA LURIE
HENRY BENJAMIN MEISNER
CARTER JULIEN SEGAL
ISABELLA DOROTHY STILLMAN
Contributers
ILANA FRID-MADDEN
NICHOLAS HIGGINS HOOD
LEV ALEXANDER JANICKI

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

Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/