

GRATUITY FEE NOT INCLUDED IN TUITION THIS TERM
Wippman leaves tip jar in Sadove

JORDAN SHAPIRO JUST STARTED HIS SENIOR THESIS

"Of course he's a member of the AHI"

By Mr. Projansky '21

FUCK FUCK FUCk FUCk DEPT. (RUNNING BACK AND FORTH TO BURKE) With the final days of his super-senior fall upon him and innumerable deadlines looming, fiscally conservative but also socially conservative Jordan Shapiro '21 has begun his Econ thesis.

"I'm gonna be honest with you guys. I'm fucked," Shapiro said while frantically searching his roommate's room for Adderall and Lexapro. "At first I was all like, 'This won't be too bad,' and then I realized it was my thesis and it was real fucking bad. I partied all weekend, hoping I could just get COVID and not be held responsible for my actions. But now everyone is leaving campus, so there's no one left to party with! I'm running out of options."

"Wait, you guys mean that he just hasn't started writing the final paper, right?" his thesis advisor Rob Miller asked. "I specifically told him that he couldn't put this thing off until the last minute unless he had exactly 1021mg of speed to take over the course of the last three days of the semester. So

he really hasn't done anything?" "I haven't done anything!" Shapiro frantically yelled while asking some Chemistry majors to "Breaking Bad some shit" for him. "And I only have 1020mg of speed!" However, in his darkest hour, some of Shapiro's biggest and most faithful enablers were there to support him.

"I mean, you're already behind a year. It doesn't make that much difference to add on one more," Candice Ngo '22 said while successfully pickpocketing Shapiro's wallet for his monthly allowance. "I mean, would you wanna leave all of your good friends, who love you not just because you give us your weed in exchange for friendship, but because of your dashing looks and big heart?"

"C'mon bro, what matters more: graduating or the boys?" fraternity brother Rudy Tucker '21 asked while handing Shapiro a Miller Lite. "Your thesis is supposed to be the summation of what you've learned these past five - soon to be six - years of college. Bro, you didn't learn about why rice is a Giffen good in parts of China; you learned how to piss yourself after drinking 15 Natty Lites and how to make women uncomfortable, and that's called being here now. You'll get the whole Econ thing next time, champ."

Day, and I thought I was very alternative. And then one day I realized that Nirvana and Green Day were mainstream. Especially Green Day. It happens to every Dark Sider eventually," Atcliff said, chain-smoking and listlessly staring into the air.

Many other Dark Siders have followed in Westhouse's footsteps by having similar breakdowns and identity crises. Some proceeded to wash their hair dye out, which leaked out from pipes and turned the KTSA pond a queer hue. Consequently, the administration has scheduled a bonfire for this Monday night on Minor Field where former Dark Siders can burn anything considered indie.

In anticipation of the bonfire, students have begun constructing piles of paraphernalia. Some of the mounds are already many feet high, with one pile consisting of hair bandanas and flannel shirts, another of body and facial hair, and a third of overpriced vinyl records played exactly once. As one student tossed their most prized pea-coat into a pile they wailed, "I would have never bought this jacket if I had known it was made of orphans and not just by orphans."

The administration estimates that the bonfire will last for two weeks and recommends any former indie Dark Siders to begin pursuing a Gov or Econ major.

STUDENT GOES THROUGH ALL FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF DUE TO PHOEBE BRIDGERS CONCERT

Talk about emotional motion sickness

By Ms. Cavallino '21

WEARY GAYS DEPT.

(A MILBANK SINGLE) Following CAB's announcement of the Phoebe Bridgers concert last week, Becky Arches '22 was shocked. "There's no way CAB got Phoebe Bridgers," Arches said, full of denial. "They're just teasing me, like the time someone who was a roommate of someone who was dating the CAB president said there was a rumor that John Mulaney would be the fall comedy show, and then it was just Yodapez again. Now they're just rubbing salt in the wound. I'm not getting my hopes up."

When her suitemate pointed out that many artists are more available now that they could hold events over Zoom, Arches hurled her salt lamp across the room. "Who does CAB think they are? Do they think they can just waltz in and save my semester with one stupid concert?! After Rico Nasty, their savior complex is too big." She then kicked over her bass guitar.

Once CAB confirmed Phoebe Bridgers as headliner (with Yodapez as opener), Arches' next hurdle was bargaining with CAB to put her questions in the Q&A. "I'll pay for CAB e-board Opus orders for the rest of the semester. I'll give up nicotine. I'll cut down to only one post on Snapchat per day of me singing Phoebe Briders covers, I promise! Just let me ask my wife Phoebe what advice she would give to her younger self."

On Thursday, facing the cruel reality that every Dark Side femme was also thirsting over the same indie-pop goddess, Arches briefly slipped into sadness (prompted by relistening to "Garden Song") before reluctantly accepting the positives of the situation. "Actually, I think this will be good for me. I deserve *something* nice this semester, and if it has to come from CAB, then I can sacrifice my moral code for one night." Arches then promptly fell asleep as a result of the emotional stress (and also hitting her dab pen six times) at 7:56 PM, minutes before the concert began.

After the mentally tumultuous week, Arches has decided to attend the musical alchemy sessions offered by the Health Center, fully knowing they will provide zero stress-relief but maintaining hope that if she can workshop some of her current songs, she could still become the fourth member of boygenius.

DARK SIDER HAS MENTAL BREAKDOWN

Realizes indie culture is a capitalist construct

By Mr. Chivily '23

TWO-FACED MARKETING DEPT.

(AN UNFORGIVING CONCRETE SINGLE IN ROOT) Screams echoed across the Dark Side last Thursday, and EMTs found Sara Westhouse '21 crying on her dorm room floor with a ripped up Phoebe Bridgers poster and a torn-out septum piercing on the ground beside her. Initially, the EMTs thought it was another case of a student experiencing a mental breakdown because of the college's nonexistent mental health resources and COVID-related sex drought, but soon changed their minds when Westhouse started on a crazed rant. "Hehehehehe, the capitalists, businessmen, and marketing experts curate all these indie artists and clothing and they feed us with beliefs that we are independent and counterculture to rob us blind! We serve our capitalist overlords, the same people we want to overthrow!"

"Listen, this was a long time coming," Westhouse's advisor, Gender Studies Professor Sierra Atcliff said. "When I was in college in the early '90s, I loved grunge music, especially Nirvana and Green

In this issue: (she's italian)

DIRECTOR'S SHOWCASE



The sound wasn't working on purpose. See, "It's called Making a Choice," pg. 100

Hamilton Health Tip of the Week

Celebrate Spanksgiving! Spread something other than COVID.

FINALS AT HOME FORECAST	9:00 AM	9:03 AM	12:01 PM
	What was significant:		
	Low probability any of the notes you brought home are useful	69% chance your post-nut clarity still gets you the wrong answer	"No, professor, I wasn't looking at Quizlet for the ansie wansies..."



WORKSHOP: 20 Great Sample Questions to Ask Your Interviewer

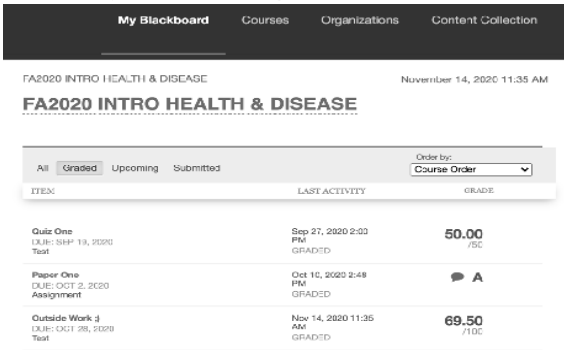
Do you want to nail your interview for your upcoming internship opportunity? Do you want to find out what it’s like to work at for a campaign, Raytheon, or a strip club? Knocking your interview out of the park is crucial to beating out other qualified candidates for the position you want. In the time of COVID, it’s especially important due to the tenuous nature of the current job market and the constant influx of liberal arts graduates; there are now at least 3-4 times more people going for your position. Seniors, good luck!

These are the best questions to ask your interviewer to make sure you secure your spot at the cubicle that will eventually kill you.

- 1. What has your experience been like working at _____?
- 2. Why are you short?
- 3. When was the last time you made love to your wife? Oh you’re divorced. Well when was the last time you made love to yourself while crying?
- 4. How do you feel about the illegal military occupation of Palestine?
- 5. How is the workplace orgy scene at this company?
- 6. So, to preface this, I’m not racist but ***** ** * ***** ** * ***** *?
- 7. From what disregard of providence hath God forsaken thou?
- 8. I know you’re divorced, you’re clearly divorced, but like, how divorced? Like how many cans of beans are in your fridge right now? What percentage of The National’s discography do you have on vinyl?
- 9. I have this growth on my chest, I think it’s starting to fester, can you look at it real quick and give it a kiss to make it feel better?
- 10. You ever heard 100 geecs?
- 11. You up?
- 12. You down?
- 13. LMAO bitch are u dumb like are u actually fuckin dumb?
- 14. Are these your kids here? They look like they could use a father, when was the last time you saw them?
- 15. Is Geoffry here?
- 16. I would like to see Geoffry please.
- 17. Sometimes when I look at a picture of Stanley Tucci I get this little trembling deep in my loins, am I pansexual?
- 18. Ugh dude, do you smell that? Fucking nasty, dude did you just rip ass? He who denied it supplied it dude.
- 19. Why didn’t you ask me about my massive novelty tie that says “Ugly Guys Fuck Better” on it? Did you notice it?
- 20. What’s your ex-wife’s number?

Asked in an interview by Mr. Wilson ’23

Help! I Fucked My Professor For a Better Final Grade But My Average Went Down



Alright... So I really like this person, but my mom paid \$13,000 in ski lift tickets to the golf coach just so I could get into this lousy excuse for a Nescac, and now look at me. I talked to my friend at Gerber and they told me the only way to the top in this world is through your body, so I didn’t think it’d be a big deal when I tried to fuck my health professor. It all started with a private message over zoom where I asked how often they liked to shower, and before i knew it, we were setting up sessions in their personal meeting room to talk dirty about how long each of our genitals were. Before we had sex we went out to Alteri’s and they were really nice, telling me about their family and how hard it can be teaching upstate while all their friends are chewing through dental damns down in Manhattan. It’s the second time I laid in bed and asked someone what they were afraid of, and the first time I got a serious answer (instead of eating quicksand). I even let their name drop when I called my mom the other day, and she couldn’t believe I’d been talking to the same person for so long. My ex in highschool really left a hole in my heart, and it’s one I hadn’t realized I was willing to fill. For so long I got off on the rush of meeting new people and knowing thyself, but this was the first time I got a kiss on the forehead while half asleep and thought to myself... maybe I’d like to know... theyself...

BUT I just checked blackboard and it turns out they gave me a 69.5 out of 100? Are they trying to be cute? Their comments were “well i really like you, so i wanna be honest, the sex wasn’t exactly what i was looking for since we didn’t establish many boundaries or communicate effectively, and you broke social distancing rules by trying to fuck your professor for a better grade, and this is a health class.” I still wanna marry them, they’re the only one who has ever had the courage to be honest with me. And don’t worry about the age gap, they just graduated so we’re both still 90’s kids scratching our occipital lobes on the sound of dial-up internet. Students of Hamilton College, what do I do?

Suggestions should be emailed to b’apateets@hamilton.edu

Enquiry received by Mr. Gallagher ’21

Friday Five: Alternatives to Packing with Cardboard Boxes

By Ms. Adler ’24

As I’ve been packing up to leave campus, I’ve noticed a big problem: the boxes are simply too f@#\$ing small. How am I supposed to pack away my safety hazard toaster oven- ahem, I mean my oddly-shaped larger items? With these struggles in mind, I decided to create a list of the top five best alternatives to the crappy crates and busted boxes that The Whip Man has supplied us with.

5. **Trash bags.** An oldie but goodie for the college student too lazy to try to figure out how to pack circular bowls into rectangular boxes, the trash bag is your go-to. Just throw in your clothes, hairdryer, and your bong and hope for the best. Tie it up, slap your address on the outside and you’re good to go! No muss, no fuss, and if the custodians accidentally take it out with all of the other garbage, well, were they really in the wrong?

4. **Old takeout containers that you forgot to throw away.** You always knew there was a reason you kept those old cartons! See, Christina, I’m not lazy, I am on top of my game! Is it a little small? Yes. Will your stuff end up smelling like dog shit? Absolutely. But far more important than that is the fact that you’ve found a way to pack the stuff that won’t fit into the five miniscule boxes the college is willing to provide you. Congratulations!

3. **Clearance shirts from the campus store.** Hey, they’re all XXXL anyway, so grab that long sleeve turtleneck in continental blue, tape the holes together, and you’ve got yourself a nifty little bag there. Technically, this does go against the packing rules that the administration sent out, but it would have been more of a crime to wear the shirt anyway.

2. **The coffin your Dark Side gf sleeps in.** Look, I know it was creepy at the beginning when you went into her dorm room and found out that she doesn’t sleep in her bed, but rather in a coffin she brought from home. Believe me, I’ve been there. But despite the fact that you secretly think she might be over committing to the goth motif and that it’s hard as hell to have sex in, it’s grown on you. So use those connections to score some sweet sweet storage space in that dead-bed and pray you two are still together by spring semester.

1. **The black hole of anxiety that’s been dogging you all semester.** It’s got to be useful for something other than keeping you up until 3 am the night before finals.

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FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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