

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, ISSUE VI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

OCTOBER 25, 2024

## “My culture is not your costume” Says Furry

### SHOCKING: HAMILTON COLLEGE STUDENTS REPORT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING “And yet something feels lost”

By Mr. McCann '25

ANIMAL STUDIES DEPT.

(HOME FOR THE FALL) As governments fell, volcanoes erupted, and students went home unloved, a notoriously debaucherous campus reported a shocking dearth of activity for the week of October 17th. Noted for its miraculous rate of campus ‘uh-ohs’, and alleged deep-state allegiance, students were besieged by a relentless monotony not usually apparent to the vivacious campus. Instead of the prototypical cock fights, mosh pits, and critical Marxist theory graffiti, Hamilton students were aghast to find that their campus could confidently report an incident rate of zero for the weekend. Freshmen walked back to their dorms, fire alarms remained untriggered, and campus dining halls remained free of the reek of failure. Even Clinton, often known for its high-octane, pedal to the metal speed of life, would only go on to report a sin-

gular act of public masturbation, a historic low since the town was founded by the world’s first incel, Aima feminist ’69 .

Despite this raucous cause for celebration, students shockingly found this serene peace remarkably difficult to adjust to. Bundy resident Boar Ring ’89 described it as, “the most relaxing weekend I’ve ever had on this backwater Duck Dynasty fuckass campus since the fall of the Berlin Wall.” He continued on to say that “[he hoped] that this hippie-peace and love bullshit will fade back into obscurity where it [REDACTED] belongs’.

Despite intensive investigations, sources as to this remarkable armistice were unfounded, as locals could only be left to guess as to if its source could be the removal of an evil dark cloud over this idyllic landscape could possibly be the reason for its tranquility.

In the face of overwhelming student outcry, administrators have promised that the campus will soon return to its former state, with promises like a professorial affair or new dining hall hours thrown in a desperate attempt to keep the crowds at bay.

### DINER GETS OLD-TIMEY MALT MACHINE, EVERYONE DELIGHTED

Lactose intolerant students announce plans to fuck up their bowels

By Mr. Janicki '27

THEY’RE KINDA LIKE 1950’S MILKSHAKES DEPT.

(WAITING PATIENTLY FOR A TUSCAN LIKE A GOOD BOY) This Friday, it was announced that Diner would be getting an old-timey malt machine. The entirety of the student body rejoiced. When asked for his statement, President Steven Tepper had this to say: “Hamilton students have a lot of opinions, way more than in Arizona since the heat kills most of your brain cells down there, so I’ve been trying super hard to make something unanimously popular. I think we finally did it with this cool old-timey malt machine. It has levers and stuff that the workers have to pull and you liberal arts nerds should go crazy for it.” After taking a big sip from a creamy malt, he continued, “We also sprang for the kind where you can see it swirling around, which I felt would be very soothing for the students who enjoy Diner while zooted.”

Following this statement, Tepper licked off a little milk mustache he had and looked entirely at peace with the world.

Hamilton Students are notorious for their incessant complaining, so the investigative team at *The Duel Observer* took it upon themselves to find the most disagreeable members of the community to comment on the new malt machine. Cantankerous Gov major, Francine Loiyur ’25, commented, “I am at a loss for words.” They appeared almost visibly shaken, presumably from the lack of ability to complain, “It’s just good. It’s so good. I’ve never even imagined I could go to a school where such innovation existed. Yeah, sometimes the ice cream bar has good flavors, but they’re usually gone so quickly that I can complain about that, but this is just... incredible.” The interview was cut short as Ms. Loiyur ’25 broke down in tears of joy and was unable to continue.

*To the Hamily members reading this article: This is satire, but it doesn't have to be. I personally have already submitted a What If initiative asking for milkshakes in Diner. You can too. It takes three seconds, and if enough people submit, it has to happen. Please do this. It is more important than voting. Please, do the right thing here.*

### THREE STUDENTS AND ONE FACULTY MEMBER FOUND DISMEMBERED AFTER “ASS-RIPPER” STRIKES AGAIN THIS HALLOWEEN

“This is the lowest point of my reporting career...”  
By Mr. Dill '27

FART JOKES DEPT.

(TOWER PARTY MEAT LOCKER) Campus Safety recently put out the following statement: “hide your kids, hide your wife,” because the notorious serial killer calling themselves the “Ass-Ripper” strikes again in brutal fashion. Last night, three students and one member of Hamilton Facilities Management Staff were found brutally dismembered in dorm room Minor 420. The three roommates, Seymour Buttz ’26, Sey Lez Buttz ’26, and Noah “Ass” Foremee ’26, sent out a school-wide email inviting the entire campus, “minus the uglies (Jessica)” to pregame three nights early for Halloweekend at their place. Shockingly, nobody showed up due to complaints that they should’ve offered Minar and Cider Mill milkshakes” (a blend of Minar meals and apple cider donuts).

“I thought nothing out of the ordinary was going on!” explained ‘concerned’ neighbor Rhea Dacted ’27. Dacted further elaborated on the story, stating, “Everything sounded like their normal pregames. They were making their famous Mommy’s Malibu (MM), a mix of Malibu Rum and milk directly from a breast milk pump, and throwing mashed potatoes at each other. When they started yelling, I thought it was their nightly MM purge, so I called my emergency contact Jan Itter!” Unfortunately, when Itter arrived, the Ass-Ripper was on an ass-ripping hot streak, and she became part of the carnage.

When police arrived on the scene, the Ass-Ripper was long gone. All that remained was the Ass-Ripper’s calling card and all the body chunks super glued the dark side ceiling holes, spelling a message in braille that read: “I’M MORE OF A BOOB MAN MYSELF.”

Experts are encouraging students to beware this Halloweekend: “Either they’re super kinky or really need access to Urban Dictionary, but either way ,someone like that is too dangerous and cannot be trusted! Be careful, or else the Ass-Ripper might rip ass on you next!”

In this issue: We run out of jokes

### 15 HALLOWEEN COSTUMES TO GET ALL THE BITCHES



Number 1: Sexy Tepper. See, “Keep the bowtie ON” pg. 31



HALLOWEEN FORCAST

10/25



90% chance you lose your friends in the first five minutes

10/26



0% chance you have fun

10/27



100% chance of regret

# Wanted: New Campus “One Guy”

You’ve heard of a ‘One Guy.’ The guy that your friend is referring to when they say, “You know that one guy?” The guy whose notoriety transcends the usual social barriers of a community. One Guys are critical to the function of any social ecosystem—their antics serve to bring diverse communities together in shared incredulity. This has made them indispensable throughout history; there’s a reason communities in times past always had a “village idiot.” Following recent events, the Hamilton community finds itself short a One Guy, and this posting exists to find another.

## Benefits:

- Guaranteed single housing privileges in any dorm
- Undisturbed mealtimes and study sessions
- Great potential for social media engagement
- The absolute knowledge that no, it is everyone else who is wrong
- Guaranteed Legacy: be remembered long after you’re gone!

## Our ideal One Guy possesses:

- Unique appearance or behaviors that make applicant highly recognizable at a great distance
- Some public-facing expression (i.e. mode of dress, role in campus discourse, or public social media) that students can gawk at
- An absolute inability to fashionably wear socks
- Body odor and abnormal bathing habits (highly sought after)
- Boundless confidence in their own weird worldview and an eagerness to share it
- Evil in their mind and poison in their heart; people prefer One Guys with vile politics
- No shower shoes

We’re looking for a creep. Perhaps even a weirdo. Someone who clearly doesn’t belong here. We’re hiring a One Guy, which means we need an experienced social pariah, someone who doesn’t mind being the butt of a great many jokes. This listing is for a malignant One Guy (notable for some heinous set of qualities), but benign One Guy (not as overtly despicable) applications are also welcome. There is no need to interpret the above list as set in stone, and feel free to bring your unique flair to the role! The posting might be for a One Guy, but don’t let gender be a factor in your application. We hate, not discriminate!

All applications welcome! Deadline November 15.

Found inexplicably in the Duel’s pre-publishing manuscripts by Mr. Hood ’27.

## The Dad Who Stepper-ed Up: How Silent Walks With Steven Tepper Helped Heal My Daddy Issues

On the spectrum of patriarchal names from ‘Daddy’ (if this is the name you call your mother’s partner I have absolutely no respect for you) to ‘Father,’ I have always fallen within the painful Luke Skywalker range of “NOOOOOOOO.”

Although getting up at 8 am to walk silently with a bunch of strangers seems cultish, I can easily be coerced into going anywhere when I am promised some hot chocolate. WHAT IF...every cult-like task we partake in as a “Family” was rewarded with a sweet treat?

After going to two silent walks with Steven Tepper, I’ve officially had more conversations this with the newborn president than with my actual father. WHAT IF... Steven Tepper is the peak father figure of all father figures?

A list of my previous unhealthy attachments to unknowing father figures includes the Care-Bear with the storm cloud, the male-presenting tree in my childhood backyard, and Tonka Jahari.

WHAT IF... my unstable relationship with my Dad turned a simple walk into me delusionally trying to fill the gaping hole of a father figure in my life?

My therapist tells me I have severe attachment issues. But... WHAT IF...this is completely and totally unrelated to that, and she never really understood me anyway.

Appreciating the stillness of a fall morning in quiet reflectiveness next to my new Dad was a great way to start my day. WHAT IF... I applied this mindset to my everyday life? Would my relationship with the source of my male aversion improve?

This life lesson of appreciating the little things and meditative silence is something I would never learn from my own Dad. WHAT IF...he’s called me, just once, while I’m here at college?

I’d always thought of myself as a contemplative, creative, curly-haired ponderer. WHAT IF... there is strong evidence that Steven Tepper is my Dad now?

Stepping with Stepper moderately but undoubtedly helped fill the empty position of a supportive father figure in my life. WHAT IF... Steven Tepper legally adopted me into his family to fix the rest of my issues?

WHAT IF...my lifelong toil with daddy issues is finally coming to an end?

Found clutched in the hands of a raccoon rifling through the Counseling Center dumpster by Ms. Snowman ’28

## Friday Five: Rejected Group Costume Ideas

By Ms. Stillman ’27

*Planning and coordinating group costumes each year can be difficult. Different people have their own ideas of what costumes would best suit their group, from sexy firefighters to sexy produce and even sexy bricks. The Duel Observer’s Group Chat Reading Department perused the conversations of over two group chats to deduce the best of the rejected costume ideas. Take this as inspiration for this year’s Halloweekend festivities.*

**5. Any costume, but worn every day.** Why should Halloweekend only last the Halloweekend? Wear your costume year-round to keep the joy and spunk of Halloween alive. This is a fun challenge for your group to see who can style the costume best while still making it apparent that they are wearing it. Maybe this is “too complicated,” but the earth doesn’t care: it’s a sustainable alternative to fast fashion. So, get styling.

**4. Your #1 opps.** This costume might start “unnecessary drama,” but it’s great for communication, letting the opp know how much you despise them. It also brings other people who hate this person to you. Make more friends through common enemies! And your opp’s friends will realize how terrible they are and then leave the opp, then become friends with you, causing your opp to experience pain! Yipee!!!

**3. The Stages of JoJo Siwa.** In the past few years, JoJo Siwa has gone through many phases, such as Dance Moms, baby gay haircut, 21st birthday at Epcot, Karma, and drinking bottles of fireball on stage during performances. She is iconic, and the sheer number of phases makes this costume perfect for a group. To the person who rejected this idea, I just want you to remember that Karma’s a bitch and you should have known better.

**2. Campus buildings.** Everyone has their favorite building, or at least a building they hate the least. Showing that off with a creative costume is a great way to express personal flair! Also, no one else will be dressed like you. There may be 20 cowboys, but there will only be one bitch in a KJ-shaped cardboard box. Bulky? Maybe. Good for hiding alcohol? Definitely. Will get you kicked out of Pub? Who knows! Try it and let us know at [duel@hamilton.edu](mailto:duel@hamilton.edu).

**1. Fursuits.** Though they may be hated on, fursuits are notorious for being an open-minded group of people. As a Hamily, we strive to make everyone feel welcome and included at Hamilton. That’s why, if we all dress in fursuits even just for a night, the gaps that separate us may narrow even just a little bit.

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