

HOUSING LOTTERY DESTROYING FRIENDSHIPS
This is not a joke.

RELIGIOUS CRAWL SPARKS
CAMPUS-WIDE DEBATE
Lone student calls Sunday’s Easter egg hunt “sinful”
By Mr. Lavelle ’13

THE CHURCH OF PERPETUAL GUILT DEPT. (CHAPEL PEWS) An ambitious fourteen-stop crawl that occurred last Saturday has polarized the student body. To commemorate the Passion of Christ, a group of students held Hamilton’s first ever Stations of the Cross Crawl.

“Stations of the Cross? Ohhhhhh, you mean the *Via Crucis*, the representations of Christ carrying the cross to his crucifixion before his death,” Religious Studies major and known pedant Louis Arlington ’14 said.

The question of whether this was in bad taste has the student body debating in their Chemistry classes, arguing with their jitney drivers, and protesting outside the school’s Secular Center (also known as the Science Center).

The night started out with an unidentified male student being “condemned” to shotgun a Keystone, from which point he proceeded to take up a wooden cross. “It was all in good fun,” participant Kira French ’13 claimed. “We didn’t even crucify anyone. Someone was smoking near the cross and it caught fire, so we just ended up throwing the thing on the lawn.”

But not every student is so dismissive about the incident. Some students were incensed when they heard that the sixth stop involved a girl named Veronica wiping the vomit off the drunken cross-bearer’s face. “And I heard the tenth stop on the crawl—where Jesus is ‘stripped of his garments’—was a pole dance competition using the cross,” Allen Hammond ’14 said. “It’s completely tasteless!”

More than anything, those offended by the crawl are looking for an apology from the people who organized it. But the obstinate party-throwers have refused to acknowledge this backlash, citing that the outraged students are part of “the problem.”

“You know, ‘the problem,’” crawl organizer Andy Fine ’13 said. “They must be religious nuts to be offended by something as innocent as this. Personally I’m offended that they’re offended. So there.”



STUDENT SUFFERS NERVOUS
BREAKDOWN AFTER FAILING
MISERABLY IN EASTER EGG
HUNT

And is apparently a pretty big prick
By Mr. Lanman ’15
SALVATION DEPT.

(GOD’S GREEN EARTH) On Easter Sunday, dozens of Hamilton students shook off their hangovers, squinted into the beams of heaven, and made their way to the Chapel just in time for Mass. John Baptist ’14 had been there since 5 a.m., but he had other plans for the day.

“I couldn’t sleep last night,” he panted, finishing his twelfth warm up lap around the Chapel. “I didn’t even go out, cause I knew I had a date with destiny this morning. I’ve got a 4.0, I’m a fucking gladiator on the Korfbal court, and I’m a boss at Mock Trial. I am going to find that pink egg, and I will feast on victory—and by victory, I mean a one pound chocolate rabbit. There’s no way I can lose.”

Baptist’s quest for immortality proved to be dif-

GOD GETS LONELY, WISHES
MORE STUDENTS WOULD TAKE
MUSHROOMS

Just wants someone to talk to
By Ms. Tomkin ’12
PSYCHOLOGYEDELICS DEPT.

(CHAPEL) With all the Easter excitement and Lent abandonment behind us, students have returned to their normal routine of rampant drinking and studying with the aid of Adderall. But not everyone supports this style of low-key substance abuse.

“Just take some real drugs already,” pro-drug affiliate God was reported saying. “It gets boring up here dealing with all the cherubs and Quakers. I mean, has anyone ever tried to change a cherub’s diaper? Well, it’s disgusting. You need to trip hard after dealing with that shit.”

With psychadelic drug use dropping off after the ’70s due to the discovery of cocaine and the death of John Lennon, God has become more and more bitter in his isolation.

“I don’t have anyone to talk to,” he said. “I just get people praying for stuff: ‘win the lottery,’ ‘get me this new promotion,’ or ‘please don’t let any more *Game of Thrones* characters die this season.’ No one trips anymore.”

“That’s why I made alcohol and cocaine more lethal,”

ficult. Of the 500 eggs Baptist shoved in his pants or stole from young children, none were pink. “I’ve been everywhere,” Baptist confessed between grunts of rage on Martin’s Way, “I checked the water feature, I dug up three graves...my Econ professor was definitely hiding it in his pants, but he ran away when I tried to check.”

Meanwhile, adorable Clinton fourth grader Maisie Primrose found the pink egg in front of the Chapel at the base of the Al Ham statue. Baptist screamed in horror as he saw the girl pick up the egg.

“Impossible!” he shrieked. “I call foul! Where’s the ref? Is anyone listening to me!?”

As Baptist broke down, Primrose began to sympathize. She offered Baptist her prize rabbit. But in what he called “the spirit of the game” and others called “being a total douchebag,” Baptist threw it on the ground and stamped on the remains. “Hashtag sucks to suck!” he declared.

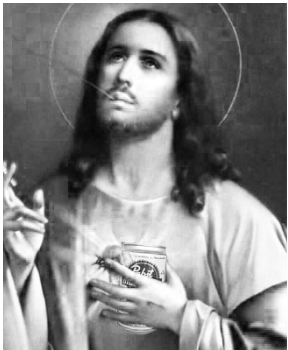
The loss, however, hit Baptist harder than he initially admitted.

“Oh God,” Baptist later wept as he passed the Chapel, “why have you forsaken me?”

God added with a smirk. “Why do you think shrooms and weed are so much safer for humans to use? I can’t believe nobody, not even Bill Clinton, figured this out earlier.”

God has been a supporter of the underground drug scene since the dawn of time, although not every drug experiment worked out. One notable meth lab explosion, for example, ultimately led to the dinosaurs’ extinction.

Students are trying to support God’s wishes by spiking the skunked kegs at Annex parties with LSD despite the Administration’s disapproval.



“I took shrooms last week and had a nice chat with God about how to keep the Community Farm fertile in cold weather,” Marc O’Polo ’13 said. “And you know what ‘terrible thing’ that got us? FRESH TOMATOES, DAMMIT.”

“As far as I’m concerned, student drug dealers who get caught and jailed for their ‘crimes’ are merely martyrs for progressive thinking,” philosophy professor J. Earl Jones stated. “Besides, if the Administration really wanted to get rid of hard drug use on campus, the wisest thing would be to give everyone more free beer and get rid of the hard alcohol policy.”

REGISTRATION FORECAST	7:00AM	12:00PM	4:32PM
	Early	Ehh	Fuck
	100% chance you get into Anthro 410: WHORES.	“I dunno, I think it is a stretch you’ll get into yoga.”	High probability you drop your second major. Womp. Womp.

In this issue: more forks, less art museums

TESTES 2.0 PROVES TO BE PRETTY
BALLIN’



See “Oh, that’s not the name of the Main Stage play?” p.8==>

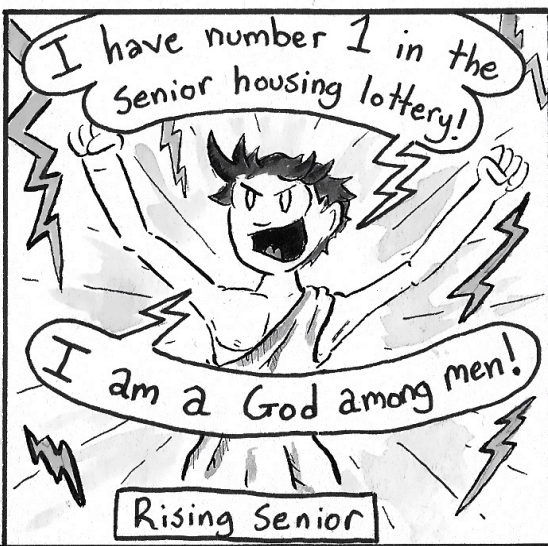
DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “Only our dedicated servicemen and women can prevent forest fires. God Bless America.”

MR. '13

By Mr. Grebey '12



FRIDAY FIVE: MOVES YOU WON'T SEE AT DANCE MARATHON

By Mr. Johnson '14

5. **The Camp-po:** Sway to the beat with your stomach protruding and glare at the nearest drinker until they notice you. As soon as they try and say anything, yell something about noise violations and demand to see everyone's Hill Cards.
4. **The Colgate:** Mime climbing a hill. Ha ha ha, man, those guys suck, am I right?
3. **The Op-Ed:** Shake your arms angrily while yelling about how the hosts should be charging more for

alcohol and how they're not getting anything for subsidizing other's drinks and how everything is terribly unfair to the upper class students on our first world college campus. Prepare to be escorted out.

2. **The Frat:** Raise a fist to your mouth, imitating the chugging of a beer. Repeat with the opposite arm, as many times as you can handle. Feel free to use actual beer cans for realism, and actual beer for feeding your shameful, shameful addiction.
1. **The Darksider:** Snort derisively and inform everyone you were already in a Dance Marathon weeks ago that raised money for this great charity they probably haven't heard of.



ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I DON'T GET WHY MY FRIENDS DON'T LIKE ME GOING BLACKOUT

Allow me to recount for you my Friday night: fuck if I know. From the looks of my surroundings, I think that I came back to my room and either managed to masturbate eight times or I fell asleep crying to *Maid in Manhattan* again definitely for the first time ever. Why I'm wearing red lipstick is a wildcard.

And you know what? I'm happy about that. But no one else understands.

For some reason, my so-called friends are "concerned" that I'm being unhealthy or something. Apparently, it's "bad" for you to consistently case race yourself and wake up with no recollection. So they use words like "worried" and "intensive therapy." Like they're these perfect buddy-ol'-pals who show up to support you at the Tumbling After concert of that girl you like to hear sing "We Belong" and who you occasionally follow from a distance.

You know what? It's better not to remember some things. Like your circumcision or that one time you and Henry were watching MTV's *Undressed* in his parents' basement and he asked if you wanted to get naked and kiss and you tried it but just for a second so it's not like it's gay or anything.

Besides, my antics have actually decreased since I started forgetting chunks of time. The lack of inhibitions lets me make my own decisions for once, even if I don't remember them. From what others tell me, I don't even try to force myself upon drunken Bundy residents. Even though hooking up with would show everyone that I am a real man despite the fact that I can't lay down a drag bunt and run *through* the base and round out to the right side and keep my dad from leaving. And that's where the Darkness comes from...

But not The Darkness like the glam rock band, because this one doesn't believe in a thing called love—it believes in reason and despair and the Elephant Babar and President Truman. Oh God.

This way I have way more fun (I'm pretty sure) and I pass polygraph tests with flying colors. And when I wake up tomorrow and find this file on my desktop, I'll know that I'm right—Edward Handle-hands and all.

Sincerely Yours,
Saul Kripkenstein '13
(Heavily) edited by Mr. Kennedy '14

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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THE "GRAM-PA" OR THE "BONGFATHER" OR
"TERRY."

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