

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLI, ISSUE III

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 17, 2023

The Beef and Wonderous Life of FebFest Cow

ANGELA DAVIS VISIT CAPTURES CAMPUS ATTENTION

But a troublingly low amount

By Mx. Striger '23

“ALLYSHIP” DEPT.

(WELLIN HALL) This week, as a part of FebFest and for no other reason, the DMC, in collaboration with BLSU and CIF, is presenting a lecture by the pioneering speaker, writer, and activist Dr. Angela Davis. Dr. Davis’ visit to campus is remarkable, not only because of her enormous academic and historical significance, but because someone decided it would be wise for the student body to ask her questions.

This of course has generated an enormous amount of interest on campus. “The works of Angela Davis have been incredibly influential and significant to my life,” said Tanner Smith ’23, a Government major currently seeking congressional internships. “I mean, I’m a day one fan! *Boyz In the Hood*, *What’s Love got to Do With It*, and even her work on the *Black Panther* franchise, all incredible. I’m really curious to know what filming *American Horror Stories Roanoke* was like.”

Student journalists are also preparing frantically

for Davis’ visit. River White ’25, who works for *the Spectator*, has been preparing their article “In conversation with Mrs. Angela Davies,” which features hard hitting questions such as “Please share a few relatable quotations about why ending racism is important to you” and “Did you see *While Lotus*?” Dr. Davis’ upcoming lecture is especially important to students like Craig Johnston-Goldstein Jr. ’24 who wonders, “What did you think of the *While Lotus*?” Perhaps the most frequently asked question, though, asked by literally dozens of (white) students: “Who is Angela Davis?”

Not everyone is thrilled about Dr. Davis’ lecture. Kevin McCarthy (no relation), the president of the Young Republicans ’24 (seriously, no relation!) says, “I’m not racist, but there are more pressing issues facing the nation.” The President of the Young Democrats, Cassandra Schumer ’25 (definite relation) responded, “I really wanted to go, but it’s on a Rok night, and I hear there’s going to be hella heads there.”

Hopefully, Dr. Davis’ lecture will inspire Hamilton students to confront their participation in intersecting systems of racism, patriarchy, and economic oppression, and meaningfully engage with ongoing efforts to dismantle them. Probably not.

afraid. “They think I’m a chef?” Hanson said. “Well I’m not. Before this I was in charge of putting the napkins out. When Chef YumYum first presented the idea, I thought, ‘how hard can it be?’ Apparently very. In hindsight, showing me one Youtube video was probably not the best training on Chef Yumyum’s part. At least that’s what my attorney tells me.”

Leslie Parsons ’26, who was one of the first students to test out the Hibachi Bar, reflects back on her experience at the new attraction. “All I remember is wondering whether or not Nine Fingers was born that way when a knife came flying towards me, missing my left eye by like two inches before hitting me here.” She then paused to lift the patch where her right eye used to be. “The steak was surprisingly not bad though.”

Since going to Oneida County, Spaghetio has begun working at the facility’s Chow Hall. Despite his past, Yumyum perseveres, determined to make his hibachi dreams a reality. “Don’t tell the guards, but I’ve got something brewing,” Yumyum whispers into the prison phone. “Sure, it might not be steak this time, but hibachi is about the experience anyway. I’ve got a new hibachi chef ready and everything. Trust me when I tell you, the guys in here know how to use a knife.”

FITNESS CENTER ANNOUNCES FITFEST™

Students excited and aroused to gain that 2023 Summer bod

By Mr. Chivily ’23

RED BODILY FLUID FITNESS CENTER DEPT. (A SWEATY MAT IN BLOOD) Thursday morning in the midst of FebFest, Sadove announced the inaugural FitFest, a collaboration with Hamilton Athletics to encourage NARPS to experience the joy of waking up at 4:30 am to lift heavy disks of metal. “We understand that many of you lazy bums have previously been reluctant to leave your rooms because of the wintry weather. However, sooner or later you are going to need to crawl out of the stanky, weed-befouled hovel you call your ‘room,’ and will have to engage in some exercise,” Coach Pantagruel Meathead wrote in an email two-thirds of the student body deleted before reading.

The promise of free swag and goodies made the prospect of walking on a treadmill for ten minutes before taking a gym mirror selfie and stealthily exiting more attractive. “I can’t wait to enter the gym, get a limited-edition Fitfest 2023 mug, a Cremeria giftcard, and a hernia,” Irma Moocher ’26 said. “Like most students who participate in all these fests, my sole purpose is to fill the deep pit within my soul with shirts and drinking instruments, which I forget about and throw out while moving out.”

“I for one love the idea of FitFest,” recently single and strong-armed Thad Wilcox ’26 said. “With the love of my life of three months dumping me right before Valentine’s Day and ignoring my texts, I can use FitFest to mask my masculine insecurities, get jacked, and turn my feelings into sinew.”

“The inaugural FitFest has been such a smashing success,” Director of Student Activities Bella End said. “Next year we plan on scheduling it for three weeks, and having participants chisel statues of David Wippman from solid granite instead of ice. What better way to celebrate school pride than building vainglorious monuments to brighten campus? Please don’t smash them. Happy Hamily!”

COMMONS OPENS NEW HIBACHI BAR

Goes surprisingly wrong

By Ms. Sedaka ’25

ONION VOLCANO DEPARTMENT DEPT.

(ST. ELIZABETH’S EMERGENCY ROOM)

This past semester, both Commons and McEwen have introduced various new items to their menus, ranging from an ice cream bar to a poke station.

In response, former Commons head chef, Spaghetio Yumyum, came up with a new dining installation: a Hibachi Bar. “Now, hear me out,” Spaghetio said from his holding cell at the Oneida County Jail. “Every kitchen station has its risks. Knives are everywhere, floors are slippery, if this didn’t cause trouble, something else surely would have.”

Many students, such as Lola Smith ’25, aren’t huge fans of the new installation. “I lost two friends to the Hibachi Bar,” Smith said, holding back tears. “I also don’t like the hole they cut in the middle of the counter for the chef, he looks scared.”

The ‘chef’ Smith speaks of, Lou ‘Nine Fingers’ Hanson, has since confirmed that he was, in fact,

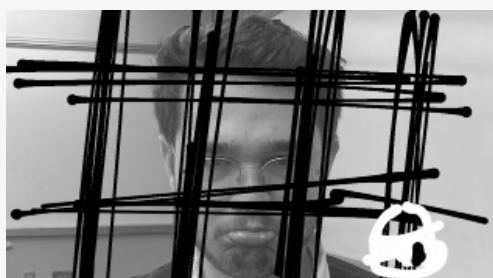
In this issue: I Didn’t Know He Was Gay I Just Thought He Was Single

GLOW SKATE



CAB’s all inclusive event for pregnant idiots. See, “You’re radiant! And I think you tore your ACL.” pg. 1876.

Emotional Support Animal of the Week



Buffer I trapped in my cage after BufferGram (Cage)

CHILI COOKOFF FORECAST

1:00 PM

2:00 PM

3:00 PM



“I want my baby back baby back baby back ribs.”



0% Chance “it’s all good in the neighborhood.”



Chili’s welcome to Chili’s

THIS CAMPUS IS SO INACCESSIBLE! MY BALLS DROPPED, AND NOW I HAVE TO DRAG THEM AROUND EVERYWHERE

To whom it may concern,

My balls had always been average size, fitting comfortably in boxers and jockstraps alike. However, this weekend I went to bed on Friday night and woke up to my balls sagging on the floor. It had finally happened! My ball dropped! But they might have dropped a bit too much, and now my balls are massive sagging sacs that do not fit into my underwear. I couldn't be late to my Saturday morning brunch plans, so I got dressed and realized that my balls were so saggy, so heavy, that they were dragging on the ground even through my pants. I was so embarrassed. How could I function with such massive and saggy balls?

Little did I know that my problems were just beginning. As I left my dorm and walked down the stairs my balls kept dropping and hitting each stair. By the time I got all the way downstairs, I was in so much pain, and I'm pretty sure I have become infertile because of all of this blunt force trauma. This got me thinking about accessibility. If there was an elevator in my dorm then I could have avoided the whole stair fiasco in the first place.

I had to start carrying my balls in a CVS plastic bag I found at the bottom of the stairs. The bag was straining with every step I took, and as I walked down Martin's Way, the uneven surface tripped me and my balls broke the bag and they fell out. Lying on the ground with my massive, saggy balls and broken CVS bag, I began to cry. The moment I had been dreaming of since sixth grade had become my prison. I realized that there would be so many barriers for me. Carrying my balls was not the most effective way to get across campus because it really hindered my movement, so I was faced with the reality that I would just have to drag my balls around. If this is how I have to live, it is going to be painful at Hamilton. No elevators, uneven surfaces, lots of salt and ice will batter my balls and trip me up. I've been living like this for almost a week now, and I can confidently say that my life is a living hell. Please Hamilton, change your walk ways, buildings, and campus so me and my big balls can live with dignity and in comfort.

Sincerely,
LMT

Found on All Night Reading Room printer by Ms. Mannes '26

I Haven't Slept in Days and My Sleep Demon is Following Me and Stealing My Friends

After a week straight of sleeping only in 10-minute intervals on the floor of KJ, I began to feel the effects of my sleep deprivation. Since I was no longer sleeping—and therefore couldn't be haunted by my sleep demon, Krampus, in our weekly sessions Sunday at 7 in KJ 101— Krampus decided to show himself in my daily life. I began to see him on my walk to SCCT or peaking out from behind the water feature in KJ. He seemed sad.

I tried to put myself in his shoes. If I was Krampus, the popular central European legend—a half-goat, half-demon monster that punishes misbehaving children at Christmastime with a name derived from the German word Krampen, which means “claw” (according to Britannica)—I might be lonely if my closest hauntee began ignoring me. So, I decided that it was time to confront Krampus.

He was wearing a trench coat and chain smoking cigarettes behind the gym when I went up to him and introduced myself. This was unnecessary as he had been haunting my nightmares since I was a wee lad, but despite this, we shook hands and began chatting. He was genuinely a really nice guy with some pretty interesting stories (about how difficult it really is to steal a child), and I invited him to grab lunch with me and my friends.

Surprisingly, he got along really well with the group. He and my friend Skeet began comparing notes on the best animals to breed with demons, and he was especially intrigued to hear about Peet's German claw collection. It seemed like everything might work out for the best, and even though I still wasn't getting sleep, at least my sleep demon didn't hate me.

But after a few more weeks, I started to notice that I wasn't being invited to group dinners, and the group chat had seemingly gone dead. My friends started posting Instagram stories from The Rok on Saturday night of Krampus hitting it off with some girl while I sat alone in my room, trying to fall asleep. But without Krampus, I found it nearly impossible to rest soundly.

I would only see Krampus and my friends from a distance on campus while they would blatantly ignore me. But slowly, I began to run into my friends less and less. I started to worry that Krampus wasn't just stealing my friends from me, but that he may be eating them. But then I realized that Krampus was simply doing his job of stealing children (and young adults) and it wasn't my business to judge. If my friends wanted to be eaten by a sleep demon instead of spending time with me, that was their choice to make.

Documented from the sleep talk of a nightmare by Ms. Lieberman '26

Friday Five: Scrapped Sig Style Shoots

By Mr. Wilson '23

Campus is always decked out in some great fashion sense! From L.L. Bean Boots to L.L. Bean Shoes, there's always a surprise coming up Martin's Way. The folks at Signature Style, which is like Vogue for people who wear running shoes with skinny jeans, have been hard at work putting together the new issue. Unfortunately (very fortunately), not everything can make the cut.

5. **Botched Plastic Surgeries.** This new trend is sweeping campus and ruining lives. Botched surgeries are super “in” right now since being popularized by MGK's attempt at getting horns implanted in his head. Now's the time to style an awful Botox treatment with a more classic knitwear before the sepsis settles in. Look out, *Knives Out* Chris Evans!

4. **Little Bitch Loser Idiot-core.** *Sig Style* took your clothes and put them on someone way hotter. It's all your clothes. Pig fuck can't dress.

3. **Shoes Too Big.** The shoes are just too big! It's just a really normal outfit, but the shoes are just massive. Comically big shoes, could fit another shoe in that shoe. Clown shoes, man those shoes are fuckin HUGE. Cardi wore this look to the Met Gala and the world stopped. Like it was a reset. Like time froze.

2. **Dark Academia.** This one sounded great on paper, but as stylists worked, they realized it was hard to dress models like a defense-industry-backed psychologist, or a 19th-century anthropologist that justified slavery through race science. It was even harder to figure out how to “style” a complete lack of job security and massive student debt that keeps scholars under the gun of private interests. The best they could come up with was a floral print maxi skirt paired with a Polo vest, lace blouse, and platform Docs.

1. **Blast From the Past!** Honestly, it's probably not great that *Sig Style* planned a shoot based on fashion in Lusitania :(

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