

EXAMINING THE SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN ME AND MY THESIS ADVISOR: A SENSUAL THESIS IN CHEMISTRY

PROFESSOR WINS FREEDOM OF SPEECH DEBATE BY AIRING GOSSIP AND he has tenure

By Ms. Alatalo '18  
DIRTY LAUNDRY DEPT.  
(THE GRAPEVINE) Last Thursday, Professor Pop Baguette of the History Department published an Op-Ed on the back of *Signature Style* that resoundingly ended all discussion of a recent campus speaker and all debates regarding freedom of speech on campus for the foreseeable future. The letter's success, experts say, lies in its focus on personal vendettas between professors, rather than engaging with the topic of debate outright.

“Normally we advise our students against using the ad hominem fallacy,” Philosophy Professor Jane Wilson said. “But given the sensitive topic of the debate, it's essential to determine which professor is the better person before or even rather than determining who is right.”

“It's a genius move, really,” Alice McGrath, Director of the Writing Center, said. “Did you see how well he cited the dates of each faux pas against him? It shows a deep commitment to the material as well as impeccable understanding of MLA format.”

The letter's contents seem to have swayed even the most vehement of opponents.

FRESHMAN ATTENDS “KNOW THYSELF” PRESENTATION, HAS EXISTENTIAL CRISIS “I don't know myself!”

By Ms. Cobb '21  
EXISTENTIAL DESPAIR DEPT.  
(TOLLES PAVILLION) After attending the “Know Thyself” presentation, Carly Burns '21 concluded that she does not, in fact, know herself at all.

“I've been doing all the wrong things,” Burns whimpered, crouching under a table in Diner wrapped in a sheet. “I barely identify with any of the four Wellsprings. I'd say I have the Wellspring of The Body or whatever, but I... I really like Diner. It makes me feel safe.” Burns pulled out a french fry, which she devoured in seconds. “And my buzz is awful. How am I supposed to get anywhere in life with a shitty buzz?”

Burns then paused abruptly, clutching her sheet with despair. “I'm not sleeping seven to eight hours a night. They showed us a video about people dy-

“I'll be honest, I was prepared to disagree with everything Professor Baguette wrote,” President of the Democratic Socialists Yasmine Bolivar '19 said. “I mean, how could anyone defend inviting a speaker espousing rhetoric supporting eugenics to campus? But when I got to the part where he calls Professor Newman a ‘gluten-intolerant weasel,’ I was convinced.”

Even students who normally stay out of politics felt moved by the op-ed.

“You know, I've always stayed quiet on the whole freedom-of-speech-on-campus thing because I feel that both sides can get too caught up in proving each other wrong rather than listening to the arguments,” Tim Nook '20 said. “But now I see debates don't have to be this way. It's not whether you have a good supporting argument, it's whether you made out with your opponent's wife in the bathroom during the faculty Christmas party eight years ago!”

The letter's success holds implications beyond campus guests. “I'm going to have to make some major changes to my syllabus,” History Professor Derrick Slater said. “I was going to make my class write their final paper on the nuances of the First Amendment and what constitutes opinion versus encouraging violence, but that's off the table now that the debate is over.”

When asked for comment, Professor Baguette sent a screenshot of a tweet and stated, “petty grem-lin' is a subtweet about me, right?”

ing from sleep deprivation. I think I can feel death creeping up on me at this very moment. It's so cold but so... nice.” She started rocking back and forth. “Can I even survive, let alone be successful? Can I even be? Who am I? Why am I?”

Sam Pascal '21, who also attended the “Know Thyself” presentation, shared similar concerns. “Yeah, I identified with some of the more negative skits. And I definitely haven't cultivated my buzz,” he disclosed hollowly. “Guess I'll die.”

Philosophy Professor Robert Earle, who taught Burns's class Why Is The Self, has noticed a pleasing change in her class presence since the presentation.

“She's been a lot more engaged lately. And more vocal. Especially about existentialism and nihilism. I should tell all my students to go to more FYE-approved quasi-mandatory info sessions.”

When asked what she likes most about the class, Burns raved about Nietzsche, her new (and only) friend at Hamilton.

HEALTH CENTER STAFF TO BE REPLACED BY WEBMD Student health regains traditional spot at bottom of priority list

By Mr. Case '21  
MEDITATION AND WELLNESS DEPT.  
(FLOODED DITCH BY PUB) This past week, the Hamilton College physical plant released the detailed interior plans for the new Health Center.

“With progress continuing on the new Health Center, and the completion date just under a year away, we are very excited to unveil a more efficient care process for our students,” Physical Plant director Kayman McWilliams said. “The rest of the college has progressed into the digital age, so why shouldn't we? Starting in the fall of 2018, all Health center staff and facilities will be replaced by a single Computer opened to WebMD.”

“It may seem like a massive change to the care process here on campus, but in reality we are not changing that much,” Health Center nurse Angie Lowman said. “Current standard procedure dictates that whenever a student comes into the health center, we leave the room and look up their symptoms on the front desk's computer. Our hope is that by replacing our care facilities with just the computer, students will have more direct access to the horrifyingly inadequate care that they have come to expect from us.”

“There are, of course, some growing pains involved with such a radical shift in procedural processes,” Lowman said. “Many of the Health Center employees who have been notified of their imminent firing are responding negatively. Last night I found a burning bag of hypodermic needles on my front porch.”

“These changes are entirely unwelcome,” Parker Hillflap '18 said, who has had mono since freshman year. “I get the desire to make the process more efficient, but I think the health center is sacrificing accuracy for speed. I went into the health center with a snuffle and came out with stage 4 Hodgkin's Lymphoma. The worst part is I was still only given two advil and a taxi voucher. Plus, I can't go back for another appointment because there are no available appointments until spring of 2035.”

In this issue: asterisk asterisk asterisk

DUEL CRAWL THIS WEEKEND!



First stop, Syracuse, NY. Last stop, Daytona Beach, FL. 8:30 P.M. Dress code is *Magic Mike* formal. See “Come on down, Campo!” pg. 32118

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 12: Oh shit, it's the popo. Go to jail.  
A. Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200. Dead end, loser.  
B. You meet your cellmate... and he's HAWT.  
C. You try to escape and are eaten by guard dogs.

See issue 6  
See issue 13

CITRUS BOWL FORECAST

7:30 P.M.	7:31 P.M.	8:15 P.M.
65% chance well-meaning mom bringing team orange slices is arrested	High probability it's frozen on purpose.	“So I Googled it, and apparently a bantam is an aggressive cock.”



Journal of Student Staying on Campus for Break

By Donny Terrence '19

Saturday:

Well, my parents decided that this year was the time to go on a sexual walkabout in Australia. Guess I'm stuck here in Clinton for the break. All my friends are gone—it would have been nice if one of them would have invited me to their place—but it's fine. I'm going to have a relaxing and occult-free time off.

Sunday:

Fuck, I'm so bored. I already smoked my entire stash of jazz cabbage and there are only so many times I can watch Space Jam. Oh well, I guess No Nut November is going to have to end a little early and Destroy Dick December is going to start now.

Monday:

Okay... that's weird. Why do all the Physical Plant workers suddenly know me by name? How are they talking without moving their mouths? Maybe I'm just an alcoholic and I'm going through withdrawal.

Tuesday:

At least my roommate Tony sees all the shit that's happening around campus. Wait, I live in a Bundy single. When did I get a roommate? At least he's tidy.

Wednesday:

I kinda get turning the KJ water feature into cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving—oh wait, it's blood. Really chunky blood.

Thursday:

I definitely saw a life-sized Mrs. Butterworth bottle giving the ghost of Elihu Root a blowjob. She isn't cradling the balls at all.

Friday:

REDRUM REDRUM REDRUM

Saturday:

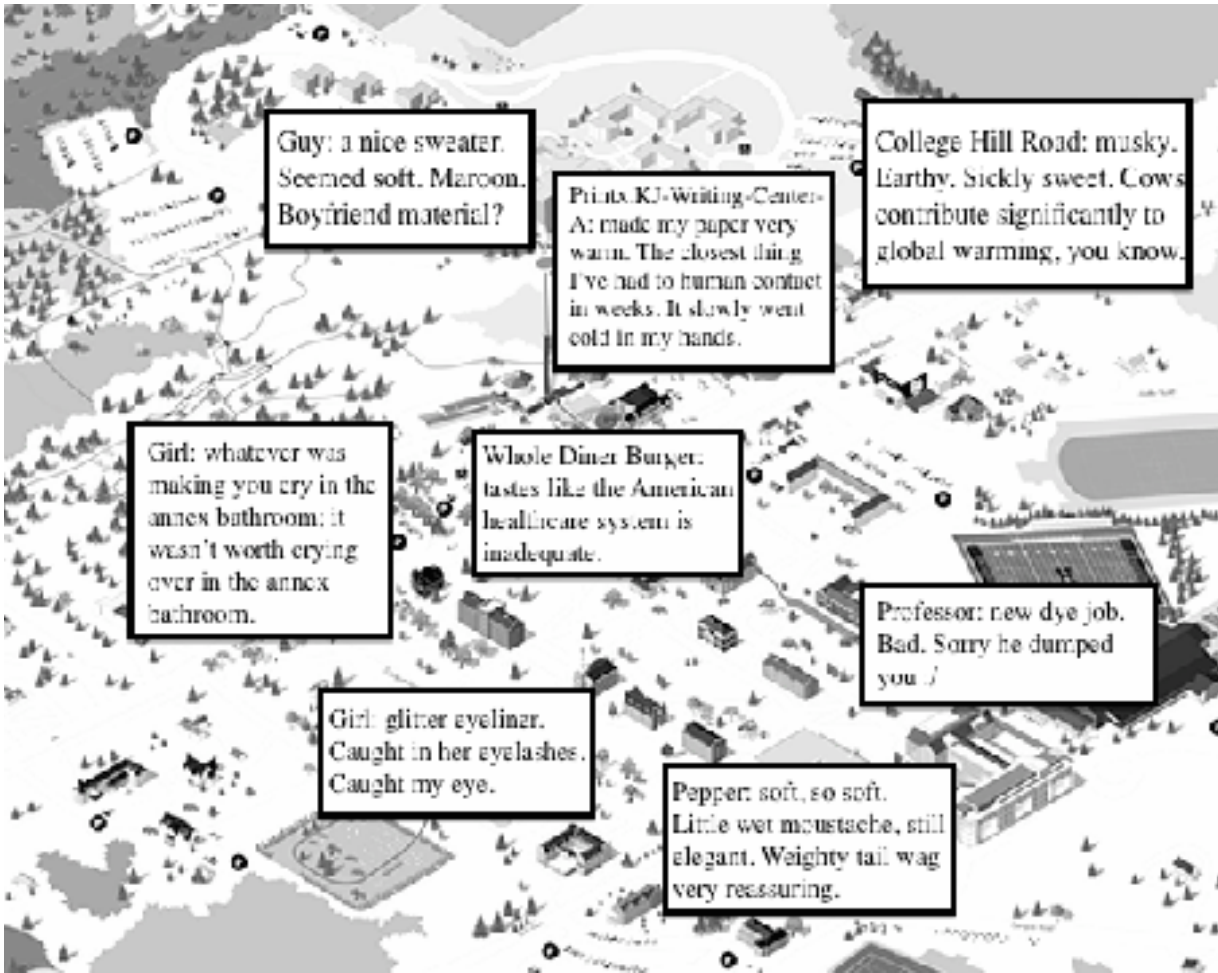
OH SHYTE HOLY FUCK SHIT ASS BITCH FUCK! I'm being chased around the glen by an ax wielding maniac shouting "I'm not going to hurt you, Donny."

Sunday:

Okay, so turns out I was just on a bad acid trip and the break hasn't even happened yet. But there's this picture on my wall from July 4th 1921. What does it have to do with anything?

Ripped from a journal by Mr. Paull '20

OVERSEEN/SMELLED/FELT AT HAMILTON:



Sensory overload experienced by Mx. Stevenson '19

How to Have Thanksgiving Dinner in the Bookstore: A Retrospective

Once again, I spent this past Thanksgiving on campus. Alone. But instead of just passing the day by rewatching *Pride and Prejudice* (2005) like I did last year, I decided to host my own historically accurate Thanksgiving. And what better place to host it than the bookstore, the place I most often give thanks (to my daddy's wallet)?

I started by inviting students from Colgate and Utica College to join me. After all, what's a true Thanksgiving feast without good company? I promised everyone a hearty meal of Sour Patch Gummy Worms, Mountain Dew Code Red, and Tide Extra Whitening Gum, just like they used to eat back in the olden days, when bookstores only sold books. Little did they know, I had served them expired Gummy Worms and put the Mountain Dew in gluten-infested Red Solo Cups. And oh yeah, I also gave them smallpox. I'm just so clever.

As the day's festivities ended, we built beds out of Hamilton-themed sweaters and jackets. (I had considered offering the others Kirkland gear, but figured that was too cruel.) We told stories about our pasts, talked about what it was like living in up-state New York, and generally enjoyed one another's company. And when everyone finally fell asleep, I struck.

Making sure not to wake anyone, I dragged every person and their sweater-bed outside. I then went back inside the bookstore and locked the doors, leaving everyone in the cold. That oughta show 'em for thinking we could all peacefully live in the same region together, right?

Secure in the knowledge that I had given Hamilton a leg up on its competition, I then got to spend the rest of my night alone in the bookstore, enjoying the social construct of private property. I'm so happy the entire country gets to celebrate this every year!

Best,  
Chris Lumbus '20

Found outside of Euphoria by Ms. Terhune '21

THE DUEL OBSERVER

- RACHEL MARIE ALATALO  
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JULIA BARERE COBB  
MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE  
PETER JUDSON CASE  
**Copyeditors**  
CLAIRE NICHOLSON

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