

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XIV, ISSUE XI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

NOVEMBER 13, 2009



DUEL STAFF CIVIL WAR BREAKS OUT!



Oversensitive

vs.

Disrespectful

To Mr. Leubsdorf '10,

We will stand for your insensitive tyranny no longer! I hereby declare the secession of the good, righteous, and ethically upstanding staff writers from *The Duel Observer* and its constant failure in pointing out the real problems on this campus. Your sexism, racism, and downright rudeness have driven me to the breaking point. I'm tired of you calling me Super Mario, and demanding that I make you pizza! Beneath are a few of the many problems that you've failed to report. We intend to do so now.

*Respectfully Submitted,
Mr. Zappala '12
Managing Editor*



“Polio is hilarious!”
— FDR

Dear Readers,

I listened to Mr. Zappala very respectfully when he raised his concerns, writing detailed notes, although most were doodles of Super-Star Destroyers. I even offered him a forum to respond in this issue: the “Crybabies Corner.” Yet, he refused my generous offer, saying that I needed to be more sensitive. During my editorship, I have never hesitated to publish pieces just because they weren't “respectful” or “shouldn't mock FDR's broken legs.” Here are our responses to the ridiculous and very unsexy allegations of Mr. Zappala's traitorous horde.

*Sincerely,
Mr. Leubsdorf '10
Editor-in-Chief*

McEWEN'S WEEKEND CLOSURE PROTESTED

...again

By Ms. Riemer-Peltz '12

THE 60S DEPT.

(OPUS 1) As all Hamilton students know, McEwen is closed on weekends. Why this starvation of the Darkside?

“It's simple: Bon Appétit discriminates against alternative people,” Gordon Naylor '12 remarked. “Pat Raynard, don't hate just because I wear birkenstocks and enjoy Animal Collective.”

“Just because I'm skinny doesn't mean I don't want my Sunday brunch,” Jenny McGuire '10 exclaimed as she took a drag of her Camel light. “I have to eat once every two days in order to have enough energy to properly appreciate my collection of film noir.”

“We will no longer stand idly by while students are discriminated against for their lifestyles,” Samantha Shapiro '10 declared. “It is a injustice that must be corrected, along with getting *The Daily Bull* to start coming out on weekends. Post-ironic metaphors are my cocaine...along with my regular cocaine.”

Students staged a hunger strike outside of the Bon Appétit office in McEwen this past Tuesday. “I will not rest until all students, jocks and hipsters alike, are fed equally throughout the weekend,” Naylor affirmed, sipping his Papst Blue Ribbon with conviction.

PHYSICAL PLANT ACCUSED OF SEXISM

Because women deserve heat too

By Ms. Riemer-Peltz '12

WOMEN'S STUDIES DEPT.



(THE SUITES) Each room in the dark side suites has its own adjustable thermostat. However, some students have been experiencing major problems with their thermostats—namely, they don't work.

“In the beginning of the year it was working fine,” Heidi Liebowitz '12 commented. “But of course, now that it's freezing and I actually need it, there is no heat in my entire suite!”

The rest of her suitemates, all female, reported that their radiators were no long giving off air in heated form. However, the neighboring suite of male rugby players had the humidity level of a Southern courtroom. “We have to wear long underwear to sleep while they live in a tropical paradise,” Liebowitz complained.

Is it a mere coincidence that the heat is faulty in an all-female suite yet works soundly in an all-male suite? “Nay!” Liebowitz's suitemate, Sarah Hylton '10 replied. “It is a sexist conspiracy set in place by Physical Plant. They won't let us be warm because we're women, and they're obviously threatened by empowered women living in warmth, just like the Republican Party.”

ACTIVISTS DECRY ANTI-GINGER BIGOTRY

By Mr. W. Sinton '13

BLONDES ARE STILL INFERIOR DEPT.

(EVENTS BARN) Anti-Ginger racism is one of the worst black marks upon Hamilton. But many stand against it, most notably the Ginger/Redhead Equality Alliance Student Union Collective Center and Liberation Front (GREASUCCaLF).

Ginger Kevin McDonnell '11 told a faculty meeting he interrupted, “I went to the dentist for gum pain, but instead of treating me, he told me I had ‘Ginger-vitis.’ Now, the pain isn't just in my mouth, it's in my soul.”

But on campus, the invidious bigotry is institutional. On HamPolls, there is no box for Gingers, who are forced to check the “Other” box in shame, stripping Redheads of their heritage.

Jimmy Brooks '12, who joined GREASUCCaLF after attending a meeting with cider mill donuts, somberly observed, “My mother always told me that my freckles were kisses from the sun. But for my Ginger comrades, their freckles are just reminders of their oppression. They're scars that remind them daily of the cruel inequality caused by the fiery drapes and carpet with which their intelligent (interior) designer decorated their pale frames.”

Authors Note: I join this secession because racist scumbag buttmuncher William “Fuck Redheads” Leubsdorf has published zero articles by gingers and is just really douchey in general.

DARKSIDERS=MORONS! ALL OF YOU!

By Ms. Adams '12

The article on the discrimination of alternative folk (derogatorily labeled as hipsters) overlooks some crucial points. Pat Raynard doesn't just hate Darksiders: he hates everyone, except students in Dunham (and let's face it, that's out of pity because they have a miserable existence anyway).

Clearly, Bon Appétit is hoping that by closing McEwen on weekends, we'll be too cold/lazy to traipse over to Commons and will starve to death one by one, beginning with the vegans. Bon Appétit also doesn't want to be exposed to our many airborne contagious diseases, such as swine flu and social consciousness.

The quality of food alone in both McEwen and Commons proves my point. The cheeseburger soup is clearly a ploy to confine students to the toilet for hours at a time, or maybe even kill them. And who knows what kind of toxic ingredients are in the rubbery scrambled eggs at brunch? Lightsider or Darksider, I think we can all agree that normal eggs don't bounce.

Which is why it is high time we focused on the real enemy—Rogers Estate. Yes, my friends, while we all brave blizzards and the Martin's Way death-bridge, they enjoy cozy, home-cooked feasts prepared by professional chefs. And that is injustice at its worst.



HAMILTON TO DUMB BITCHES WHO THINK PHYSICAL PLANT IS SEXIST: DROP DEAD

By Ms. Tomkin '12

First of all, it's not Physical Plant's fault that your heat's not working. Everyone knows that the heaters have a mind of their own. You can't blame Physical Plant for being sexist—the heaters must be sexist! And what could make more sense than an actual object thinking, “women are objects”?

See, the reason that your heaters decide to work or not work is simply karma. If your heat doesn't work, it's not because you're a woman, it's simply because you're a bad person. Is your heat not working? Well you shouldn't have had that abortion last year after the Rocky Horror party. Simple as that.

Second of all, it's ridiculous to claim that Physical Plant keeps your heat off because they're threatened by the fact you're a woman. In all honesty, the fact that you're a woman is the exact reason that nobody's threatened by you...unless you happen to be one of those buff, wrestler chicks, and nobody likes them anyway.

Third of all...who the fuck says “nay”? Did you really expect anyone to take you seriously if you were going to make a thunderous battle cry that vaguely resembled a whining horse? If you're going to make an argument, at least have the decency to speak like an American and insert bad grammar and Internet lingo into your speech. Okay?

AN OPEN LETTER TO FIRECROTCHES

By Mr. C.C. Sinton '13

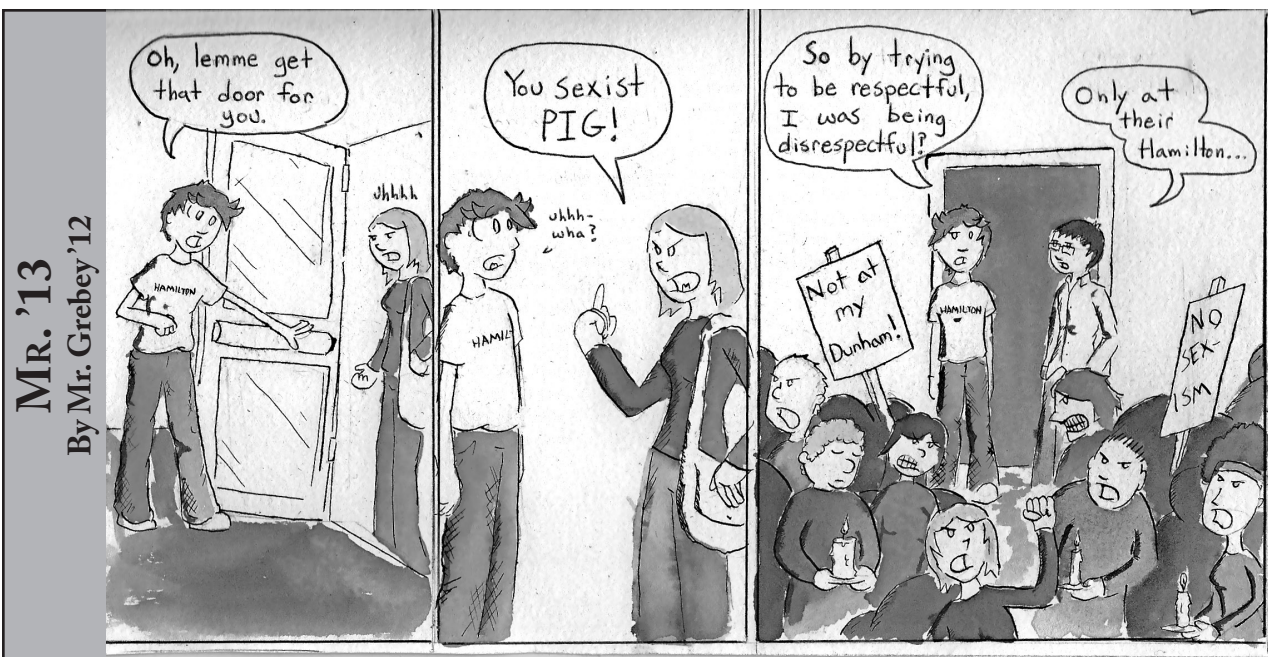
Ulysses S. Grant me the strength to not punch you in the mouthhole. Ron Weasley & Co., get off your high horse. You're just a group of awkwardly pale people cursed with a genetic abnormality. You should count your blessings that you weren't born with something worse, like a peanut allergy or Canadian citizenship.



Stop bitching about everything. So *South Park* made a couple of jokes about you and Barack Obama probably hates you. So what? It could be worse. You could be Ralph Nader.

How far is this oversensitivity going to go, anyway? Are you going to try get Commons to stop offering Ginger for their subpar sushi? Well, you can wasabi my dick, assholes. If we have to respect people's identities, then I identify as someone who wants you to leave me the fuck alone and stop lecturing me about how bigoted I am for thinking Carrot Top sucks. Respect that.

I'm coming for you on National Kick a Ginger Day (Nov. 20th). But before you say anything, don't worry, I already called the WAAA-mbulance.



REJECTED FROM RED WEATHER

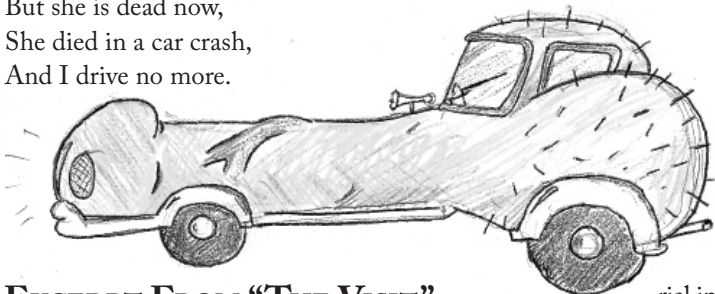
Mr. Leubsdorf's Note: Below are submissions from the literary magazine Red Weather that they think are "unpublishable" and "exceptionally offensive." Luckily for these writers, I have much lower standards. Fuck decency and enjoy the penis car.

Mr. Zappala's Note: Red Weather was right to toss out such junk. I am personally appalled by the work of these inflammatory writers, and judge it to be some of the worst writing I've ever seen, which, as a Catholic, I have a God-given right to do. P.S. Seriously, Will, a penis car? I hope/know the Womyn's Center will run you down like the dog you are.

NO LONGER CHASING CARS

By Harry Fillmore '12
Edited by Mr. Mahmud '11

Our love was raw,
tough,
erect,
It was in many ways like that of a decently grown penis,
It was in many ways like that of Brad and Angelina,
It was in many ways like that of monkeys and bananas intertwined as one,
But it is over now,
But she is dead now,
She died in a car crash,
And I drive no more.



EXCERPT FROM "THE VISIT"

By Aaron Page '10
Edited by Mr. Leubsdorf '10

I woke up one day to see the 6th President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, peering at me, anger in his eyes like burning hot coals from hell.

"What are you doing here? You're dead, and very obscure."
He reared his head in rage, fire exploding in his eyes.
"I've been sent to delegate a special task to you!"

"Why you?"

"Don't ask questions cockmuncher, just listen to me."

"I didn't know John Quincy Adams used the word 'cockmuncher.'"

Adams' eyes blazed again, as he roared like a lion, shooting lightning out of his hands, electrocuting my roommate. The room smelled like weed and used condoms. My roommate is... well... was a manwhore.

"Dude, quiet down. I'm going to get a noise complaint because of you!"

"Silence, fucktard! Here is your task, which the future of the entire American republic depends upon: writing an edito-

BLLEEEEEEECCHHHHUGHHARGHLE

By Elle Owell '11
Edited by Ms. Tomkin '12

Sometimes
I make myself throw up
into toilets.

Not because I think I'm fat.
Not because I want to lose weight.



Rejected cover art

I just like how it feels
and tastes
and smells
and feels
and stuff.

It's an adrenaline rush,
blowing chunks in a public restroom.

A girl asks: "Are you okay?"

And I say:

"I've never been better."

But,

I'm not being sarcastic.

I totally mean it.

Totally.

rial in *The Spectator* decrying the new hard alcohol policy!"

"Really? I mean, I don't agree with it, but you came down here just for that? It was a big deal like two months ago."

"Do as I say douchebag!" he screamed, as he disappeared in a poof of smoke.

That was the day I realized I should stop doing shrooms.

EXCERPT FROM "TRUE LOVE STRIKES LIKE DISGRUNTLED LABORERS"

By Isaac Jackson '13
Edited by Mr. Sinton '13

"She looked up at me. I returned her gaze. Our eyes were locked in a stare so loving it could have substituted for Valentines Day. Our pupils danced the dance. What dance, you might ask yourself? The dance of life and death, of peace and war, of pleasure and pain, the dance that governs the cosmos and wrote humanity's shared destiny. This dance was not the front-to-front grinding to a filthy song - maybe The Whisper Song by The Ying Yang Twins or Can I Smell Yo' Dick by Risque - that I (wet) dreamt of but it would suffice for now."

SA MEETING SERVES AS FORUM FOR FACULTY ACTIVISTS

Who needs agendas anyways?

By Mr. Charman '13

WHAT GOES AROUND... DEPT.

(BUTTRICK HALL) Though not listed on the agenda, a faculty demonstration was the main order of business at this week's Student Assembly meeting. After SA President Amy Goldstein '11 announced the start of the meeting, professors filed in and began their protest.

Chair of the Faculty Gordon Jones began by saying, "We faculty deserve better than to be disrupted at our extremely tedious meetings. There is a reason that the faculty goes home at night and the RAs and Campus Po don't. It's because they are paid to deal with your crap while professors are paid to lecture as you text on your Blackberry."

President

Joan Hinde

Stewart added,

"What is it

that you think

I am actually

supposed to

Faculty fends off SA Removal Squad

do? There is a major flu epidemic that, much to my

disdain, is horribly uneventful. More importantly, I

hold office hours where I specifically designate time

to not listen to anything you say, so why didn't you

just stop by then?"

An annoyed Carmen Yeltsin '11 asked the protestors,

"What should we do about it? The only thing the student

body has ever agreed on was keeping campus cable."

Professor John Walter responded, "You'll work your

shit out. We are clearing up the distinction between 'as-

sault' and 'disruptive behavior.' After that, we are just

going to eliminate points for fighting, that way you can

work your problems out amongst yourselves, like we

faculty get it done: with a right hook and no mercy."



Faculty fends off SA Removal Squad

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THE DUEL OBSERVER CIVIL WAR FORECAST

WAR BEGINS	ZAPPALA SETBACK	LINCOLN-Y SPEECH	CLIMACTIC BATTLE	SURRENDER	HAPPY ENDING
Disgruntled by insensitivity, Leubsy's sexual harrasment	"Hess, you lost my orders and my best weed! This is how Lee lost Antietam"	"A <i>Duel</i> divided cannot stand! We cant exist one half awesome, one half douche-bag"	High probability of Joanie joke rap-off	Terms change Zappala's middle name to "Benedict Asshole"	42% chance of a Ken Burns documentary

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