

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME ∞, ISSUE #1!

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 4, 2012

## CONGRATULATIONS, BRITTANY TOMKIN!

You broke the EiC glass ceiling and lived through the resulting blood loss

### ATHLETES PULL 4.0, SMART PEOPLE FINALLY GET LAID

Nothing significant happens on campus, EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS WRONG

By Ms. Tomkin '12  
March 4, 2011

THE BROCIAL NETWORK DEPT.

(EVERYWHERE) Everything we know about everything related to Hamilton life has been turned upside-down by a recent catastrophe: there have been absolutely no catastrophes on campus this semester. As a result, students have been inflicted with “absolute boredom,” causing social roles pioneered by '80s movies set in Northern California to reverse dramatically.

“I DO HELMET SPORTS. I STUFF SMART PEOPLE INSIDE LOCKERS,” seven-foot-tall jock Tim Broman '11 exclaimed while beating his chest. “But recently, I’ve become overpowered by a passion for smooth jazz. I guess my life of abusing people intellectually superior to me just got monotonous. I also suddenly have the urge to cry about my feelings. Hold me.”

Broman was not the only stereotypical, college athlete who felt it was time for a change. His roommate, Mike Hunt '11, supposedly has “a new, alter-ego named Clarice who likes to show other guys a good time with her mouth.” Hunt then mimed fellatio in graphic detail. It was an uncomfortable experience for everyone present in the KJ atrium at the time.

Meanwhile, Science Center mole rats also felt that it was time for a change.

“I usually spend my time doing problem sets and playing various versions of *Mario Party*,” Anthony Michael Hall look-a-like Michael Anthony Hall '14 muttered. “But the lameness of this campus has made me realize I have to make something of myself! So I sniff glue now.”

However, the biggest change on campus has been seen in the faculty, many of whom have been showing up late to class reeking of shitty tequila and teaching students how to successfully commit fraud. The only exception has been the Economics Department, who do this every day anyway.

Strangest of all, campus publications seem to be taking a hit. This past week, *The Spectator* wrote good articles, *The Daily Bull* made sense, *The Wag* actually existed, and *The Duel Observer* wrote articles that were actually funny and not completely fabricated. Those bastards.

### BRO SECRETLY FILLED WITH PARALYZING SELF-HATRED

Too busy sobbing to jerk off in Milbank showers

By Ms. Tomkin '12  
October 7, 2011

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, regressivist 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, such as

### HAMILTON COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM TO PLAY CLINTON MIDDLE SCHOOL

Giving teenagers something to do besides crash Annex concerts since...now

By Ms. Tomkin '12  
September 17, 2010

REMEMBER THE TITANS DEPT.

(STEUBEN FIELD) In the fairest match-up Hamilton’s football team has seen since fac-ing off against a team of angry potted plants, the Athletic Department has confirmed that the Continentals will be playing the Clinton Warriors in an upcoming scrimmage. Tensions have been running high as members of the Clinton community are pitted against one another, but most have reacted positively to the announcement.

“This is great!” local pedophile Louis N. Clark '12 exclaimed. “College kids versus preteens? I’d definitely watch that. Videotape it, even. And then watch it again. Repeatedly. While ferociously touching myself.”

Some students, however, are skeptical about the game.

“Seriously?” Joanna Snookie '13 gaped. “Are we that pathetic that we have to play middle schoolers to even get a shot at winning? What’s next, Psi U participating in an episode of *Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader?*”

Nevertheless, Continentals quarterback John

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.

Su-pernova '11 is optimistic about the game.

“Oh yeah, beating them will be a piece of cake,” he laughed. “They’re just little kids. Playing them will be like combining my two favorite hobbies: football and midget tossing.”

According to Coach Mick Jaggerbomb, who is far more skeptical about a Hamilton victory than his



Yay, Assault and battery! ;)

quarterback, his team is prepping for the game with a new workout plan. The plan includes taking steroids, cliff diving, and tackling passersby on Martin’s Way who are significantly smaller than the play-ers, also known as “assault and battery.”

“They have a completely different play-ing style than we do,” Jaggerbomb elaborated as he broke out into a feverish sweat. “Most of them are about 95 pounds so they must be incredibly agile. Also, rumor has it that they have the best Little League quarterback in Oneida County!” In his ensuing panic, Jaggerbomb suffered from a minor heart attack but managed to save himself with a defi-brillator he happened to have in his fanny-pack.

However, when aforementioned Warriors Quarter-back Tim Tomathy, age 12, was asked about his duty as a team leader, he responded with, “Hahaha you said ‘doody’ and poop is funny!” before miming masturba-tion and running to catch his school bus.



### CHINA SEA®

### REJECTED FORTUNES

### In this issue: best of Brittany Tomkin

“He who drinks during dry week gets 4 points. But he who tries to party with Campus Po afterwards is a true champion.”

“All of life’s most important feats take time. Like orgasms.”

“You find beauty in ordinary things. This is a meaningful ability because your willingness to hook-up with unattractive people leaves all the hotties for the rest of us. Thanks, Brah!”

“She who has the tightest corset at the Rocky Horror Party probably has the biggest dick.”





# TYPICAL HAMILTON COLLEGE COVER LETTER

Dear Intern Coordinator for Cash4Gold.com,

Hello! My name is Alaina Euripides and I would like to apply for an internship with your prestigious business. I've always been interested in marketing, sales, smelting, and scamming people for cash, and I also like shiny things, so this internship is perfect for me. And I'm perfect for this internship because I'm beautiful only on the outside and my grammar is well.

Last summer, I had the opportunity to intern at my house as a daughter for my parents. My responsibilities included heating up soup for lunch, buying booze for my little brother, and testing the comfort of my couch by sitting on it for several hours a day. I also played a lot of Wii, so I have great hand-eye coordination. Although the internship didn't pay, I managed to finagle quite a bit of cash from my parents by making them each think that the other was abusing me.

Many of my experiences at Hamilton College have prepared me for an internship at your company

because I like to find innovative ways to make money out of nothing. I started "Cram and Scram," an organization that takes students unwanted items for free and sells it back to them, kind of like you guys do! I also dabble in selling marijuana and stealing Northfaces from Bundy to sell on Amazon. Also, in a past life, I was a food taster for Joseph Stalin.

I have not sent you a r sum  because I'm just going to assume that I'll be hired, and I don't have a working phone service at the time since I didn't pay my bill (another easy way to save money!), so you'll just have to contact me via email. My address is [ifuckedyourmomLOLbutreallyIdid@condom-sR4squares.com](mailto:ifuckedyourmomLOLbutreallyIdid@condom-sR4squares.com).

I look forward to hearing from you!

Sincerely,  
Alaina Euripides  
Hamilton College Class of 2013

*P.S.: I know you're not supposed to put post-scripts at the bottom of cover letters, but I just want you to know that if you don't choose me, I will curb-stomp you.*

Edited by Ms. Tomkin '12  
April 1, 2011

# OP-ED FROM A GRUMPY ALUMNUS: NO FRAT HOUSES IS HOMOPHOBIC!

Listen here, I know a lot has changed since I went to Hamilton. For starters, there are women now, which is more than what one alumnus with diabetes, four nagging ex-wives, and a spastic colon can deal with. But during my trip to the Hill to commemorate Hamilton's 200th year, I discovered the most shocking news of all—you spoiled brats have done away with fraternity housing! For a school that calls themselves "liberal," how could they do something so homophobic? After all, where are fraternity brothers supposed to experiment with each other sexually?

Now, I've been told that fraternity housing has been abolished since the '90s, but if it's any consolation, I've spent the last 20 years trimming my ear hair and playing solitaire on my Windows 95, so excuse me if I'm a bit out of the loop. But the biggest joys I had at that school were being able to enter a room

with my wang hanging out and get complimented on the altitude of my boner, and spending my drunk-est nights snuggling with Bobby Wayans and letting him toe my junk with his freakishly tiny feet.

The point is, where are drunken frat boys going to discover the hidden joys of perineal stimulation or learn how to properly trim their pubic hair? Hell, half the reason I'm such a great lover with the ladies is because I learned from my frat brothers, and I must say, going down on a woman's lady parts isn't so bad when you've had about a tablespoon of Bobby Wayan's ejaculate sitting in the back of your throat.

I hate to preach to the choir, especially since you people are clearly not to be reasoned with. I mean, the names you chose for the houses are pathetic. "Wertimer" sounds like a disease, "Woolcott Co-Op" has too many o's in it, and "Skenandoa" doesn't sound very "white boy from Connecticut" to me.

Sincerely,  
James Hurst-Lyons Wellington '58

Edited by Ms. Tomkin '12  
September 23, 2011

# BRITTANY TOMKIN: FEMINIST?

The Bat Cave: Whatever  
By Ms. Tomkin '12  
February 12, 2010

I don't like vaginas. They smell funny, poop out babies, and can't even get me to orgasm properly. Fuck that.

Ms. Tomkin '12, Women are Objects  
May 7, 2010

I really wanted to publish an article entitled "101 Ways to Piss off The Womyn's Center" but Leubsy wouldn't let me because he said it wasn't "topical" enough. Um, what? Do you not realize that 52% of the people on campus are women? Well, 100% of the *Duel* staff are a bunch of fucking pussies. In that respect, here's a picture of me punching Susan B. Anthony in the face.



# TURNED AROUND TITLES

By Ms. Tomkin '12  
May 6, 2011

The 2010-2011 academic year has boasted many events that have made headlines and stirred controversy on the Hamilton campus. The *Duel Observer* has noted that many of these known headlines and controversies would be very different if only a few words were changed around. And so, we present: the headlines of the year that never were, but if they had been, it would have been awesome.

- Poster community responds to defacing of rainbows
- Delta Chi raffles cancer to raise money
- Case of Keystone puts a civil but disobedient Ham-

- ilton student in a bar for the night
- Bon App tit input adds new ingredient: students
- Ensemble of Saxophones Annex the Events Barn from students
- American Rebecca Black still suffers social, economic inequalities
- Talent slays students at open mic night
- Sophomore's shadow shows spectacular success
- Great Name Condoleeza Rice talks politics while students challenge educational status
- Golden Bike Removal results from a high accident
- Gamma Xi sells children to raise money for clothing
- AIDS FACE presents epidemic film that depicts kind human's confrontation with a globe



THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRITTANY DAWN TOMKIN

IS

Editor-in-Chief/  
Misogynum Bitchicus  
Secret

Last Place, Miss Feminine Mystique  
Mama Stalin, The Wag  
Probably drunk  
Beer-B-Qing  
unwilling to explain her weekend  
Darkside...MadSkillzbank  
Cesar Chavez Schnapps  
Sparticus the Raspberry Conquistador  
Piranha 3D  
Airplane!(1980)  
Frank N. Furter  
Chuck E. Cheese  
Howl  
Ted Bundy  
Keyser Krueger  
Liechtenstein  
Avril Lavigne  
2a. Gentialwarts  
Huckleberry Fingered  
Coxsackie, NY  
Malcolm X  
St. Valentine  
Frank N. Furter  
Rachel  
National Spelling Bee  
Potent Potables  
Tenderloin  
Bamboozled  
Blunt  
Franzia Fruitcup  
Blitzkrieged  
Talking Muffin!  
National Pleasure  
Super Mario Bros. Theme  
Charlie  
Samuel L.  
Long Island Medium  
Cartman's Mom  
Tickle-me Elmo  
Jack Skellington  
Space Jam  
Rip ten shots  
Mistletoe  
El Dorado  
Snow Forting  
I'm a loser, baby  
Romney Loves Poor People  
Hot Coals  
Romantic Dinner  
Jumper  
Chocolate  
Mister  
Peeps  
Night with Bruce Springsteen  
Funny, talented, and screwing us over by graduating

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Recipes?

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