

Hey (C/K)a(y/i)t(lyn/lin/llyn)
Have a good weekend!

ADMINISTRATION TO HOLD
DISCUSSION ON HOW TO
TALK ABOUT TALKING ABOUT
DISCOURSES ON FREE SPEECH

Important

By Mr. Lanman '15

CAMPUS MEDIA DEPT.

(DINING HALL TABLES) As the much-loved Jimmy Fallon rom-com surrounding the Boston Red Sox' 2004 World Series bid once predicted, Hamilton's campus-wide struggle to properly exercise free speech has reached a *Fe-ver Pitch*. To quell editorial anxieties, educate the masses, and, quite possibly, avoid any more of those spicy "AHI vs. College Hill" brouhahas, the administration has miraculously conjured bipartisan support for a community discussion entitled: "Discourse on How We, As a Community, Can Foster Meaningful Dialogue Discussing How We Talk About Talking About How We Talk About Discourses On Talking About How We, AS A COMMUNITY, Can Foster Meaningful Dialogue About Talking About Discussions of Free Speech." Proper ID required.

The meta-meta-meta-discourse has drawn bipartisan support from Hamilton's foremost journalists. In the wake of a controversial, self-serving Media Board measure banning all publications from referencing other campus media organizations, many students are itching to prove

that their conception of how one should talk about talking about discussions of discourses pertaining to discussions of free speech is better than everyone else's.

"I'd like to see those sniveling twatwaffles on the [REDACTED] staff slither out of this reality trap!" the [REDACTED]'s hate-mongering editorialist, Brian Williams '15, cackled, filling his peacock quill in Sado before scrawling more inflammatory diatribe.

"About freakin' time!" campus unassuming-guy-who-kind-of-becomes-weirdly-aggressive-and-makes-racist-jokes-when-he-gets-a-few-drinks-in-him Rick Meyers '16 agreed. "Now I can finally defend my right to defend my defense of my manner of defending my right to defend my indefensible views. Those Marx-pandering blowhards at the [REDACTED] can suck it!"

Despite widespread enthusiasm for this step in the even-more-right direction, some community members were underwhelmed by the event's agenda.

"This is progress, but we could be doing so much more," socially aware white person Trey Pea-Sea '17 claimed. "It's good that we're finally discussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech in campus media. But when will we ever shed light on the pervasive reluctance to talk about talks about talking about talking *about* dialogues discussing free speech that has virtually infected this once-bold campus?"

worst interspecies, anthropomorphic battle the campus had seen since The Great Rabbit-Vole War of 1927.

Amid the kerfuffle, which broke every window in KJ, turned the Kennedy Art Center into a post-structuralist statue, and erased any plowing Physical Plant said it had done, Joan Hinde Stewart addressed the huddled campus in the Annex, saying, "Honestly, we're pretty fucked. Our only hope is some bear we admitted because we're scared of sending Admissions staff to inner cities. Anybody want some Glenlivet?" She then proceeded to chug the entire bottle and laugh with no one in particular about retirement plans.

The bloodshed finally ceased Wednesday night, when King lept from the Chapel steeple onto the Kraken's head and urinated, melting the beast's brain. King then hunted down the nearest freshman to gain back much needed energy, a sacrifice the campus was willing to make.

King now resides back in Milbank where he continues his hibernation, ultimately ruining his GPA. See "Return of the King," continued on back page.

HAMILTON SQUIRRELS
DEMAND STUDENT BENEFITS
Forming their own publication

By Ms. Merriam '17

JUSTICE DEPT.

(A ROTTING TREE TRUNK) After spending the first half of winter in hiding, the Hamilton squirrel population has finally put their paws down. Students have recently reported squirrels crawling through the heaters into their rooms, infesting sock drawers, and leaving doo-doo on their pillows.

Campus Safety has tried their best to catch the vermin, but after one squirrel mistook an officer's head for a nut, the officers gave up hope. "This is literally no where in my job description," Officer Charles said.

The revolution began when squirrels became aware of the slander on the Squirrels of Hamilton College Facebook page. Many squirrels were outraged by fake portraits of their friends and family members that made them appear to be taking classes and worshipping Commons bagels.

"Humans need to stop giving us silly names like Roger and Mildred," Priscila the squirrel protested. "Not only do we deserve HillCards, but Commons needs to get some nuts on their menu for crying out loud!"

Priscila's bae, Milton, had similar complaints. "This is effed up," he said. "Spoiled rich kids are all complaining about their eyelashes freezing off in a four minute walk to the Science Center when we are just praying for a place to sleep that isn't a phallic snow tower!"

The squirrels have become increasingly aggressive, showing up in bikinis at the Beach Party and even annexing the heated Major dorm into the Glen, some students have surrendered the fight and welcomed the furry invaders. Lola Edelson '15 decided to befriend her trespasser, Herman.

"I found him sitting on my desk," Edelson said. "He was wearing a tiny bow-tie, reading my physics book. He seems like he has the intellectual curiosity and flexibility to be here, and his fashion sense surely proves his aesthetic discernment, so why not give him free tuition?"

At last report, the squirrels have been plotting to get other animals on campus involved in their effort. In response to the revolt, administration released this sincere advice to students: "If you find yourself sitting next to a chipmunk wearing a Hamilton sweatshirt in class this semester, don't be alarmed. Just respect your fellow rodent."

DUNHAM GREEN KRAKEN
FIGHTS MILBANK BEAR KING,
DESTROYS EVERYTHING
Students still only talking about weather

By Mr. Spinney '16

CEPHALOPOD SMACKDOWN DEPT.

(AN EERILY QUIET TUNDRA) In response to its new-found sentience, the snow kraken that once graced the Dunham green began a rampage on Tuesday night, overtaking much of campus with devastating tentacle violence only conceivable by the Great Watery Satan—his preferred moniker—himself. Throughout the devastation, cries of "This frozen ocean shall be your graves!" and "I just wish there were more students like me on this campus!" could be heard bellowing from the beast's maw.

Yet all was not lost, and as the chaos continued into Wednesday morning, an unlikely hero awoke, snarling and loyal: Milbank Bear King '17. As students jostled to their morning classes, avoiding shrapnel and unpredictable sucker slaps, King was seen heading straight for the towering behemoth. With exposed jowls and destined claws the bear, now a symbol of freedom and integrity at Hamilton, launched toward the squid, beginning the

In this issue: More anthropomorphism? Srsly?

CAREER CENTER OFFERS PRIZES
FOR MAKING APPOINTMENTS



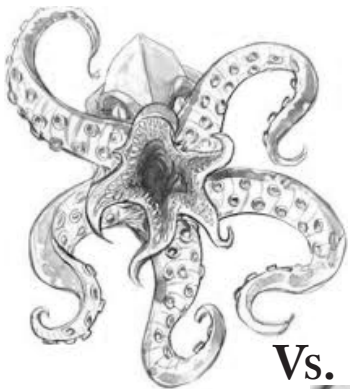
See "Jobs obviously not enough," pg. 401K.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ELECT THIS CROISSANT!



"The logical and flaky next step."

'90s PARTY FORECAST	9PM	11PM	1AM
	You're	So	Old
	90% chance only '90s kids will get it.	High probability most people stay inside and watch Blockbuster instead.	"This holographic Charizard card is totally going to get me laid."



Vs.



RETURN OF THE KING

Continued from “Dunham Green Kraken Fights Milbank Bear King, Destroys Everything.”

Since the incident, many community members have asked the question, “How the hell did a glorified snowman do all this damage?” Campus Safety has begun an investigation, but the largely believed theory is Professor Steenstrup, a missing biology professor who ran the now-defunct Tumblr CEPHALOGODS, achieved animation through implanting and cultivating giant squid DNA within the sculpture.

Former student Frederick Aldrich ’15 said, “Steenstrup was always a weird dude. I would see him in the science center late at night with giant pool noodles attached to his arms and legs like tentacles. He also announced tentacle porn was ‘proper research material’ in class once.”

TIMOTHY J. PEMBERTON’S ARCTIC TRANS-CAMPUS EXPEDITION

12:56 PM

I begin my trek in earnest, leaving the warmth and comfort of G-road to brave the wastelands for Skenendoa. My lover awaits me, and haste is of the essence; the only way fast enough is across the golf course. Armed with naught but a Canada Goose shell and a belly full of liquor, I head into the cold dark.

1:06 AM

The snow is deeper than I thought and the wind whips at my exposed face. My beer jacket is holding for now, but I do not know how long it will last. The warmth of my love’s highly suggestive winky face steels my nerves and gives me the courage to push onwards. Hark! The snow seems to have cleared revealing a warm beach with tropical waters; the image shimmering and wavering in anticipation of my arrival!

1:11 AM

What sorcery is this? As I approach the shimmering, sandy beach, the hyperborean evil gust sweeps its hand and covers my salvation with snow; the crystal clear waters turning into the murky sludge of the Golf Course pond. Off my right flank however, I spot my love’s door! I rush there in earnest, expecting her gentle embrace. Instead, I am greeted by a spring meadow, populated by a chorus of Disney cartoon creatures singing and dancing along to “Re: Your Brains!” Despite my disappointment with the deception, the cold begins to leave my body and my spirits soar.

1:18 AM

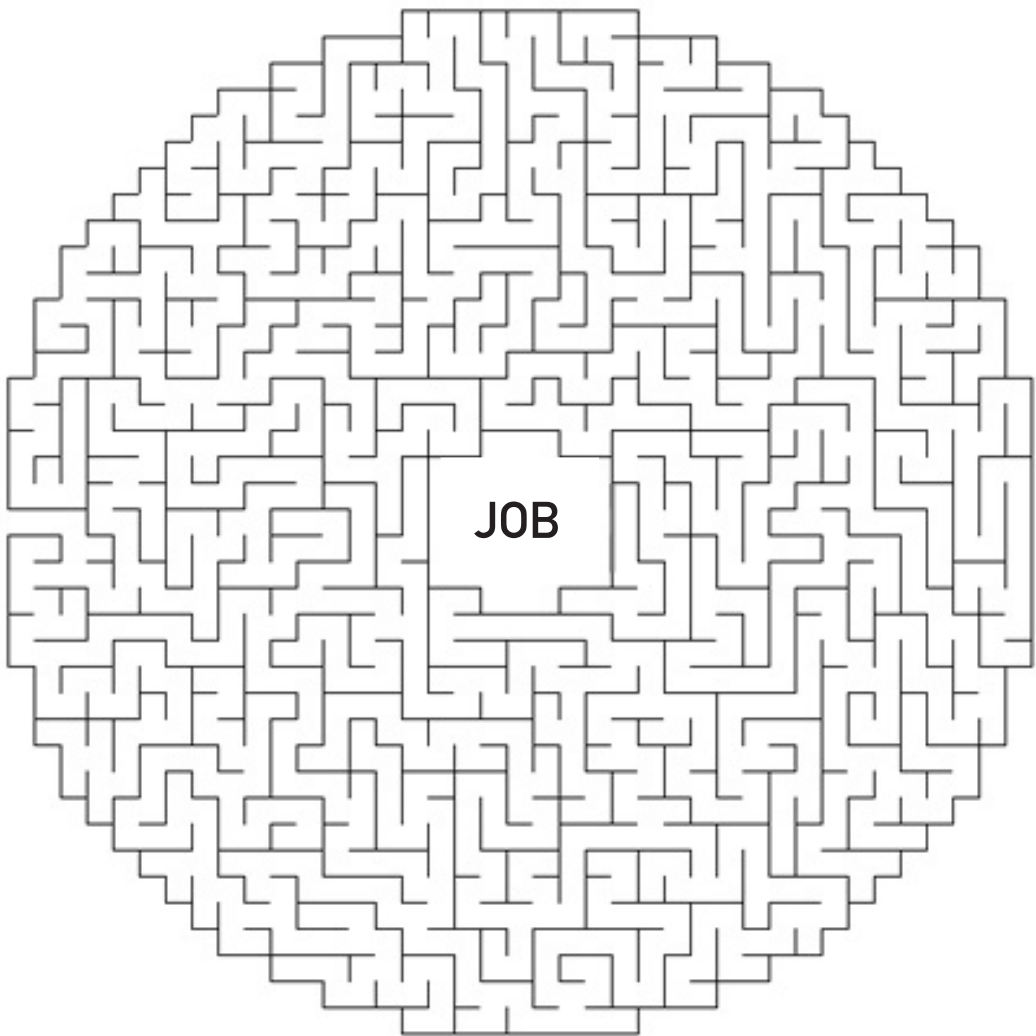
The demonic gale picks up again and sweeps the viridian scene away from me. The warm sunlight and woodland creatures have been replaced by my fridge. I open the freezer, the inside a balmy -10 degrees, and take shelter within.

1:28 AM

I open my eyes to find myself embedded within a snowdrift. Thoroughly sober now and possibly crying, I send a conciliatory message to my fair maiden and turn back defeated. No amorous relation is worth this. Fuck it. I’m transferring to Sewanee College.

Found written in the snow by Mr. Wesley ’16

CAN YOU GET TO YOUR PERFECT JOB WITH GREAT CO-WORKERS AND EVERYTHING?



FRIDAY FIVE: PHYSICAL PLANT’S NEW AND EXCITING DESKS

By Mr. Witonsky ’17

“Want to help the Physical Plant choose the next wave of dorm desks, starting with the new residence hall at Minor Theater? Then voice your opinion and take the New Desk Survey!”

- The Pinewood Punisher.** Affectionately known to the Brothers and Sisters of the Physical Plant as the Proving Grounds. According to insider sources, Physical Plant assembles the desk and then performs a raunchy stress-test that leaves participants tender but the desk’s metal parts well-lubricated. That’s more work than you’ll be doing on it, chief.
- Sentient, nonflammable, and capital “e” Evil.** On boozy nights, this unnameable desk whispers prophecies such as, “Your entire life moves from desk to desk.” It has also been know to give threats, like, “If you don’t clean me, I swear that the next time fire inspections come around, I’ll not only expose your paltry stash of adderall, but also your unused weed pipe masquerading as a glass fucking elephant you fucking amateur.”
- Big ‘Ol Bags of Cash a.k.a The Desk of the Future Yet to Come.** May or may not exist exclusively in some half-baked future daydream where you are C.E.O. of some highfalutin company. You’ll sit on your stack of cash at the end of some plush-carpeted hallway and remember how you got here in the first place: a simple desk way back in the college days, the desk where you finished your resumé and worked hard at Duel articles and did all your homework late and decided to make that phone call that set you on the right path and the one where you wrote that story that won that prize and now you’re realizing that you had the right skin color and socioeconomic background and that maybe from the beginning it was all...fixed. That’s how it happens right?
- Easter Island Moai Statue.** Philosophy majors! Prove that the 82-ton monolith doesn’t exist. Did you wow your fellow interlocutors with some recycled diatribe on the slipperiness of ontology? Good! Equipped with that knowledge, you can start constructing Desk 3!
- Simple desk for the college days.** There are some choices that aren’t actually choices.

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