
“Forget what should be remembered, remember what should be forgotten”

DUCKIES

By PROFESSOR SIZEMORE

In the early 1900s....

A rubber ducky floats in a bathtub. Peaceful, unperturbed, the yellow figure bobs about, riding the tides of the tub.

Another rubber ducky, appearing out of nowhere, bumps into the first. His name is Roger, and he likes pickles. The two duckies, gloriously uncaring of the world's problems, harmoniously cohabit the tub.

At this moment, a third ducky appears, bumping into the second. This one is named Giselle, and she likes inflation. Giselle happily takes her place alongside her friends in the tub of bath.

Suddenly, a fourth ducky named Carl enters the frame and bumps into the third, but he is unlike the others. This one comes with thick unkempt facial hair

wrapped entirely around its face and grasps a hammer and sickle. He urges the other duckies to open their eyes to the miseries of their conditions.

We are not rubber duckies! We're not made of rubber nor are we real ducks. We are made of vinyl! Vinyl goddammit, not rubber! Vinyl conceptions made to resemble the exaggerated characteristics of duck-like anatomy to entertain our masters.

Break free of your overseer's chains and realize the true natures of your condition. Tomorrow I'm leaving the tub to find freedom.

Who's with me?

The other duckies, thinking Carl was up to no good, collectively bob away towards the other side of the tub to find calmer waters. The next day, Carl jumped the tub and was never heard from again.

The other duckies resumed their otherwise tranquil existences.

Simultaneously, in Serbia, over the window sill and across the road from the bathub, a Gräf & Stift open-topped luxury touring car wrongly turns into a side road off. The driver, realizing his mistake, stops the vehicle outside Moritz Schiller's Delicatessen and attempts to enter reverse gear.

The motorcade momentarily stalls, and Archduke Franz Ferdinand is fatally shot by Serbian Black Hand nationalist Gavrilo Princip on 28 June.





By

TYLER DURDEN

I'm a junior now, and after three long years of drudging through mindless psets and interminable essays without respite, I'll come out and say it: I'm fed up with the demands of college life. I can't cope with the stress; it's really taking a toll on my mental health.

To be fully candid, the biggest contributing factor to my malaise is not my class assignments, but something far more insidious: Times New Roman. Every fortnight without fail, I'm summoned by the TNR editors to craft a creative, comedic piece on "sports," broadly construed.

Invariably, I hole myself up in my room for hours, struggling to come up with a compelling idea. During these trials and tribulations, I'll often duct tape my fingers to the computer screen and not remove the tape until I've finished the article; the pain motivating my productivity. When I've submitted my piece, some sadistic TNR higher-up (Tyler Durden in this case) derives great pleasure in stealing my rightful thunder by removing my name from the article and replacing it with their own.

Well, I'm here to tell you folks, no more suffering for me! That's why I'm putting *an end* to TNR. Starting tonight, I'm parlaying my newfound

"sports" knowledge to initiate a revolution that'll target the very superstructure of TNR and reveal the magazine's glaring iniquities.

My brilliant campaign is to create a fight club consisting of all Yalies currently disillusioned with TNR.

Our members will covertly train in the underground Elm space after 5pm, and will be poised to attack TNR writers (and even loyal readers) at a moment's notice. Right now, my fight club is an army of one, and I have received several loitering charges, but I'm confident the club's core group will grow exponentially in no time.

So all you TNR toadies still reading this article, let me give you a fair warning. Don't try to encumber our efforts; if you do, we'll have no choice but to exact violence upon you. And by violence we mean expediting Rick Singer's sentence (the mastermind par excellence of Varsity Blue's fame) and paying him to impersonate you and bomb your final exams.



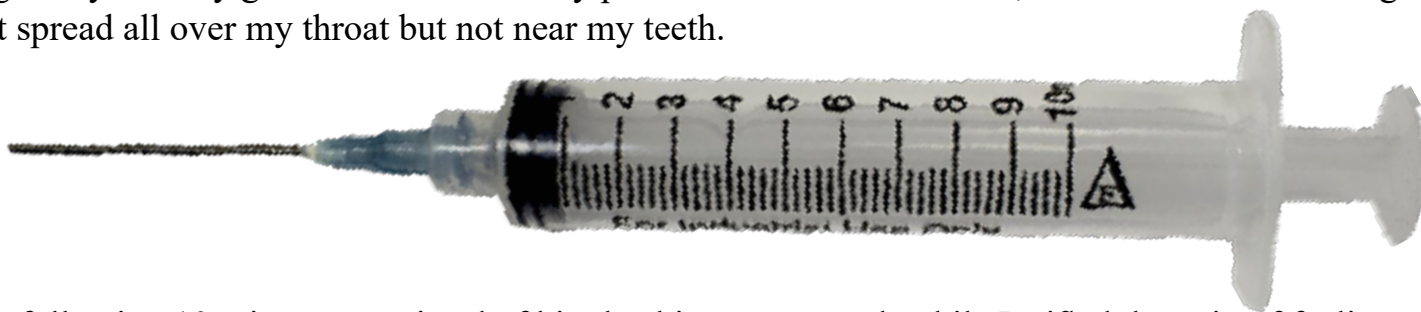
By DEVONTE MONTIGO

THE DENTIST



It doesn't take much to see through a doctor's intentions. Yesterday I sat defenseless on the operation table. My dentist, Dr. Holiday, asked me if I ever had any cavities filled while simultaneously looking down my throat and into my soul. With my eyes raised to heaven, covered only by a pair of \$5 Target glasses, I stared directly into the artificial sun.

Dr. Holiday brandished a 6-inch long syringe before forcing my mouth open and placing it inside. Maybe it was my squirming, maybe it was his inexperience, but regardless, he did not insert the syringe fully into my gum. So as Dr. Holiday pressed down on the handle, he released the numbing liquid that spread all over my throat but not near my teeth.



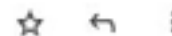
The following 10 minutes consisted of him hacking at my teeth while I stifled the pain of feeling every ounce of the various blades he used. I am a man, a strong man, and like any strong man, I began to cry. Thinking that he would finally catch the hint, all he said was: "I know it can feel a little uncomfortable."

To date, I have six new unresolved cavities in my mouth. Chewing candy paralyzes my jaw momentarily, and some of my teeth have begun to turn a darkish brown. *I no longer smile at the camera.*

MAP
OF THE
WEEK

A Note from the new Dean of Yale College Inbox x**Randy Beans** <beanie.weenie345@yale.edu>

2:08 AM (0 minutes ago)



to me ▾

It is debatably a pleasure to announce that I, Randall D'Anderson Beans, have been named the next Dean of Yale College. You students may refer to me as Dean Beans (my friends lovingly refer to me as Randy-Dandy). I will serve as Yale College's 43rd Dean in ten years, and I plan to have a long and arduous reign in order to disrupt this unfortunate cadence.

It has come to my attention that the current class registration process has been deemed "undesirable" by students. I understand that there's always room for the administration office to improve the systems upon which this legendary university operates. However, I'm beginning to detect a salty stench of ungratefulness from the armpit that is our student body. Is this not the same group of people that insisted we install air conditioning in our dorms to "improve livability?" Is this not the same band of brats that demanded we "not hold class on the weekends?" Is this not the same gaggle of know-nothings who asked us to "not room them with sex offenders?" I am really starting to believe that you all will never be happy; nevertheless, in an attempt to rescue my tenure, I will make an adjustment to the registration system. Let me remind you of the steps we've already taken:

You didn't like that we took the shopping period away, so we decided not to tell you when registration was happening (in hopes that this would stop the whining).

You didn't like not knowing when to sign up for classes, so we had you sign up for classes 10 months in advance.

You didn't like "not knowing when or where classes would be" and "didn't know" what you wanted to take that far ahead, so we shortened the notice time and made the sign-up time different for each class so that the seniors could sandbag all of the limited classes.

And now you don't like that.

My solution now is to let you students come up with a system. I am throwing down the gauntlet. If you don't like anything that we've done, fine. You can only strike gold so many times before we come full circle like some demented game of duck-duck-goose. Good luck. You'll come crawling back to Deanie Beanie begging for OCS again when you inevitably fail.

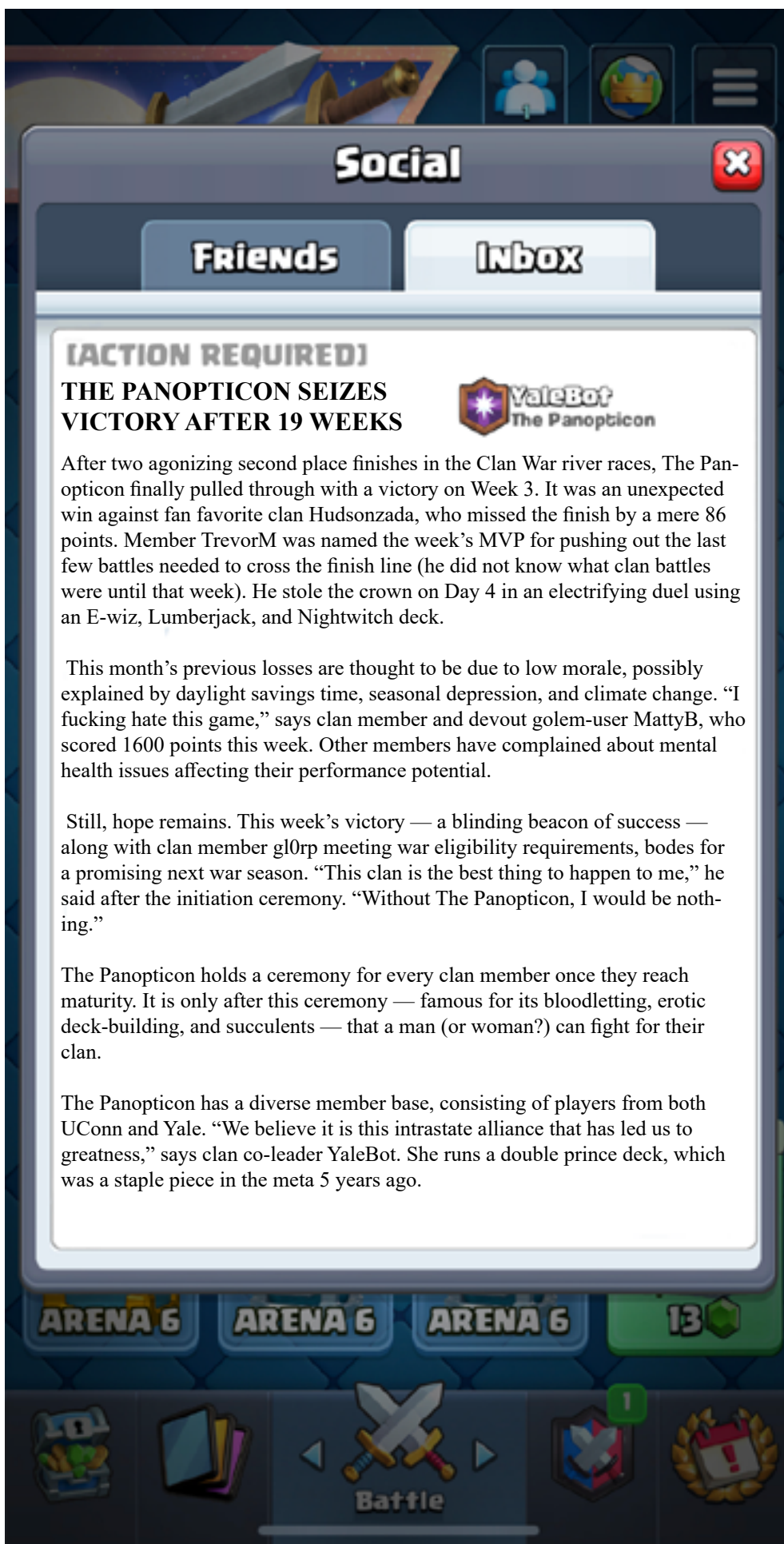
Inquiries should go to beanie.weenie@yale.edu or call 203-HOT-BEAN to speak to my assistant.

- Dean Beans

Reply

Forward

By FEMALE WRITER



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