

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME ∞, ISSUE #!

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 24, 2015

## CONGRATULATIONS, SABRINA!

**\*cries\* \*apologizes for crying\* \*laughs loudly to self\***

### 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 reduce the stress in students, 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?” Brain 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

### TRIVIA NIGHT HOST ASKS THE QUESTIONS HE'S AFRAID TO ASK

**Hasn't heard of the internet, apparently?**

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

PSYCHOLOGY DEPT.

(LITTLE PUB) Trivia Night this past Tuesday took a turn when guest host Mark Bertram '16 realized that he was holding a microphone in front of fifty people, all of whom were there to give him answers.

“I looked out into the eager faces before me,” Bertam said, “and that's when I realized: I've got a history paper due in four hours and a bunch of people at my disposal who are way too invested in winning.” Bertam cackled for several minutes, then continued somberly, “But really. They care about this game too much.”

“I knew something was up in Round 1 when we were asked to construct a thesis explaining the economy in the southern colonies prior to the Revolutionary War,” Jeff Hastings '17, member of team *Tyrannosaurus Sex*, said, scratching his head. “I'm spending three hours on a Tuesday in a bar. You think I'm here to learn?”

Bertram didn't stop at crowdsourcing research papers.

don't know what the point of life is anymore,” Taylor sobbed as she 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.”

“In Round 2, a question was, ‘Do you know if Sarah Moore is seeing anyone?’” Holly Norris '15, of team *My Little Moan-y*, said, downing the rest of her Woodchuck. “Even though every team responded that she and David were still adorably together, Mark refused to give any of us points and would only mope and play Elliot Smith songs for the rest of the round.”

By the picture round, in which teams were asked to rank a series of potential Facebook profile pictures of Bertram and draw a labeled map of the clitoris, teams were becoming confused. Resident cheaters *Snap Crackle Cock* were particularly flummoxed by the turn of events.

“Usually a quick Google search is all it takes, but like how am I supposed to Google the way to make Mark's father proud?” team leader Joshua Cohen '18 said bitterly. “Oh, don't look at me like that. Everyone cheats. Right? *Right?*”

Even after the final round, as the disgruntled teams filed out and the bartenders began making loud hints about closing for the night, Bertram still had questions. “I guess, I mean,” he said through the mic to no one in particular, “if no one has any expectations for me, is it possible for me to let them down? And also, is it normal for her to play 2048 during sex?”

### DIK DECIDES TO THROW “CAUCASIAN PARTY”

**Literally zero members think to question this decision**

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

1850S DEPT.

(KJ CIRCLE) This past week, members of Hamilton College's preeminent fraternity, DIK, began planning a party they hilariously decided to name “The Caucasian Party.” While many members of the Hamilton community have raised objections at the inescapably racist undertones of this theme, DIK president Derek Wallace '13 sees no issue.

“It's just a color!” Wallace exclaimed indignantly, while casually lifting up his shirt and rubbing his chest to Snapchat a picture of his erect nipple to some lucky recipient. After being informed that ‘Caucasian’ is not, in fact, a color, Wallace was unperturbed. “Whatever, bro. We're not talking about some anthropology paper here. It's a fucking dress code, so who gives a fuck?”

The invitation asks students to exclusively wear colors along the ‘Caucasian spectrum,’ which, the Duel's research team has determined, is not actually a thing. However, the email defines it as ‘from Pasty Irish to Olive-toned Italian and everything in between.’

Although DIK Brothers insist that any race is welcome, many non-white students feel marginalized by the exclusivity of this theme. Wallace finds this absurd. “Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I'm pretty much guaranteed to be a senator,” he said, trying and failing to raise one eyebrow, giving up, and rolling a joint. “You really think I can afford to piss off minority voters?”

While news of the party shocked and offended some students, in others it spurred giddiness at the minefield of Tweet possibilities. Jasmine Rayson '15, known to many as @vagosaur93, reportedly learned of the party while checking her email mid-fellatio. Apparently, in her haste and excitement to left-handedly tweet “caucazn party wtf DIK #obamawldbepissed,” Rayson gave what her boyfriend described as “the greatest head of all time,” so at least something positive came out of all this.

### In this issue: True Beauty





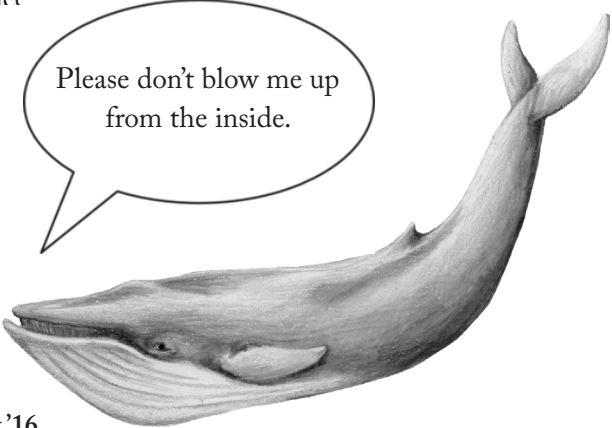
REJECTED INTERNSHIP FUNDING APPLICATION

Hi please give me money.

I would like to apply for funding to get eaten by a blue whale this summer. I don't think anyone's ever done that on purpose before. I can already hear your objections: "But it's dark in there!" I'll bring a flashlight. "Could you tell me how this applies to your math major?" Is the whale contained in the set of all sets? "But you're not krill!" I identify as krill. "How will you get out?" Dynamite.

Alternately, I have constructed a plan to win the internet. What does the internet love? Animals and friends. I would like to separate some elephant friends for about twenty years and then film their reunion. It will be adorable. "But that's immoral!" Shut your face

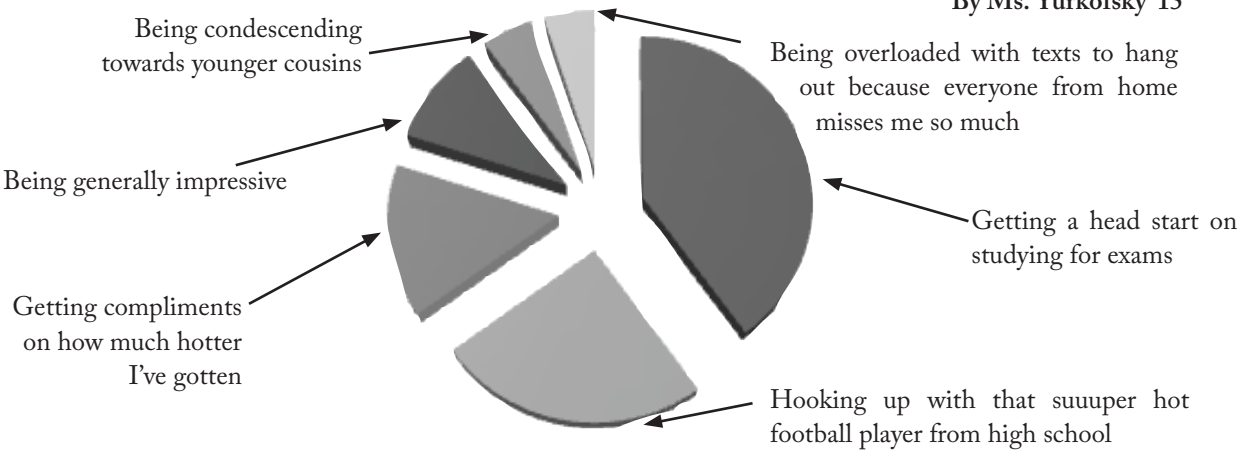
You can pick whichever you like better. Idgaf.



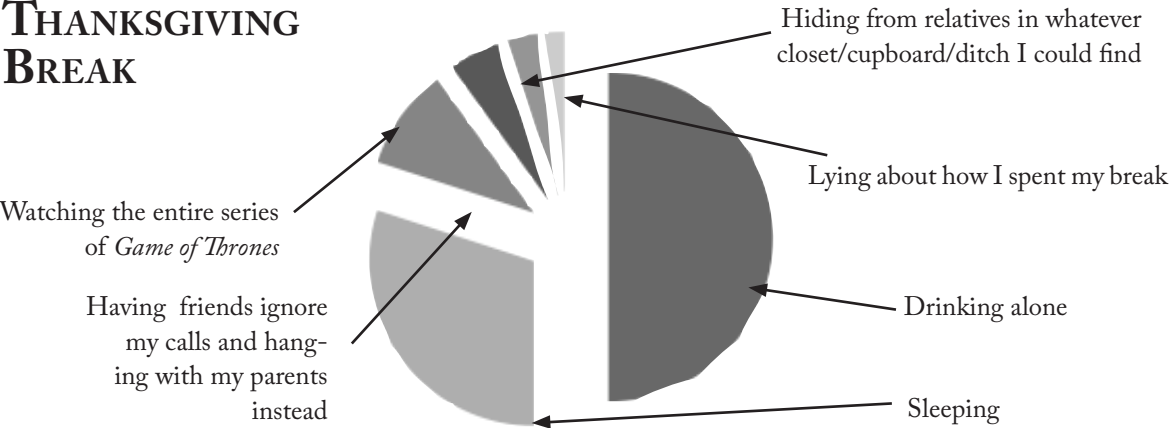
Submitted jointly by Ms. Yurkofsky '15 and Mr. Spinney '16

HOW I MEANT TO SPEND  
THANKSGIVING BREAK

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

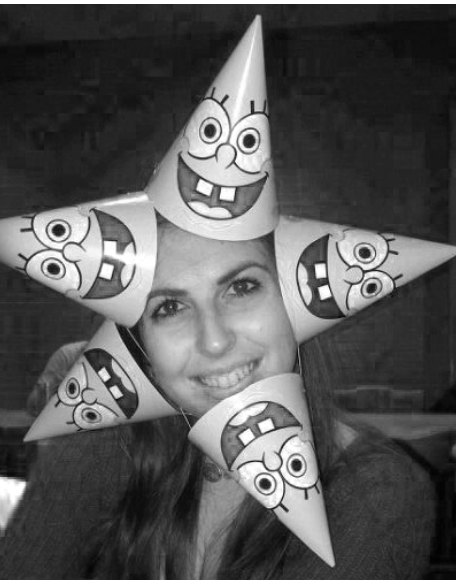


HOW I ACTUALLY SPENT  
THANKSGIVING  
BREAK



YOUR WEEKLY WHORE-OSCOPES  
As Foretold By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

	<b>Aries:</b> The alignment of Mercury and Uranus indicate that it isn't a phone in his pocket.		<b>Libra:</b> Listen to that Mongolian voice in your head. Do everything it says, except for that thing with the kids, the mayonnaise, and Margaret Thatcher. That's illegal.
	<b>Taurus:</b> You can make a difference. All you need is knowledge of household poisons and a way into the Clinton water supply		<b>Scorpio:</b> If you're trying to find your decency, I'd check the Dunham third floor bathroom.
	<b>Gemini:</b> Hey there! You've got a really, really beautiful smile! Sorry about your mother.		<b>Sagittarius:</b> Your Saturday will involve some delightful leftover take out, a thrilling hour of tormented television, and a reasonably satisfying bout of self-pleasure.
	<b>Cancer:</b> It's not just stress. There's a baby in there.		<b>Capricorn:</b> You are really not pulling off that shirt.
	<b>Leo:</b> Jupiter's location in your sign indicates that yes, they were laughing at you.		<b>Aquarius:</b> The moon is in the inadequate Mars phase, so begin working on BJ techniques 'cause, let me tell you, you won't be passing Calc on grades alone.
	<b>Virgo:</b> Let's just cut to the chase. You've really fucked it up this time.		<b>Pisces:</b> Your demise approaches. I would tell you to avoid the laundry room on Sunday, but it won't help. Have a nice weekend!



THE DUEL OBSERVER

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NPH RPF  
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Dece  
Dinny  
L  
Herr Campus  
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