

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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There Aren’t Enough Jump Street Movies to Keep Kanye Occupied Through Passover so Buckle Up

COMMON GROUND: SEXUAL HARRASMENT

Why was six afraid of seven? Because of Title IX
By Ms. Davidson ’23

ENLIGHTENED CENTRIST DEPT.
(CHAPEL) While Hamilton’s Title IX policy prohibits non-consensual sexual contact, it does allow for every perspective – even the wrong one. In continuing this long-standing tradition of excellence, Hamilton College is set to host a Common Ground discussion this May to explore the question of our generation: sexual harassment: is that still okay?

At the heart of this debate is the students, as they have committed 100% of the convicted sexual assault cases on campus. It is an especially important discussion, given the current climate on campus. People are talking about sexual assault less than ever. “I’m more into climate issues now; less sad in a weird way,” Ray Colins ’24 said.

The upcoming event has generated inspiring dialogue amongst students, who have pledged to go either there or to Diner – depends on how hungry they are (also on how far they are from the Chapel). With moderator Marianne Sraed of the College Events and

Scheduling Office, the discussion will be divided into three sections: pros, cons, and depends (e.g., streaming “Billie Jean” versus hearing “Billie Jean” on the radio). Speakers are the foremost Women’s and Gender Studies scholar from Saratoga Springs, New York and former film producer and convicted sex offender Harvey Weinstein.

There has been some confusion on the discussion’s context in the “Common Ground” series. Some believe it’s because a legitimate act of recourse proposed by the Title IX Coordinator is to face one’s assailant for a chit-chat. “It is important we develop mutual respect for our community members, despite their faults and alleged crimes that threaten the safety of our campus,” Director Coyle mumbled.

With such fervent reactions from the student body, President Wippman decided to send an email like any mature seventeen-year-old girl would do: “Let me clarify that the discussion is not about whether participants are for or against sexual harassment. This discussion is about where people draw the line: whose fault is it *really*?” This academic year has brought such inspiring events, such as the Anglela David talk and nothing else

STUDENT SMOKED THAT SHIT; GOT HIGH AND SCARED IN MCEWEN

“It’s this new strain my cousin made, it’s really going to revolutionize the industry.”
By Ms. Mannes ’26

PUFF PUFF PASS DEPT.
[MCEWEN ICE CREAM FREEZER] Sunday scaries are REAL and no student felt it more this past week than Jordan Glass ’25. Mr. Glass was not ready to hit the books this past Sunday night and decided to hit his bong instead. “I was almost out of my good stuff. There was just a little left at the bottom of the bag,” explained Glass. “However, I didn’t think it was enough so I went out of my dorm and collected supplemental crabgrass, some pine-sol, and tore up pieces of my math homework to fill out the bowl.” After Glass made his little concoction he put it in his bong and smoked it. “Fuckin unreal mate,” Glass remarked, doing a bad Australian accent.

However, this feeling was short-lived because Glass started to get peckish, “I could’ve eaten ten whole focaccia cauliflower crust pizzas!” He exclaimed. That is when he

decided to go to McEwen dining hall on a journey for some “sweet treats and salty snacks and juice, oh my!” The dining hall, which is closed on the weekends to punish people who are annoying, was dark. None of the drink machines were on and no silverware was out unlike normal when there’s always so so much silverware for the students to use to eat and cut their food with. Completely empty. “That’s when I started to get scared,” Glass said.

The empty dining hall turned into a barren wasteland in front of Glass’s eyes. “It was like an eternal night had fallen,” explained Glass. The hum of the pipes turned into the sound of thousands of angel wings flapping, the mural on the far side of the dining hall looked like ancient hieroglyphics portraying a gruesome afterlife or code, and the tables started to look like ogres or a group of econ majors. “I distinctly remember thinking that the home station was some sort of massive, shiny bug,” Glass says while holding back tears. “I was so fucking scared, oh my god, I was terrified. I thought I was gonna die, I thought I had ended up in hell or worse, an honor court hearing.” At this point Mr. Glass burst into tears, and started rocking back and forth.

POOR, SWEET JEWISH GIRL LEARNS MIRACLE OF EASTER AT 3 AM IN DUNHAM

Talk about a second coming
By Ms. Lieberman ’26

RELIGIOUS CONVERSION STUDIES DEPT.
(DUNHAM) On Saturday night, Dunham basement threw yet another successful rager, wrapping up later than ever before, around 9:30 pm. A few lingering Freshman men with L rizz stood in the corners, trying their mightiest to hit on any woman who looked in their direction. But once the lights turned back on, the boys scurried back to their holes under Minor field.

However, two Freshman, Eliza Rosenfeld ’26 and John O’Malley ’26 seemed entranced by each other. She couldn’t stop looking at his golden blonde hair and neon blue eyes and he had never heard anyone speak in such a strong Yiddish accent before. Their friends were shocked. “I’ve never seen her talk to a gentile before,” said Rosenfeld’s friend, Jackie Bloomberg ’26. She clarified: “That means goy, in case you didn’t know.”

Friends watched in amazement as O’Malley led Rosenfeld back to his Dunham quad, their eyes locked. Reports of the rest of the night are still coming in, but it appears that Eliza may be considering conversion. “I heard moaning,” said Thomas Franklin ’26, O’Malley’s neighbor, “but then a gasp. It was confusing. He seemed to be explaining how his Jesus rose from the dead. Anyways. I promise I wasn’t listening.”

“Thomas was definitely listening,” said an anonymous source. “So was I. The whole hall could hear her religious experience.”

Recently, Rosenfeld was spotted around campus attending Newman council and Sunday services. She was even caught on Easter Sunday with an egg in her hand. “I saw her eat a cheeseburger on Monday,” Bloomberg said. “I can excuse the easter egg hunt, but not breaking the rules of kashrut. That’s gone too far, even for me.”

As for Rosenfeld, she is living her best life. “I love catholicism!” she told *the Duel*. “I never realized the importance of having Jesus in my life. And John’s dick was so good, I want to convert.”

“I don’t know what she’s talking about. I didn’t mean to convert her and she definitely didn’t cum,” O’Malley said. “I just wanted to fuck.”

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HEAD?



Call 911 for inquiries. See, “Please?” pg. 1957.

Emotional Support Animal of the Week



The Easter Bunny (At the feet of the one true God)

EASTER FORECAST	GOOD FRIDAY	HOLY SATURDAY	EASTER SUNDAY
	 “Ouch! Owwy! Oh God! Fuck!”	 ...	 HUHHHHH-HHHHHH!?!?!?

It’s Light Out After 7. What’s Next? Gay Marriage?

By Anonymous (I’m so scared)

We here at the AHI have determined after long deliberations that daylight savings time is gay. What’s gayer than giving people more time in the sunshine to do gay activities like get gay married?

Now that it’s light after 7 PM, we’re really worried that people will get gay married because if they do that then they’ll stop making funny jokes about their dating lives and how weird and bad Grindr is. They’ll pay less attention to the Met Gala and then who will tell me what looks served and what looks flopped? If they get gay married who will tell me to kill myself on twitter because I thought *Tár* was a bit too long and mostly an OK movie? If they get gay married they won’t have time to review the new Boygenius record which I didn’t listen to because I’m not gay. I don’t even know who Azealia Banks is, and if they get gay married I’ll never find out.

When it’s light longer the day is longer. And what if I suck cock because of it? What then? Do I have to get gay married? What happens then? Do I have to love myself? Do I have to pretend to like Sam Smith? Do I have to read bell hooks because I don’t want to do that it does not sound fun.

We should go back to winter. Things were better because I didn’t feel bad about my inability to access a real emotion. When it’s light out later I have to actually contend with my numbness and indifference to my meager existence. And ugh, love the sweater vibes! I’m still worried about other people though, mostly. For the most part. Generally, it’s about the gay people who want to get married.

Deleted from Mr. Wilson’s ’23 inbox

Blood of the Lamb? !? ! I Thought You Said “Cum in my Hand!”

And other Judeo-Christian holy week whoopsies.

Uh oh. Things have been kinda crazy around my neck of the woods lately. On monday, all the water in my bathroom turned into blood!! Wacky huh?? I figured it was just because I live with all women (the sync up is real, amirite fellas?). Then came the frogs, which I figured were just new pets or something. They’re so cute and trendy and I’m so whimsical that I didn’t even mind the frogs !LOL! But then all these flies and gnats and lice (and wild animals depending on the translation, from *arov* (בורק) meaning “swarm”) showed up, which was icky!! I threw away all the snacks that I hide in my dresser and crusty socks that I also hide in my dresser, and that got rid of most of them (but not all). The last straw was when all my livestock started getting pestilent. I can deal with the thunderstorms of hail and fire, and the three days of darkness just seemed par for the course for Clinton (God this weather right? I’m so excited for the weather to finally get nice :)). The locusts seemed a little derivative, but I’d already made friends with the gnats and the frogs and the *arov* (remember how whimsical I am?), so I didn’t mind those as much. I could really do without the boils, that just seems mean spirited. And yes , I suppose I shouldn’t have spent so much time running around yelling “Look at me, I’m the Pharaoh I’m better than God, and not even the Ten Plagues of Exodus could stop me!” (which by the way, is taken out of context and was really very funny at the time). The point is, I count nine plagues. If my math is right, my suite is fucked. Yes I could have done the Lamb’s blood thing, but if you read the title, you’ll know I didn’t do that. On the bright side, according to Orthodox Christians, I don’t have to worry until next week, and according to Liberals, all of this is made up anyway! I’m off to hang out with my *arov* friends, and eat some of my dresser snacks (I lied about throwing them out).

Xoxo, Mx. Stringer ’23

Good Friday Five: Blasphemies for New-Age Sinners

By Mx. Meisner ’26

It has come to that time of year again to celebrate the day Jesus Christ sacrificed himself to forgive humanity of sin, and what better way to commemorate this occasion than to blaspheme and sin! Of course, in this modern world, you can’t just curse in God’s name and call it a day. So this Good Friday, we’re going to give you our top five ways to use Jesus’s gift to its fullest potential.

5. **Gorging yourself on shrimp.** Gluttony, who?? Sometimes the cravings hit and the only source of food you have is a full platter of shrimp. Eat that shrimp, Pig Boy. Eat it.

4. **Cyberbullying the Holy Spirit.** Do you ever wonder why no one talks about the Holy Spirit? It’s because he sucks. Did you know that he unironically listens to Nickelback and likes Kanye’s tweets? It’s time we shame him to the ground and make sure he never goes online again.

3. **Reveling in the Sculpted Perfection of Christ.** It’s 2 AM and you just can’t get his image out of your head. Your heart races as you think of his simmering abs, luscious hair, and deviously revealing loincloth. He may be nailed to the cross, but you wish he was nailing you right now. Quietly, you sneak back into the chapel to see his form once again, and with his figure before you, basking in pale moonlight, you release your tension.

2. **Spiking the Religious Studies Dept.’s coffee with Ketamine.** There is honestly no better way to spend a Sunday.

1. **Having passionless, heterosexual, missionary sex.** In today’s world of wokeness and tolerance, the worst thing you can be in the eyes of the Lord is a heterosexual white man. As such, basic and ultimately pleasureless lovemaking, which used to be the gold standard of being a good Christian, has become blasphemy. This is what Joe Biden and the Left have wrought.

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