

IDENTITY THEFT ISN'T A JOKE  
Unless we do it

CONTINENTAL REPORTS ON  
OWN IRRELEVANCE

Stares into the void, void avoids eye contact

By Ms. Suder '18

IF A MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED IN A FOREST...  
DEPT.

(A SINGLE-STREAM RECYCLING BIN) This semester's issue of the Continental was the publication's most self-aware yet, featuring an article about how no one reads campus publications, including the people who write them. Reports indicate that students picking up the issue of the Continental were baffled when, upon being opened to its report on the relevancy of campus publications, the magazine burst into a pile of paper shreds and self-defeating logic.

"Is anybody reading this? Does anyone care?" the cover article read. "If no one reads this, what's the point of publishing? But if we stop publishing, will our sudden absence change the core laws of the universe, letting the social equilibrium of the campus spin out of control and leading our descent into a hopelessly illiterate population?" Scribbled under this subhead in red sharpie was, "No."

"What's the Cont? Wait, what's the Duel? What am I being interviewed for again?" confused student Daisy Chaney '19 said when cornered at Opus and

McEWEN GETS LIQUOR LICENCE  
FOR JUICE BAR DURING FINALS

Kale-squash-cantaloupe juice with a kick

By Mx. Collins '19

HAMILTON WINERY DEPT.

(NURSING A HANGOVER IN MCEWEN STAIRWELL) Citing the need to appease more adventurous appetites, Bon Appétit has applied for and obtained their own liquor lisenice. They now hope to fill the void dollar draft regrefully left behind.

Craft beers of many varieties are now being served at the juice bar alongside the questionable vegetable-fruit juice smoothies. Drinks available at the exotic-fruit-adorned, glow-in-the-dark bar include, but are not limited to, mango-mandrake shangri-la, beet root rum-wine mixes, and a gooseberry IPA made from living goose testicles.

"We've had a surprisingly poor reaction from the student population," stated John Danielson, head barkeep. "Nobody seems to want our organic gluten free dairy free yeast free apple spinach chocolate stout double IPA mixer flavored mead. We've even instructed our bouncer Maureen to not check freshman Hillcards in order to make a dent in our stocks."

Many campus residents have voiced their com-

asked for comment. "Are you guys actually going to publish this? I thought the only student publication on this campus was the Daily Bull. That's the only one worth looking out for, anyway. It has a lot of pictures. I forgot how to read after coming to college and folding to the enormous societal pressure placed on young adults to pretend to not give a shit about social discourse, except on anonymous social media."

The editorial team of the Continental, had, at first, fallen into a deep existential depression after coming to terms with the fact that no one bothers to acknowledge their existence. However, they quickly realized that non-existence frees one from the journalistic decency guidelines of the Media Board, opening the door to literally publishing bull.

"Our next issue is just going to contain a bunch of essays critiquing the legitimacy of critiquing the legitimacy of language as a system of communication. It's just gonna be a blank page," editor-in-chief Mike Brachen '16 said. "We won't get in trouble if no one ever sees it. Which they won't. Because we don't exist, apparently." He then melted into a puddle of black goo and was absorbed into the carpet in the KJ atrium, leaving no record of his ever having been a student at Hamilton College.

plaints on the barkeep's incompetency.

"Last week, I asked for a margherita and received a vodka-green bean concoction," James Lintel '17 said. "I didn't ask

for a fuck-  
ing liquid  
salad. If  
I wanted  
that, I'd  
just grab  
some of  
the juice  
that's

been sitting on the counter for three weeks." He then proceeded to suck down five more Keystone lights, adding them to his beer can broad sword complete with handles.

"Bon Appétit stands to lose its liquor licence if it keeps up like this" school Dean of Drinking, Captain Morgan said. "It's not because they're serving alcohol to minors; that's actually legal under New York State Law if they are gullible freshmen, I think. But if they keep serving up this shitty fermented health food, I'm going to have to call the College food inspection agency to revoke their licence under the 'cruel and unusual punishment' clause."

REAL ESTATE CLUB OFFERS  
STUDY ROOM TIMESHARES

Leaving your books there doesn't cut it anymore

By Ms. Warren '18

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS DEPT.

(THE NEGOTIATION TABLE) Study room squatters found themselves unexpectedly evicted this week when the Real Estate Club set up a Study Room Timeshare cartel guaranteeing paying renters exclusive finals-week access on an hour by hour basis.

"With fixed-price hourly ownership, the room is your dorm away from dorm for sixty-minute increments," Mary Helen Parker '16, Real Estate Club president and pre-professional timeshare broker, said.

"Room 151 offers really prime natural light and a view of the Writing Center tutor door," certified study room appraiser Kyle Kim '17 said on a tour for prospective buyers. "Another fantastic aspect of the property is the location. You can eat, work, and sob quietly in the bathroom without leaving a thirty-foot radius."

Some students, like Jake Henderson '17, praised the Real Estate Club venture: "They're called Team Rooms, but everybody knows it's everyone for themselves when it comes to claiming those spots," he said. "I've seen brother betray brother. I've seen engaged couples break up over these rooms."




Henderson, a partial shareholder of room 139, says there is a real camaraderie among himself and his co-owners, who keep a guest book on the dry-erase board.

Many others are criticizing the move as elitist and probably against tenant laws. "If you don't want to shill out the dough for a timeshare, you're stuck in those useless armchairs on the second floor," Matthew Patel '18 complained. "I miss the days when claiming a study room was a matter of popularity."

As it turns out, dependable study space is a commodity students are willing to pay for. Prices range from \$50/hour for a room for late night or early morning time slots, to \$300 for large corner room 149 during a prime hour like 7 p.m. "What I love about the corner property is that there's room for my entire international relations study group," Amanda Vasquez '18 said. "Since all eight of us split the cost, we could afford to meet at 4 in the afternoon instead of 4 in the morning."

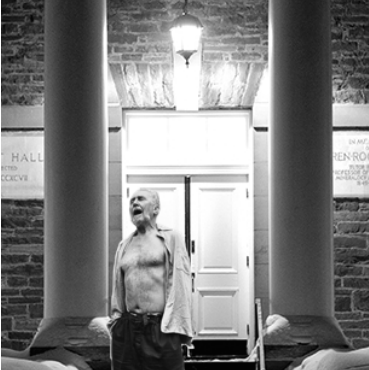
Title deed insurance has been paid in everything from baggies of gummy frogs from Opus, to homework help, to sexual favors.

"I can't be messing around when it comes to study space in KJ," Henderson said, getting off his knees and wiping his mouth. "All I want is access to an outlet and a table. Is that too much to ask? What else do you want? My firstborn? I'll give you my firstborn."

FINALS FORECAST	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY
	Get	Us	Out
			
	Low probability holiday spirit more effective than Ad-derall.	50% chance pass/fail class pays off.	"7 p.m. on a Friday? What is this, a date?"

In this issue: Publication Pandamonium

RED WEATHER TO FINALLY RELEASE  
EZRA POUND FROM ROOT BASEMENT



See "Refuses to 'make it new,'" pg. 1905

PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH  
OF THE WEEK



Most dogs are put down.

Goodnight.

# The Off-Topical

Yeah, we went there.

Hamilton College  
12.11.15  
Leave until 12.18.15

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## NOT-SO-FUN FACTS

*We at the Duel Observer have taken it upon ourselves to inform the Hamilton student body of the dark truths that The Topical has been ignoring. It's time people learned that not all facts are fun.*

- Love is nothing but a chemical reaction.
- Octopi sometimes eat themselves due to stress.
- 3.2% of babies die before their first birthday.
- 70% of people with lung cancer will die within a year of their diagnosis.
- Pigs can experience depression.
- You will probably never be the President, except of your local amateur puppeteers' society.
- Mars' population is composed of robots that will never meet each other.
- Grizzly bear mothers sometimes abandon single cubs to try for a bigger litter the next year.
- The snow of Mt. Everest is littered with 200 corpses, now used as location markers by fellow climbers.
- There are more peopleless homes in the US than there are homeless people.

Compiled by Mr. Letai '19

## PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS: THE TOPICAL



My readership will undoubtedly vouch for me as a man of steely character and unshakable poise, who has taken everything from an Archery Club email to an unexpected appearance of the Streaking Team in his impeccable stride. It must then take all your imaginative powers, dear readers, to picture the look of utter bewilderment on my face when, this Tuesday A.M., as I was sitting down to my usual eggs and b., what I had taken for a stray issue of our beloved Observer turned out to be something quite different. It could only be described, I'm afraid, as a Topical.

Much like the ever-witty—if irredeemably French—Capt. Renault, I was shocked, *shocked*, to discover that the rascallions who write that bilious beige balderdash had attempted once again to pull the wool over the eyes of the College's less perceptive members—who, we must admit, make up the majority of the Hill's populace. This time, however, those malicious masters of misinformation had gone entirely too far, replacing the horrid hue of their usual rag with—and here I must caution the more sensitive members of our audience against reading further—the beautiful blue of our own dear Observer.

Imagine, my dear readers, if your constitutions allow it, the scintillating sapphire shade of our darling Duel besmirched by columns with the interminably dull titles, “NEWS” and “OVERHEARD.” If that is not enough to make the bile rise and the blood boil, envision turning to the back in the vague hope that it would be blank, and instead catching briefly the odious phrases, “SOUGHT AFTER BOOTY” and “Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell” before clenching your fist in fury and thus rendering the offending matter, in a word, crumpled.

A weaker man than I might have lost his appetite after such an encounter with the very worst that the dregs of the campus have to offer, but not Phineas P. Wurterbottom. No, I calmly settled back down to polish off my e. and bacon...but not before I carefully hid all remaining copies of the sullied cerulean sheets inside the latest Spectator, thus ensuring that no one else might fall victim to the dastardly duplicity of the Observer's impotent enviers. No one would think to open the Spec.

Delivered on a silver salver to Mr. Kraft '17

## OVERLY HEARD AT HAMILTON

*In order to allow everyone to join in on common discourse, the Duel Observer is proud to present some of the most overly heard statements at Hamilton.*

**Guy:** Sup.

**Girl:** Opus literally takes all of my money.

**Sophomore with Car:** The only thing worse than parking on this campus is getting accosted by uncalled for fun facts on tan paper.

**Student:** I think Hamilton is an overall okay place.  
**Other Student:** I would think that too, except that the Topical is a thing.

**Person on Sunday Morning:** Dude, I'm really hungover.  
**Dude:** Same, except all I did last night was read the Topical. I had to throw myself off of Eell's balcony so that I could feel something other than the numbing factual accuracy.

**Dean Thompson:** The Topical makes me fear for future generations.

**Guy:** Hey.  
**Girl:** No, I will not return your greeting, because you like the Topical.  
**Guy:** Aw.

**Guy:** Roses are red, violets are blue, I found out that you like the Topical, so we really need to stop hooking up.  
**Same Guy:** I'm also burning my sheets since you touched them.

Transcribed by Mr. Wesley '16

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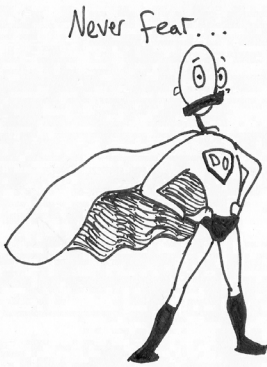
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THE ETERNAL OBSERVER

By Ms. Simons '16



Never fear...  
...The Eternal Observer  
is here to save  
your GPA

