

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, Issue X

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

NOVEMBER 10, 2023

## This Thanksgiving: Commons Spa Water Replaced With Just Gravy

### “I JUST WANTED TO FEEL HUMAN TOUCH,” STUDENT SAYS AFTER PUNCHING CAMPO OFFICER

Hamilton’s loneliness crisis

By Ms. Wallen ’26

CAMPUS SAFETY DEPT.

(ALONE) Campus Safety escorted Harry Harlow ’24 off campus late last Saturday night after he was seen punching a campus safety officer in the chest. Harlow was approached by Campo for loitering alone outside the window of the Gamma Date Party that no one invited him to. An anonymous phone call reported him, voicing fear for their own safety. However, when asked to leave, Harlow passionately retaliated against campus safety with a fumbled punch. One witness said, “It was more of a grab than a punch. Maybe he was just drunk, but I swear I saw his hand curl after making contact.”

After much-contested debate, campus authorities have decided to permit Harlow’s return to campus in exchange for attending weekly therapy sessions at the counseling center. Only Zoom appointments are

available, but he hopes that with a big enough donation, he can convince them to open another spot. In his pre-appointment screening, Harlow said, “I just haven’t been the same since my ex ended it. I don’t understand why she kept saying she wasn’t my girlfriend. We’d been together for a whole week!”

Experts are wondering if this unfortunate situation could have been prevented if the campus were more inclusive. Maybe, someone should have offered Harlow an invite to the party so he could leer at girls from a closer angle. One therapist even said, “I think Harlow could benefit greatly from a body pillow if it’s touch deprivation that’s causing his outbursts.”

The affected campo officer is still unsure about returning to work after the incident. He claimed that Harlow shouted, “Once I graduate, I’ll be all over you,” and that since He feels unsafe returning to campus. He claims, “I just can’t see this not happening again since every student seems so lonely and depressed.” Hamilton authorities continue to debate ways to provide more mental health resources without hiring another therapist, assigning a reasonable workload, or permitting adults to make their own decisions about drinking.

### PRESIDENT DAVID WIPPMAN PARDONS TURKEY

Campus vegans overjoyed

By Ms. Stillman ’27

WOULD RATHER EAT JUST SIDES DEPT.

(BUTT RICK HALL) Tradition is part of what makes Hamilton a Homelton. That’s why this Thursday, two weeks before Thanksgiving, David Wippman had Hamilton’s first-ever turkey pardoning. Students were informed of the new tradition through a post on Wippman’s Instagram featuring an image of him, mouth wide open, holding a large knife in his left hand with a turkey on his right side. The caption read, “I’m a big hungry man, but not for my new friend Gobbles. He’ll be spending his days roaming freely in the Glen. #hamiltonturkeypardon #newtradition #notNOTthrowinawaymyshot.”

Later that day, he held what he called “Goffice Hours,” where students had the opportunity to ask Wippman and Gobbles all of their burning questions.

“Bawk bawk bawkk... KA KAWWWW,” Gobbles squaked.

“That means ‘yes I’m enjoying it here, and I’m glad to be the first of many turkeys to be pardoned by Hamilton,’” Wippman translated giddily.

Some students believe there is a deeper message to the turkey pardoning. “This is such a

bold statement for President Wippman to be making. He’s clearly very uneducated about what’s going on in Turkey right now. He needs to check himself before he wrecks himself,” Stikin Myass ’25, a writer for *The Monitor*, told *The Duel Observer*.

Others support Wippman’s decision to spare Gobbles, including student organization Paws for Cause. “I don’t know why you’re asking us about our stance on Gobbles. We only deal with animals with paws. Turkeys do not have paws,” Clause Pawsly ’25 said. “On second thought, in the Glen, he could be hunted by a fox, and they have paws. I’m glad Wippman is feeding them.”

Still, others question the legitimacy of the pardoning. “I’m not sure Gobbles was really pardoned,” Imjust Grubbin ’24, a random hungry student, said as he munched on an ambiguous leg from Commons.

“I’m not convinced. I heard this school’s been hiring a lot of fursuits recently. And Gobbles is big enough that a small person could be in there,” Cat Bordeaux ’27, another student who definitely does not own a fursuit, said with a shudder.

The Office of the President reports that Gobbles has since been released into the Glen, where he will be free for the rest of his life. He enjoys the berries on the bushes, the fresh breeze in his feathers, and invading Glex (Glen sex) meetups.

### DUE TO WAR IN MIDDLE EAST, BIRTHRIGHT WILL TRAVEL TO SOUTH WILLIAMSBURG

Fun Fact: The majority of The Duel Observer’s writers are Jewish! Isn’t that crazy? A Jewish comedy writer!

By Ms. Lurie ’27

LOX DEPT.

(BROOKLYN-TEL AVIV) In light of the recent events in the Middle East, Taglit-Birthright Israel has announced that all trips in the coming year will be redirected from Israel to South Williamsburg, Brooklyn. In a statement Friday, the Birthright Foundation expressed that the change was decided after much conversation regarding safety concerns, purporting that because of the destination switch, young Jewish adults will still be able to explore their ancestry and culture without having to accept the risks of bombs—only fentanyl. Despite not getting to pray at the Western Wall, club hop throughout the night in Tel Aviv, or fuck their tripmate as hard as the British fucked borders in the Middle East, this year’s birthright-ers will be exposed to experiences just as integral and fundamental to the Jewish culture and race, including but not limited to: Being on a first name basis with Moishe who runs the delicatessen, going to your cousin’s stand-up show, causally debating late 20th-century epistemological philosophy over dinner, visiting ancestral tenement housing, “you’re looking too thin” (derogatory), eating lox and bagels in the basement event space of a temple that hasn’t been renovated since 1973, joining “the counterculture” at a bookstore’s rave night, and much more!

Unfortunately for the Birthright Foundation, an organization that has never had to deal with controversy, the changes have not been unanimously well-received. Speaking to *The Duel Observer*, Hamilton student Miriam Weisselman ’25 expressed her hesitations about the destination change: “I was so looking forward to traveling outside the country for the first time. I understand why the change was necessary, it’s just weird I’m going to be staying in a hotel three blocks away from my parents’ apartment.” For some 20-something-year-olds though, the fallout extends beyond disappointment: Hamilton student Jonah Horowitz ’26, fully decided to cancel his planned Birthright trip. On his decision, Mr. Horowitz elaborated, “Yeah, it’s disappointing not getting to go, but I knew from the beginning that it wasn’t going to work out. Nothing ever works out. Though, I think this would make me sad if I wasn’t sad all the time already. I don’t think I’ll ever not be in a state of melancholia. This despair—distended like a tumor since conception, bloody, inherited from my mother and her mother before her.” Nevertheless, many young Jews remain excited to embark on the rite of passage that is Birthright, even if the weather is slightly colder than expected.

### In this issue: Your Uncle Got a Minor Pregnant

#### NEW COURSES ADDED



History of Ice Cream, Horse Dick Anatomy, The Tales of David Wippman, and other courses added next semester. See, “Is it a writing intensive?” pg. 4.

#### Did you know...

There are multiple ways to stuff a turkey :)

TURKEY FORECAST	11/19	11/20	11/23
	“What a beautiful day to be a turkey!”	“Oh so many vistsors! Do they want to play?”	

HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR ROOMMATE’S BODY ON A BUDGET

So you’ve just killed your roommate. Whether it be by accident or intentional, in the room or out, during intercourse or not, it doesn’t matter. No one can fault you for getting your murder on. That being said, the body-hiding industry still hasn’t fully recovered from no-fault divorce, and quite frankly, it’s just far too expensive to hide a body these days. Luckily for you, *The Duel Observer* is now sponsored by a line of low-cost high-efficiency body removal products. If you are interested in buying any of these lovely products, I recommend checking out the official *Duel Observer* website’s merch section.

The first step to cleaning up a dead body is always to clean up the fluids. Those bitches get everywhere, and they really bring the vibe down when you’re trying to invite the babes for a quick game of Warhammer 40k. Most top-of-the-line products go somewhere north of \$60, but with our premium College Student Blood and Others Cleaner™, you only have to spend an easy \$55 after taxes. The effects are almost instant and sure to keep those stains out of the sheets. Unless...

Next up on your to-do list should always be processing the body. It’s hard to keep a big old whole human body out of the prying eyes of the pictures of your family, and also the police. For this job, I would personally suggest our David Wippman Shaped Premium Bone Saw™. With just two or more slices, you’ll have that body split into bite-sized portions in no time, and baby, that’s just enough. It works its magic in just under 15 minutes to an hour. In order to purchase this wickedly cheap item, we will need 0.053 ETH.

Now, to bury the body (and this is our cheapest item yet) use your hands. Feel the soil flow through them. Consider what you’ve done. Enjoy it. Revel. Feast. Love. Kill again.

Found written in blood by Mx. Meisner ’26

How to deal with your relatives who spent a little too long on the dark side of Facebook this Thanksgiving

Dear Traveler,

As you leave the safe haven of Hamilton College’s Campus and journey back into the cruel harsh world, please watch out for your safety as you may encounter the threat of your retired relatives that have fallen a little too deep into Mark Zuckerberg’s asshole. Be warned: you are about to engage in a battle for your mortal soul. Don’t let them know you are afraid. They can smell fear.

In the weeks leading up to your departure, watch out for emails. In between the skateboarding dog videos, there is always another agenda hidden. You never quite know if you will be reading about how the loss of natural selection is leading to too many weak kids with peanut allergies, that mattress stores are really money laundering businesses for drug cartels (really, who needs that many mattresses anyway?), or that Nemo is a whistleblower account of a secret government plan to reunite Pangea and institute satanic mind control (that’s why they care so much about the trash in the oceans- they need all the fish to swim together to push the continents together) all hidden within a video of a squirrel faking its own death. And when Thanksgiving day comes, enter each encounter with caution. As you dodge questions about what you are supposed to do with your Liberal Arts degree and “what exactly they teach you these days” in your class on American History, make sure to sprinkle in how much you are a die-hard, freedom-loving, all-American patriot to throw them off to the fact that you joined *The Monitor* (a fact no parent would be proud of).

If you let it slip that you don’t advocate for your 2nd amendment rights on the weekends, pivot and ask them about what they think is wrong with the current generation to distract them while you sneak out to smoke your blunt to prepare for what’s to come. When they want to ask you if you heard the REAL truth about how Wyoming is not fake because it is really South Dakota (Wyoming is just to throw everyone off, because no one ever meets someone from South Dakota) and how Febreze is really what’s causing cancer and not cigarettes it is time to start one-upping them. We’ve all heard the moon landing is fake, but what makes them believe the moon is real? When they counter that they would be more concerned about that if they weren’t already deeply investigating how dinosaurs didn’t exist and their bones were just planted by the government you will be ready to retort that they clearly won’t even have begun to look into how David Wippman is really JFK.

Yet do remember that no matter what happens, they are still family and they will get dementia soon so they won’t remember this anyway, but for the love of god, whatever you do, do not let them know you’re majoring in Women and Gender Studies and are planning to become an influencer after you graduate.

Wishing you the Thanksgiving Break you deserve,

- Someone who is about to have a pretty shitty Christmas too

Found in roommate’s disinheritance papers by Ms. Meyers ’27

Friday Five: “Pub is the new Rok” and other depressing things I’ve said this week

By Ms. Mannes ’26

*Daylight savings, the chill of November, yeah this seasonal depression is getting to me. The thrill of Halloween and freaky sex with your neighbor has disappeared, and I am now counting down the days until I can return to suburbia for Thanksgiving break. Life is dull, making my conversations bleak and depressing. It doesn’t help that Hamilton is not lively or full of wonder, only full of trust fund kids who can’t get it up properly. So here are some of the most depressing things I’ve said this past week:*

5. “I’m going to the football game.” This shows the levels of desperation I have reached when it comes to finding something to do. There is nothing worse than voluntarily going to a Hamilton football game. They are so bad and I don’t even understand the sport. Like if I’m going to waste my time at least be good, goddamn it.

4. “I’m excited to see what flavors of pizza Commons has this week.” There is no joy left in my life, I have nothing to look forward to. I must find the beauty in the mundane, a difficult and humbling task here at Hamilton College. So yeah, maybe one of the only things of excitement in my life is the fucked up pizza at commons. Like what the hell is strawberry streusel or sausage and pepper pizza? Disgusting! It does bring me a bit of sick pleasure seeing these disgusting combinations; however, this then leads to me being depressed that this is what brings me joy.

3. “Pub is the new Rok.” Nothing worse than Friday night plans changing from going to the Rok to going to pub, a school-sanctioned event. The worst part? It is actually better than going to the Rok at this point. Oh, how we have declined as an institution. At least middle-aged men won’t flirt with me, but a football player who does look middle-aged might.

2. “Could you stop explaining how anal sex works.” It was in the middle of Commons, a bowl of beans covered in soup right in front of me, and some people were explaining the mechanics of anal sex. There are freaks on this campus I tell you, and the fact that it was about gay sex made it 10x worse. Really shows how much our society has degraded since my youth, this is something that they should have taught you in church! It just made me so sad to see people talking about it openly, especially with food around.

1. “I miss you, I love you.” sorry, it’s better to speak than to die, and well, I spoke.

## THE DUEL OBSERVER

AMANDA ESTHER SEDAKA  
*Editor-in-Chief / Roll Pecan*  
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**Contributers**  
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HENRY BENJAMIN MEISNER  
KRISTINA ELISE MEYERS  
ISABELLA DOROTHY STILLMAN  
AUBREY ANN WALLEN

**Webmasters**  
SARA LYNN CONTI  
MOHAMMED SAMI

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