

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE II “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” FEBRUARY 4, 2022

Sophomore Declares Concentration in Her Friend’s New Ugly Boyfriend

GLOBE TROTTER?
STUDENT ABROAD FINDS HERSELF THANKS TO GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND SODOMY
This is one look *Emily in Paris* can’t pull off

Ms. Davidson ’23
DEPT. OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
(PARADISE <3) When Jenny Sarah Cooper ’23 arrived in España (Spain), her hopes were high and her debit card balance was low. She knew she would make friends and drink sangria (sangria), but she didn’t know that through this fun she would also find something else. She always thought “abroad changed me” was a cliché until one day, with a little help from her friends (poppers and a trip to La Sagrada Familia), she was made anew, made a woman who knows thyself.
Cooper’s zeal for knowledge and sodomitical practice began in an Intro Philosophy course where she learned if she thinks therefore she is. “Para mi, it was the first time I thought,”

“NEW YEAR, NEW ME,” SAYS STUDENT COMMITTING IDENTITY THEFT
Know theirselves, be theirselves
By Ms. Adler ’24

THE WHO DEPT.
(CAMPO JAIL) As January came to a close, enterprising Campo officers uncovered a crime ring of student identity theft. According to inside sources, many students made their New Year’s resolution “new year, new me” and, as a result, have begun to steal HillCards to literally reinvent themselves. However, as with all New Year’s resolutions, this one barely lasted until the end of January and crashed and failed by February first.
“I just wanted to keep a resolution for once in my life, but once I figured out that ‘new year, new me’ actually means becoming a better person, I realized that it was way more of a commitment than I thought.” Jane Doe ’23 said. “Taking someone else’s name and life was just easier for me.”

Cooper said, ordering off the menu. “It meant ‘time to take the mundo by storm’ and really put myself afuera.” This search for global enterprise naturally drew her to studying abroad. She knew España (Spain) was the perfect place to discover herself because she always found something in Zara.
It didn’t take long for Cooper to see the sights and promptly shit the bed. The Arcadia program, heralded for its competitive admission and notable alumni relations prides itself on this seemingly inevitable discovery of man. Says Program Director Matthew Broderick, “When we founded the program, our intentions were to engage students with archi-culture. Our interdisciplinary curriculum allows students to not only study the works but also thrust themselves into open dialogue.”
Though Cooper has only been there for three weeks and taken it in the ass but a once, she feels truly transformed by her experience. Upon her return to Hamilton, Cooper intends to tighten her course of study while seeking holistic engagement in extracurricular activity.

“I just did it for the cash,” Tae Boul ’25 shrugged, arms tied together with makeshift handcuffs made of Toast donuts. “Everyone uses the phone app for the HillCard, so they never get the physical thing replaced when I take it. I’m rolling in all the money that mommy and daddy are throwing into their HillCard eAccounts.”
When multiple cases of identity theft became known to the campus at large, some were shocked and horrified but most were impressed, calling the identity theft the “ultimate devious lick.”
“It happened to me,” Jean Valjean ’25 said. “Yeah, it was scary for a while— I was like, ‘who am I?’ But then I realized that I just needed to step up my game and become someone else.”
When interviewed, Campo Officer Dew Rong, smoking a joint behind Dunham, assured us that everything was being done to stop these identity thefts. Effective immediately, each student’s HillCard will be replaced with an individual barcode that will be tattooed onto their ass after they schedule their first COVID test of next week.

“LET’S GET THIS BRED!” ANNOUNCES NEW EUGENICS CLUB
Egg station is not, in fact, an IVF clinic
By Mr. Nelson ’23

MIDDLE SCHOOL SCIENCE DEPT.
(CLUB FAIR TABLE) Short skirts, pathological drinking habits, vomit-inducing conspicuous consumption, and silly white-people dance moves: Hamilton College is clearly ready for another Roaring Twenties. The latest blast from the past is the Breeding Society, which stands poised to rival disgraced former professors at repackaging ancient, pseudoscientific white supremacist nonsense for today’s audience of creepy young men. The Breeding Society’s president—or “Grand Inseminator,” in the club’s parlance—is Ted Galton ’24, who briefly spoke with reporters at his not entirely unsticky club fair table.

TABLE 1: Sample Breeding Society Punnett Square

	T	t
T	TT (wood leg table)	Tt (titty lol)
t	Tt (wood leg, carries wimp gene)	tt (useless fuck)

T: dominant gene (big strong wooden leg gene)
t: submissive gene (wimpy little card table leg gene)

“I don’t see what’s so controversial about this. It’s completely natural for the state to prevent the weak from passing on their defective genes,” Galton claimed, wiping his thick anime-girl spectacles with his two-inch wrists. “All we want is to perfect humans through selective breeding the way we have with dairy cows or the beautiful purebred pug.”
Although the new organization drew a significant crowd during Friday’s club fair, most of the students milling around turned out to be alleged “latex allergic” men hoping to very publicly use Galton’s patent-pending “Nutbuster” self-sterilization ball microwave. However, a few greasy little edgelords seemed genuinely interested in the project of withholding reproductive rights from vulnerable communities.
“I love this club. Back when I was in model UN, it’d take me like sixteen days of credentials challenges alone before I could negotiate my way to getting laid,” Phineas Goodenrich ’23 said to no one in particular. Goodenrich ’23 is an Economics major who, as you might expect, believes reproduction permits should be auctioned on the free market to pay for more Israeli bombing raids. “Now Ted has women lining up around the block for a paper cupful of my ‘rich parents’ genes.”

In this issue: yum, table.

CLUB FAIR FORECAST

11:00 AM



High probability that you need TSA Precheck to get into the club fair

12:22 PM




90% chance you'll blow an eboard member to fill out your passport

1:59 PM



"I still can't find the streaking club and it's fucking cold out!"

FEB FEST



Whoever submitted the vulva design for the ice sculpture, it's not funny, I still can't unstick my tongue. See, "Hockey team still can't find the clit," pg. 1892

Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. Put hen in pan

2. Wait



Hey. You. Yeah, down here. Not that slobbery guy convulsing on the ground, the table! We talk, you know. Or at least, we try to talk and people dismiss us, calling it “just” table talk. We put up with a lot, you know. I knew a guy they flipped and he was just sittin’ there with his legs in the air for days. Decommissioned. Tables talk... My friend Wally was all wobbly, so in comes this guy in a hat and jumpsuit, pipe puffing away, as he hacks Wally’s legs so they’re “even” and he stands smoothly on these newfangled stumps. Hell, there was even some clattering a few years ago about one of the poor suite dining tables back in the war. The food got tight, so what did they do? They started going for his legs one by one, boiling them as he was trying to fall asleep. I heard he became a washboard. What’s a table without his legs? That’s why it’s leg day today. It was leg day yesterday. It’ll be leg day tomorrow. Hell,

Every Day is Leg Day (When You’re a Table)¹

They tried to put me in the Science Center (You won’t)
But my legs were too long!

I’m oh so sturdy, these legs, they’re purdy

Everyday is leg day, Monday, Tuesday, I’m oh so study, these legs, they’re purdy
Wednesday

Wood legs all the way

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

Sunday is my sloth day, wipe that mustard Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

off me Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

Find a nicer table? Find a nicer table? (Tap tap tap tap) (Tap tap tap tap)

(You won’t) Legs!

I’m oh so sturdy, these legs, they’re purdy KJ! This table falls!
I’m oh so study, these legs, they’re purdy Commons! This table falls!
Diner! This table falls!
McEwen! This table falls!

Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

Legs! Legs! What’s on the menu?

(Clap-clap-clap-clap)²

(Tap tap tap tap)

Legs!

Legs! Legs! Legs! Legs!

Everyday is leg day, never take no break
You think that this wood’s fake?
Watch it while your chair shakes
Sunday is my sloth day, wipe that mustard
off me

Legs!

¹ Inspired by Lucian Piane’s “Legs”

Find a nicer table? Find a nicer table? ² Tables can’t clap

Transcribed from Commons Table talk by Mr. Lannon ’22

Jan 27, 2022

Dear [REDACTED],

We noticed your demonstrated interest in declaring a major in the Literature Department. We have tracked your progress with us for three semesters now, and as such we would like to kindly request for you to fuck off. Seriously. You’re not made for this, [REDACTED]. If you enroll in our program it would be a contamination from which we will never be able to recover. Entire lifetimes of hard work, commitment, and genius-WHOOSH!-down the drain. And it will all be because of YOU, [REDACTED].

If you’re thinking about seeing any of our faculty next week, don’t. They will not speak to you, make eye contact, nor acknowledge you as a human being. And that is just the half who have remained. What the fuck am I supposed to put in my annual report now?

Hey, did you know? Robert is waiting tables now. Quit his job the moment he heard about your intention to declare, had a flashback to that time you sent in a Word Doc with the sentence, “Uh, I just didn’t like it,” typed over and over again until it hit the page limit and called it literary analysis, then immediately started gagging. That man had a tenure track, a family, and faith in youth and change and possibilities. You broke him, [REDACTED], you broke him. I hope you’re fucking happy now.

And no, until Mark Zuckerberg declares himself King of the Metaverse, social media lingo does NOT qualify as a foreign language, yah????

Real talk: Please, I implore you, do *anything* else. Sit at a table, fondle your balls, jack off into a box of tissue. Concentrate in TikTok. Join Econ. They’ll literally take anyone. In fact, I will personally write you a letter of condemnation to seal the deal.

Bye bitch,

Hamilton Literature Department faculty

P.S.
Oh, the things I will do if you share the contents of this letter with anyone.

P.P.S.
Actually, you know what? This letter will just self-destruct in 30 seconds because fuck you. I know a snitch when I see one.

Ashes picked out of the furnace by Mr. Li ’24

Friday Five: Reasons Delaware Doesn’t Exist

By Ms. Sedaka ’25

Ah Delaware, the state of... trees? No, that can’t be right. Water? No, that feels wrong too. Is it the state of anything? Is it anything? Throughout the course of history, Delaware has existed. At least that’s what they want you to believe. Below are five of the many reasons Delaware is, in fact, not real.

5. The Name. The first (and likely most obvious) reason is right there in its name. Let me explain. Delaware. Wow, pretty name! Now, let’s split it up by syllables. Del-a-ware. Del-a-where. Why does it end in where, one might wonder? The answer: because it is nowhere.

4. The History. Supposedly, Delaware is the first state. If first, why so unknown? If first, why not the capital? Possibly faked for America’s publicity? 17th-century version of the moon landing? Totally scientifically possible that the founding fathers made it up before real states were discovered and then were too deep into the lie.

3. Lack of Originality. All the big places on the map of Delaware are other places. Don’t believe me? Wilmington... North Carolina. Georgetown... DC. Hogwarts... obviously Mississippi. This is evidence that all these places could have been easily made up and poorly at that.

2. No Real Celebs. Go ahead, look it up. Who’s that you see? No one. Oh, and don’t go saying, “what about Joe Biden?” “Biden’s from Delaware,” Well, guess what. Biden’s from Pennsylvania! Yeah, he claims to have worked in Delaware for a bit doing something like taxes, but let me ask you this. Have you ever seen him there? I thought not.

1. Tourism. Let’s discuss all those great things to see in Delaware. Plymouth Rock? No, that’s in Massachusetts. Liberty Bell? Pennsylvania. Declaration of Independence? Washington D.C. First state my ass. When’s the last time you heard anyone on a game show go, “and you just won a six-day seven-night, all-expenses-paid trip to Delaware! Land, of the–” ah fuck it, you get my drift. Lastly, riddle me this: Have you ever been to Delaware? No questions, please.

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