

EUPHORIA INTRODUCES FINALS WEEK POWER SHOT
It’s whiskey.

FRESHMAN CLASS FINALIZES
REORGANIZATION OF FRIEND
GROUPS

Shockingly, your XA group didn’t make it

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

SILVER AND GOLD DEPT.

(A DIFFERENT FRESHMAN DORM) As their first semester draws to a close, the class of 2021 has announced the final friendship lineups for the year. The list of new friend groups was released this past Friday, and includes many shake-ups to the semester’s initial organization.

Class president Jordan Mamet ’21 explained the process: “As we all know, people don’t tend to stick to the friends they meet right off the bat at college. It takes a little while to figure out who you really like to hang out with. This year, however, it got too confusing to let the friend groups mutate on their own like so much leftover McEwen food, so we standardized it and incorporated a lottery system. This way it’s fair!”

Most friend groups reported major changes to their membership, with changes going into effect at the beginning of next semester. Students who

are satisfied with their current friend groups may petition to abstain from the lottery. Violation of the new group organizations are met with a fine and 1-2 disciplinary points.

Many students have voiced concerns over the standardization of this process.

“I mean, yeah, we’re not going to stay friends with everyone we were friends with during the first week, but jeez, does it have to be so... arbitrary?” Harrison Decker ’21 asked while writing a heartfelt farewell card to the members of his current friend group. “I mean, my friend group didn’t even have any conflict. We love each other. I invited them to my lake house for spring break, and I don’t know if that’ll happen anymore.”

The administration has come out in support of the new system.

“This actually saves us a lot of trouble,” Dean of ResLife Travis Hill said. “Every year in the spring ResLife and the Counseling Center are inundated with students complaining that they’re drifting apart from their roommates, orientation groups and first-semester lab partners. Now we can just say, ‘One more word and you will receive two points’ and send them on their ways.”

that she has been in the library’s all night reading room for the last sixty hours, having built a nest of sweaters and jackets, surviving on vending machine food and shitty coffee. When asked for comment on her status, Yeoman said, with bloodshot eyes, “I can’t talk right now,” and continued to type furiously on her laptop.

“Wow, I thought I was stressed out over my thesis,” her one remaining friend Jackie Roland ’18 said, “but Holly has really got her hands full. I was wondering why I last time I texted her she replied by sending me a voodoo doll made of raw meat with a note that said ‘Stab it.’”

The investigation also found the least stressed student on campus to be Tony Gordon ’21. Reports found that Gordon has spent the last few days getting high and playing ping pong in the Sadove basement. When asked for comment, he said, “I don’t know, it’s like, I never have to study and I always just get A’s.” Gordon then walked away, presumably to go fuck himself.

COUNSELING CENTER FULL,
STUDENT TAKES DIARY TO
WRITING CENTER INSTEAD

At least they don’t have to walk down the hill

By Mx. Barry ’19

INADEQUATE FUNDING DEPT.

(CRYING IN THE KJ ATRIUM) When Ray Marren ’18 tried to book an appointment at the Counseling Center, they were informed that there were no openings until after graduation. Luckily for Marren, their detailed diary allowed them to embrace the therapeutic potential of the Hamilton College Writing Center as a substitute for actual counseling.

“In previous semesters, I’ve attended the ‘In, Out, And In Between’ therapy group to avoid the process of booking appointments. This semester, though, the group wasn’t offered,” Marren said. “I guess I’ll have to start processing my thicket of latent anxiety disorders through thesis-driven essays. Someone told me they’re taking lab reports now too, so maybe I’ll write one of those.”

When asked about the group’s cancellation, Dean Richards said, “The college doesn’t have enough money to pay for unnecessary expenses like the wellbeing of the students trapped on the Hill. There probably aren’t that many queer students in need of counseling anyway. We have, what, five gay people here?” She waved her hand vaguely at the dense text of the Out and Ally List behind her. “I’m sure existing as a gay in 2017 isn’t that bad, probably.”

She then wrote a check for twelve new tennis courts, so that all three of the school’s tennis players could practice on the five days a year when the weather is nice enough.

Marren met with Writing Center tutor Selena James ’19. James noted that the diary was a nice break from reading essays. When asked about the difference between a Counseling Center and a Writing Center appointment, James said, “We have different codes of confidentiality. So I can’t talk about Ray’s split infinitives, but I can tell you about their rocky relationship with their mother, their trouble showering regularly, and the nightmares they’ve been having about David Wippman’s giant, disembodied head.”

Marren said, “It was actually better than I thought it would be. It was nice to get all that off my chest, and I will definitely implement the edits Selena suggested. She gave me some really good tips about sentence fragments.”

INVESTIGATION IDENTIFIES
MOST STRESSED PERSON ON
CAMPUS

Now you can stop acting like it’s you

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

#RELATABLE DEPT.

(ALL NIGHT READING ROOM) After a comprehensive psychological analysis of the student population, it has been determined that Holly Yeoman ’19 is officially the most stressed person on campus.

“There was some stiff competition,” researcher Steve Desmond ’18 said. “But Holly was clearly the standout. She has five papers due Monday, three exams on Tuesday, and a presentation on Friday, meaning she has to stay through all of Finals week. In addition to her academics, her boyfriend of two years broke up with her to get with her best friend, her parents announced they’re having another kid and getting divorced at the same time, and her pet dog Kip just died. So, yeah, I’d say she has us all beat.”

Regarding Yeoman, reports have found

In this issue: Our biggest fan!

THE YULE BALL



Because you’re not cool enough to go to real formals.
See “Is this all-campus or..?” pg. 12/9 9pm

Choose Your
Own Adventure!

Issue 13: You die. David Wippman does not attend your funeral.

A. Go to Heaven. See any issue of the *Duel Observer*.

B. Go to Hell. See the *Daily Bull*.

C. Go to Purgatory. See the *Topical*.

DIANA'S WINTER BREAK FORECAST	FRIDAY	TUESDAY	THURSDAY
	Low probability this thesis meets her advisor's expectations	95% chance she gets into a dust-up at the jazz club	“This Tarsila do Amaral exhibit is way better on acid.”

New Year’s Resolutions

By Softboy Sam ’20

The year is coming to a close, so millions of people will decide for some arbitrary reason that they need to change something in their lives. I don’t really believe in the construct of New Year’s resolutions, but, much like capitalism, I am forced to participate in it anyway. There isn’t a whole lot I can change about myself because I am already extraordinarily self actualized, so instead I am going to focus on how the people in my life need to do better.

My history professor: You clearly never tried to understand me and should really educate yourself. Just because I wrote a paper about how assigning papers to students is a tacit endorsement of fascism doesn’t give you license to fail me. You should maybe try to learn from what I am saying instead of being such a cock.

My parents: Stop freezing my bank account. I don’t know how many times I have to tell you that I need to buy weed because the world is so depressing. So what if I spend \$1000 a semester on wax? My mental health is more important than your mortgage.

My slampiece: I find it ironic that you refuse to learn about third wave feminism, and yet keep asking me to go down on you.

The Red Weather: Fucking accept my photos, you pretentious buffoons. I don’t know why you can’t understand that my nudes are a statement about the predicament of the modern male trapped in a repressive society.

The drummer of my band: I think you should quit. When I said I wanted to start a surf punk band inspired by The Talking Heads, Mac DeMarco, and the poetry of John Ashbery, I thought you would get it. However, you are pulling attention away from me, and that shit isn’t cool.

Donald Trump: You are a fucking piece of shit lol but your policies don’t really affect me, so whatever.

Found in a Moleskine notebook by Mr. Paull ’20

Networking 201 Syllabus

Introductions

Get to know the peer advisors running the workshop, and let them explain why the guy you saw throwing up outside the Annex last weekend is in charge of your job search!

Self-Assessment

Fill out a questionnaire about your likes and dislikes. There are lots of factors at play when applying for a job, but none more important than deciding how much you identify as “a leader” or “an animal lover” on a scale of 1 to 10.

Networking Strategies

• Blackmail

Identify a prospective employer or connection. The ideal candidate is a Hamilton alumni, works in an industry relevant to your interests, lives somewhere with tall trees next to their windows, and has not invested in a security system. Follow them around until you manage to capture photographic evidence of them cheating on their spouse, polluting a river, or singing karaoke. Once you’ve got the dirt, they’ll be begging to hire you.

• Identity Theft

Why go to all the trouble of interviewing for a job when you can just take one? With the new facial reconstruction surgery offered by the DHi, you can effortlessly take the place of anyone you choose. Just sand off your fingerprints and buy some chloroform, and you’ll be ready to slide seamlessly into your dream job.

• Secure a diplomatically advantageous marriage

Do you have tense relations with a neighboring kingdom? Offer your daughter as a wife for their prince. In the process, make sure to ask the monarch about job opportunities. Make sure to offer a good dowry, though. Nobody’s going to give a job interview to someone who can only give their son-in-law three heads of cattle.

Closing Remarks

Smile and nod when the peer advisors ask whether you learned something. Promise that you will give the assessment questionnaire some deep and serious thought in between final papers. Above all, don’t forget that you’ve still got three goddamn more of these things before the school will let you access alumni’s dedicated spam e-mail addresses and no longer in service phone numbers!

Found in the trash by Mr. Letai ’19

Duel’s Declassified Break Survival Guide:

How To Convince Your Parents You Don’t Do Anything Illegal In College

Winter break is rife with opportunities for your parents to trap you into admitting your school-year illicit activities. Use these preemptive defensive strategies to outsmart them and keep the image of you in their minds as pure as the driven snow!

5. Practice your “alcohol tastes so gross!” face in case anyone offers you a drink. A good exercise for this is to take shots of the nastiest-tasting cough syrup you can find while looking in the mirror. Pay special attention to your grimace and see if you can add in a little retch. Plus, if you practice hard enough, you’ll get a nice buzz going.

4. Anytime you smell anything unusual, get your narc on and ask the closest adult, very seriously, if that is the smell of “marry jewana.” Chestnuts roast-ing? Ask. Auntie Julie’s new perfume? Ask. Wet dog? Ask, and then tell Fluffy that you are very disappointed in him. The more obvious your cluelessness, the more wholly innocent of tooting on the devil’s grass horn you’ll seem.

3. Drive five miles per hour under the speed limit, while keeping your hands white-knuckled in the 9 and 3 position. Use your blinker, even when you’re not turning, just in case you were to. Your folks will never suspect you’ve wrecked the old Subie’s suspension street racing townies out by the cornfields.

2. Don’t get any hickies in the week before you go home. If you do, purchase a novelty nun’s habit from Party City and steal your hippie suitemate’s mala beads for a rosary. Refuse to take the habit off and explain your newfound dedication to the pious life. For best results, shower with it on to really hammer in that devotion. Or just buy some fucking concealer, dumbass.

1.Make your parents a beautiful piece of macaroni and crayon art to display on the fridge. They’ll be so touched that you took the time to make them something by hand, and so nostalgic about how precious you were as a toddler, that they won’t even notice you snagging a twenty out of Grandma’s purse to nibble up some nose candy!

Drafted in the midst of an acid trip by Ms. Stevenson ’19

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