STUDENTS UNITED BY TRAGEDY
And also confusion over how soon is too soon to talk about the elephant in the room
By Mr. Sinton ’13
Circling Wagons Dept.

(A TUESDAY) Tragedy struck campus the week before Thanksgiving Break amidst a barrage of tabloid attention and text messages from relatives you only talk to at Easter. Solidarity between the student body shot up like never before this semester because there hadn’t been a big controversy yet, and to be honest we do this like once a year. As more details leaked out on Facebook statues and terrible websites, the student body was shocked but sympathetic.

“It was a scary situation all around,” basketball player and noted diarist Jimmy Carroll ’15 said. “Sirens at four in the morning, all the rumors the next day, and the awkward tension at Thanksgiving dinner where we were all waiting for my uncle to get drunk enough to say something insensitive. It was a real nightmare.”

“We find the fact that four police cars responded to a medical emergency absolutely appalling,” commented Nancy Spungen ’13 and her boyfriend Sid, taking a break from watching Trainspotting.

“In a weird way, I’d rather kiss Kreacher than go with you.”

“Skyfall perfectly complemented my studying,” he told The Duel. “After all, I’m taking Intro to Archaeology, and James Bond is an archaeologist! I haven’t looked at my textbook since!”

After The Duel informed Livingston that Bond is an international man of mystery, not an archaeologist, the sophomore wasn’t bothered. “Well, he did take a shot while balancing a scorpion on his hand, and I bet the Mayans did that,” he said, adding, “I mean, there’ll probably be a question about that on the final – like an essay on scorpion shots or something. Right?”

Livingston claims he found something relevant to each of his courses in just about every Thanksging blockbuster. “I didn’t truly understand my Combinatorics course until I saw Life of Pi. Same with Blood and Submission in Native America and Taken 2. Because, man, when Liam wants blood, you fuckin’ submit.”

On the other hand, he didn’t think that Lincoln would include anything related to his class on the American Civil War, so he never saw it. “It just makes no sense. Daniel Day-Lewis was an Indian in The Last of the Mohicans, and that takes place during The French and Indian War. He can’t also be President during the Civil War! Hell, those wars were at least three years apart!”

Livingston went on to cite a number of older films as good study guides. In particular, he has found Spielberg’s 1985 classic The Goonies to be “The source of all knowledge.” When asked to explain this, he shook his head and said, “Where do I start? Dude, next time you watch it… pay close attention to Chunk. Because, frankly, Hamlet is Chunk. Shakespeare borrowed so much from Spielberg, it’s, like, shameless.”

Each of the top ten recent films were directed by Spielberg. (A THEATER NEAR YOU) A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals.

R. J. Livingston ’15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

“ASS, TITTIES. Ass and Titties, ass, ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and there’s a difference between empowerment and liberation.”

The Duel
By Mr. Henschiger ’14

PRODUCTIVITY DEPT.

A THEATER NEAR YOU? A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals.

R. J. Livingston ’15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

“Skyfall perfectly complemented my studying,” he told The Duel. “After all, I’m taking Intro to Archaeology, and James Bond is an archaeologist! I haven’t looked at my textbook since!”

After The Duel informed Livingston that Bond is an international man of mystery, not an archaeologist, the sophomore wasn’t bothered. “Well, he did take a shot while balancing a scorpion on his hand, and I bet the Mayans did that,” he said, adding. “I mean, there’ll probably be a question about that on the final – like an essay on scorpion shots or something. Right?”

Livingston claims he found something relevant to each of his courses in just about every Thanksging blockbuster. “I didn’t truly understand my Combinatorics course until I saw Life of Pi. Same with Blood and Submission in Native America and Taken 2. Because, man, when Liam wants blood, you fuckin’ submit.”

On the other hand, he didn’t think that Lincoln would include anything related to his class on the American Civil War, so he never saw it. “It just makes no sense. Daniel Day-Lewis was an Indian in The Last of the Mohicans, and that takes place during The French and Indian War. He can’t also be President during the Civil War! Hell, those wars were at least three years apart!”

Livingston went on to cite a number of older films as good study guides. In particular, he has found Spielberg’s 1985 classic The Goonies to be “The source of all knowledge.” When asked to explain this, he shook his head and said, “Where do I start? Dude, next time you watch it… pay close attention to Chunk. Because, frankly, Hamlet is Chunk. Shakespeare borrowed so much from Spielberg, it’s, like, shameless.”

Each of the top ten recent films were directed by Spielberg. (A THEATER NEAR YOU) A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals.

R. J. Livingston ’15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

“ASS, TITTIES. Ass and Titties, ass, ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and there’s a difference between empowerment and liberation.”

The Duel
By Mr. Henschiger ’14

PRODUCTIVITY DEPT.

A THEATER NEAR YOU? A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals.

R. J. Livingston ’15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

“Skyfall perfectly complemented my studying,” he told The Duel. “After all, I’m taking Intro to Archaeology, and James Bond is an archaeologist! I haven’t looked at my textbook since!”

After The Duel informed Livingston that Bond is an international man of mystery, not an archaeologist, the sophomore wasn’t bothered. “Well, he did take a shot while balancing a scorpion on his hand, and I bet the Mayans did that,” he said, adding. “I mean, there’ll probably be a question about that on the final – like an essay on scorpion shots or something. Right?”

Livingston claims he found something relevant to each of his courses in just about every Thanksging blockbuster. “I didn’t truly understand my Combinatorics course until I saw Life of Pi. Same with Blood and Submission in Native America and Taken 2. Because, man, when Liam wants blood, you fuckin’ submit.”

On the other hand, he didn’t think that Lincoln would include anything related to his class on the American Civil War, so he never saw it. “It just makes no sense. Daniel Day-Lewis was an Indian in The Last of the Mohicans, and that takes place during The French and Indian War. He can’t also be President during the Civil War! Hell, those wars were at least three years apart!”

Livingston went on to cite a number of older films as good study guides. In particular, he has found Spielberg’s 1985 classic The Goonies to be “The source of all knowledge.” When asked to explain this, he shook his head and said, “Where do I start? Dude, next time you watch it… pay close attention to Chunk. Because, frankly, Hamlet is Chunk. Shakespeare borrowed so much from Spielberg, it’s, like, shameless.”

Each of the top ten recent films were directed by Spielberg. (A THEATER NEAR YOU) A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals.

R. J. Livingston ’15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

“ASS, TITTIES. Ass and Titties, ass, ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and there’s a difference between empowerment and liberation.”
Real Talk
Continued from “Campus Tragedy”

By Ms. Simons ’16
Winter is by far the best season. None of the sweating of summer, nor the fallen leaves of autumn, nor the terrible, horrible green in spring. Fuck green. We proclaim Winter to be the Pimpinest of All Seasons for the following reasons:

Snowball fights. They are the best things since actual war. Have you ever nailed someone with a snowball, right in the chest? Man, so satisfying. Makes you feel like king of the world. Or queen, if that’s what you’re into. Winter doesn’t give a fuck. Anyone who doesn’t like snowball fights sucks. This one time, I had a honey who didn’t like snowball fights, so I ditched her for an Ice Queen. She doesn’t mind snowballs to the face (and some other balls, amirite?)

Cold weather = refrigerator. You’re lying. There isn’t. Just stop. I’ve never seen anyone use a refrigerator because they’re too cold. You want a cold drink? Freeze it open when you realize that it’s warmer than your armpit after a 5k. Well, in Winter, you’ve got your very own free fridge. Just drop that puppy in the fluffy snow and you’re golden, got your very own free fridge. Just drop that puppy in the fluffy snow and you’re golden, got your very own free fridge.

Snow days.
You’re lying. There isn’t. Just stop. A snow day? Or a dandelion day? Never, because they don’t have the sheer power and awesome, limited cheap lemon and adolescent whining, please find a way to contact me. I may also suffer from bipolar disorder, so at least you’ll get the manic periods too? In addition, I would be willing to pay a premium to anyone willing to cuddle and listen to me moan over how I fucked it up with ‘the one.’ I think I’m right in the fucking middle of the Kinsey scale, so I really don’t care who you are.

So, faced with my own severe, mortal fallibility, I’m abandoning this line of thinking for a more fun activity, seriously what the fuck. Heroin? Fuckin’ HEROIN. Jesus Christ. Booze and crying randomly while sitting back. Honestly, point me to one good thing that ever happened because of heroin? Because it’s not happening here. You know why you never hear of anyone doing heroin? Because it’s FUCKING HEROIN. Jesus Christ. Booze and crying randomly while sitting alone in the dark is how we deal with pressure and self-loathing here—maybe you thought you were at NYU. Moral of the story: Don’t do heroin, but no matter what anyone does, Hamilton will have your back because being a Continental is for life. We’re all flawed beings trying to figure out our way in the world, stumbling forward over mountains of work towards a promise of happiness soon. Godspeed, and get off my lawn.

My recent respite from school has not deadened the terrible pain of loneliness that has only been aggravated by the arrival of that wanker, winter. My so-called friends, the whole lot of whom, I realized over mashed potatoes and sadness, are a gobble of friend-abandoning jive turkeys, will soon flee thee for warmer climes, leaving me only with a steadily more debilitating case of seasonal affective disorder and a crippling, fulfilled addiction to alcohol. Where I, in my infinite naivety, thought at first their absence would be a great opportunity to meet fantastically over-eager first years, I’ve found instead only the back of several hands and the bottom of many bottles.

So, faced with my own severe, mortal fallibility, I’m abandoning any vestige of self-respect. If you’d like firsthand experience in counseling a psychological trainwreck and easy access to unlimited cheap liquor and adolescent whining, please find a way to contact me. I may also suffer from bipolar disorder, so at least you’ll get the manic periods too? In addition, I would be willing to pay a premium to anyone willing to cuddle and listen to me moan over how I fucked it up with ‘the one.’ I think I’m right in the fucking middle of the Kinsey scale, so I really don’t care who you are.

I suppose there are a few require- ments I should mention, just to avoid potential embarrassment. First: my musical tastes are beautifully unique, so you’ll damn well need to tolerate Neutral Milk Hotel in absurd propor- tion to what would be expected from the group’s commercial success. Also, I like Fall Out Boy. In addition, I leave the seat up. No debates on that one. One final thing—it’d be kinda neat if every once in a while, you could just, um, hug me. Not in a weird way. Just in a ‘hey, you look like you could use a hug’ kinda way. I’d smile.

On the bright side, those abroad should be returning to our mis-erable, squallid lives in January, so this position is exceedingly ephemeral. Look at the positives?

God, I’m a piece of shit.

Interested parties contact Mr. Olson ’14 at solson.14@hamilton.edu.

WANTED: FRIENDS ACQUAINTANCE, TEMPORARY.

IN DEFENSE OF WINTER: A MANIFESTO (OF SORTS)

By Ms. Williams ’15
Winter is by far the best season. None of the sweating of summer, nor the fallen leaves of autumn, nor the terrible, horrible green in spring. Fuck green. We proclaim Winter to be the Pimpinest of All Seasons for the following reasons:

Snowball fights. They are the best things since actual war. Have you ever nailed someone with a snowball, right in the chest? Man, so satisfying. Makes you feel like king of the world. Or queen, if that’s what you’re into. Winter doesn’t give a fuck. Anyone who doesn’t like snowball fights sucks. This one time, I had a honey who didn’t like snowball fights, so I ditched her for an Ice Queen. She doesn’t mind snowballs to the face (and some other balls, amirite?)

Cold weather = refrigerator. You’re lying. There isn’t. Just stop. A snow day? Or a dandelion day? Never, because they don’t have the sheer power and awesome, limited cheap lemon and adolescent whining, please find a way to contact me. I may also suffer from bipolar disorder, so at least you’ll get the manic periods too? In addition, I would be willing to pay a premium to anyone willing to cuddle and listen to me moan over how I fucked it up with ‘the one.’ I think I’m right in the fucking middle of the Kinsey scale, so I really don’t care who you are.

I suppose there are a few require- ments I should mention, just to avoid potential embarrassment. First: my musical tastes are beautifully unique, so you’ll damn well need to tolerate Neutral Milk Hotel in absurd propor- tion to what would be expected from the group’s commercial success. Also, I like Fall Out Boy. In addition, I leave the seat up. No debates on that one. One final thing—it’d be kinda neat if every once in a while, you could just, um, hug me. Not in a weird way. Just in a ‘hey, you look like you could use a hug’ kinda way. I’d smile.

On the bright side, those abroad should be returning to our mis-erable, squallid lives in January, so this position is exceedingly ephemeral. Look at the positives?

God, I’m a piece of shit.

Interested parties contact Mr. Olson ’14 at solson.14@hamilton.edu.

THE DUEL OBSERVER
WILLIAM CAMERON SINTON II
Editor—In-Chief/ Whole
JOHN KEVIN BOUDREAU
Editor-out-Chief/2
SABRINA ESTHER YURKOFSKY
Managing Editor/ 1%
JAMES O’MARA PATTESON
Layout Editor/ Skim
ALISON NICOLE RETACCO
Photo Journalist/ Breast
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Best

Senior Staff Writers
JOHN PATRICK KENNEDY
JOHN ANDREW CARLSTYLE JOHNSON
JAMES JOSEPH LAVELLE
COLIN NATHAN HOSTETTER
KATHERINE LOUISE JOEY
NATHANIEL BENDICT LANMAN

Staff Writers
J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY
HANNAH CURTIS CHAPPELL
SARAH ALEXANDRA CASWELL
MICHAEL LOUIS Dyer
ADAM PATRICK Gwilliam

Contributors
SEAN DROUIN HENRY-SMITH
SEAN AXELL OLSSON
MATTHEW CHRISTIAN HENNINGER

Artists
CHARLOTTE HINKER SIMONS

Copy Editors
SARAH MCCOY BITHER
LILLIAM FRANCES MCCULLOUGH

Email duel@hamilton.edu
Comments? Email duel@hamilton.edu
Recipes? http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/