

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

OCTOBER 11, 2024

Football Team Wins

HAMILTON COLLEGE DANCE FACULTY REPLACED BY ABBY LEE MILLER

“We have a dance department here?”

By Ms. Snowman '28

MOMS BETTA HAVE MY MONEY DEPT.

(THE NEW ALDC STUDIO, FORMERLY KNOWN AS BLOOD FITNESS AND DANCE CENTER) Who is at the top of this week's faculty pyramid? Certainly not that old fart in the History Department. Ranking the highest out of the faculty this week is Hamilton College's newest faculty member, and she isnt even on campus yet. Replacing the seven esteemed faculty members of Dance Studies is perhaps the most accomplished and proficient dance teacher of the 21st century. “That’s right, Swaggy Lee is in the house!” said President Steven Tepper excitedly. “After long and careful consideration, the Board of Trustees has decided that Abby Lee Miller herself is the best person to take on the responsibility of educating students on the dance industry.” Abby and her many shoeboxes full of plastic rhinestone crap are set to start rolling up the Hill electric wheelchair-style starting January 2025.

Steve Cory-Agrafee, the former chair of Dance and Movement Studies, is elated by this new development. “Abby Lee Miller is the epitome of

dance in every way. The fame she generates is a testament to her expertise and unmatched pedagogy,” Cory-Agrafee raved. When asked how he feels about Miller replacing the entirety of the Hamilton dance faculty, Cory-Agrafee said he remains optimistic. “I already have a job lined up as a dancer for Disney Cruise Lines which has been a dream of mine my whole life! The reputation of Hamilton College has long been upheld by a tradition of successful alumni. Abby Lee Miller’s reputation is exactly the same, if not better! Some of the most well-known dancers today are former students of hers.”

Following the change, President Steven Tepper released the following statement as a part of his creativity initiative: “What if...we make Hamilton the most important liberal arts college in the world?” To realize this, the Board has made a decision to start replacing staff members in the creative arts departments with the most prominent figures in their field. While Miller is first, other replacements in the works include the installment of Rick Astley for the Music Department, Patti Lupone in the Theater Department, and Moo Deng in the Visual Arts Department. Miller’s introduction to Hamilton has generated an unexpected spike in prospective dance concentrations. Over the next two years, Dance is expected to surpass Economics as the most declared concentration with a projected percentage of 57% of the student body.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH: DINING HALLS PUT THE KIBOSH ON USING PLASTIC CUPS FOR ICE CREAM

”JUST USE YOUR HANDS LIKE GOD INTENDED!”

By Mx. Kiel '28

OVERREACTING TO MINOR

INCONVENIENCES DEPT.

(THE STAGNANT, BRINEY SCOOP WATER) The Hamilton dining hall workers held a press conference on Tuesday, October 8th to share some recent changes in dining hall policy. “It’s not our fault,” Parkhurst’s elected spokesperson, Sal Manella, was quick to preface. “You’ve pushed us past the point of common decency.” The topic of the press conference was the plastic dining hall cups, which Hamilton implemented as part of their sustainability initiatives. “No, we’re not bringing paper cups back,” Manella said, reading the minds of every single person in the audience. “You’re just not allowed to use the plastic ones for your ice cream anymore.”

As part of the sustainability initiatives, Parkhurst only makes a limited number of paper ice cream dishes available to the students per day. Due to this scarcity, Hamilton students have taken to scooping their ice cream

into the plastic drinking cups instead. But now, there aren’t enough cups available for the actual drinks. “And because you’re all animals who don’t think about bringing your own water bottles,” Manella sighed, shaking their head in disgust, “you’ve taken to guzzling straight from the tap. It’s repulsive and you should all be ashamed. This never happened when I worked at Colgate.”

When asked to suggest an alternative for the dining hall cups, Manella responded, “In my opinion, you all have hands for a reason. I guess you could also use a cone, but that would be the social equivalent of sticking your thumb in your mouth and crying out for your Mommy. This way, the only thing you’re actually dirtying are your own appendages. I’m not responsible for cleaning up after that.”

The press conference ended with the spokesperson demonstrating their new serving technique. “If this disgusts you,” they said, munching Rocky Road out of the palm of their hand like a demented gazelle, “You could always get to the dining hall earlier. Or skip the ice cream altogether. Your metabolism will slow down eventually, you know.” They finished their announcement by scooping a spoonful of Oreos on top of their handful of half-eaten ice cream. “Look, it’s a palm sundae!”

STUDENT LAST SEEN USING THE DUEL AS A COASTER FOUND DEAD IN THE GLEN

Who could have seen this coming???

By Mr. Chase-Norris '28

THE LOOSE ENDS DEPT.

(ROGER’S GLEN) Early this morning while milking trees in Roger’s Glen, Environmental Studies student and Duel Observer staff writer T. Ree Hugger-Jackson, found a dead body discarded in the dump. The body, identified as Jack D. Roid '26, was found with multiple pieces of blue-hued paper shoved down its throat. The cause of death appears to be a tragic accident involving suffocation.

The college is currently investigating the incident and has released a statement on this unprecedented event: “The death of Mr. Roid is shocking and disturbing. The police are beginning to suspect foul...” (quote cut for brevity purposes).

Members of The *Duel Observer* were surprised and intrigued to hear the news. “I heard he was using our publication as a coaster during breakfast at Commons,” Jeremy ‘McStabby’ James, the head of the *Duel’s* Plumbing Dept., quickly informed the room. Following this proclamation, murmurs of satisfaction could be heard throughout the room.

“I would have trauma from seeing the body if he wasn’t so ugly,” exclaimed Hugger-Jackson. “He looked so terrible alive that even in death there’s no feeling of human connection or empathy.” Mr. Hugger-Jackson’s classmates echoed similar sentiments. “He was kind of an ass, so it’ll be nice knowing I can’t have him assigned as a group project partner in my econ class” mused Jack Banks, a former classmate and Duel treasurer, after being informed of the death. “Does this mean I can join the polycule club now?!” Sally Jacks, Mr. Roid’s former girlfriend, excitedly exclaimed upon hearing the news.

An emergency faculty meeting was called after the incident was reported. There, one of Mr. Roid’s former professors and *Duel* faculty advisor Dr. Jacky Jackson was overheard mumbling, “I hope someone eggs his funeral.” As of the date of publication, his funeral is expected to be attended by his parents and his grandmother. The school created a sign-up sheet to take the jitney to the funeral, but it is currently empty.

In this issue: We’re Jerking Our Beef

COMMIT TO THE BIT TOO HARD?



You may be entitled to financial compensation. See, “Cohen, Cohn and Cowen” pg. 44



WEEKLY WARNING

you need glasses

FALL BREAK FORECAST

10/16

10/18

10/21



“Ready for the Ladies”



“Where the hoes at?”



My PP sad

It’s me. I’m Behind All the People on Crutches.

You may have seen everyone and their mom hobbling around on crutches this week. With fall sports in full swing, it may be easy to assume that all the people now on crutches are due to a simple trip and fall or a slip-up during practice. Well, I’m here to tell you all that’s not the case. It’s me. The campus has been getting a little bit too crowded these past few weeks so I figured what better way to reduce the number of people around than to just start breaking their legs. Because Hamilton refuses to make the campus accessible, I figured I would slow them down and keep the library 3rd floor all to myself. Just wait till it starts snowing.

How did I just who to target? Simple. They all found out I was sleeping with their moms (so many moms), and she’s been staying with me in my single since family weekend. I also rob them of their pub ID’s to sell to the freshmen. I needed to find a way to keep those snitches quiet, and it worked. I guarantee if you ask any one of them, they will tell you some lie like they got “tackled wrong by some guy 4x their size because he got mad I was too fast at football.” I’ve got them well trained because they know the other leg is gonna go if they say shit.

I also recently became an EMT on campus and often got bored only getting calls for drunk people. I realized I could spice up my schedule by carefully planning when the “accidents” would occur. I set up the breakings at just the right time so I can get out of class when it gets boring. Haven’t been to lab in weeks, but I needed to practice for the infinite amount of pre-med classes that make me far more stressed than the lowly humanities majors; getting to learn anatomy hands-on has not only helped boost my study time but also my ego. I am able to help people and know shit you don’t.

And, again, it’s just the people that have found me with their mom. I’m not a monster.

XOXO,

The Kneecap Goblin

Found in the desk drawer of the Athletic Trainer’s Office by Ms. Meyers ’27.

Hamilton’s Students Excited for Fall Break

Across campus, students are finding all sorts of reasons to get excited for fall break. One student, Iona Tuhouz ’25, stated in an interview, “Yeah, I really am looking forward to fall break! I think I’ll manage to have plenty of fun. It is a shame about the curse, though.” *The Spectator* reporters were intrigued, and pressed her for further comment, to which she gave this statement: “Well, I’m taking a couple of my friends out to my family’s beach house. It’s on an old execution ground, so it’s super atmospheric. We’re gonna swim and watch movies and harass the locals from my convertible! Basically a perfect long weekend, aside from the curse!” *The Spectator* agrees—that does sound great!

Other students also shared their plans. One member of the football team, whose speech was too childish and slurred to make out a name, communicated his plans to our reporter using crude hand gestures. Here’s the translation: “Well, it’s always a conundrum, you know? It’s called a Break, but it isn’t quite enough time to do anything big, right? Makes it hard to plan things. Between that and the curse, it can get pretty tenuous. That said, I think I have a fair shake at a relaxing break. Oh, where am I going? Just back with my family, to relax, you know?” He isn’t the only one. Of the students interviewed by *The Spectator*, many were looking forward to, as another put it, “relaxation, in spite of the curse.”

Whether it be excitement for vacation fun, time with loved ones, or relaxation away from the hustle and bustle of academic life, fall break is on everyone’s mind here at Hamilton. Even Hamilton President Steven Tepper plans to take some time off during the break to “call forth malignant spirits.” As he closed his interview with *the Spec*, he stated that he expects “that students will come back rested and ready to be their best selves, as long as the curse doesn’t get them.”

Found in *The Spectator* by Mr. Hood ’27

Friday Five: Roommate Major Combos for Chaos

By Ms. Haller’26

Compatibility is extremely important when living with someone. The combo of opposite habits and poor communication will lead to utter anarchy. Certain combos of majors as roommates are destined to fail. Let this serve as a warning to stop you from making a terrible mistake, or just tell you how that mistake will play out.

5. Econ and Philosophy. It will all go down one night. After the econ majors daily rant about their 59-year plan to rise the ranks at Goldman Sachs, they will begrudgingly ask the philosophy major about their plans. Instead of answering, they will provide an eight-hour lecture on the meaning of life. The econ major will think critically for the first time in their life and wonder if there is more to life than making money. In a distinct moment of clarity, they will understand all the horrors of late-stage capitalism, leading them to have their midlife crisis 23 years too early.

4. Anthropology and Sociology. The natural enemies of the academic world, both responded, “we study culture, and they are just uncultured.” The two will be in constant competition to out-study each other’s habits. I fear the worst-case scenario is the Anthro major hiding in the closet ready to unethically record their roommate’s therapy, but instead, the Soc major has psychologically manipulated some stud back to their room. The anthro major is forced to watch, but hey, it’ll make a hell of a thesis essay.

3. Gov and Gov. Like the debate, you will find yourself throwing chairs trying to endure the frustration of watching two clashing gov majors. In any and all arguments, they will both try to play the devil’s advocate. Conflict will really arise when one roommate wants to use the space as a campaign office and the other wants to build a shrine to Aaron Sorkin’s *The West Wing*. These two don’t even need to be on different sides of the aisle; all it takes is one issue they slightly disagree on for them to end up in a five-hour-long screaming match.

2. Pre Law and Pre Med. These two on their own are menaces, reminding everyone they see about how much work they have, how much work they’ll have post-grad, and then how much money they will make. The minute these two move into the same vicinity, they will attempt to one-up each other’s superiority complexes. It might start with test grades but will lead to them staying up all night to prove they got less sleep. The worst part is they’re best friends and make their obviously toxic relationship everyone else’s problem.

1. Theater and Anyone. Bless the soul of anyone living with a theater major. While they may proclaim to have “left their theater kid self in high school,” their *Spotify Wrapped* will prove otherwise. One may walk into the room and find them shouting nonsense at a mirror; if asked about it, they will rant for at least 30 minutes about their characters’ most inner thoughts and feelings (they’ve decided their version of Annie is an Alcoholic). However, all hope is not lost: simply take advantage of their incessant need to please, and, like a director, discover a power trip like no other.

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