Uncovering the Phallusy of Gender Equality

At best, fairness is clit-or-miss

Gay Student Bravely Comes Out of the Closet of Good Music Taste

"Just because I like schlomp doesn't mean I like Shakira."

By Mr. Sinton '13

Kitschfork Dept.

(NEUTRAL BRISTOL HOTEL) Campus was rocked this weekend when super gay—like, Neil-Patrick-Harris-or-CampBro Officer Chad Phuckyamutha bravely acknowledged publicly that his iPod didn't have a single Beyonce song.

"Pop is just repetitive and sort of base," Cobb began. "I don't even raise my hand during 'Single Ladies' because identifying myself as a lady acquiesces to the unfair feminization of gay males."

Inspired by Cobb's heroism, many homosexuals joined the movement. "I'm sorry, but I just don't like Kesha," Jay Butler '14 sobbed while staring at his iPod. "One night at summer camp, it was mad hot, and I'm actually gonna do it."

CampBro Officer Chad Phuckyamutha, like many other males on campus, who all frequently take to competing with each other in every possible way to prove their superiority, was outraged by this declaration.

"The hardest part was figuring out what 'it' was," Wreckison continued. "But after years of research and an exhausting semester abroad in Thailand, I've finally figured it out. And 'it' is sex without emotional attachments."

Wreckison, like many other males on campus, claims to have found that relatively anonymous sex is the key to short-term happiness on a campus that ruins our long-term expectations about sex for our entire lives. Nevertheless, he is looking forward to the opportunity to "put it in someone, being that someone isn't a dude."

This declaration may have been a response to last week's scandal, when Rob Jacobs '14 was sighted getting ready to take a nice girl to dinner and watch 27 Dresses in her double. He was then accorded by CampBro and had his man-cand confiscated.

"If that scumbag had taken that girl out to dinner, that would've raised expectations for all the men looking to get some," CampBro Officer Chad Phuckyamutha scowled. "It's days like this when I help the community that I really feel like I'm making a difference."

However, the excitement to release tension the way Mother Nature intended (while not producing the offspring that bitch tried to saddle us with) was not limited to male students alone.

"Yeah, I'm cool, but I don't want to get too crazy, but it would be fun to dance with a couple of guys," Anita Johnson '13 admitted. "And, I mean, if I happen to make out with a cute guy a little bit, I wouldn't mind that at all," she added, smiling happily.

Johnson was promptly declared to be a "total hoe."
ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: WHY CAN’T I CALL MY PROFESSOR A CUNT BITCH?

So, here’s what’s up. When did Hamilton get so uber sensitive? I thought we were a “liberal” arts school, not a “politically correct” arts school. In my orgo class the other day, all I did was turn to Professor Smith and say (in a totally respectful and gentle way), “Pass me some of that nitric acid, cunt bitch,” and she totally flipped out. I don’t get what the big deal is! I call all my lady friends cunt bitches, it’s a term of freakin’ endearment. I mean, really now, this is America! I can say whatever I want, whenever I want, to whomever I want. It’s my constitutional right. Her kicking me out of class that day was egregiously unconstitutional. I should know since my dad’s a partner at his law firm.

I don’t get me wrong, I completely and totally respect the shit out of Professor Smith. This is someone I could see myself actually paying to go to dinner with, maybe, like, once. But probably only if it’s me and I’d get A.

I just don’t get what she found so offensive about “cunt-bitch.” I think it’s got a nice sound to it. Doesn’t she get tired of hearing “Professor this” and “Professor that” all day long? Would she think she’d like a nickname to make her feel special? If she would prefer, I could just use “bitch nugget” or “cum bucket.” She can’t have “saucy labia lady” or “beaver cleavage” though; those are my pet names for my philosophy and linear algebra professors.

Joseph Toolson ’12

FRIDAY FIVE: PREVIOUSLY UNDISCUSSED GENDER IDENTITIES

By Mr. Sinton ’13

1. LookAtMema: Biologically drawn to wearing clothes that make your friends seem frumpy and so 2007, sexually attracted to mirrors and reflective lakes, often composes surprisingly good Communications theses.

2. Gleemecal: A member of Duely Noted.

3. O.G. Male: Hypermasculine, uses gun as genitalia replacement, secretly enjoys the works of Jane Austen, black cars, black clothes. Occasionally riddles middle men in Little Italy without knowing that, in fact, they didn’t do diddly.

4. Baybeemal: Doesn’t know where the keys went oh wait there they are no they’re gone again where did they go!!! Also, diaper fetish.

5. Teeheemale: Makes jokes during sex, genetically predisposed to giggle like a school girl, realizes humor is an evolutionary advantage (only reason Dual staff isn’t crushingly lonely).

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