

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Wait, Who’s That?”-Everyone

COUNSELING CENTER STARTS OFFERING GROUP THERAPY FOR PEOPLE WITH SOCIAL ANXIETY

This is a real service that is offered at a lot of places

By Ms. Stillman ’27

***SILENCE* DEPT.**
(FIELD HOUSE) While many Hamilton students have no worries discussing campus happenings, the Counseling Center has found not everyone feels this way. “Some students almost never leave their rooms. We don’t know how they are still alive. But even the socially anxious need to talk to people who share similar experiences as them. We decided to help them get over the hardest part—reaching out to each other—by facilitating group therapy just for them!” Kathy Chahty, head of the Counseling Center, said with a smile.

On Tuesday, the center held its first session, but no one showed up. “We even brought cider mill!” Chahty exacerbated.

She did not give up. “I sent a poll out to the student body asking how often they speak to someone else in person in a week. Anyone who said two or fewer times was sent an email stating that attending group therapy the next day was mandatory. The issue is that only about half of the student body filled out the form. The only way to know we were going to help *all* of the so-

cially anxious was to make everyone who didn’t fill the form out attend the session too,” Chahty schemed.

Group therapy was held in the Field House the next day. “I was really confused why it was so noisy in there,” Chahty explained. “These are supposed to be some of the most socially isolated nervous wrecks we have on campus. But then it dawned on me: those that *really* needed help were all sitting in the back row. I could tell because they were shaking, sweating profusely, and refusing to make eye contact with anyone.”

Supposedly, the only reason the socially anxious students appeared was because the fear of upsetting an authority figure was only slightly greater than the fear of being perceived. The *Duel Observer* asked 10 socially anxious students to comment, but they all refused to even make eye contact.

“I want to welcome on stage all of our anxious friends in the back!” Chahty announced. “Everyone give them a round of applause—please don’t hide under your chairs. Everyone is here just for you!” Chahty had to quickly think of how to convince these poor souls to get on stage. “No one is leaving this room until we unpack your anxieties.”

With that, several students volunteered to hoist these students onto the stage. Once on stage, not a single student responded to any of Chahty’s questions, such as *what is your name?* or *where are you from?* Defeated, Chahty allowed everyone to leave after three hours of silence on the condition that the anxious students walk around campus wearing a badge saying “ask me about my social anxiety” until they are cured.

STRANGE MAN WANDERING AROUND CAMPUS REVEALED TO BE STEVEN TEPPER WITHOUT A BOW TIE

He might as well have been naked

By Ms. Snowman ’28

IDENTITY CRISIS DEPT.
(OUTSIDE STEVEN TEPPER’S BOW TIE FORTRESS) Earlier this week, campus safety detained a 50 something caucasian male following growing concerns about frequent appearances of an older gentleman around campus. Students and staff alike had reported accounts of the man attempting to engage in thoughtful discussions with them about creativity and canoe metaphors, curly hair products, Clinton salons that do wig perms, and an apparently lost bow tie-shaped accessory.

Campus Safety soon located the man and took him in, keeping him in the basement under McEwen for three hours before discovering that when given a bow tie, the man miraculously transformed into Steven Tepper.

The distraught man cried profusely and threw his hands up in the air. “But I am Steven Tepper! You don’t understand. I just didn’t wear a bow tie today!” the man claimed. These claims were later verified by matching his fingerprints and DNA to those of President Steven Tepper. He was released into the custody of his wife who keeps an emergency supply of bow ties in her purse.

Regarding the matter, Chief Les Safely, Head of Cam-po, commented, “Steven Tepper without his bow tie is like an owl without a graduation cap, a Platypus without a fedora. You get the idea. Steven Tepper’s adorable countenance, strikingly dapper outfits, and impeccable perm are simply not enough to distinguish him from any man with hair.”

The incident raised questions as to whether this could happen again. How will students be able to tell President Tepper apart from any other man on campus if he takes his bow tie off?

“We take stranger danger very seriously on this campus. Know Thyself, Not Thy Neighbor,” Safely said in an interview addressing the incident the next day. When the interview was unfortunately cut short, Safely continued: “Sorry, I have to go. I left my campus safety mobile parked under the bridge on Martin’s Way. A man claiming to be Steven Tepper asked me to stop doing that because they get stuck down there. Are you still recording what I’m saying? This is not important to the story. You don’t need this for your article. Please stop writing what I’m saying. This isn’t funny. JESUS mother-loving chr-” Safely continued while walking away from a *Duel Observer* correspondent.

In response to this, Steven Tepper is rumored to be seeking out a permanent bow tie.

If you or a loved one has been affected by the identity crisis of Steven Tepper, please call 1-800-BOWTIEDENTITY for help. You could be entitled to a free bowtie!

DC PROGRAM JUST A FRONT TO GET ANNOYING POLITICS KIDS OFF CAMPUS FOR A SEMESTER

They can die on “The Hill” for all I care
By Ms. Meyers ’27

GTFO STUDIES DEPT.

(DC AND PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD STAY THERE) In 1969, a group of professors met to forge a scheme against those annoying students in what seems to be every single Government department. Phil McKracken, Chair of the Government department reported, “We’ve been looking for a way to keep those annoying fuckers out of here for a while by sending them over to the Debate team, but they just kept coming back. That’s when we knew we had to step it up.”

When it came to choosing a location, Hamilton had to keep in mind that their target candidates for the program may be too sissy to actually go abroad. They needed to find somewhere that was far enough, but where the college could easily do damage control if a student happened to escape surveillance.

Thus, the DC Program was born. “It’s really just a way to get all those little shits to think they are actually making a difference. Little do they know their parents actually just shell out an extra 30k to the school in order to hire enough actors to play everyone from George Santos to Bernie Sanders.” reported Professor of Combative Politics Dixie Normus. Professor of the Spread of Misinformation, Michel Torus, then chimed in, “Any reasonable person would never imagine that we would actually let them do anything that could impact people’s lives. We all know they still think depressed people are just sad.”

When participants of the DC Program were asked what they thought of and gained from the experience—after they spent about 15 minutes debating if the question merited their “very valuable time and meticulous expertise”—a Junior named A.S. Muncher stated that he had mixed feelings about the program. “When I first joined, and they were still playing the baby sensory videos, that was great. Once they switched over to School-House Rock’s ‘How a Bill becomes a Law,’ I started getting very confused.”

When asked what policy changes they would like to enact to help the homeless population, an eager Sophomore Luke Atmyass said he would have them “just buy a house. My family owns five residences so it’s not that hard. Like, just save up for a few months.” Another student Harry Cox ’25, stated that what we should really be worried about is the “chemicals in the water turning people gay. To fix this, we should turn the Bundy Daycare into conversion therapy.” A third student, Max E. Pad, ’25 said, “What we really need to be doing is holding wage theft victims accountable.” At this point, the students became agitated and left to go finish their game of Roblox.

46 PEAKS FORECAST

9/28

10/5

10/6



Im sure I'll like hiking this time



NEED. INHAER. NOW.



...

In this issue: We’re too lazy to write about the debate

GET OUT OF CLASS FREE CARD



Celebrate Rosh Hashanah. See, “Converting to Judaism.” pg. 18



WEEKLY WARNING

Your tabs
Will
be spilled

A Simple Guide to Controlling Your Face When People Are Reading Poems In Creative Writing Classes

So you're taking a Creative Writing class. You thought, let me explore the artsy side of myself, learn a little about poetry and leave as a better writer. Only, you didn't expect that you would have to hear metered sonnets titled bullshit like "An Ode to Furrries." Avoiding having your mouth agape in a look of bewilderment while someone in your class reads a poem entirely composed of the word weasel read in different intonations is well regarded as one of the great liberal arts struggles. Your professor has a thoughtful, pondering face, your peers tastefully match them, yet you alone are nearly about to burst out laughing during this reading of a madman's work. Don't panic! You're not alone. The truth of the world is this: some people should never have been allowed to feel comfortable expressing themselves.

The first method of controlling your face is simple: zone out. If you don't hear the poem, you can't react. Some recommended beginner daydreams include: imagining how cozy your bed must be right now, how sweaty Tepper was during his dance with Heat, or where David Wippman currently is. If that doesn't work for you, try staring uncomfortably at the person reading their poem. This probably won't help with your face looking normal, but it may help your mind contextualize this fascinating creature. If you must relieve tension, try to side eye one of your friends in class. Chances are they are looking to connect with you about whatever insanity is being spoken. Perhaps you could even attempt a sneaky text to said friend to alleviate further distress.

Next, let your full internal monologue play out in your head. Yes, they are tearing up at a poem they wrote about the time they lost in a YuGi-Oh Duel in third grade. Yes, it is awkward and bad. In order to keep a straight face, you're going to have to become insane yourself. You have to normalize this behavior for the entirety of this workshop. You now exist in a parallel reality where this shit is okay. Then the poem is beautiful. Cry with them. Tell them they shouldn't change a single word.

VERY IMPORTANT FINAL STEP: please please please remember to regain your sanity before the class ends or else you will become one of them—a starving artist who doesn't know why their dream has failed—forever.

**Read aloud in beautiful rhythm and meter to Mr. Janicki '27's
Intro to Creative Writing class.**

Here's What Your Favorite Commons Spa Water Says About You

Hey kids. After breaking into the BuzzFeed offices and killing Mike Buzzfeed, I now possess the power of connecting personality quirks to arbitrary bullshit. Through the powers of multimedia slop I now possess, this fruit's gonna tell you what your favorite Commons spa water says about you.

Lemon is for the rich bitches, those with milk toast personalities and milk toast skin. They stick their pinky out with their plastic cups and go, "I say, Bartholomew, this lemon infusion is delectable!" then laugh haughtily about young children in lithium mines. Well guess what, Bartholomew, the lemon water is bitter! The lemons aren't juiced, so it tastes like piss, and not even because of the football team this time.

Lime, the gayest spa water. I've seen a couple "straight" guys drink it, glancing awkwardly between their glass and gamer goth dommy mommy girlfriend, but come on. If you're drinking lime water, you're fruitier than an apple orchard. Besides, everyone knows that the only straight men here are summoned straight from hell; the women of Kirkland perfected their technique decades ago.

Lemon Lime, a novel combination had only by the most interesting of specimens, like Econ students in art classes and indecisive bisexuals. Other famous combinations of theirs include undried beef jerky, whatever the fuck Commons is putting on pizza today, and the horror that is Dunham bathroom wine.

Orange, where to start with you. Oh wait, I know exactly where! You're a lazy fuckhead who can't be bothered to go another four feet to get actual orange juice, so you settle on fucking orange water, ORANGE WATER. It's not even orange you twit! It's clear and tastes like nothing. You know what else is nothing? You. You're nothing. Idiot. Also, you stole the last piece of Commons cheesecake.

Strawberry & Raspberry, in the wise words of a formerly enslaved space fish, it's a trap. The freshmen flock to it, grasping at the pretty pink colors, seeing in its reflection a truer, gayer vision of themselves. They pour a massive glass. The raspberries sing, "drink us, drink us, please!" They bring the supple drink to their lips... it's meh.

Pineapple. Fucking pineapple. You wanna know who drinks this shit? Masochists. What kind of masochists? The wimpy-ass pussy kind who can't stand the pain of pineapple eating their sensitive little mouths back, yet still want to get off in the grimy corners of Commons. So, they resort to FUCKING COMMONS SPA WATER. THESE LITTLE BITCHES ARE WEAK. PATHETIC. GROW THE FUCK UP.

Found drenched in piss & pineapple spa water in Commons by Mr. Havelka '28

Friday Five: Worst things i've said about my friends in anthro essays

By Mx. Meisner '26

As a wise and studied anthropologist, one must go native in savage lands. From the cold peaks of the orient to the dank mire of Dunham, an anthropologist's job is to watch and record. Alas, someday I find myself becoming attached to the natives of the strange land, and despite the importance of my work to the Welsh empire, I still find myself in quiet contemplation of the harsh words I've written. I am also a fiend for ranked lists, so I have organized them as such.

5. “It dyes itself like a bird of paradise yet pecks the eyes of all it invites to gaze.” This individual was truly an odd specimen. Between lovers and confidants, it found no difference, and every fortnight it wore new, vibrant shades. However, for every other it brought to its abode, another spoke words of scorn against it. Many I had never seen before, until they wished to recollect their rejection.

4. "Channels long lost spirits of a darkened age."
This man was quite odd in the ways he walked and talked. His path never veered entirely straight, and senseless gibbers regularly escaped his mouth. Others in his tribe continued to stress his strength and bravery, as if he were their greatest warrior, in spite of his inane behavior.

3. **“Seems to be possessed by the soul of a begging harlot.”** Once in the depths of the KJ forest, I met a young girl entirely lost in her way. Day in and day out, she would continuously message these strange men devoid of any form of masculine pride. She pleaded and cried by the KJ river and Hamilton mountain for any ignoble heir to take her, yet none obliged.

2. **“She lacks any perception of the line between her mind and body.”** A true blatherer, she would not stop talking about a world that had never existed. She talked of men that she never met and women with an odd tone. If she were to live in our great empire, I’m sure we would be able to drill out the sickness from her skull, yet alas she must suffer amongst the primitives.

1. **“Both the song of heaven and screams of hell would leave him unfazed.”** I truly had never met a man anything like this man before. One would think that no man could be entirely without thought nor interest nor strife, yet this one stood clearly before me. He walked paths of sport and brotherhood, and none was apparent. The most joyous songs and angriest cries were all the same to him, and he persisted despite them.

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