

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, ISSUE II

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 13, 2024

## Instagram Reels User Shocked at How Different Hilary Clinton Looks in Debate

### DEVASTATING: WORST PERSON YOU KNOW SPENT SUMMER GETTING WORSE

Taking a drill to rock bottom

By Mr. Hood '27

EXCHANGING POINTED GLANCES DEPT.

(A SECLUDED GOSSIP NOOK) The results of our \$40,000,000,000 study are in, and the data is deeply concerning. Our rigorous examination has confirmed beyond a shadow of a doubt that the most insufferable person you know, the one that spent all of last semester *grating* on you, has returned from summer break rejuvenated, reinvigorated, and somehow more intolerable.

Analyst John Research explains more in his report. “In the comics, some shitass villain will get introduced in the 70s, get clapped by a hero, and disappear just as fast,” he writes, “but then in the 90s, in a new run, the writers resurrect ‘em, in a more edgy, threatening, *intense* form. That’s what happened to that weird bitch from your gov class.” And the operative word in his report is certainly *intense*. All the little qualities that rubbed you the wrong way have, it seems, been concentrated over the summer. In other words, they aren’t changing to be worse;

they’re just becoming more themselves. Terrifying stuff.

Research’s research identifies this phenomenon as part of a trend of annoying people who, over the course of their lives, gradually become flanderized versions of themselves. A person who needs only certain minor tweaks to their environment might soon demand the total subservience of everyone around them to keep them “comfortable.” Someone who thinks being a woman in an RPG ought to penalize your stats may eventually grow opposed to their presence in general. A libertarian might become more insufferable—although neither *The Duel Observer* nor our research team could figure out what something worse than a libertarian would look like. Professors who knock your grades for displeasing them could, if this trend holds true, just start failing you for looking at them funny.

The future these discoveries hint at is a bleak one. “What,” the study’s conclusion asks, “do all of these gradually accreting nuisance people have in common? What should members of the Hamilton community do?” Research himself might have the answers: “they would all be better if people let them know they were awful!” he said when interviewed. “We need more haters on this campus!”

### BREAKING: EVEN MORE BULLSHIT PE CLASSES ADDED

Unfortunately, sports betting still isn’t one of them

By Mr. Williams '28

COURSE CATALOG COMPLICATION DEPT.

(THREE MILLION DOLLAR SPIKE BALL COURT) When registering for classes this year, many Hamilton students noticed that some new physical education (PE) classes had been added, with some seeming quite unusual. Hamilton has already been pushing the boundary of what can count as a PE class, with courses on bocce ball, cornhole, and football, but now classes seem even more outlandish, including the new Beer Pong class. When asked for the rationale behind the creation of the class, the instructor, Coach Samuel Adams said, “The hand-eye coordination of Hamilton students over the past few years has been abysmal, leading to terrible, unentertaining games of beer pong.” When asked if this course was created specifically to try and rival Colgate University’s elite Beer Pong reputation, Coach Adams responded by saying, “Absolutely not. All I want is for every student here to be able to play a competent game of Beer Pong. Those freaks at Colgate are abnormally good, to the point that

most of them have little personality other than beer pong. It’s pretty sad.”

Beer Pong isn’t the only new PE class being offered. Students will now be able to take a competitive breakdancing class, taught by an esteemed Australian professor of breakdancing, Rachael ‘Raygun’ Gunn, who is on leave from Macquarie University for unspecified reasons. All the aspiring DJs are also happy about the addition of this new course, as they will finally have an audience.

Hamilton also understands that meditation, beer pong, and nature walks may be too physical for some students, so one final PE course that has been added is sun tanning at the request of the new president, Steven Tepper. The Arizonian said, “You would be surprised how many calories you can burn sun tanning! Back home, you’d see that in just one session, people would lose around ten pounds of fat. Their singed flesh would fall off of them in burning chunks.” Unfortunately for Tepper, no one had the heart to tell him that The Long Cold was on the horizon, meaning that sun tanning season at Hamilton wouldn’t come around for another seven years. Finally, the athletics office also added that students could receive a PE credit for helping to destroy Glenview as long as the students promised to not press charges against Hamilton for any fungal infection they received during the demolition.

### SHOCKING: THAT ONE GUY IN YOUR GENDER STUDIES CLASS IS ACTUALLY A RAGING MISOGYNIST

His Kirkland College sweatshirt could not hide how horny he really is

By Mr. Gandelman '28

NICE GUY DEPT.

(KIRKLAND COLLEGE SIGN) As Professor Ivanna Anna-Borshin was explaining the wage gap, Jane Christensen '28 heard a loud, passionate cry. When she turned around, she saw a man burying his face in a Kirkland College hoodie and weeping.

The man, Morgan (Moe) Lester '25, a Women’s and Gender studies major and lover of minors, is auditing Intro to Gender Studies for the fourth time. “I just love this class so much. It reminds me of how hard being a woman is and how important it is for me to help them out,” Following the class, the boy proposed that Christensen and he lead a class study session together in diner to “better understand what it’s like being a woman today.” She agreed, citing, “he immediately felt like a brother to me.” Christensen, however, was shocked to discover Lester was in fact not asking for help in the class, a realization she came to when he texted her “wyd” the night before their plans. After Christensen left him on delivered, she was spammed by pictures of his lackluster dick and the crying emoji.

Following the exchange, Christensen reported feeling uncomfortable and quite frankly put off by his behavior. In response, Lester had the following to say: “Girls have to love a shredded guy like me, especially when I’m so nice to them. They should really be more grateful to guys like me who are feminists.”

Lester then showed up to class the next day in full Kirkland gear and explained to all the girls in the class what the word feminism means. “Girls are like a little bit slow sometimes so it’s my responsibility to explain the class content to them. Y’know, to help them out,” a cocky Mr. Lester proclaimed in a leaked audio sent to *The Duel Observer* by his roommates. Following the leak, Lester has been asked by the professor to leave the aforementioned class but refuses, claiming, “She doesn’t get **real** feminism.”

In this issue: We rip hella lines

REGISTER TO VOTE



And then vote for *The Duel Observer*. See, “Our unquenchable thirst for power.” pg. 76.



WEEKLY WARNING

Wasps  
are in your  
walls

POOL PARTY FORECAST

7:32 PM

10:14 PM

5:43 AM



“This pool party is gonna be litt”



“Uhhhh, this pool is kinda small...”



“Why is my penis itchy?”



Jack of All Trades, Master of None: The Case Against Any Pronouns

Across the entire history of the English language, there have only ever been two pronouns: he and him. Yet in today's star-kissed, ash-footed, and armageddon-bound world, a veritable armada of pronouns have accosted the average English gentleman. Xe, her, we, they, fae, us, she, them, xer, I, me, faer, you, and yet more erroneous and incongruous abominations spawned from the collective delusions of now defunct hes and hims who felt deeply the need to leave a mark on the glorious English language, leaving the rest of the sensible and rational men appalled and disturbed.

A further disgusting conception from this unprecedented, unholy, and quite frankly unjust time is the idea that one can have more than one pronoun. In the past, one could be a he or a him, yet now that very same person could say that he's a he/him, or a we/us, or, and I shed tears innumerable writing this, a she/her. These mutations of proper language have come to be known as "sets of pronouns," a horrible decadence of this twilight era.

Even worse than these "sets" are the combinations of pronouns between these horrid behemoths. While uncouth, it is of the perspective of this humble and most elegant writer that those once content with a mere he or him could adapt to the modern era with a conversion to being a he/him. However, and I say this from the experience of one who has encountered one of these lithe, slime-covered creatures, no man should ever dare refer to himself as a he/they. The very idea that a man of rational mind and healthy gut would ever mix himself amongst the vile, repulsive, and cyst-like corruption of the modern pronouns has made this poor writer consider actions unseemly and ungentlemanly.

This brings about the worst, most disturbing of all modern inventions: those that wish to use any pronouns. The utter lack of character and ideals one must have to pick no side ever in such a contentious debate is almost commendable. If one of these men, and I don't believe they deserve to be referred to as such, were to walk down to the corner, no other would have any idea whether to call him a "she" or a "we" or a "xe". What's more, by mixing these medley of non differentiable yet wholly unlike pronouns within one's own identity, and dare I say soul, a path between Man and Devil, never seen since times of the dastardly fiends rebellion, is formed. One in his best of minds such as the glorious litterateur cannot exist side by side with these biblical rebels.

Now, onto the benefits of canine intercourse...

An excerpt from Why They/Thems Deserve Less by Mx. Meisner '26

How To Stop Dressing For Your Parents' Tax Bracket

This year, an alarming number of affluent freshmen have arrived on campus looking like the poster children of gated communities. For normal people, it feels like watching the early stages of an occupation. Worried that you might look like one of these yuppie assholes? Have no fear, *The Duel Observer* is here to help! Consider the following discussion when choosing your next outfit.

Under no circumstances should you be wearing a polo shirt and khakis of any kind to class on a regular day. You are *not* going to be invited to play a spontaneous game of golf. Despite the ubiquitous *Daddy's Money* atmosphere and rolling greens, Hamilton College is (shockingly) *not* a country club. Jeans and a shirt that conveys a glimmer of genuine personality are strongly encouraged (please note that Vineyard Vines t-shirts and/or merch from your private high school do not count). Generally, any article of clothing indicating that you have no idea where the financial aid office is is frowned upon.

Button-downs are welcome under a highly specific set of other outfit circumstances, which vary on an individual basis (it is preferable that the wearer is not a straight white man unless he uses he/they pronouns). If you cannot surmise the appropriate vibe and way in which to wear a button-down, do not wear one.

Simply adding jewelry to athleisure does not an outfit make. Rather, it denotes a strong sentiment of "I asked for Tiffany for Christmas and then pretended to be surprised when I actually got it". As an extension of this, you may consider anything other than Kendra Scott and Enewton jewelry stacks as a step forward into the world of the lower ninety-nine percent.

Upperclassmen - you have not gone completely unnoticed. If you are wearing "business casual" and claiming to be preparing for the workplace, you do not look professional. You look like you're about to take over the lead in *Young Sheldon*.

Loafers - NO.

When gazing at your reflection through the mist of Dior Sauvage or Sol De Janeiro 62 you've just sprayed, ask yourself: based on what I'm wearing, would anyone who isn't a carbon copy of myself feel comfortable around me? Would my classmates be particularly surprised if I began a sentence with "not to be racist, BUT"? If the answer to one or both of these questions is no, do us all a favor and change.

Found taped to the window of a bright red Jeep by Ms. Robertson-Leich '27

Friday Five: Poems Rejected from Red Weather

By Haller '26

I would like to consider myself an artist, and like most great artists, I am underappreciated in my time. After my creative writing teacher told me she "couldn't teach me anything," I know she meant it was because I was already so good there was nothing left to teach me. However, the Red Weather does not see my vision. They think my poems are "stupid" and said, "We'd rather publish the List pigeon's shit." So I have turned my attention to the only publication on this campus desperate enough to publish my wonderful work. Now prepare to take a deep long look in my soul with my magnum opus that Red Weather rejected.

5. Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
My trauma feels better when I dump it on you

4. A panda in the window  
Sighs and a single tear  
My dad never loved me  
Nothing rhymes with orange

3. The dove goes coo coo  
The cow goes moo moo  
I goes "who the fuck ate my nutella"

2. Mommy in the bed  
Daddy kissing santa claus  
Daddy is a gay

1. "This is for everybody going through tough times  
believe me been there  
done that  
But everyday above ground is a good day,  
remember that."-Pitbull -Me

THE DUEL OBSERVER

AMANDA ESTHER SEDAKA  
*Editor-in-Chief / Joyous Swim*  
SOFIA IXCHEL MAYA  
*Copyeditor / Pleasure Abandonment*  
CHRISTIAN HAWKE MCCANN  
*Features Editor / Bliss Dive*  
ELIANA GABRIELA MANNES  
*Articles Editor / Gleeeful Salsa*  
ISABELLE VICTORIA HALLER  
*Layout Editor / Jolly Scooop*  
BRUCE FREDERICK JOSEPH SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

Staff Writers  
ZACH ROBERT DILL  
NICHOLAS HIGGINS HOOD  
HENRY BENJAMIN MEISNER  
KRISTINA ELISE MEYERS  
LEV ALEXANDER JANICKI  
ISABELLA DOROTHY STILLMAN

Contributors  
LUIZ GANDELMAN  
MIRIX SKY ROBERTSON-LEICH  
WRIGHT KETCHUM WILLIAMS

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email <a href="mailto:duel@hamilton.edu">duel@hamilton.edu</a>
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	<a href="http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/">http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/</a>