LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL
Especially when it’s naked

ACTIVE MINDS MISTAKENLY PLANS DISTRESS FEST
De-Stress and distress are different? Our bad.
By Ms. Yurkofsky ‘15
(COUNSELING CENTER) In a severe communication lapse, Hamilton College’s mental health awareness club, Active Minds, mistakenly planned Distress Fest, as opposed to the nationally celebrated De-Stress Fest.

While other colleges across the country have brought puppies to campus, lined corridors with bubble wrap, and offered sunset yoga to lower stress levels, Distress Fest strives for the opposite effect. The festival offers an array of distressing activities, from “make a list of all the mistakes you’ve made in your life and how much better off you’d be if you hadn’t,” to “listen to Nickelback CDs on repeat.”

“After ending up in Bundy East, I immediately placed an order for a custom-made gas-mask and industrial cleaning equipment,” Olivia Coster-Daniels ’15 reported. “But it might be more cost-efficient to rent a room in Robert’s new dorm. Plus, I’d rather deal with squirrels than blackout bros on a Tuesday night.”

The darkest of the darksiders see potential in Engle’s project as well.

“Housing has gotten so mainstream in life in Bundy that you’ll feel as depleted as our ozone left the showing of the first 15 minutes of the movie Up. ‘Everyone you love is just going to get old and die before they can go to Paradise Falls with you and then you’re going to turn into a fat, mean, child-hating, old man. Oh God, kill me now.’”

The effects of the festival have permeated all aspects of campus life. Students have been observed comforting those new Diner milkshakes, then hysterically sobbing that they should’ve been eating when there were starving kids in Africa who could really go for a milkshake because Al- rica’s kinda hot.

“‘Remember the first time I entered my grandmother’s vagina.’

‘We may not have followed directions exactly,’ Active Minds leader Tyra Collette ‘12 proudly said as she stepped over the huddled masses of depressed students on her way to use the emergency broadcast system’s speakers to read off a list of TV shows cancelled too soon. ‘But no one can say that Distress Fest wasn’t a success!’

Distress Fest finishes Saturday night with the grand finale: a forum entitled “Women’s Reproductive Rights in Kentucky.”

In this issue: Urine it to win it!

LONELY BOY RECEIVES
EMERGENCY SYSTEM TEST TEXT

Duelfucius Corner

See “The only text he received all week,” pg. 47.

Duelfucius says: “Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.”

The Duel Observer
Volume XIX, Issue XII
April 27, 2012

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

STUDENT, SCREWED OVER IN HOUSING LOTTERY, BUILDS OWN DORM
Lean-to in woods found preferable to life in Bundy
By Ms. Chappell ‘15
Residential Life Dept. (THE GLEN) Hamilton’s 2012 Housing Lottery drew to a close on Sunday night with the usual threats of violence and suicide attempts.

One ambitious freshman, however, has decided to take matters into his own hands. Faced with the prospect of the Summer Lot-
tery, Robert Engle ’15 announced that he decided to take matters into his own hands.

“I made a birdhouse in 5th grade shop class once—I figure building a dorm can’t be that different,” Engle said. “I’ve already started working on it. Apart from a few run-
dnings with squirrels and an unfortunate tangle with a mountain lion, construction is going really smoothly.”

Other students, faced with the prospect of life in what can only be described as the janitorial closet of a minimum-security pris-
on, are intrigued by Engle’s bold decision.

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cient to rent a room in Robert’s new dorm. Plus, I’d rather deal with squirrels than blackout bros on a Tuesday night.”

The darkest of the darksiders see potential in Engle’s proj-
et as well.

“Housing has gotten so mainstream these days, you know?” Ellis Andrews ’14 sighed. “Four walls, a roof—it’s just so gener-
ic. I think living in the Glen would re-
ally help me escape the confines of societal norms. Plus, I could smoke weed in bed.”

Meanwhile, the Admissions Office is

AWKWARD SENIOR STRUGGLES TO GIVE THESIS PRESENTATION
‘Pretending they’re naked’ no longer an applicable strategy
By Mr. Lamman ‘15
Communications Dept. (KJ AUD) Social tragedy Phil Ericson ’12 stumbled uncomfortably through his thesis presentation, “Cat Blindness! A Re-Visionist Take on Feline Retinal Re-
pair,” last week. The presentation, Ericson said, had been hanging over him throughout his time at Hamilton.

“It was real freakin’ nervous,” he said, still wringing his hands “I’ve avoided presentations since freshman year. I’ve dropped out of six classes, and I begged at least eight of my professors to let me do something other than talk! I learned sign language for God’s sake! But even my hands began to stutter. I’m smart, I guess. I just—I don’t know. People may be surprised, but I’m not good at the whole talking to people about stuff thing.”

The Hamilton community, however, knows very well of Ericson’s awkwardness.

Sebastian Santo ’12 remarked, “I had this dude who tripped over absolutely nothing and fell in the mid-
dle of Commons? Poor guy… he even apologized for it.”

His presentation actually proved to be more embar-

rassing than falling in the middle of Commons. Upon entering a KJ Auditorium filled with tense glares, Eric-}

son tried to lighten the mood with his best Helen Keller joke, but to little avail. He sweated profusely through his four preventative undershirts and inexplicably giggled whenever he used the word ‘cornea,’ which hardly even sounds sexual.

“It was worse than the time I accidentally brushed that girl’s boob in the Hub,” Ericson recounted, “I mean, I like boobs—who doesn’t like boobs? But, like… I felt so bad and it was hot in there and I was wearing sweat-
pants and that dirty, dirty song about va-jay-jays was play-
ing and I hate that song and everyone was looking at me!”

“So yeah, I’d say that my presentation was, like, ten accidental boob touches worth of awkwardness. Might as well throw in a 100-yard casual acquaintance passing on Martin’s Way and call it a day.”

Ericson was relieved to have overcome this obstacle, however shitty it may have been. In his post-presentation euphoria, The Duel staff asked how he planned to cope with future public speaking ventures. Ericson seemed startled, and promptly wet himself.

“No one was looking at me.

“He ran away.”

See “Student builds own dorm” continued on back page.
They are by far the most dangerous and annoying. Gradually, you've probably never heard of the last one, but believe me, they came in a few basic types: BroBot, SratBot, and HipsterBot. The robots took Hamilton College over gradually. They made by robots. Because everything else you see in this time capsule was made by robots. I'll give that a blank line to sink in.

Robots.

“That’s stupid,” you say, sitting back in your combination recreation system/toilet. “I’m a current Hamilton student. We, alone, are the voice of humanity. That’s pretty fucking pretentious, right? But it’s true. Don’t believe any of it. All the stuff you’ve just read, breathed into the capsule, but it was rejected. Kabobvi. That’s why you’re here. We, the intrepid staff of the Duel Observer, remain the lone voice of sanity on the Hamilton campus. We, alone, are the voice of humanity. That’s pretty fucking pretentious, right? But it’s true. Because everything else you see in this time capsule was made by robots. I’ll give that a blank line to sink in.

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If you’re the future, we’re glad we’re dead. How can you fight this scourge, reader of the 22nd century?"

But before we realized it, everyone on campus looked the same, acted the same, and fought over the same stupid inanities, like whether you pronounce it “BUR-berry” or “Bur-bery.”

There isn’t this in the history books because they don’t want you to know about it. Aww, hell, you guys probably don’t even use books anymore. Do you even know what paper is? You’re supposed to READ this, not wipe your greasy goddamn fingers on it! That’s just what they’d do. So you want to do! STOP IT!

If you’re the future, we’re glad we’re dead. Love, the current (almost entirely human) staff of the Duel Observer.

Edited by Mr. Boudreau ’14

(770) College is so cool! I’m at the Tolles Pavilion and they’re giving out free beer!!

Wait jk its kind of watery…

… alright, it tastes like piss.

nvm this might just be piss.

(404) DUDE I just did like 9 shots and im totally fine hah im a tank man, so college rite 15 minutes later…

HUUDAHHH Haafdyasduhauabnafjdsk …

(718) what? colgate has avicii?! yo fuck this place.

15 minutes later…

PROSPEE EDITION

ALL THE BUILDINGS LOOK THE SAME

(901) HELP! LOST ON THE LIGHTSIDE AND ALL THE BUILDINGS LOOK THE SAME

(305) HELP! LOST OUTSIDE OF BUNDY. I DON’T EVEN THINK IM ON CAMPUS WHAT IS THIS PLACE

(312) OMG I just went to this kegger in Bundy and didn’t get cards!!! I must look so old! college rocks!

(313) help my host is crying cause he says that ‘diner b’ is closed, what do I do?

but before we realized it, everyone on campus looked the same, acted the same, and fought over the same stupid inanities, like whether you pronounce it “BUR-berry” or “Bur-bery.”

The Duel Observer

Compiled by Ms. Van Dusen ’15