

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, Issue III

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 20, 2024

YOUR KID IS GAY! THEY’RE DOING DRUGS! EVERYONE KNOWS BUT YOU!

PUB TO TRANSITION TO BROTHEL AS PART OF HAMILTON MASTER PLAN It couldn’t get much worse to be honest

By Mr. Janicki ’27
BITCHES & HOES DEPT.
(IN THE STRIPPED CLUB JORKING IT)
The Little Pub, Hamilton’s one and only liquor-licensed establishment, has announced that as part of the 10-year master plan they will transition to sex work. While many students enjoy spending time at Pub for activities such as trivia or getting thrown out for being too drunk, this change is estimated to boost Pub’s popularity on campus by 300%. When asked to comment on what this change would mean for students, current Pub administrator Joey Dabartendah, AKA “The Pimp Master,” had this to say in a thick and creamy just-outside-Boston accent: “Yeah, this change is motivated by really trying to get at Pub’s real purpose on campus. Most students know that Pub is a place you can unwind. With the 10-year master plan in place, it will also be somewhere you can get your rocks off. The way I see it, even comp sci majors deserve to get laid.”
As part of the switch, Dabartendah is planning to take the place of Hamilton’s staff Pimp, with duties such as “Hoe-Wranglin” or “wearing a big fuzzy suit with a glass cane.” When asked

about the issue of cleanup, Dabartendah said: “Pub has always been sticky. At least students will know why now.”
When asked to comment on the changes, one student, whose identity will remain confidential but for the purposes of this article will be referred to as “Dr. Slut,” had this to say: “Honestly I’ve seen some messed up stuff go down in Pub. I legitimately believe that making it an official brothel might protect some students who just want to dance.” Dr. Slut then recounted, “Previously if you went to Pub, you knew you might get grinded on or a strange man might try to make out with you or you might experience any other associated horror of being in a crowded room with drunk people. At least now you know exactly what will happen.” Furthermore, Dr. Slut commented, “I really think Pub needs a change. One time I saw someone eat a raw egg and rip off their shirt revealing far more nipples than normal. I just think that as a brothel I wouldn’t be so shocked by that number of nipples in an enclosed space.”
While many have expressed frustrations with the college for the blatant misunderstanding of US law and moral responsibility as a place of education, the main student body remains resolute in their belief that the only real difference in turning Pub into a brothel is the syphilis you contract there is now school funded.

GSU ANNOUNCES “RENT-A-BEARD” EVENT TO CONVINCE YOUR PARENTS THAT YOU’RE STRAIGHT Hamilton’s Closet Part Two

By Mr. Dill ’27
LYING TO YOUR PARENTS DEPT.
(HIDING BEHIND A SPIRIT HALLOWEEN BRAND SANTA-CLAUS BEARD)
This past week, an email was sent to all Hamilton students by the head of Hamilton’s Gender-Sexuality Union (GSU), Jen DaGaylord ’25. It read, “Family weekend is almost here. And you know what that means: RUN! HIDE! THEY CAN NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH!.” “In less psychotic terms, we understand that not everyone’s parents are down with the funk. But never fear, because we at the GSU have a solution!” explains GSU VP, Liz BeAnne ’27.
The GSU has come up with a “genius” new plan set to revolutionize the closeted scene. You can now rent a beard for when your family is on campus! For those who are on the funkless side: no, we are not talking about the ugly ferret that 17-year-old boys grow on their acne-

riddled face so that they can underage drink; the GSU will provide you with someone you’ll say you smash, but in reality, you choose to pass. Patrons can select from a wide variety of potential pairs; however, it’s mainly just theater kids who think they’re in some method acting project. “For the low price of 13 pennies to Hamilton’s real GSU, Duelyly Noted, you can get a local queer to pretend to love you, but like in a straight way! And for a sassy little secret handshake, we might actually get you a straight person!” claims BeAnne.
Mx. Gaylord continues, “Our female beards come with patent-pending catchphrases such as ‘LET’S GET DRUNK BITCHESSSSS’ and ‘I wish I was a lesbian, dating would be sooo much easier.’ And for all you queer women out there, mercury’s not in retrograde yet! Our male beards have catchphrases too! For example, ‘pregame at eight?’ ‘Brat summer? Like, being annoying?’ And my personal favorite: sexual harassment!”
So far, the rollout of this project is a seeming success. We even asked local parent, Stu Rayte, his thoughts on the matter, to which he responded: “Wait, what did you say about my son?”

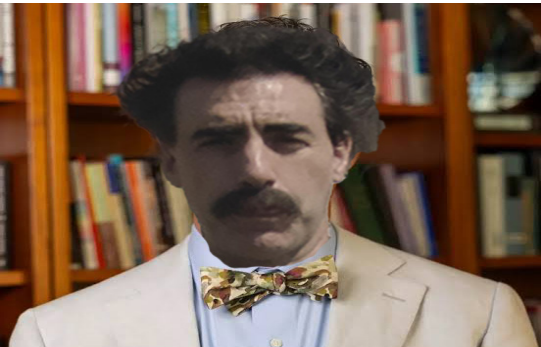
THEY’RE EATING THE DOGS: COMMONS BOYCOTT CONTINUES AS MORE EMOTIONAL SUPPORT ANIMALS GO MISSING You may be scared of the pizza, but is this a sustainable alternative?

By Mr. Gold ’28
DINING AND CUISINE DEPT.
(THE LAST OPEN TABLE IN MCEWEN)
The once overcrowded tables of Commons have now sat virtually empty for a week. Students have started taking extreme measures to avoid entering. Some risk interactions with freshmen by walking around the Dunham side of the tent, while others have taken to camping out in KJ 005 to avoid Light Side entirely. Although students have always been wary of Commons’ unique interpretation of certain dishes, these concerns seem trivial now that the dining hall is being accused of kidnapping and cooking the support animals that live on campus.
The boycott was initiated after numerous reports of lost emotional support animals coincided with an abrupt surge in the quality of Commons’ food, specifically the meat options. Many members of the Hamilton community were initially excited about this sudden change, but a few students knew better than to accept that Commons food might become consistently enjoyable.

Kit Teekat ’27, one of the boycott’s organizers, has bravely stationed himself outside CJ to catch and warn anyone who dares go near the entrance to Commons. “They’re eating the dogs, the people that come in here,” Teekat said. “We may may not have many choices, but that doesn’t mean we would sacrifice even the crustiest of white dogs for a tasty meal.”
The most prevalent theory, as shared by Teekat, is that Commons was discreetly hiring CAs to document which students kept their dorms unlocked. Commons staff would then enter those rooms and take any animals they may find, from fish to frenchies. Some students even said they heard barking coming from the kitchen, though others think it was merely the bagel toaster.
Commons denied these allegations in a statement released Wednesday, saying, “although our meat ingredients are locally sourced, we must ensure we have enough to feed the entire campus, which the number of support animals cannot continue to provide.” In response to this statement, students have been adopting as many local farm animals as possible in an effort to prevent nightly digestive issues.

In this issue: Surprise! Tuition’s been raised

BORAT IMPRESSION



If you meet Tepper, ask him for his impeccable Borat impression. See, “Ways to Get More Financial Aid.” pg. 11.

FIRST YEAR FORECAST

6:32 PM 10:48 PM 1:05 AM



“I can’t wait for dinner to end. My parents are so boring.”



“Eels porch is gonna be awesome tonight, like it always is.”



“Mom????”

! WEEKLY WARNING

Your kids aren’t taking their vitamins

What to Do if and When You Freaky Friday with Your College Aged Child

Parents weekend is upon us again, but as the prophecy foretells there is to be mischief. Which is why you adults need to prepare for the inevitable Freaky Friday switch you will have with your college-aged child. If you aren’t sure what a “Freaky Friday” is, neither did Lindsey Lohan or Jamie Lee Curtis and they figured it out. But if I must explain, it’s when you switch bodies with your bitchass child. As the person who is cursing you, I feel very qualified to give you some tips and tricks so you can best enjoy your experience.

The best way to fix the situation is to learn a valuable life lesson about understanding others’ points of view. But, that is a little too preachy for my taste, so I say go have some fun and relive some college years. The first thing you want to do is tell no one. Do you know how fucking crazy you’ll sound? They’ll think you’re demented. Then, split up immediately. Now your instinct may be to get wasted. This is normal. Sadly, you’re not over 21 anymore, but you’ll be delighted to learn your child has been regularly committing identity fraud. Just walk into a nearby liquor store, and they’ll definitely recognize you.

Please, for your child’s sake, do not try to use slang. There is a 100% chance you’re gonna use a stupid word wrong. If your child plays a sport, say you got a concussion from a ceiling fan. You may be thinking “I’m athletic, I can play sports.” No Cathy, you play . It’s only called a sport to make old people feel better about themselves. Do, however, insist on participating in your child’s performance group. If it’s a cappella, just lip sync. if it’s improv, improvise. If it’s Heat, you’re fucked, you can’t bullshit their sick as fuck dance movies. Since you are always asking about it, feel free to do some homework. Give my 50 page thesis, due tomorrow, the old college try.

When you are tired of living the college life, you can probably find your child, who finally managed to get in the local bar, the Rok. They discovered what we all do, which is that it’s only fun to go out when you’re underage. To reverse the curse, skinny dip in the KJ fountain with your child or Venmo me \$20.

Found hidden in the code of Hamilton’s website by Ms. Haller ’26

What Your Kid’s Major Says About You as a Parent

Do you want the best for your child? Don’t answer that. Either way, you probably spent over \$80,000 on their education (per year, of course), and may be worried about your child choosing their major on their own. Well, worry no longer, because I’m here to remind you that you did indeed influence their course of study, and, as always, any major is a major worthy of disappointment.

After all, it’s thanks to your unending support (and your child’s Economics major) that they’ve gained the confidence to take over and bankrupt your business. Had you not applauded their brilliant arguments for taking your yacht out for a weekend or skipping the last month of school, they may never have discovered their aptitude for talking and pursued a Political Science major. And it is thanks to your acceptance of their LGBTQ+ identity that they’re comfortable coming out to you as a Creative Writing, Geoscience, or Theater major.

Of course, some of you weren’t the best parents. That’s okay, things happen. Your child will be able to explain exactly what went wrong once they finish their Psychology degree. Or Philosophy, though you may not understand them as well. Just know you did something wrong. Freud agrees.

If you struggled understanding your child while they were growing up, don’t fret. College is a place that will nurture their ability to express themselves and communicate. Not that we have a communications major. But we do have art! ...which receives the same amount of funding as communications.

It’s really difficult to watch your child leave for college, but if they’re majoring in classics, art history, sociology, or women and gender studies, it’ll only be four short years until you’re back together again! And as long as they’re not a mathematics or computer science major, they won’t even smell that bad!

All in all, you shouldn’t worry. After all, your kid goes to Hamilton, so if they’ve managed to choose a major, that’s a win in itself!

Found on the bulletin board of a nearby hotel by Ms. Frid-Madden ’27

Friday Five: Things Your Freshmen Will Gain Fifteen Of

By Mr. Havelka ’28

Hello parents forcibly reminded of their child’s existence. In order to stave off depression, we at the Duel recommend you look forward to the end of your child’s freshman year, rather than stay in the misery of now. We’re not talking about family vacations or sweet respite from hearing your offspring bitch about the floormate with that stupid mullet thing, however; we’re talking about the Freshman Fifteen! You might be thinking of weight, but (summer bods rejoice!) Hamilton is far more creative with what we send our freshmen home with. So, here’s five other things your freshmen will gain fifteen of:

5. Decades of Debt. So your child has gone woke, and now they’re studying the liberal arts: Theatre, Art History, and god forbid even Creative Writing. Shockingly, making pretty poems rarely pays well. While we would normally encourage your child to go into the sex industry—lest Tepper steal your retirement funds—with how competitive OnlyFans has become, we’ve realized there’s only one surefire solution to student debt: abandon your freshmen and make a new one (we recommend the Dunham Bathroom for peak atmosphere).

4. Emails Per Minute. I get that you’ve lost sleep over this. I get that it’s forced you to reassess whether getting the passwords to their phone, laptop, Duo account, and Pornhub account was worth it. Listen, we’ve gotta give our pick-me clubs their moment to shine. Not everyone has the budget to put signs up in Commons like Sex Club.

3. Seniors in their DMs. The Grindr experience for all! While your bottom bitchboy son Todd is being chased by a local Clintonite—64, no face pic, can’t host because of his wife, might be your professor—your thot daughter Sue can join in the fun thanks to our wonderful senior class of ’25! Remember, it’s not illegal, it’s just really fucking weird.

2. Bathroom Floor Diseases. The infamous BFDs, only rivaled by our FPCCs (Food Poisonings Caused by Commons). Some favorites include Glenview Foot Mold, Major Bowel Disease, Chlamydunham, and HIV. Yes, your son is gay, and he’s a WHORE.

1. “Friends.” Did you know that college kids are the most likely demographic to lie? It’s true, trust me; I’m a college student after all. Turns out, those “best friends” were AI-generated names. Besties with his roommate? Stuck on delivered after inviting them to dinner. Their orientation group? Cliques got clique-y, and they don’t want your child at the party. Going to D&D? Codeword for jacking off in CJ 201 (reportedly, not far off from what real D&D is). I’m (not very) sorry I had to be the one to tell you.

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