

FRANKENSTEIN CONFERENCE REANIMATES
no body’s interest in Romantic literature

JESUS APPEARS IN McEWEN
MURAL

Brings blessings to downtrodden, hungover

By Mr. Letai ’19

ETERNAL SALIVATION DEPT.

(NEXT TO THE APPLE WITH WINGS) An immaculate image of Jesus Christ allegedly appeared in the mural on the western wall of McEwen last Tuesday. Eyewitness reports indicate that when students entered the dining hall for breakfast that morning, the glorious visage of Christ Himself smiled down on their Cocoa Puffs. At the time of publication, it had still not been determined as a hoax.

“So far, having Jesus work his magic has been great,” John Mason ’18 said. “Yesterday my friend Thad took the last slice of pizza. I was pissed, obviously. But when we came back from getting drinks, there were two blessed pizzas on the table! I ate them both, which seemed like the appreciative thing to do. I felt kind of sick afterwards, but it was worth it.”

“I don’t really know what the deal is, but there’s a bro up there looking out for us,” DIK President Matthew Rawhide ’16 said. “My dudes and I were eat-

ing at McEwen when we realized we had forgotten to buy booze for our weekly Wednesday Wipeout. It was such a bummer. But when we left, we discovered all our nalgenes were filled with Franzia!”

After catching wind of these wholly second-rate miracles, students from all across campus flocked to the image. “I need a good grade on this paper,” frazzled student Luke Parker ’17 said, gazing at the Son of Man. “If I have to lay prostrate at His acrylic to get it, I’m game. I’ve done a lot worse for a lot less.”

Others look to the mural for absolution. “I got caught playing with the fire alarm again, so I’m on probation,” student athlete Mark DeChamp ’19 said. “But I have to play in the big game tomorrow. I figure maybe this guy has some pull with the administration—he could at least get the game rained out.”

Despite public celebration of the new addition to the mural, Physical Plant announced plans to paint over the divine countenance, citing a complaint by Judy Oscar ’17 that it “feels like he’s watching me. In a bad way.”

Mary Madeline ’17, a devoted follower, is not so sure this will be a permanent fix. “Give it three days,” she said.

terwards.”

Witnesses report she “went into a sort of berserk notification frenzy,” posting copies of Hamilton’s policies and the point system on every beer can, joint, and forehead she could reach.

“I was just sitting in my common room,” Gail Williams ’19 said, “when Dean Thompson runs in, grabs my laptop, and uses it to send an all-campus email reminding everyone that ‘all campus policies remain in effect and will be enforced.’ Then she reprimanded me for abusing my email privileges to send her email. Then she just sort of collapsed.”

Campus Safety officers found Dean Thompson Saturday morning, huddled in the comforting, bureaucratic shadow of Elihu Root, repeatedly mumbling, “I’m sorry, oh, Alexander, I’m so sorry.”

“I wasn’t trained to handle this kind of thing,” Thompson said, sitting under a trauma blanket and sipping a sad cup of hot chocolate. “Some of the students drinking were underage. And what were those weird animal sounds coming from the Kirner-Johnson water feature? That didn’t sound like homework.”

When told the students were probably having sex, Thompson curled into a fetal position and whispered, “I want my desk.”

STUDENT WHO CAME TO
HAMILTON FOR SHITTY
WEATHER FINALLY PLEASED

Only the iciest winds can melt a cold heart

By Mx. Collins ’19

CLIMATE CONTROL TECHNOLOGY DEPT.

(DETHAWING IN SCIENCE CENTER BOILER ROOM) On Sunday, after weeks of sunny, spring streaking weather, a maelstrom hit Hamilton overnight. Students woke that evening disgusted to find their world covered in a white powder that Greek life allegedly had no part in distributing.

Not all students, however, have had negative reactions to the icicle tornadoes swirling around campus. Grace Ciate ’19 started the day out with a smile, pleased with her Hamilton experience. “You don’t go to a school in the Northeast for sunshine and summer weather. If I wanted an education without a logistical obstructions, I would’ve stayed in sunny Miami,” she giggled while ice-fishing in the frozen stream below Martin’s Way.

Ciate’s cheer is in stark contrast to how she has felt for the rest of the semester. Motioning to two students crossing the bridge in fully winterized hazmat suits, she exclaimed, “You see how those sods look? Miserable. Either that or their joints have frozen so they can’t do anything but hang their heads. But that was me. Page three of the admission pamphlet tells all prospective students that this college has been awarded the record for world’s shittiest weather, and I expected them to follow through. Who doesn’t want to go to an award-winning school?”



Ciate achieves her final form.

Ms. Ciate is currently trying to spread joy by building a 15-foot-high snowman made entirely of yellow snow. “Let’s see, a nice fedora, some Commons cookies for eyes....” She mumbled before finishing her interview. “Ya know, you’d think people wouldn’t be such babies about this. It’s your own damn fault you chose to go to school in Siberia, New York. You ought to be happy you can go to a school where you never know what’s going to fall on your head next.”

NANCY THOMPSON STAYS ON
CAMPUS AFTER FIVE

Was once blind, but now she sees

By Mr. Riopelle ’17

STUDENT LIFE DEPT.

(NINTH CIRCLE OF HILL) Last Friday, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson made the ill-advised decision to stay on campus after her normal departure time of five o’clock to see what happens when she isn’t around.

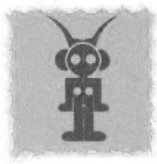

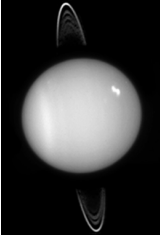
“Someone mentioned there was a whole other half of the day that happened after I go home in the afternoon,” Thompson said. “They called it ‘night.’ I had never heard of it. I figured students just went to more classes or sat in their rooms twiddling their thumbs.”

Thompson’s first stop was a Bundy Dining Hall party. Attendees reported that her soft, steady sobs of “Oh, God, oh, God,” could be heard over the sick beats of DJ Dee-Jay.

With some difficulty, Thompson recalled students passing around their own handles of vodka, “completely ignoring Hamilton College Alcohol Policy version 4.12.” One student passed out from drinking, and Thompson recalls sitting numbly in the corner while the EMTs and Event Staff handled the problem.

“That was what broke me, I think,” Thompson said. “I don’t remember much of what happened af-

In this issue: Numerology

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON FORECAST	INTRO	SPEECH	PHOTO OP
	Beginning of Time	Expansion	Big Crunch
	 High probability complimentary acid at the door.	 80% chance Physics Department faints. Assume no air resistance.	 “Everybody say ‘Uranus!’”

AUDIENCE DISAPPOINTED THAT RY DOON’S
SET LASTS MORE THAN SIX SECONDS

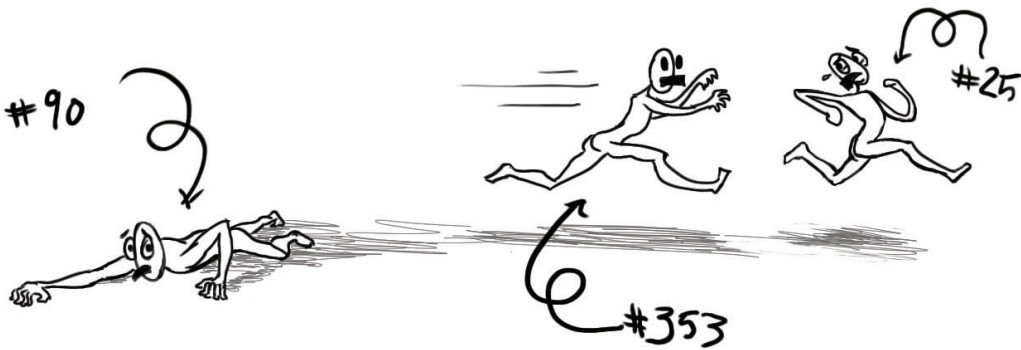


See “Don’t do it for the Vine,” pg. 6

WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS
Real advice from someone we barely know



“If your fingernails fall out, that just means you’ve outgrown them.”



Housing Lottery: Ruining friendships since 1812

Campus Safety Incident Report

Monday April 4, 2016

- 7:30 A.M. Concern for Welfare – Cheese smell, maybe gouda? (KTSA)
- 4:00 P.M. Animal Complaint – Second warning for pet goat (Wallace Johnson Hall)
- 9:00 P.M. Harassment – Called officer’s wife a “trollop” over WHCL (Sadove Student Center)

Tuesday April 5, 2016

- 1:00 P.M. Assault – Textbook thrown out window, struck Physics professor at 70° angle (SCCT)
- 2:30 P.M. Arson – Burned down Hamily Thanks Booth (Martin’s Way)
- 4:20 P.M. Stolen Property – Medicine taken by roommate (Milbank Hall)
- 4:35 P.M. Marijuana Complaint – Roommate’s medicine super mellow (Milbank Hall)
- 9:30 P.M. Harassment – Sentient computer calls student “nerd” (KJ)

Wednesday, April 6, 2016

- 3:00 A.M. Animal Complaint – Mouse seen in alligator enclosure, reported as delicious (SCCT)
- 11:00 A.M. Fire Alarm – Investigated, found to be excuse for not working out (Blood Fitness Center)
- 6:00 P.M. Stolen Property – My heart (Duel Observer)



REJECTED RED WEATHER

Many students on campus are talented writers and artists, and some, well, some are really great people.

You Look Like a Lily in this Dark Wind

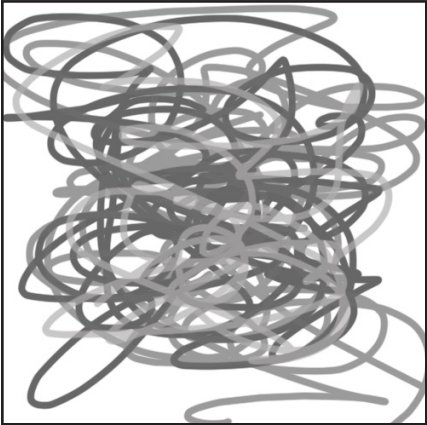
The storm is wavy
like your hair is wavy
and everything is wavy
because we’re on shrooms.

Emos Have Feelings Too
a poem

Emos have feelings too
Emos have feelings only
Only emos have feelings
Emos feel more feelings than you
Stop saying you have feelings
Emos have all the feelings
Emos feel all the feelings
Emos feel all the emus
Emos have feelings too.

Love Will Destroy Us in a Deeply Symbolic Way

My love for you burns like the light from my cigarette
By the way can I bum a cigarette?
Our twin souls will go up in smoke
Can I use your lighter too?
Transcending this mortal coil
Shoot—No, I got it
Your dark, dark eyes speak silent lies
There we go! Where was I?
You fill the abyss in my heart
Cough cough cough



“Self portrait after Melissa dumped me
& 16 shots”

To be performed in slam form by Ms. Alatalo ’18 , Mr. Spinney ’16, and Ms. Suder ’18

FRIDAY FIVE: STAGES OF A BUNDY PARTY ROMANCE

By Mr. Wesley ’16

Two students, both alike in dignity, in fair Bundy, where we lay our scene. A pair of star-cross’d lovers make their meet.

- First Sight:** *The two lovers make first sight of each other.*
Guy: What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand with Keystone?
Other Guy: Uhh Michelle... I think?
Guy: O, she doth best even the most alluring babe.
Other Guy: You know she sits in front of us in Calc right?
- Meeting:** *After two more cups of Keystone, our batchelor makes his move.*
Guy: This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Michelle (I think): Aww thanks. That’s so sweet.
- Romance:** *Sufficiently impressed by his boldness and ability to maintain iambic pentameter while hammered, Michelle tries to initiate the romance.*
Guy: O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art as glorious to this night, being next to me as a winged messenger of love unto the bleary-drunk wondering eyes of mortals.
Michelle(?): If we make out will you stop talking?
Guy: She speaks yet she says nothing; what of that? I am too bold, ‘tis not to me she speaks.
- An Insurmountable Challenge to Love:** *Still haven’t made a move by 12:30, Michelle is really done with his shit.*
Michelle(?): I’m going to go dance with Brent.
Guy: With love’s light wings did I enter this hall: For distance and beer cannot hold love out, and what love can do, that dares love attempt; Therefore thy Events Staff are no stop to me.
Michelle(?): Hey, I’m back, because I really thought you were cute. But this is getting weird. I’m leaving.
- Lights On:** *Uninhibited by Michelle’s total absence, and enabled by several more cups of Keystone, our batchelor keeps attempting to talk to her until Events Staff turn on the lights at 1:00.*
Guy: Forgive me, Ah dear Michelle(?) Why are thou yet so fair? Shall I believe that the lack of interest is due to my inebriated countenance?
(Lights Go On)
Guy: O true apothecary! Thy lights are bright. Thus with shame I leave you.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY
Editor-in-Chief/ Planetary Nebula

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS
Editor-out-Chief/ Ziggy Stardust

DIANA SARAH SUDER
Managing Editor/ A Hunk of Dusty Ice

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE
Comma Consultant/ Ultraviolet Radiation

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO
Layout Editor/ Galaxy Cluster

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS
Artiste/ Aliens

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers
BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY

Staff Writers
KIRSTY RITA WARREN
LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

Contributors
AARON CURTIS COLLINS
ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

Copyeditors
IAN ULYSSE BAIZE
MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

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