

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

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More Like Spring Broke: I Bet All My Money on the Women’s Ice Hockey Team

SENIOR DROWNS PE requirement pending renewal

By Ms. Davidson '23

GEN ED DEPT.

(BRISTOL POOL) Hamilton College, once a haven for the legacy student and the metrosexual man, is now the site of tragedy. The student body is at a loss for words over the passing of senior Julia Davenport, who drowned during free swim after failing to complete her swim test.

On March 8th, seniors received a notice that the faculty voted to remove the swim test as a graduation requirement “effective immediately.” On March 9th, Davenport, who had never swam before, went into the newly-filled pool but failed to come up for air. Because she never completed her swim test, she didn’t know she was supposed to breathe before going underwater. Had she taken the assessment, she would have surely been bullied by the moderator, discouraged to enter a pool ever again, and never graduated.

“When did Admin stop caring about our safety?” Max O’Connor ’23, a close friend of Davenport’s, pleaded. He continued, “I know that if she had taken

the swim test, this wouldn’t have happened, and she would be a fifth year just like me. I mean, I was put on academic probation for sexual harassment, but both seem like fair reasons to hold a student back.”

The outrage on campus is palpable, and students have covered the entrance to the Alumni Gym with letters begging for a recall. Reads one note, “How will other people know that my body is smaller and sexier than theirs if the school doesn’t force us to show off our bodies?” Another, “How am I supposed to become a Renaissance man if I can’t play chicken in the pool with my boy friends after school?”

Professor Tyne, who voted to remove the requirement, spoke at the following faculty meeting: “Why should students need to pass a swim test to graduate if they don’t even need to take a math class? I mean, most of them can’t even spell ‘occasionally’ correctly.” Tyne has proposed an alternative to the swim test called “witch swimming.” Students will be pushed into the pool, and if they float, they are surely a witch (and a swimmer!) and are eligible for a Bachelor of Arts degree. If they drown, they are not a witch (and bad at swimming), and their lives will be remembered until the swim test is revoked once again.

STUDENTS’ BREAKS WERE FINE Mostly did nothing, which was nice, actually

By Mr. Wilson '23

ORAL COMMUNICATION DEPT.

(PASSING ON MARTIN’S WAY) This week marked the return from spring break, the annual two-week break that reminds Hamilton students about their place in the pecking order. As people returned to normal life, the usual post-break chit-chat ensued (“How is your parents’ divorce going?” “The stock market, am I right?” “You have something in your teeth.”). This always includes the traditional brief exchange of break happenings.

Two students, Guess Anderson ’23 and Cunk Dunk ’23, had a conversation during which they both described their breaks as “fine.” Dunk “just went home and chilled, saw friends, watched TV.” Dunk, wearing a black zip-up puffer jacket, khaki straight-leg pants, and Allbirds, was kept busy by “doing absolutely NO work,” which he emphasized several times.

Anderson, on the other hand, stayed on cam-

pus working on her thesis and missing the dining hall’s weird hours three days in a row. In a pitched-down voice and throwing up the “rockstar” hands, she exclaimed “spring break!!” in order to highlight how mundane the two weeks were. Dunk responded with a “same, hahaha,” trying to figure out what to do with his hands, opting eventually for the classic “four fingers in pockets, thumbs sticking out” maneuver. Anderson and Dunk’s conversation was described by onlookers as “excruciatingly banal” and “the lowest level of human communication.”

Both Dunk and Anderson were thrilled by the opportunity to tell the other about how mid their breaks were, so the conversation lasted an entire two minutes. Both reportedly consider the other to be a “Tier 2” friend, so they felt at liberty to breeze past their mutual feelings of disappointment at missing out on the poppers everybody else was doing.

Having fulfilled their mutual obligation to inform the other about being “actually super happy to finally have some down time,” both went their separate ways and then tripped and fell over.

WE ASKED CHATGPT TO WRITE THIS ARTICLE

It sucked shit so now I have to do it

By Mx. Stringer '23

ANTISOCIAL SERVICES DEPT.

(THE DESKTOP THAT MY PROFESSOR FORGOT TO SIGN OUT OF) ChatGPT and other text generative AI softwares have taken the world by storm in the past few months. These programs can write code, abstracts, sociology theses, and other generally nerdy things with incredible speed, and this of course this has attracted the attention of news outlets across the nation. This has been worrying to students looking forward to a career in journalism (although one read of *The Spectator* makes it clear that this worrying is perhaps optimistic), and deeply thrilling to students that try to get the robots to say the word “Penis” (this is nearly impossible).

The Duel Observer, being one of Hamilton’s foremost “news” organizations (and technically a real newspaper given that we print on paper), has joined with journalism’s brightest minds in asking: can AI write the news? The answer is no. First attempts were performed with Microsoft’s Bing AI, which spat out nothing but what appeared to be IP addresses. We tried to turn it into some kind of “I Pee” joke but it felt too lazy to turn into a full article, so we moved on.

Next was Google’s AI platform. The only word it produced was “GooglePenis” (it’s crazy how quickly these things learn!).

Finally we used ChatGPT. While the AI seemed very smug about the fact that it would replace human writers in five years, and confident that “intimacy issues like that are really best discussed with a trained professional, Simon.” It could not write anything close to funny enough for *The Duel* to publish (and that bar is low). “ChatGPT?” More like “ShatGPT.”

It seems like ChatGPT can write anything—lyrics to a song, a psychology paper due in ninety minutes, a letter from your father letting you know that the divorce wasn’t your fault—but it cannot write hyperlocal deadpan satire, which for now, remains the domain of humans. The students of Hamilton College can rest assured that no machine will take groundbreaking content like “How to Fart Quietly but Poopy a Little” away from them any time soon.

In this issue: Performance Reviews

JUNIOR PREVIEW DAY



What is that? See, “Why do I have to move my car?” pg. 2028.

SILENT DISCO FORECAST

9:00 PM

10:00 PM

11:00 PM

Are you ready to boogie down??

Get ready for silent disco this Saturday 4/1 in the annex!

Be there & be ready to dance!

Emotional Support Animal of the Week

Diane Keaton. This fish is named Diane Keaton (Bab 23E)

An Elegy

 Y_e