

GUYS. JUNIOR PREVIEW DAY IS COMING UP.
Watch your fucking mouths.

PHYSICS PROF. TEACHES CLASS
BY ONLY YELLING “SCIENCE”

Students suffer psychological damage

By Ms. Hawkins ’18

CONSISTENCY DEPT.

(SCIENCE CENTER ATRIUM) This semester, students were offered a new course in the Physics department, Physics 101: Basics of Science, which was described as both “intellectually challenging and imaginative.” However, as the semester proceeded, students claimed that the professor, Professor Kurt Langer, was totally unhinged and answered every question singularly.

“I’m screwed,” Karen Bounde ’17 explained, crumpling her physics midterm and stuffing it into her bag. “My advisor suggested I take this class, and I was actually excited for it. I loved physics in high school,” she pouted, curling into a ball right in the middle of the atrium.

Physics major, Ben Kurtler ’16, was removed from the course after only three weeks. “I merely asked how his day was going and he stared at me for a moment before asking what that had to do with science.” Kurtler leaned in close, his eyes darting around as if someone were watching him. “He removed me from the class

without even telling me.”

Apparently, the course focused on numerous complex topics such as atomic structure, optics, and the Bohr model. But whenever a student had a question about the material, Professor Langer would promptly yell, “The answer is always science!”

Ashely Jackson ’18 was traumatized when she went to Professor Langer’s office hours. “I just had a question about the structure of a decaying carbon atom and he completely flipped out on me. He said that every atom is the beautiful creation of science at its finest and structure doesn’t matter. He said science matters.”

“I flunked my first exam,” Jared Poley ’15 admitted, pulling out his color-coded binder. “I studied my ass off and wrote very detailed responses to each question. But when I got my exam back, all my answers were crossed out and ‘science’ was written in bold, red Sharpie.” He wiped away a single tear as it slid down his cheek.

Poley recalled how Professor Langer stormed out one class after being asked about mirror lenses and inverted images. The classroom was completely silent, but then the door creaked open a few minutes later and Professor Langer’s head popped in. He surveyed the classroom before whispering “science” and closing the door again.

telling me that my GPA was too low. Oh, in addition to having common courtesy, her boss even made a joke about how his legal consulting firm was in need of legal consulting to make her feel better. What a great guy.”

The following Monday, she received more bad news in the form of a letter from the Registrar. Apparently, she hadn’t signed the add form for one of the courses she had taken back in freshman year. Since it was the intro class for her major, all of her other courses were invalidated due to a lack of pre-reqs. As a result, she has to stay at Hamilton and retake all the courses for her major. However, since this was caught so late, Res Life refused to add her to the lottery and instead paired her with three incoming freshmen in Dunham.

The last piece of unfortunate news came on Thursday morning when, after a night of drowning her sorrows, she awoke to find that she had fallen asleep in the shower, blocked the drain, and flooded her Skenendoa single.

When reached for comment, Benoit said, “Well at least it can’t get any worse.” The imminent fart that manifested in her bowels half-way through chemistry the next morning begged to differ.

SLEEP-DEPRIVED
PHILOSOPHY MAJOR BECOMES
PRAGMATIC NIHILIST

Now cult leader

By Ms. Alatalo ’18

MAKING SOMETHING FROM NOTHING DEPT.

(INNER CORNERS OF MY MIND) On Tuesday, Philosophy major Jared McGuilvery ’15 reportedly experienced an epiphany during class, and announced, “It all makes sense now! Catch ya never, losers,” before walking out of the building. Sources say he has since created an elaborate blanket fort in his room and refuses to come out.

When reached for comment, McGuilvery said, “We were just discussing the morality of using a roommate’s toothbrush without asking, when it clicked: Why not become a pragmatic nihilist? Nothing actually matters, but I can make that work for me!”

McGuilvery has changed his senior thesis project from a fifty page analysis of the ethical repercussions of the unequal distribution of patent rights among sound engineers in the Midwest to a crumpled Commons napkin reading, “You should just give me an A because nothing is real and it won’t make a difference either way.”

“Of course I didn’t want to approve it,” Professor Goodwin of the Philosophy Department said, looking up from a dog-eared copy of *The Will to Power*. “But from a philosophical standpoint, he’s technically not wrong.”

Campus administration has attempted to break through to McGuilvery, to no avail.

His academic advisor, Professor Berkeley said, “When we told him he had to be physically present in class to receive course credits, he said, ‘Who actually needs credits, when you really think about it?’ and slammed the door. He responded to the Committee of Academic Standing’s last email with ‘God is dead’ and a GIF of Henry James flipping the bird.”

Among other students, McGuilvery has become something of a legend. “You mean somebody found out how to do absolutely nothing and get away with it? That guy’s my hero,” Stan Burduch ’18 said before ordering takeout to be delivered to him in bed.

When asked about his newfound power and popularity, McGuilvery was nonplussed. “Oh, that? In the grand scheme of things, it has no meaning.” He then slyly winked, “But it has gotten me a lot of ass.”

GRADUATING SENIOR WITH JOB
LINED UP ASKS “WHAT COULD
GO WRONG?”

Finds out

By Mr. Wesley ’16

FOOT IN MOUTH DEPT.

(CAREER CENTER) Currently living through what has been called “a series of more than unfortunate events,” Michelle Benoit ’15 has realized how painful existence can be. According to eyewitness testimony, her woes began at a party last weekend when she drunkenly exclaimed, “What could go wrong?” She then immediately received a phone call which reduced her to tears.

Her close friend Arnold Nelson ’15 explained what happened. “Her boss called her up to let her know that his company was not actually a legal firm, but just one big Ponzi scheme. They had recently found out that they were being investigated, so they felt that she deserved a call to let her know what happened.”

“At least she heard from them,” friend Jessica Veele ’15 said. “The only response from the thirty-three job applications I’ve sent in was an auto-reply

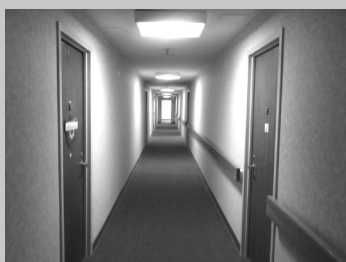
In this issue: Daily dose of dark humor

PINTEREST PARTY TURNS INTO
IMPROMPTU VODOO CLINIC



See “Next week: tetanus shot mixer,”
pg. The Sequel.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ELECT THE MINOR THEATRE GHOST!



On the wrong side of the Civil War, but on the
right side of you. Seriously, look.

“If you want transparency, I’m the candidate for you.”

HOUSING LOTTERY FORECAST	9 A.M.	12 P.M.	7 P.M.
	124	346	∞
	High probability “community” feeling disappears real quick.	4% chance everything works out exactly as planned!!	“Can I fives all of Ferg?”

A COMIC
"Communication is Key"
Hand crafted by Ms. Alatalo '18



DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR LACK OF DISAPPOINTMENT

A message from the Dean of Students

Dear Students,

As you all know, President Joan Hinde Stewart is planning to retire in June of 2016. When President Stewart first announced her resignation, I myself was heartbroken, and I assumed that the rest of the campus was, too. It has come to my attention, however, that the campus is wholeheartedly indifferent to President Stewart’s retirement. Instead of being sad, you all carry on like nothing has happened! You act as if *you* are not losing a dear friend. While I was mourning the metaphorical death of President Stewart, drunken students attended an off-campus party and raged there into the early hours of the morning. I mean I heard this party was absolutely banging, it was so off the chain the Baha Men were said to have been there asking, “Who let the dogs out?” Kirkland Police even received complaints from neighbors about the off-campus party. You partied so hard, almost as hard as I have cried for Joanie. Can you tell that I’m frustrated?

To make matters worse, it seems that as President Stewart’s retirement grows nearer, the campus indifference has shifted toward anticipation. Just last week I was reading the Duel Observer and noticed a small feature satirizing the grueling search for our next beloved president. To suggest a dog could replace Joanie. Our president has the leadership ability of at least two canine units! I brushed off the article as a joke, as I do with most Duel articles, but yesterday I noticed something that I simply could not ignore. There has been an ad taken out on HamNet advertising Stewart’s position.

Let me make one thing clear: apathetic, indifferent, lukewarm, and/or unconcerned behavior will have significant disciplinary consequences, and there are many students with whom we will be following up. To be sure that the campus pays its respects, I have canceled the Wigo party and changed everyone over to the seven meal plan. You thought you were hungry during the bomb threat? Try living off of one meal a day. Now you won’t be so damn chipper all the time.

If you’re confused about how to act like you like you actually care about something, I urge you to read this entire article: <http://www.wikihow.com/Act-Sad>. Abridged version: Not acting disappointed that your President is retiring = bad idea. Don’t do it.

Nancy Thompson

Nonchalantly forwarded by Mr. Lunn ’18

Do you love grass? Do you want to interact with grass on a deeper spiritual level? Does cutting grass using a loud, obnoxious machine fill you with an inexplicable sense of connection with the universe? Is listening to the thundering drone of the maintenance crew doing what they do at 5 in the morning on a Tuesday the highlight of your day?

If so, **JOIN LAWMOWER CLUB!!!**

We, the dedicated, passionate, and always-sober grass enthusiasts of Hamilton College, have spent Joanie’s retirement funds on brand-new, oversized, state-of-the-art symbols of middle-class extravagance to drive around campus. We pride ourselves on our diligence in lawn maintenance and mastery of clever techniques to hide various grass paraphernalia from campo for so long, especially the giant lawnmower that has a closed-in control panel room that we hotbox, like, all the time.

Topics we plan to engage: Literally watching grass grow, various lawn types and how to achieve them (from “rainforest” to “golf course” to “barren wasteland”), how to make a bong out of an old diesel engine, how to get your dorm room to stop smelling like grass, where to place pink flamingos for optimal aesthetic discernment, and more!

If all that organic excitement doesn’t convince you, we also intend to choreograph and perform a figure-skating-esque group performance, to take place on the Dunham green, in which we prance around with our machetes and ripcords to the tune of Beethoven’s 6th.

If interested, contact Randy Nittermann ’16, who has never done drugs in his life, mom, I swear.

Distributed by Ms. Suder ’18

STUDENT WINS FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR JACKPOT IN BLOCKING LOTTERY

Caveat that all money be put on oversized Hill Card

By Mr. Johnson ’18

PUT IT ALL ON 32 BLACK DEPT.

(ANNEX CENTER STAGE) Saying that he was beyond ecstasy, Robert Barker ’15 was the sole winner of the \$50 million jackpot prize announced Monday evening at the Hamilton College Blocking Lottery.

“I’m still at a loss for words. After buying tickets for the \$300,000 Substance-Free lottery grand prize year after year, I thought that my luck had all but run out,” Barker stated as he accepted the prize, his words barely audible over the screams of the capacity crowd at the Beinecke Village Annex.

The Blocking Lottery jackpot has for the last 420 years been the capstone to Hamilton College’s ‘420 Extrava-Ganja,’ a school holiday celebrated every April 20th. While the jackpot has given Hamilton College national recognition, it has come under increased criticism by the Board of Trustees for “severely draining Hamilton College’s spending budget.” The Board cited overzealous expenditures that included the hiring of Kiefer Sutherland and Hoobastank for the past fifteen years as annual host and musical guest, respectively. Other yearly expenditures for the celebration include building a forty-foot tall wooden wheel containing the names of every student at Hamilton College and hiring the Nobel Laureate poet Toni Morrison to play the part of Hamilton’s ‘Extrava-Ganja’ mascot, ‘Potty the Pot-Smoking Pot.’

Dean Nancy Thompson, after donning a black cloak and striking the ceremonial gong twice in accordance with Blocking Lottery lore, spun the wheel to the screams of “Spin That Wheel!” Following in tradition, Barker declined the offer to double his worth or lose it all by answering President Joan Hinde Stewart’s set of sphynxian riddles.

Robert Barker ’15 is the third Pisces to win the Blocking Lottery jackpot, and the first since 1904, when Randall Phillip Chestings ’06 won the grand prize of six pence and a sixpence. Barker has stated that he intends to use his earnings on a Dunham Third Floor single.

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