

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXV, ISSUE II “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 31, 2020

GUYS, I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT THAT I GOT WASTED AND JUMPED THROUGH A SUITE WINDOW ...why are you looking at me like that?

TIFFANY GOT DUMPED BY HER SENIOR BOYFRIEND A WEEK BEFORE FRESHMAN FORMAL

That’s why he never bothered learning the choreo

By Mr. Paull ’20

CHAPERONE DEPT.

(INSIDE A PINT OF BEN AND JERRY’S) Freshman Tiffany Maxwell was shocked when she found out over text that her boyfriend, Martin Randolph ’20, was breaking up with her. This breakup proved to be doubly excruciating, as it was right before Freshman Formal, and only *nobodies* go to Freshman Formal without a date.

“I thought when he said I was cute in a step-sister type of way, that meant we were going to be together forever,” Maxwell said, crying as she watched her Sims family slowly burn in a house fire. “I even gave Martin the cufflinks my grandfather left me in his will.”

Randolph always found the “boyfriend” label to be oppressive and resented that it severely reduced the time he could spend with the fellas.

“You’re right, it was pretty brave of me to text

her instead of ghosting,” Randolph said unprompted. “There are countless reasons it didn’t work out. I plan on working for the Yang campaign after I graduate, and it would be pretty tough to be neglectful long distance. She was also bad at watching me play video games, always asking if she could play too.”

Maxwell had given up on the idea of attending Freshman Formal, content with spending the next week lying in bed in the dress she bought for it and sighing periodically. However, she had no idea that she had a secret admirer, Cagney Richardson ’20, also known as the Fancy Little Man of Hamilton, prim and proper in coat and tails, about to come to the rescue.

“Ms. Maxwell,” Richardson said as he appeared outside her Dunham window and doffed his cap, “I would be ever so pleased if you accompanied me to the ball next week. I promise I will be the perfect little gentleman I am billed to be.”

Maxwell, thrilled to be asked by such a fancy little man, immediately said yes and was glad she could stop pretending to be #Yanggang.

SUNDAY F.I.L.M. SERIES CANCELLED, REPLACED BY P.O.R.N. SERIES

“I hope my professors don’t come.”

By Mr. Stringer ’23

DON’T COME IN!!! DEPT.

(A LOCKED GENDER NEUTRAL BATHROOM) For over twenty five years, the Sunday F.I.L.M. Series has been bringing Hamiltonians their weekly dose of carefully curated art cinema, showing illustrious titles such as *Metropolis*, *L’age D’or*, and *The Sterile Cuckoo* (filmed on Hamilton’s campus!). Recently, however, attendance has started to dwindle, with even the most unbearable of film majors skipping screenings. As a result, it was announced earlier this week that the F.I.L.M. series was to be scrapped entirely, and all future screenings are to be cancelled.

But what is to replace the F.I.L.M. Series? According to a joint statement from the art history and cinema studies departments, the F.I.L.M. series will be replaced by a new, late night series of movie screenings: the P.O.R.N. Series. This series “will focus on signifigant works of explicit erotic cinema” according to Dr. Ivan Tajakhoff,

director of the new series. “Nothing can compare to the intense personal stimulus that film provides,” a visibly distracted and restless Tajakhoff said. “I can think of no other art form that lets people come together and do this kind of deep personal examination.”

“At first I was pretty distraught,” some pretentious movie nerd said. “As a Cinema Studies major, I require intellectual stimulation when I watch a film, and I was worried that losing the F.I.L.M. series would deprive me of this.” When told of the introduction of the P.O.R.N. Series, the student replied, “Oh boy! Now I can finally see a woman naked!” The rest of the interview consisted of a rambling mansplanation about the genius of Quentin Tarantino and is largely unfit for print.

The new series will feature classic titles such as *Deep Throat* and *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, as well as more recent works such as *Smells Like Sex*, *Bad Babysitters #2*, and *The Legend of Pussy Poppins* (filmed on Hamilton’s campus!). Participating students will have access to a one-month Pornhub premium subscription, as well as networking opportunities with horny moms in their area (no signup, no CC, no bullshit!).

AHI ENDORSES RONALD REAGAN FOR THE 13TH CONSECUTIVE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

“It’s Morning again at Hamilton”

By Mr. Projansky ’21

COCAINE BUT NOT CRACK DEPT.

(DUNGEON UNDER THE BRIDGE) For the thirteenth election cycle in a row, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has endorsed Republican Ronald Reagan for president.

“This choice was not an easy one this year. We heavily considered endorsing George H.W. Bush because god damn do I love a man who loves oil,” AHI President Eldritch White explained while suspiciously moving his arm under his desk. “We went with Ronald Reagan again though, because nothing can beat Trickle—” here he paused to remove his hand from his pants “—Down Economics,” he said with a heavy breath.

“I mean, I guess this is on brand,” Libby Stuart ’22, a Public Policy major, responded when asked about her feelings on the endorsement. “I just... I really don’t want to be the one to tell them, but someone should, right?”

“We have gotten a few comments about how people think Reagan is ‘dead’ and how ‘even if he was alive he is ineligible from running because he already served two terms,” White continued explaining over the sound of zipping. “But these comments are just the results of Democrats’ partisan extremism. This endorsement is not about nominating a Republican or a Democrat, but someone who can help solve the real problem America is facing right now: we aren’t funneling enough drugs into communities we don’t like.”

“Bro, this is huge,” Econ major and frat boy Jordan Shapiro ’20 said, with his ‘Make Taxation Theft Again’ hat on backwards. “Reagan was the fucking guy man! In ’81 they were all like ‘pew pew’ with guns on him but he was like, ‘oh no, you wanna actually kill me hell no,’ and then he almost made a death star to give them a *real* PEW PEW. If that isn’t the quality of a president, and someone who can fucking hang, I don’t know what is. Man, I love the AHI.”

In this issue: Nobody puts eczema in the corner.

GROUNDHOG DAY



The most important event we could report on this Sunday See, “The 49ers got nothing on Phil,” pg. 93

THE DUEL ZODIAC

Jan 3 - Feb 13, The New York Yongle: The sexiest Duel sign, the Yongle craves excitement but hates international airports. All Yongles are polyamorous with each other, and most are allergic to latex. And don’t even get them started on the dentist!



SECOND WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 70% chance you complain that there’s no party for hours	 Low probability you actually want to host a party	 “Well, I guess I’ll jerk off for a fourth time.”

Upcoming Common Ground Event: Men’s Rights

Inboxx

Suzanne Collin

8:18 PM (8 minutes ago)

to NOTICES-ALL

Since the founding of the Hamilton College School for Men and Boys, the academic minds of our beloved institution have pondered one question: do men deserve rights? The goal of Common Ground is to display a variety of attitudes about controversial topics, so the Hamilton College Events and Scheduling Office is bringing two leading scholars in their respective fields to present their opposing and polarizing views.

A men’s rights activist and traditionalist from Ontario, Canada and a PhD candidate at the University of Southern California, Janet Mouraney most recently wrote an explosive piece for the *New York Times* in which she argues that, in fact, *Grown Ups 2* is actually good. In an excerpt from her upcoming book, *Men Can Have a Little Rights, As a Treat*, Mouraney writes, “The second sex can potentially exhibit desirous traits; take for example Mr. Wilt Chamberlain. He could throw a ball! #notallmen.”

To present the opposing view, Pamela Christensen, a nudist sculpturist from Des Moines, Iowa presses for more radical change. She is the newest and first recipient of the Nobel Prize Committee’s #GirlPower Award for Girl Bossery. Author of *No Puss, No Opinion*, Christensen illustrates the belief that the Constitution itself presents men as subordinate, writing, “when Thomas Jefferson said ‘all men are created equal,’ he was arguing for the universal inferiority of the male sex to us women: the naturally dominant and evolutionarily chosen.”

Lena Dunham will also be there.

The panel will be moderated by Religious Studies-Gender Studies double major, Tia Landry ’20, whose poem “wHERe did all the men <<go>>” won Most Line Breaks at the rupi kaur lowercase-letters and bangs poetry competition. About the conversation, Landry noted her excitement but expressed a bit of concern: “I look forward to hearing both sides of the argument, but I am wary that my anti-men’s rights biases will get in the way of my moderation. Like, I think men shouldn’t be able to learn to read, so I’ll have to try my best to maintain a wafer thin veil of objectivity.”

Tickets go on sale Friday. \$50 for males, free for bad-ass werking bitches.

Click here to Reply or Forward

Written on the bare backs of Mr. Wilson ’23 and Mr. Wright-Schaner ’23

LEAKED: Notes from Fruity Trebles A Cappella Auditions

CANDIDATE - Zoe, Soprano

- Pros: Great voice, blends well with other singers, perfect pitch, she’s so sweet!
- Cons: Can’t pull off jewel tones (she could totally wear pastels but that’s not our vibe)

CANDIDATE - Vanessa, Alto

- Pros: Good vocal range, willing to sing the really shitty Alto 2 parts
- Cons: Little pitchy, wouldn’t swear our sacred blood oath

CANDIDATE - Julia, Mezzo

- Pros: Can maybe beatbox (she’s learning)
- Cons: We already have six Julias, auditioned with “The Cup Song” and I threw up in my mouth

CANDIDATE - Alex, Tenor

- Pros: Would round out our Tenor section really well, has experience arranging music

- Cons: Brought a bassoon to auditions, said they could play it really well, like really super well, they’re thinking about joining orchestra too, but didn’t play it for us

CANDIDATE - Gabby, Soprano

- Pros: Can hit a high C, beautiful face
- Cons: Adamantly refuses to sing Disney songs, agreed with all Grammy decisions

CANDIDATE - Oscar, Castrato

- Pros: Perfect shoe size (we need a 9.5), can match pitch with the microwave in Opus
- Cons: Would overshadow all current sopranos, I will not be forced out of my solo by this man

CANDIDATE - Bobby, Tenor

- On the track team - immediate disqualification

CANDIDATE - Emerson, Bass

- Pros: Only Bass who is willing to sing Taylor Swift
- Cons: Audition song was “Signed, Sealed, Delivered”—literally fuck off, do you think this is a joke? This is not a fucking joke—this is a cappella.

Sent by an anonymous whistleblower to Ms. Cavallino ’21

Friday Five: Ways To Respond To A Dick Pic Like The Kirkland-College-Sweatshirt-Wearing Feminist You Are

By Ms. Davidson ’23

Ladies, we’ve all been there. You’re checking your email during class, and all of a sudden the townie that said you “weren’t like the other girls” sends you a picture of his ding-a-ling. You turn to your friend and go, “Aw, lookit.” Promptly, your professor calls on you, to which you say, “Excuse me, Mrs. Professor, but I have some very important business to attend to,” to which she replies, “Juliet, your computer is AirPlaying onto the screen, and I know that ding-a-ling,” to which you retort, “Don’t care, didn’t ask, plus you’re a woman.” College is like totally crazy. Anyway here’s the list.

5. An e-vite to the freshman formal. A chodey lad who SMS texts his member to a young lady like yourself is just the type of man-boy you should sway with at a sobering event like this. They say distance makes the heart grow fonder.

4. An Edible Arrangement. Nothing says “you’re so big” like a tasteful display of fruit dipped in chocolate by a dude working minimum wage in New Hartford. Forget a note, the gift speaks for itself: “I’m equally as excited by your dick as I am by melons that taste like other fruit and are cut into the least fun shapes.”

3. “Rip X.” Gone but never forgotten—like the BlackBerry or smallpox. Similar to XXXTENTATION, your man can’t keep his dick in his pants. So when you text “Rip X,” the camera goes away, your Light Side lover slumps in his rock-hard bed with his rock-hard wang, he sighs longingly (but definitely not homoerotically), and replies, “Damn. Rip X.”

2. Another dick pic. It’s like musical chairs but with pictures of peens! He sends one, then you send one back, then he says yours was assault but his was charming, and then that you were asking for it by checking your messages. Ah, and then you are conveniently reminded that just because you, a woman, have rights that doesn’t mean you deserve them.

1. Literally any Borat reference. The guy that sent you a picture of his schlong absolutely quotes *Borat* on a daily basis. He would quite literally cream his jorts were you to quote Sacha Baron Cohen while looking at his aggressively average-sized cock. These men are the unsung heroes of Hamilton College, bringing a vivacity and spunk that can only be described as “Oh, this guy, this guy’s an animal.” Oh, this guy.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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