

If you want us to stop throwing citrus,  
STOP CALLING IT THE CITRUS BOWL.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE  
PROFESSOR ASSIGNS HAPPY  
BOOK

Gets fired

By Mr. Riopelle '17

COMP. LIT. DEPT.

(COUNSELING CENTER) Last week, Comparative Literature Professor Edward Davis was sacked following his attempt to assign *Norton Anthology: Ten Great Works That Won't Rip Your Heart Out* for his spring semester course, CPLIT 209: It's The End of the Friggin' World.

"Such blithe japery hardly meets the standards of our esteemed department," Department Head Rebecca Halls said. "Our job is to teach students that truth and knowledge come only from pain. Proper literature, like life, is a vortex of despair, and our students need to realize that." Halls proceeded to paint ornate "F's" on students' papers in tears.

According to Halls, this was not the first incident of Davis "perverting" his classes. Last year, Davis was put on departmental probation for allowing his class a day off for mental-emotional recuperation after read-

ing *Beloved*, *Les Misérables*, and *Lord of the Flies* in one week.

"It's our policy to assign unhealthily depressing work. Davis just doesn't understand that. He calls it 'stiflingly narrow-minded,'" Professor Randall Newman said. "It's just form reflecting content. By battering them with anguish, we want our students to really feel slavery, the Holocaust, existential crises over who's holding the conch."

Davis' former students expressed some distress over losing their professor. "Uh, I just want to know what I'm going to do for my last writing intensive, now," Caleb Burton '16 said. "Anyone gonna bother telling me what's going on with that?"

For all its railing, however, the Comparative Literature department is reeling after losing its only remotely upbeat faculty member. Without Davis' occasional smile, the professors have sealed themselves in the attic of Root Academic for an emergency meeting to discuss the frightening possibility that life and literature might not be complete and abject misery, after all.

Since his firing, ex-Professor Davis has been unreachable for comment. Since escaping the sadness of the department, he has been busy at his new job, baking chocolate chip cookies for homeless kittens.

STUDENT LEADS CAMPUS TOUR  
WHILE COMPLETING WALK OF  
SHAME

Inzer shocked to find students will still apply if  
tour guide is not wearing khakis

By Ms. Wilson '15

ADMISSIONS DEPT.

(MARTIN'S WAY) Julius Reinhalt '16 culminated his farm party experience this year by hooking up with Rachael Jones '17. The details are unconfirmed, but Jones and Reinhalt were seen frolicking in the hay, and Reinhalt's good friend, Chester McPherson '16, received a text that read, "YOOOO!" Unfortunately, Reinhalt forgot that he was scheduled to give a 9 AM tour the following morning.

Reinhalt woke in Jones' room to nine peals of the chapel bell. "Dude, there was no time to sprint all the way back to the darkside," Reinhalt said. He reportedly threw on his flannel shirt, jorts, and cowboy boots from the night before and grabbed Jones's hot pink fluffy bathrobe for a little added warmth.

"I felt a bit discombobulated during the tour because, well, I was a little hungover. That, and I realized I forgot to put my boxers on," Reinhalt said. "But I think we've all been in a situation where we had to free ball it in the workplace."

Reinhalt began his tour by showing students the library, at which point he took a quick nap in an armchair while the tour group made awkward small talk. Then, he went on to show the students Commons, where he stopped to grab some pepperoni pizza. Unfortunately, the pizza did not sit very well, and Reinhalt had to pause at the middle of the bridge to vomit over the railing.

"Don't worry, kids," he told the shocked tour group cheerfully. "Someday you, too, will vomit here! Projectile vomiting in the right places is the type of artistic sensibility all Hamilton students graduate with."

Finally, Reinhalt made a pit stop in his dorm room to pick up some sweat pants. "Don't mind the dirty laundry and half eaten diner plates all over here," he encouraged the tour group, stepping over a mouse he fondly calls Algernon.

Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer was surprised to learn that Reinhalt's tour was the most popular tour in Hamilton history. "Every student reported that he or she would be applying to Hamilton and gave him the highest rankings on their response cards, calling the tour 'the most honest of the NESACs.'" One prospective student reportedly wrote on a comment card, "Dude, I saw a hickey on that guy. If he can get laid, anyone can get laid here. Woo, I'm gonna have sex!"

UTICA JITNEY NOW GOES  
DIRECTLY TO YOUR WEED  
DEALER'S HOUSE

In related news, Snoop Dogg named next Great  
Names Speaker

By Mr. Spinney '16

ROLLING J's, LITERALLY DEPT.

(BACK OF A HAZE-RIDDEN JITNEY) In a landmark attempt to regain student approval, the College announced earlier this week that the Utica Jitney will now be stopping at your drug dealer's house. The change comes on the heels of a year that Nancy Thompson admits "pretty much fucked everyone over."

"Between forcing Greeks to lose a pledging class and stealing all the darkside housing to make freshman bungalows, we figured giving a free ride to the only substance staving off riots was in everyone's best interest," Thompson said, pulling out her second pack of blueberry Zig Zag cigar wraps and commencing to roll what she called a "Naughty Nancy."

Stops on the route were determined by an application process, personally conducted by President Stewart over the summer. "You wouldn't believe how many Uticans thought I was a narc," Stewart said.

Chosen from a large field of applicants, the current stops represent the best quality bud, most economical prices, and friendliest dealers. "The process was long, but ultimately worth it," Stewart remarked. "I had to 'Aesthetically Discern' a lot of product, if you know what I mean."

Most students do know what she means and found her use of air quotes at the all-campus announcement a little heavy handed. They also remarked how, despite the administration's best intentions, the Jitney still isn't operating exactly to their liking.

"I waited outside Sadove for five hours," a frustrated Mary Romulan '17 fumed. "And when it finally got there, the van reeked, Tame Impala was playing so loud my period started four days early, and the driver just smiled at me through his Moe's stack like I was a Jesus-Twinkie hybrid brought back to save Bambi's mom."

Jitney staff and the administration have been quiet on the subject of safety and legal issues that the changed route may provoke. When this reporter contacted Campus Safety to discuss these topics, he was instructed to "chill out" and "listen to this demo we just recorded." The demo entitled "Manfreako and the Dudes" was a horrendous blend of reggae, classical, and improvised yodeling.

In this issue: Facial pubes

Faceoff: WHO INVADED SPAIN IN THE 8TH CENTURY A.D.?

Bubble Boy



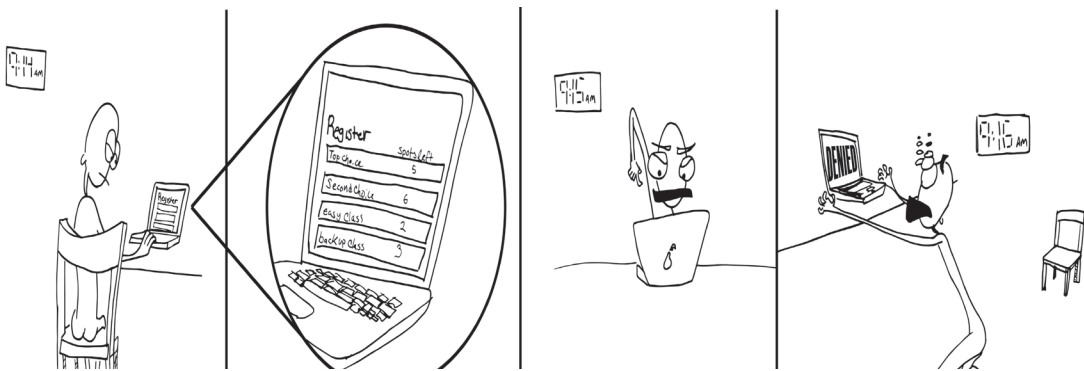
"The Moors!"

George Costanza

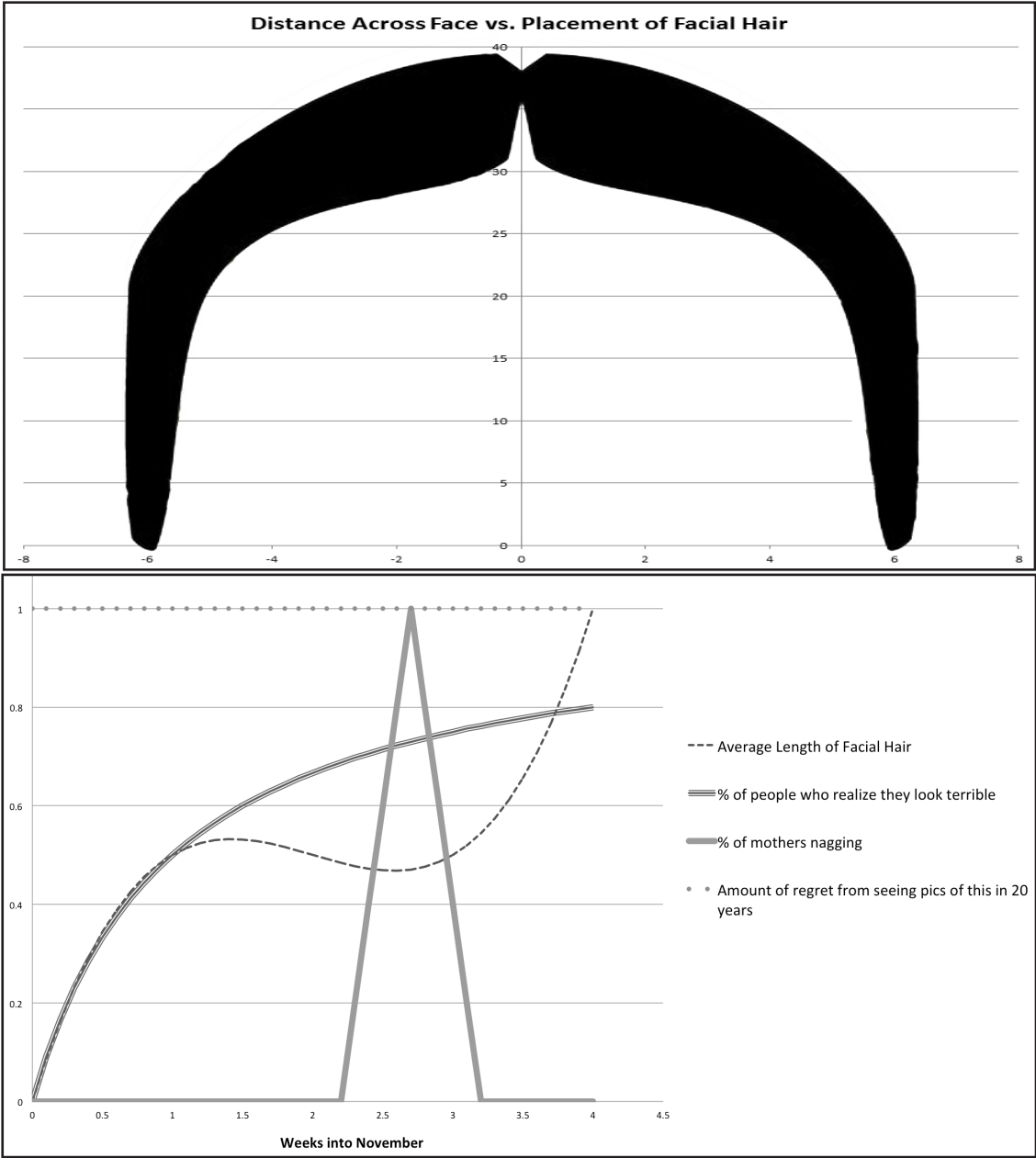


"I'm sorry, the card says 'Moops.'"

NO ONE WANTING TO FUCK ME FORECAST	NEVER	EVER	EVER
	This Woman	Ole Faithful	Matt Damon
	High probability she won't fuck you.	98% chance famous geyser won't fuck you.	"You really thought I would fuck you?"



## No Shave November: Infographics



Numbers crunched by Mr. Wesley '16

## OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news you should already know, but don't

### Kent State, Ohio

A college student at Kent State in Ohio recently reported through Reddit that Pepsi is testing a Doritos-flavored soda by offering samples to students. Described as a “nacho cheese flavored chip’ flavored soda,” it is three degrees of separation from real cheese. The drink is as close to real cheese as Kevin Bacon is to a pistachio.

### Pyeongyang, North Korea

Two American captives were released from North Korea this past week, and Kim Jong Un’s friend Dennis Rodman told TMZ a letter he wrote to the dictator had secured their release. The former basketball star has yet to respond to requests that he write to Noelle Niznik about Vance Joy.

### Los Angeles, California

*American Horror Story* co-creator Ryan Murphy recently announced that all four seasons of the show are connected to one another. Television critics question how a single universe could handle four versions of Jessica Lange without imploding under the pressure of her poise.

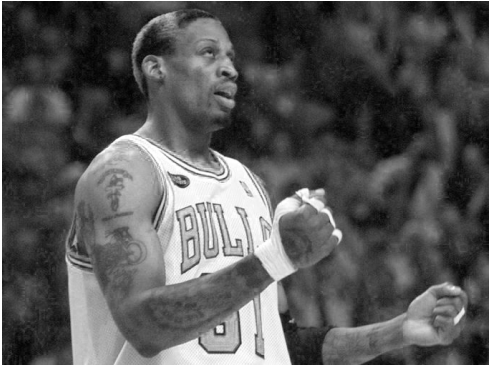
### Atlanta, Georgia

On Sunday, a four-year-old child was named the chief

implosion controller for the demolition of an old hotel, and was in charge of pressing the big red button that began the demolition. Researchers report that a more fitting metaphor for the disappointment in life that’s bound to follow could not be found.

### Upper Midwest, USA

The first major snowfall of the year is expected to hit an area stretching from Idaho to Michigan tonight. Meanwhile, Bean Boot sales have increased exponentially, as have comments that “freshmen have no idea what’s coming for them.”



“Hey hey guess what guess what. Don’t hate me.”

Compiled by Ms. Alatalo '18

## FRIDAY FIVE: THANKSGIVING BREAK COPING STRATEGIES

By Ms. Suder '18

Going home for Thanksgiving is a perilous ordeal. You can look forward to spending your week of “relaxation” scrambling for ways to avoid the inevitable interrogations by extended family members regarding your future career success—or lack thereof (they don’t have to know that you spent your semester abroad in Chile doing nothing but watching penguins from afar). Here are some convenient coping strategies and conversation topics that you can use to distract Aunt Sally and Uncle Joe from learning that the only progress you’ve made on your resume is a page in your diary labeled “Things Mom Says I’m Good At.”

5. Ask your parents what they’ve been up to now that they don’t have to monitor your sorry ass 24/7. Listen to your mother talk for an hour or two about her new, enlightened yoga friends and how she has started eating nothing but locally-grown beets. Raw only. Because cooking isn’t organic enough. Dad says he’s good.
4. Bring up the recent elections and step back as the adults at the table promptly start yelling at each other. Take this opportunity to hide under the table and formulate an escape plan using nothing but the masses of dry gum you stuck underneath the table when you were eight.
3. Put in some headphones and play Azaelia Banks’ new album to drown out Grandpa’s racist rants. Telling him that immigration has nothing to do with the downfall of the gummy bear industry will get you nowhere. He’ll be dead soon, stay on his good side. You want to keep your place in that will.
2. Offer to clear the fallen leaves out of the gutter. Your parents will be astonished at what a responsible young person you’ve developed into and provide you with a rake and a ladder to demonstrate your newfound work ethic. Take these few precious hours of solitude to smoke a joint on the roof and browse your town’s Yik Yak.
1. If you’re out of options, offer to walk the dog and don’t come back. Sitting under a dead tree and nibbling stale pretzels that have been chilling in your winter coat pocket since last year may be the best option at this point.

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