

UNCOVERING THE PHALLUSY OF GENDER EQUALITY
At best, fairness is clit-or-miss

BRO SECRETLY FILLED WITH
PARALYZING SELF-HATRED

Too busy sobbing to jerk off in Milbank showers
By Ms. Tomkin '12

KIRKLAND IS DONE, GET OVER IT DEPT.
(MAIL CENTER) Resident frat bro Nathan Beefeater '12, commonly known as “that pretentious douchebag who wears the same hat everyday,” has reportedly come to the conclusion that his trite, regressive attitude towards anyone not bro-y is just a reaction to his self-loathing.

“One night, when I was twenty-three beers in and getting my dick wet with a nameless, mediocre-looking, sophomore sorority girl, I realized that my misogyny and homophobia stem from the self-hatred brewing inside of me,” he whispered as a tear trickled down his partially shaved face.

“I’m like the Oscar Wilde of assholes in that I’m an asshole for asshole’s sake.” He then clarified: “I’m definitely not talking about anal sex.”

Studies suggest that Beefeater’s struggle is not that different from many other males on campus, who all frequently take to competing with each other in every possible way to prove their superiority,

GAY STUDENT BRAVELY
COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET
OF GOOD MUSIC TASTE

“Just because I like schlong 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-that-kid-from-Glee-style gay—senior Alex Cobb 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 Ke\$ha,” Jay Butler '14 sobbed while staring at his shoes. “One night at summer camp, it was mad hot, so all the guys in the cabin stripped down to their

such as imbibing large amounts of alcohol, having meaningless sex with random women, and, for some reason, wearing non-matching pastels with the intention of looking like a circus clown.

“After I had my identity crisis, I finally realized that Vineyard Vines has really ugly clothing,” Beefeater’s roommate, T.J. Ferrara '13 muttered. “But I wear it because my bros do, and if I’m not a semi-functioning alcoholic whose greatest pastime is lying fully clothed in a blow-up kiddie pool, then what am I?”

In the past, Beefeater has been known to perpetuate his insecurities by taking his shirt off for no reason and constantly bragging about the fact that he is in a frat to his own frat brothers. He hopes that in the near future, his self-confidence will not be entirely based on the fact that he owns both a penis and an oversized lax pinny.

It is difficult to say whether or not the many bros of this campus who are indistinguishable from one another will ever learn to overcome their fears of conformity and stop being fucking pussies, but one can only hope so.

boxers and played Bruce Springsteen songs. I got to do the saxophone solos. It just felt so *right*.”

Jim Jameson '15 elaborated: “Good music makes me believe in a beautiful world where, someday, I’ll fall for someone who isn’t straight, and we’ll walk in the glen together before giving each other handjobs while arguing about which Beatles album we prefer. I’ll say *Revolver* as I climax, but he’ll say

Rubber Soul. We’ll probably break up later because seriously? *Rubber Soul*?”

Some, like UNICORN President Michael Graham '13, were outraged by the revelations. “I’ll tell you one thing, betch wasn’t born that way. I mean, straight up, who actually likes Bright Eyes? Real feelings are for pussies. And we don’t like those, remember?”

“There has been some confusion though,” Jeremy Romeski '14 clarified. “When I told this totally hot power bottom I liked Radiohead, he tried to blow me on my iHome. I mean, obviously I let him—meta-*In Rainbows*, you know—but what happens when I tell him about the Violent Femmes? And I’m definitely not playing that Buzzcocks LP.”



Circle jerk?

STUDENT ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT
GETTING LAID THIS WEEKEND

World keeps spinning, Co-Op still smells

By Mr. Johnson '14

SAME OLD, SAME OLD DEPT.

(EVERYWHERE YOU’RE TRYING TO STUDY) After much deliberation and discussion, Mickey Wrecktion '12 spread word across campus Thursday afternoon that he is “most definitely gonna get laid this weekend.”

“This is it, man,” he confided. “People have been bragging for years about how they’re going to get some this weekend, but I want the world to know that I’m actually gonna do it.”

“The hardest part was figuring out what ‘it’ was,” Wrecktion 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.”

Wrecktion, 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 that someone isn’t a dude.”

This declaration may have been a response to last week’s scandal, where Rob Jacobs '14 was sighted getting ready to take a nice girl to dinner and watch *27 Dresses* in her double. He was then accosted by CampBro and had his man-card 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 mean, 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” and exiled from her sorority.



Fuck Katherine Heigl and all her dresses

In this issue: something to talk about

MEN COMPLAIN ABOUT LACK OF
MEN’S STUDIES DEPARTMENT



See, “Clearly haven’t taken history classes,” pg. 5

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “I’m all for sexual liberation, but Double Stuf Oreos are whores.”

SILENT DISCO FORECAST

SILENT D18CO	SILENT D9SCO	SILENT D1SC0
Registration  90% chance 90% of participants don't register	Surveillance  High probability that footage is later considered porn	Big Brother  “I hear Dean Thompson is scarier in person than on that poster.”



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.

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 meant I'd get an 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? You would 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.

By Joseph Toolson '12

Edited by Ms. Caswell '14

FRIDAY FIVE: PREVIOUSLY UNDISCUSSED GENDER IDENTITIES

- By Mr. Sinton '13
- LookAtMemale:** 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.
 - Gleemale:** A member of Duelly Noted.
 - 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.
 - Baybeemale:** Doesn't know where the keys went oh wait there they are no they're gone again where did they go!!!! Also, diaper fetish.
 - Teeheemale:** Makes jokes during sex, genetically predisposed to giggle like a school girl, realizes humor is an evolutionary advantage (only reason *Duel* staff isn't crushingly lonely).



YES FACE-OFF: IS JULIE A SLUT? DEFINE "SLUT?"

By Louisa Holmes '13

Oh, my, God. Julie Walker is such a slut. I live down the hall from her, and it seems like she's with another guy every night.

She also doesn't have any shame about it! It's like she understands that sex is a natural thing. I'm a good girl. I listened to my mom when she told me that if you have sex, you'll get pregnant, catch canceroids and die.

This one time, I saw her kissing in public. Like French people do. And my dad says French people hate America.

I overheard her talking about some of the stuff she does. Doggie Style? Reverse Cow-girl? How vulgar! I thought that missionary would be wholesome for a change, but then I went online and was shocked!

She tries to talk about how she is empowering women by being frank with her sexuality, but let's be real. The only thing that Julie is empowering is boners.

Moderated by Mr. Grebey '12

By Julie Walker '13

Well, what are we talking about when we say "slut?"

If it's pure numbers we're talking about, how many guys does it take? Is it only one? Two? Five? Ten and a half? (Long story... the guy was a midget.)

Would a slut limit herself to only sleeping with guys exclusively not on Wednesdays before noon?

Is it because I have shorts that say "insert here" on the ass? I don't think that should count. I bought them at Hoes Depot, and that's a quality institution right there.

I'm just really motivated. I'm only one away from having slept with every guy on campus, and I'm getting pretty close to having represented all the sororities and academic departments as well.

I had sex in the chapel once, so I think that means I can't be a slut, what with God and stuff.

I think maybe you're just jealous about the fact that I'm comfortable with what I put in my body, especially things that are over twelve inches long.



VS.



DUDE, WHERE'S MY GENDER?

Dear Journal,

I've started noticing some weird things happening on campus lately. I guess it all started last Saturday evening at that Carnegie party where these two chicks just stood around the pong table all night long, nodding whenever someone sank a cup and calling 'next' as soon as they lost. Who does that? Lame.

I didn't think much of it at the time, but I'm pretty sure that was the first sign of the complete gender role reversal I've seen on campus. I mean, I walked into McEwen today, and every booth was taken up by two dudes.

And don't judge me for eating in McEwen. I like their stir-fry, ok? Plus, it's really convenient for my 1:00 PM figure drawing class. And I only take figure drawing because I get to stare at naked chicks. It's not that I appreciate the inherent artistic beauty of the human figure or even notice the subtle shadowing off the male model's skin as his neck gingerly tapers into his shoulders. I swear, man, it's for the boobs.

But it's not just public spaces. The reversal has taken over everywhere. Not even our rooms are safe. Just today, I walked into my dog-run bathroom to freshen up smoke weed, and it was clean. For the love of God, WHY WAS IT CLEAN?

I had to get away, so I ran to my car, but I was distracted by watching this babe reverse her Suburban into the parking spot perfectly within the lines. That shit just doesn't happen. Something big is going down.

It's even started happening to me. Yesterday, I giggled when I said that Gina Tristan '15 was a skank. Normally, I would have just looked around the room for someone to high five me because I secretly need approval. Why did I giggle instead? And why the fuck am I asking questions to a diary?

Luckily, every time I think things have gone too far, I still have one thought to calm me down. Thank God, the "She Fears You" guy was still full of shit. I guess some things never change.

Yours Always,

Tim Broman '12

Edited By Mr. Kennedy '14

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