

THE GOOD PERSON OF SZECHWAN
Is not a new Chinese restaurant downtown

IMF AND C@B START
CONCERT FEUD

“Would a rave by any other name smell as awful?”

By Mr. Wesley '16
INTERDEPARTMENTAL AFFAIRS DEPT.
(THE DARK SIDE) The Campus Activities Board and Independent Music Fund began feuding this week when C@B became jealous of the acts IMF is bringing to campus. Apparently, C@B's general manager, Frank Fitz '15, confronted the IMF on Friday, calling them “a bunch of Posers” and stating that they didn't know independent music like he did. Despite learning that he was making a fool of himself, Fitz continued his tantrum, shouting, “The IMF doesn't know how to really party! hashtag C@Bthrowsrealraves; hashtag partylyfe!”

IMF spokesperson, Jack ‘Franz’ Ferdinand '14, responded, “I don't know what the hell happened there, but all I know is that ‘Posers’ is actually spelled ‘Poseurs.’”

While Ferdinand didn't seem at all bothered by

Frank's tirade, other members of the IMF were angered by his words. According to campus safety officers, some members of the IMF snuck into Fitz's Ferguson quad and placed the head of the C@B statue in his bed with “#HeadsWillRoll” penned onto its forehead.

Frank was found in Commons the next morning nursing a massive hangover and said, “Really? The Yeah Yeah Yeahs were the most indie band you could think of? Well, consider this war! I can think of a million cooler bands that don't rely on sounds for names. Like !!! You don't even have to say their name—just look astonished!” Fitz's rant degenerated into mutterings about how C@B has been killin' it with the selection of Acoustic Coffeehouses this semester, bringing Grouplove, and hosting a little-known artist named Macklemore last year.

At last report, the WHCL E-board, the self-proclaimed Lorde of radio, was acting as a mediator between the two groups. Peace talks are moving slowly, as Fitz has threatened several times to get revenge on C@B by picketing the upcoming Sky Ferreira concert.

When presented with this information, Warwick remained creepily undaunted. “Ah, I see,” he said. “She must have something special planned. My birthday was last month, though, so I wonder what the occasion is?”

At last report, Warwick was still misinterpreting Davianno's signals. “Isn't it so cute the way she shrugs my hand off her shoulder?”

Outside of Warwick, all sources seem to support Davianno's version of events. Even one of Warwick's friends, who wished to remain anonymous, simply shook his head when questioned. “Patrick? Look, I love the guy, but really, man, come on.”

Warwick's Calculus professor also offered comment: “Warwick and Davianno? Yeah, not surprised. As if she were ever going to stick with him.”

The Duel Observer would like to point out that this article is a work of fiction. Any resemblances to actual couples are, of course, coincidental. But if such a coincidence does arise, well, you're probably fine. You know, probably.



SCHOOL DOES NOTHING AS
TENURED DICKHEAD TRIES TO
DESTROY IT

Dean of Faculty feeds goldfish, tries to forget
By Mr. Kennedy '14

HUMAN RESOURCES DEPT.
(BUTTRICK HALL) Dean of Faculty Patrick Reynolds quietly sighed last Thursday when tenured Professor of History Pop Baguette published another editorial condemning Hamilton College. Sources close to Reynolds suggested he rubbed his temple for three seconds before deciding to do nothing about the professor abusing tenure to lambast his own employer. Reynolds also reportedly pondered how much easier his job would have been if the College had fired Professor Baguette when they had the chance. Reynolds then went home to hug his wife and children.

Baguette's editorial, entitled “Seriously Though, Fuck the Days Massolo Center: Why Hamilton College is the worst and I actively try to thwart its objectives,” is the most recent in a string of vitriolic and offensive articles featured across the bitter fringes of the higher education blogosphere. As of press time, the school had filed no legal action against the angry professor. Instead, it continues to pay him \$200,000 per year to tell people that diversity of opinion is the only diversity that matters. He spends most of his time posting to Hamilton Secrets in an attempt to destroy the school community.

Last Fallcoming, the Board of Trustees gathered to discuss the situation with Professor Baguette. As they leafed through his new book, *The Atlantic Slave Trade & Why Hamilton is Worse than It*, they lamented the fact that they could do nothing. “Yeah, we pretty much gave him free reign to do whatever he wants,” Chairman of the Board A.G. Lafley '69 said, shuddering. “Tenure is like Popehood—he's infallible now.”

Although Reynolds considered placing Baguette in time out for his seven-year temper tantrum, the Dean of Faculty found his hands tied by the power of tenure. “He's untouchable by the law and also by most physical objects. It's like he has a magical shield of statutory loophole and childish rage,” Reynolds said before exhaling slowly, shedding a single tear, and taking two aspirins. “We're just afraid he'll be able to sustain eternal life purely on his hate of the college—thwarting our current plan, which is to wait for him to die.”

See “Tenure-protected Rampage,” continued on back page.

FRESHMAN BLISSFULLY
IGNORANT OF IMMINENT
BREAKUP

Still believes break will give them a chance to
“reconnect”

By Mr. Riopelle '17
(MATRIMONIAL HEAVEN) As of Wednesday, Patrick Warwick '17 was in high spirits over his relationship with fellow first-year, Paula Davianno. However, what he based this confidence on remains to be seen. According to Davianno herself, she intends to break off this newfound romance no later than Thanksgiving Break.

“And that's at the latest,” Davianno commented. “I mean, it was fun at first, but honestly, he's just so.... I mean, has he really not gotten the message?”

Warwick's own interview suggested that, no, he had not.

“It's all great. Really great,” he said. “Just great. I'm feeling great. I know Paula's feeling great. That first date at McEwen? Great. It's just, yeah. And I'm taking her to the Diner this weekend, my bonus. But don't tell her about it.”

When told about it, Paula replied, “No, he isn't.”

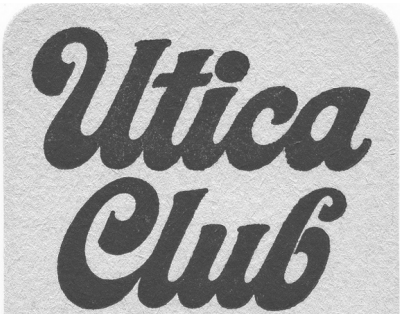
In this issue: tl;dr

FOR ONCE HANNUKAH ISN'T
OVERSHADOWED BY CHRISTMAS!

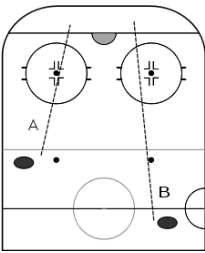

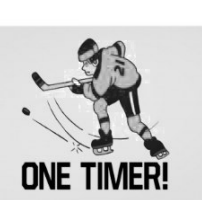


See “Now it's overshadowed by Thanksgiving,” pg. 8.

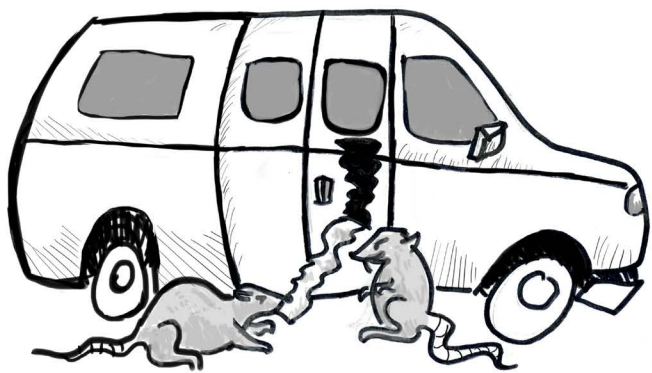
A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS



It's not the beer Utica needs, but it's the one it deserves.

CITRUS BOWL FORECAST	1ST PERIOD	2ND PERIOD	3RD PERIOD
	Lemon	Orange	Grapefruit
	 90% chance it's not that kind of icing.	 “You didn't say anything about throwin Tim Horton's ya hoser!”	 High probability your post-game date is a one timer.

What Really Happened to the Jitney:



TENURE-PROTECTED RAMPAGE HURTS SCHOOL

Continued from “School Does Nothing as Tenured Dickhead Tries to Destroy It”

Students, who were mostly confused that the professor was still allowed on school property, were hesitant to weigh in. “I didn’t know tenure automatically made someone a dickhead. I had always heard absolute job security corrupts absolutely, but this level of asshattery seems excessive,” Jamie Carlson ’15 said.

Baguette also wondered how the administration had yet to give him notice. “The fact that nothing has happened to me is surprising,” he said. “Every once in a while I’ll shoot deer on campus. Maybe an occasional Dark Sider. I wrote a memo endorsing hate speech on Tuesday. Last week, I set the curtains in Benedict on fire. This tenure stuff sure is great!”

The Administration decided in August 2012 to exclude Baguette from all faculty proceedings and hide him in the library. Upon hearing the news, Baguette ordered 1,776 active landmines and wrote an additional 41 articles, all suggesting that Hamilton College go fuck itself. He then carved “I AM TENURED. I AM YOUR GOD,” into the chapel door, prompting Chaplain Jeff McArn to frown for the first time in his life.

Students who love Hamilton College have begged Professor Baguette to stop trying to torpedo their school and home. Unfortunately, these requests have fallen on deaf ears—ears that are ironically also prejudiced against those with hearing disabilities. “I know that the work I publish hurts Hamilton College,” Baguette said, “but history will tell who was right: the school that chose to celebrate all types of diversity, or the professor who criticized his employers knowing they couldn’t do anything about it.” Students took solace in the fact that history will, indeed, tell.

FRIDAY FIVE: FUNDRAISING EVENTS LESS AWESOME THAN RUGBY’S BREAKFAST IN BED

By Ms. Ng ’16

Since the Men’s Rugby fundraiser on Sunday involves us laying in bed and them delivering pancakes, it’s won our official distinction as favorite fundraising event of the week. Here were some others that didn’t quite make the cut.

5. Choir Shower Backup Singing Services:

Love singing in the shower but hate going solo? Choir members will appear in and around your shower on request and provide those much-needed harmonies and duet partners.

Choreography can be incorporated at an additional cost. Contact ITS if you would also like a video recording of the performance.



4. Meditation Club Drive-Through Aura Wash:

Registration got you stressed? Earthy desires got you down? Your chakras might as well have a big “wash me” scrawled across them. Come by Dunham parking lot and get your inner light buffed and polished.

3. **Curling Team Floor Clean Up:** Is your common room floor still covered in congealed beer from that painfully unskilled slap cup game last weekend? Really, really don’t want to pick up those accumulating stray uncooked ramen noodle bits? Have an irrational fear of mops and brooms? Let the Curling Team come claim a sweeping victory against your mess and anxieties.



2. **HerCampus No Shave November Beard Styling:** Growing out your beard this November? Want to be up to date with the latest trends in DIY hair styling techniques? Come by the Sadove living room for a workshop on fishtail braiding, the sock bun, beachy waves, the retro bouffant, ombre-dyeing and more!

1. **Opus Hummus in the Face Day:** On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week, Opus will be hosting a booth where you can come and get hummus thrown at your face.



FACE OFF: Is Art History Professor David Carmichael a Robot?

Interviews conducted by Ms. LaSon ’17

YES

NO



By Greg Roberts ’16

I have concluded that my professor is a robot. I know that most people won’t believe me, but I can’t hold it in any longer. I have to tell someone.

At first, I thought that Professor Carmichael just spoke really formally for someone teaching an art history class, what with his refusal to use contractions and his infallible knowledge of the proper use of the word “whom.” But then I realized that even my English teachers slip up sometimes—Carmichael speaks as if he has a sentient Oxford dictionary inside his head, planning his sentences for him...or a computer.

Throughout the semester, I’ve been doing little tests, trying to prove my theory. I’ve asked him to repeat words like “I’m” and “We’re,” but every time he just ignores me and goes back to his lecture. I once asked him if he’s ever seen the movie *A.I. Artificial Intelligence*, but he just told me, “This is hardly appropriate,” and asked me not to stand so close to his urinal. Just this week, I “accidentally” spilled some water on him during class. He freaked out. It must have damaged a circuit, because he started flailing about, stuttering, and shrieking at me.

I don’t know what it means that the administration has begun hiring robots, but fortunately, Carmichael seems to abide by Asimov’s Three Rules. I suppose this means that I can continue to observe without attacking.

By Gina Demartis ’14

Professor Carmichael seriously needs a raise or something. I think this semester has really gotten to him; he has put up with so much. There’s this one guy in my class who has convinced himself that the professor is a robot, and now he randomly interrupts class to ask these weird questions about grammar and if it’s really possible for robots to appreciate art history. I heard from a friend that this guy has even started following him into bathrooms. A few days ago, he stood up in the middle of class and poured a hot Opus Magnum down the back of Professor Carmichael’s shirt. That poor, poor, man.

I can tell Carmichael’s really getting overworked, because every now and then he randomly starts making these odd whirring noises when he moves, like he’s getting arthritis, and he’s spent more time than ever taking power naps in his office to “re-charge after class,” as he puts it.

I don’t know why anyone would be so mean to such a kind man. Last week, when I pointed out that he’d dropped a nut and bolt and that a few wires were falling out of his pocket, Professor Carmichael was so grateful that he gave me extra credit and offered me a can of oil for my troubles. I don’t care what anyone says about Carmichael. He’s a great guy, and I can’t wait for his class next semester—The Art and Beauty of a Circuit.

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