

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL  
Especially when it’s naked

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 Lottery, Robert Engle ’15 announced that he will be building his own dorm in the Glen.

“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-ins with skunks 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 prison, are intrigued by Engle’s bold decision.

“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 these days, you know?” Ellis Andrews ’14 sighed. “Four walls, a roof—it’s just so generic. I think living in the Glen would really help me escape the confines of societal norms. Plus, I could smoke weed in bed.”

Meanwhile, the Admissions Office is

See “Student builds own dorm” continued on back page.

ACTIVE MINDS MISTAKENLY  
PLANS DISTRESS FEST

De-Stress and distress are different? Our bad.

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15

THIS IS NOT A PUN DEPT.

(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.”

“What the fuck is this?” Brian Williams ’13 yelled as he stormed out of Wellin Hall, where a slight buzz of static was being played over the speakers. “If I wanted to listen to distracting, headache-inducing shit, I’d show up to an open-mic night.”

Julie Taylor ’15 was equally perturbed. “I just... I just don’t know what the point of life is anymore,” Taylor sobbed as she

AWKWARD SENIOR STRUGGLES  
TO GIVE THESIS PRESENTATION

‘Pretending they’re naked’ no longer an applicable strategy

By Mr. Lanman ’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 Repair,” last week. The presentation, Ericson said, had been hanging over him throughout his time at Hamilton.

“I 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 anything 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, “Isn’t he that dude who tripped over absolutely nothing and fell in the middle of Commons? Poor guy... he even apologized for it.”

His presentation actually proved to be more embar-

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 comfort-chugging those new Diner milkshakes, then hysterically sobbing that they shouldn’t be eating when there are starving kids in Africa who could really go for a milkshake cause Africa’s kinda hot.



“I remember the first time I entered your 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.”

rassing than falling in the middle of Commons. Upon entering a KJ Auditorium filled with tense glares, Ericson 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 playing and I hate that song and everyone was looking at me\* and I just freaked and she ran away.\*\* 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 him.

\*\*He ran away.

In this issue: Urine it to win it!

LONELY BOY RECIEVES  
EMERGENCY SYSTEM TEST TEXT



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

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



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

| GREEN WEEK FORECAST | FRIDAY                            | SATURDAY  | SUNDAY  |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------|---|---|
|                     | Lime                              | Forest  | Chartreuse  |
|                     | <br>50% chance you get FRACKED UP | <br>“If you keep planting seeds like that you’ll go blind.” | <br>High probability you’ll feel as depleted as our ozone |





## Glen House Part II?

Continued from “Student Builds Own Dorm”

considering adding Engle’s newly constructed residence hall to the tour guide route.

“We think the rustic architecture and natural environment will really appeal to perspective students,”

Admissions Officer Mary Carson said. “And we can advertise as both a liberal arts college and outdoor survival camp. The parents will love it.”

Students interested in living in Engle’s new dorm may find him ten paces southwest of the pine tree with the knot on its trunk on the northernmost edge of the Glen. Email is not an option.

## REJECTED TIME CAPSULE LETTER

*Hamilton’s Tercentennial Time Capsule was recently sealed—not to be opened again until 2112. We submitted this letter for inclusion into the capsule, but it was rejected. Kabobvi.*

### Dearest “People” of the future:

Don’t believe any of it. All the stuff you’ve just read, breathed on, and fondled—it’s all a lie. 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.

Robots.

“That’s stupid,” you say, sitting back in your combination recliner/entertainment system/toilet. “I’m a current Hamilton student, and I’m human.” But are you? Or are you...dancer?

The robots took Hamilton College over gradually. They came in a few basic types: BroBot, SratBot, and HipsterBot. You’ve probably never heard of the last one, but believe me, they are by far the most dangerous and annoying. Gradually,

the diverse students on campus found themselves replaced by anatomically correct androids cleverly fueled on Keystone Light and inexhaustible reserves of snobbery. At the time of this writing, 2012—or as your new robot overlords probably call it, 11111011100—the robots have almost completely taken over this campus.

We didn’t notice it at first because they kept us occupied with videos of cute kittens on the Internet (which was a series of tubes that connected everyone’s comput...oh nevermind). 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 “BurberRY.”

How can you fight this scourge, reader of the 22nd century? Be funny. Be weird. Read the 2112 equivalent of *The Daily Bull*, and don’t worry if you don’t get it. Get rid of the tracking chip that they’ve implanted into your arm and run far into the chrome-filled wilderness.

This isn’t 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* want you 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

## GOOD NEWS!

You too can be the Editor-in-Chief of *The Wag!*

### A Limerick

THERE ONCE WAS A FINE PUBLICATION,  
WHOSE EDITORS FACED GRADUATION,  
IT NEEDS A NEW HEAD,  
ELSE IT’LL BE DEAD,  
IT’S TOO BAD THERE’S NO COMPENSATION



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SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY  
*Managing Editor/ Spray Tanning Agent Orange*

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*Layout Editor/ Snorting Water Bottles*

KATHERINE HELENE STILL  
*Photo Journalist/ Intercourse in a Prius*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

### Senior Staff Writers

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HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL  
JAMES JOSEPH LAVELLE  
NATHANIEL BENEDICT LANMAN

### Contributors

WYNN ROSE VAN DUSEN

### Copy Editor

BRIANA NICOLE WAGNER  
LILLIAN FRANCES MCCULLOUGH

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Or find us on the interweb!  
<http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>

Compiled by Ms. Van Dusen ’15

## TEXTS PROSPIE EDITION FROM LAST NIGHT

(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...

HUUDAHHHHsafdjshfndaeuabnafjdsk ...

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

(202)my tour guide said that there are no bad dorms on campus but I think someone just intentionally shat in the hallway in Dunham...

(IOU) HELP! LOST ON THE DARKSIDE AND

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 carded!!! 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?

(215) dude get this, campo just caught my host and I drinking – and he didn’t even get mad!! he actually gave us 10 points! I think I’m winning a game or something