**Make A Difference Day**

4 - 2 = 2

(sorry)

**College to Offer Courses on Political Correctness, Human Decency**

GPAs fucked

By Mr. LaSon '17

Douchebaggery Prevention Dept.
(CORNER OF A FACULTY MEETING)

This semester, Hamilton College is excited to announce the introduction of a new variety of course to its curriculum. Beginning with the Class of 2016, in addition to existing writing intensives, QSRs, and Phys Ed requirements, students must also complete three classes in Social and Behavioral Decency in order to graduate.

These SBD credits, known among staff as “Stop Being Dicks” courses, have been designed to fall under many different disciplines in order to accommodate students of any major. While the science, math and various language departments were not thrilled by the addition of classes such as “Racial Slurs Are Not Okay (Discussed Using Metric Units),” “You Plus Me Equals Friendship,” and “It’s Still Not Okay to Say That, Even If You Say It in Russian,” Dean of Faculty Patrick Reynolds insists that the changes are necessary.

“Our ability to produce skilled and successful graduates is only beneficial when they can then use those skills to write the college enormous checks,” Dean Reynolds said. “They can’t use any of those skills if no one will hire them because they’re enormous assholes.”

Women’s Studies Professor Simone Amore added, “There’s no reason for everyone to be upset about this. I didn’t have to alter my curriculum at all. If the rest of you taught less bigoted and discriminatory subjects to begin with, we wouldn’t be having this discussion.”

Students surveyed about the new classes had differing opinions on the course material. Jacqueline McKenna ’16 has been actively protesting the change since its announcement. McKenna defends her efforts. “Have

See “Personal Hygiene, You’re Next,” continued on back page.

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**Campus Demands Senior Year Experience**

Seniors desperate for distraction from impending graduation

By Mr. Bisopelle ’17

RAMPANT EQUALITY DEPT.
(DANCING ON THE CAMPUS MAP)

With the 2014-15 school year kicking off, the administration hopes its new First Year Experience program will help the Class of 2018 integrate smoothly into campus life. Among other measures, the FYE corrals the impressionable newcomers into dorms separated from the harmful influence of upperclassmen who have actually experienced campus life. The success of the FYE has instilled jealousy in the old, over-the-Hill class of 2015.

“Why should the newbies get all the fun?” Damien Scots ’15 complained during Senior Pub Night. “If setting into college is suddenly a hoot, then transitioning out should be an absolute riot. Where are all the Senior Year Courses? I want my newly required class!”

Scots was not the only senior to criticize the new system.

**Hunt and Dressage Club Still Deciding What “Hunt” and “Dressage” Mean**

Meaningful discourse ensues

By Mr. Witonsky ’17

DEPARTMENT OF DEFINITIONS

(WHITEFOX FARMS A.K.A. THE ORIGIN OF HAMILTON'S OCCASIONAL MANURE MIASMA) Late Sunday night, the Hunt and Dressage Club held an aromatic congress in the nearby Whitefox stable. Resolving an issue of topical importance to the club was the meeting’s only order of business: how to update, define, and market to the campus community (i.e. freshmen) the “sport” of coercing a horse to dance, monkey, dance.

Hunt and Dressage requires spectators to exchange a free afternoon for the privilege of watching horse-and-rider prance about silently.

“It’s universally regarded as quite a boring spectacle,” Professor of Equine Studies Farley Göebbelgocker said of the sport. “In comparison, postmodernity and Sandra Bullock’s acting seem exciting.”

The club president Loki Lipizzana ’15 opened by saying, “Hamilton has always prided itself on students’ abilities to write, read, and otherwise function normally. Surprisingly, few can define, no less correctly say the word ‘dressage.’”

Club members submitted, “I have no clue what either ‘hunt’ or ‘dressage’ even mean.” Lipizzana advocated for “more literature classes, or ‘dressage’ classes, or ‘hunt’ classes."

She further decreed, “There’s no reason for everyone to be upset about this. I didn’t have to alter my curriculum at all. If the rest of you taught less bigoted and discriminatory subjects to begin with, we wouldn’t be having this discussion.”

Students surveyed about the new classes had differing opinions on the course material. Jacqueline McKenna ’16 has been actively protesting the change since its announcement. McKenna defends her efforts. “Have

See “Personal Hygiene, You’re Next,” continued on back page.

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**Late Nite Sock Hops**

See “How the FUCK is it doing that?” pg. 666

— Ginger Rogers
“Dude, your roommate really needs to stop doing homework naked when I’m around. It’s messing with my culturally ingrained heterosexuality.”

You’re Next, Personal Hygiene
Continued from “College to Offer...” you seen a syllabus from these classes?” she asked. “For the final exam, they pay people to say insulting things and then grade you on how ‘appropriately’ you react. The daily homework assignments are to walk around and write down every ‘inappropriate’ thing you see. You get bonus points if you tape up copies of your list all around campus.”

Amy Suzzo ’17 is thrilled that the SBD classes might finally teach “something applicable to life.” Suzzo elaborated, “My course, ‘Identifying Sexism Everywhere You Go’ sounds super interesting, and ‘Was that an Insult? How to Keep Your Foot out of Your Mouth in Every Occasion’ filled up almost immediately.”

Timeline of an RA’s Friday Night
8:00 pm – Leave Commons and trek back to Dunham to prepare for a night of point gathering.
8:04 pm – Arrive in room. Give mirror reflection a pep talk. Tell self, “I believe I can become the most hated person on campus tonight.”
8:30 pm – Receive text message from advisee that room down the hallway is “making her walls shake” and she is “NOT all about that bass.” But now they are playing “Bang Bang,” and Ariana Grande is ah-mazing. Ignore noise complaint.
8:47 pm – They’re switched to God-awful country music. Decide to address noise complaint.
8:51 pm – Stand in front of the door deciding which number of knocks sounds most intimidating. Two knocks show conciseness and aggression. But then again, three knocks are classic signal of authority.
8:57 pm – Decide on the three knocks. Knock on door. Call out, “It’s the RA! Hide your illegal stuff!” Walk to the parking lot, get in car, go to McDonalds to pick up some chicken nuggets, peruse the tractor store for a bit, decide to drive back up the hill, park car, go back to the room with the music.
9:57 pm – Open the door.
9:59 pm – Admirees are all sitting in a circle with textbooks in their laps, reciting a group mantra, though it smells strangely like marijuana and there is a white sheet covering something suspicious in the corner. Praise the children for their good behavior and tell them they should lower their music a tad.
10:30 pm – Meet up with other RA to go on rounds.
10:44 pm – See a ‘situation’ in North. A group of students is openly playing beer pong with the doors open. Time to put those hours of RA training to use.
10:45 pm – March into the room. Tell them that you’re giving them all ten points. Knock all the cups over, too.
11:28 pm – Attempt to corporally punish rugby player for smoking weed outside Carnegie.
11:36 pm – Rugby player corporally punishes you for trying to corporally punish him. Receive two black eyes.
11:48 pm – Arrive back at Dunham after completing rounds. Ignore drunk freshmen wandering the hallways.
11:51 pm – Take shots with advisees.

Texts from Grandma

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Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!
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