Local Contrarian Had an Awesome Month

In the past two months, the College has found itself host to a number of controversies, with student morale and administrative approval at a low. However, despite the campus tension, self-described “moderate” and local contrarian Taylor Barclay ’21.5 claims to be having a fantastic month.

Barclay is widely and loudly known to consider himself as just a “normal guy,” and can often be found playing devil’s advocate in his political philosophy and sociology classes, where he is “not afraid to bring something new to the table.”

Barclay, although we did not ask him to, reached out to The Local Noodle to share his thoughts on current events.

“Well, some people have been pretty steamed over this Legutko business, for one thing,” said Barclay, “but I want to ask: should we allow ourselves to get all emotional over a man’s intelligent, conservative political perspectives just because he hates all gay people and probably women? And I can say that, because all of my ex-girlfriends are lesbians now.”

Much of what Barclay had to say was also related to why Charles Murray is actually a reputable sociologist and, perplexingly, why he also believes that the policy on student-professor relationships is sexist towards men.

On the topic of the College divesting from fossil fuels, repairing the protest policy, instituting mandatory bias training for professors, and meeting the financial needs of students, Barclay had this to say:

“I’m not saying we shouldn’t. I just think it’s worth talking about.”

Recently, Barclay has also taken up live-streaming poli-sci classes he’s not enrolled in, laughing loudly in the middle of Chemistry exams, and correcting female professors.

Biddy's Life Fails Bechdel Test

In a recent case study conducted by the GSFS department, researchers found that biddy Becky Smith ’20 could only ever discuss men when she was alone with her other female friends, thus failing the Bechdel test.

The research was undertaken by one GSFS major, Gwen Crishton ’19, who went undercover in Smith’s close group of friends to study her behavioral and linguistic patterns. Crishton quickly found that Smith’s life failed the Bechdel test, which was created in the 1980s in order to determine the amount of meaningful female relationships and characters portrayed in movies.

“If Becky had had one conversation, just one, where she and another woman talked about something other than men—she would have passed,” says Crishton. “But she didn’t, not once. I honestly have no idea how she did it. I mean, I’ve met her boyfriend, Todd, and he can only talk about being drunk, or playing football and then getting drunk.”

The study revealed that Smith and her friends most frequently discussed how Todd was totally hammered last weekend and why Josh has yet to text Becky back but still liked the Instagram post of her featured on NESCAC Barstool.

Smith said about the study: “I did think something was off about Gwen. Like, she wasn’t on the Punta trip and I never saw her at hockey parties. But I guess it’s not her fault she’s poor and ugly. Todd said her butt is small, anyways. He loves my butt, he’s always talking to his friends about it. Isn’t he sweet?”

In order to go undercover for the research, the GSFS department provided Crishton with the necessary materials to fit in with the group. Of the $10,000 budget, most was spent on Canada Goose jackets, rosé, and the cutest little dresses from Free People.
**Opinion**

**Censor Blackbird**

The Local Noodle would like to publicly commend the SGA for taking initiative after last month’s chaos by proposing mandatory sensitivity training for all student-run publications. We wholeheartedly agree that all student-run publications should be held to the same standard, so we must publicly thank the SGA for finally clamping down on the insensitive bile spewed by Blackbird Literary Magazine.

Blackbird is the most inflammatory publication on campus, and has taken advantage of its far-reaching influence for too long. From overly experimental spacing in poetry, to photos of abandoned buildings that make us feel sad inside, to short stories that are way longer than our attention spans, Blackbird has been harming our community in too many ways to count.

Indeed, we have occasionally been made to think and feel things by Blackbird—and no publication should have that much emotional sway over us vulnerable and easily confused college students. It’s high time to call this tyrannical publication and its editors to account.

We wholeheartedly agree that all student-run publications should be held to the same standard, so we must publicly commend the SGA for taking initiative after last month’s chaos by proposing mandatory sensitivity training for all student-run publications. We have reported them to the CBRT and have received a response indicating they will all vote for us in next week’s student government elections. And really, how could they not now that we’re all such morally-principled heroes with proven records of effective governance!”

I would, but that’s apparently “not okay” and “unnecessarily stigmatizes women’s nipples.” Now, with those ideas in mind, imagine asking me to deny myself sustenance, security, and an incredible nicotine buzz right before my Econ 205 exam so that you don’t have to be “disturbed” by my silky rips. Hypocrisy, thy name is Middlebury.

To address the trend of refusing both breastfeeding mothers and juulers the right to a calm birth, we declare, “Collectively. We will never allow the University to make that decision for us.”

**Let’s Hear It For the Boys:**

**Daddy Needs His Milk**

By CHET STUDEBAKER

The way I see it, Middlebury College is fraught with hypocri-sy. In a milieu of “PC-Culture” and “Sensitivity,” many people seem to think that we should be able to blur the lines between public and private. But let me just say this: If you think that it’s socially acceptable to breastfeed in public, then I don’t want to hear anybody complaining about me mippin’ the juul in the library, into my Atwater food, or anywhere else on campus. Some say that my fat rips offend them when they’re stuffing their vegan faces with bok choy, and to that I say puff puff.

Too many times I’ve been told that juuling is not a natural process and therefore should not be equated to breastfeeding. To that I respond, you’re woefully mistaken. Juuling is a wholly natural, biologically necessary activity, and you would know it if you ever felt the orgasmic pleases of thicc, sweet, milky, cloud passing between your puckered lips. I’ve asked the four-eyed eggheads in BiHull for the science to back it up, and IT’s what they want, IT’s what they speak for themselves. 100% of people who live in my single can’t get out of bed without taking a quick hit. And if 75% of the global populace is lactose intolerant, and nicotine is 100% addictive, I ask you: What’s really more natural? Therefore, we, the campus contingent of juulers argue for the right to rip in public without fear of shaming or derision.

But still, many have asked why I can’t simply juul in private, in my room, the bathroom, or outside behind a tree. Well let me answer your question with a question: Would you ask a mother of three, hard at work making ends meet, to deny her infant nourishment when needed in order to provide the public with some semblance of comfort? Because we do whatever they want. At first they’re stuffing their vegan faces with bok choy, and to that I say puff puff. juuling is a wholly natural, biologically necessary activity, and you would know it if you ever felt the orgasmic pleases of thicc, sweet, milky, cloud passing between your puckered lips. I’ve asked the four-eyed eggheads in BiHull for the science to back it up, and IT’s what they want, IT’s what they speak for themselves. 100% of people who live in my single can’t get out of bed without taking a quick hit. And if 75% of the global populace is lactose intolerant, and nicotine is 100% addictive, I ask you: What’s really more natural? Therefore, we, the campus contingent of juulers argue for the right to rip in public without fear of shaming or derision.

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Opinion

Where in the World is the White-breasted nuthatch?

By ANONYMOUS

Okay people, I know it’s been a hard couple weeks here in the US of A, and I know that lots of “folks” are awful upset about all these things going around in the news and all, but there’s something we haven’t talked about yet: where in the world is the white-breasted nuthatch?

I know that local avifauna may not be the first thing people think about in times like these, when the Administration decides it’s ‘ok’ to give Polish people a platform on campus, and when there’s that thing with Mueller and some other guy in the news that we all understand and know about, but I think it’d be maybe kind of nice if we all got together and had a hard think about what’s happening to the birds on campus. Yes, you may say I’m being dramatic, or “pandering” to the “masses,” but guys, I mean people, I haven’t seen a white-breasted nuthatch in over eight days!

Sure, there are a few people on campus who could argue that the local abundance of Passerines isn’t the most relevant news to their life, but those people haven’t read my thesis that I’ve exclusively been spending my evenings and mealtimes with over the past seven months. If they had, they’d know the situation is dire. Not on an organismal or ecosystemic level per se, since that particular situation is going quite well for the white-breasted nuthatch at the moment, but on the type of level concerning stuff like intrinsic beauty and inherent value of life on this planet, per se.

Because, sure, maybe all of the scientific data collected at the state and ecological level indicates that the white-breasted nuthatch is actually thriving, but I just can’t help but be worried that I haven’t personally seen one through my Celestron SkyMaster Astronomical Pro Binoculars in over a week. I think this point raises an important question: is free speech really what we need the most on this campus?

Yes, yes, I understand that free speech is important for government stuff but also for writing stuff and saying stuff I think, but does it really matter that much? I mean, is that something that we really, actually should care about? Because, to be frank, I can’t remember the last time I got a fiery fucking rush ofendorphins straight to my noggin because I saw a prime specimen of “free speech” pecking grubs out of the bark of a majestic swamp birch after squatting in a hovel for four hours before dawn in the cold of a Vermont winter’s night.

But, I digress. I’m not writing to you today, Middlebury College Student Body, because I thought I was necessary for me to convince you of the near-sexual level of joy that can be had by reaping the fruits of ornithology. We all know this to be true. I came here today to ask all of you, in addition to the free speech thing, if anyone knows if the seed-fall this year has been abnormally low and, therefore, may be affecting the local prevalence of birds of the Sittidae family—because when the birds fall silent, and when the members of the eBird forum for the Champlain Valley of Vermont fall silent, someone needs to speak up.

On Behalf of Athletes Everywhere, Fuck Nocturne

By BREIT STUDEBAKER

What’s up fam,

Look, before I start this, let me say, I appreciate the arts. I did Acting for my arts credit and so I get the whole emotions thing, Whatever. But hear me out. F**k Nocturne.

There are many reasons why I hate this event. In particular, I want to focus on the top ten reasons my lacrosse games are cooler than Nocturne.

1. You can’t dart at Nocturne. Right off the bat, this stupid festival is missing the thrill of one of the greatest traditions on campus—the dart. The dart hits different, y’all, and you can’t replicate that just by drinking at night.

2. No one can win. There are no points in Nocturne, and no rules. How am I supposed to keep track of my boys when we don’t know what’s going on? How am I supposed to know when the right time is to have that second beer? Or when my boy B-dubbs is on a hot streak?

3. Nocturne is temporary, NESCAC championships are forever. This is the ‘Cac baby. The mighty, mighty ‘Cac D3 is me. My blood runs blue, white and blue. #rollpants.

4. No Comradery. Sports teams are like a family. The nine other players on the field with me, as well as my boys riding the bench, are without a doubt my brothers. I’d take a bullet for them, and I know they’d do the same for me.

5. They don’t play the national anthem to begin the event. Boston strong, baby.

6. The food sucked. I don’t care about any “lovingly, tenderly cooked” vegan gluten-free BULLSHIT you serve me. It’s gonna taste like ass me. It’s gonna taste like ass and I don’t even have to try it to know that. On the flip side, Mrs. Powell always brings really good snacks for the team after a big game, and occasionally, we even get to grill burgers with some of the team dads. Mine’s the coolest.

7. They don’t have to grind for their shows. Part of the excitement of watching sports is seeing the team grow over the course of the season. But Nocturne is a one and done event. These kids came off fifty one straight bye weeks—but our grueling schedule this year didn’t see a bye until week nine. Even then we hit the weight room extra hard that Tuesday to stay in game form. Meanwhile, Nocturne kids are all so skinny, and they’ll never have a chance to change that.

8. There were a lot of videos, but no video games! This was just confusing, and if anything, poor communication on their side. Thought it if was at night there’d at least be some Fortnite. Guess not. You had to always be on the move, and could never just stay in one area and chill. It was pathetic, and not conducive to bro-on-bro bonding.

9. It was too dark to see anything.

10. The advertising was lame. The Nocturne posters were visually confusing—just looking at them I had no idea what the event was even supposed to be. Contrast that with the hilarious photos my boys put up of each other on fifty or more posters in proc to get people ready for the big game, and it’s clear Nocturne can’t hang.
News

MiddKink Mourns End of Cuffing Season

With summer rapidly approaching and temperatures rising above freezing for the first time in months, most students at Middlebury are celebrating the end of a long winter. However, one group on campus is reportedly disheartened by the change in seasons. MiddKink, Middlebury’s only sex-positive kink group, released a statement this past week informing its membership that the 2018-19 cuffing season had officially come to a close.

As MiddKink president Tati Keum ’19 stated in a recent interview, “when the weather’s gloomy, students just hole up in a dorm room for a long weekend and break out their favorite pair of pink, fuzzy handcuffs. But once warmer weather rolls around, most people hang up the cuffs and start fucking in semi-public outdoor spaces with three hidden cameras set up all around.”

Donna Matrix ’22.5, a long-time MiddKink member, expressed a similar sentiment: “In the winter, I’m happiest while sitting on the face of a well-trained sub and calmly reading Harry Potter fan fiction while they bring me to orgasm. In the summertime, though, I’d much rather go to the beach and ponder why I can only climax if my sub is wearing an anime-style fox tail.”

Not all of Middlebury’s sexual innovators are as gloomy about the end of cuffing season. Some students expressed relief that they could return to “vanilla” sex after months of being tied up like a pretzel and railed harder than a wild boar in heat.

“I’ve always wanted to hold someone’s hand,” says Pal Haster ’19. “I wonder what that feels like.”

At press time, other campus groups appeared to be gearing up for their own summer sex plans. Knitting Club, for instance, was busy finding the perfect stitch for soft, woolen assless chaps.

Political Science Department to Sponsor New Straight Studies House on Campus

The Middlebury Political Science Department was excited to announce this week that they will be sponsoring the creation of a Straight Studies House for students on campus.

“I think it’s a really great opportunity for students,” said Political Science Chair Charlie Coke. “It’s important that we remember to give all views and opinions equal weight and authority, and this will give straight students the platform that they have historically been denied.”

The Straight Studies House will offer programming to all students, including a Kaki Semi-Formal, Screw Your Housemate (Of the Opposite Sex), A No-Glitter Party, and Natty Lite Chugging Contests.

The house will be located in Carr Hall, displacing the Anderson Freeman Resource Center.
Men’s Track Keeps Shirts on, Ruin Trip to Cardio Balcony

The hopes of several members of the Middlebury community were dashed last Thursday afternoon after the men’s track team elected to keep their shirts on during practice, rendering a trip to the cardio balcony pointless.

“They really dropped the baton on this one,” says Judy Dennis, Professor Emeritus of Gender, Feminist, and Sexuality Studies. “I drove a whole 20 minutes from Cornwall to walk on a treadmill and look at some meat—I mean, men. Now I’m stuck up here pretending I actually wanted to exercise.”

Dennis added that she doesn’t think voyeurism is objectifying, and that, “Even if it is, I’ve spent my professional career in academia fighting for women’s equality and against the male gaze. Can’t you just let me have this one?”

Some balcony-goers expressed that the team, in keeping their shirts on, had caused harm to the community as a whole.

“Let’s be real, athletes aren’t adding much to the Middlebury community. The least they can do is give a girl some skin,” says Emily Johnsonberry ’20.

“My boyfriend is abroad and we both agreed that looking doesn’t count. I really needed this today.”

Johnsonberry noted that “a few guys in the pole vaulting squad were shirtless, but they don’t count.”

When asked for comment, members of the team responded with incomprehensible masculine grunts before skipping away.

Women’s Squash Finally Shatters Glass Wall

Bostwick Family Squash Center - In terms of on-court play, the Middlebury women’s squash team completed another successful season this year, finishing third in the NESCAC. Yet for all their competitive achievement, their greatest accomplishment came just this week when rising women’s captain Anastasia McIn ’20, in her match-winning point during a scrimmage against men’s top singles player, Jackson Gourd ’21, found herself scooping a shot from the back-right corner and swinging just hard enough to shatter Waud Court’s historic glass wall.

The referee, unsure of how to proceed, awarded McRumpin the point, securing her victory over Gourd, and with it, a long-awaited victory for women squash players everywhere.

“We couldn’t believe it,” said teammate Stacie Butter-nut, ’22, “I heard a crash and then I looked over to see Ana standing there, very still. I think she was either in shock or just unable to walk through all the shards of glass around her.”

“McRumpin’s action represents an historic accomplishment for women in sports,” commented Title IX coordinator Evelyn de Cousa. “For so long, it seemed that the women’s team was trapped against some invisible barrier, never able to make it onto the really competitive courts. But now it’s clear that the doors to the court are also just made of clear glass.”

When asked for his opinion on the match, Gourd seemed ornery and defensive. “Yeah, it’s great for the girls, I guess. I wouldn’t say that I let her win, but I should say she probably wouldn’t have won if I weren’t explaining the finer points of the game to her while we played, so you be the judge. Anyway, want to see how many push-ups I can do?”

Once a path was cleared, McRumpin admitted to the Noodle that she was excited to have been the first woman to break the glass wall, but that she needed to get back to her dorm room and menstruate.

Panther Profile: How Gill Green Stays ‘Activist’

Gill Green ’19.5, a senior feb on SNEG and in Riddim from Westchester, NY, never considered himself an athlete, until he became ‘very activist’ his freshman spring. A Political Science-Dance double major, Green discusses how he keeps activist.

How do you stay activist?

I do a variety of things to stay activist. First, I wake up every morning in a boiling sweat thinking of the collective pain of every human, living and dead. Then I like to do a quick 65 mile march to Montpelier.

Is that it?

Well, at around 4:45, after some granola from Proc, I also like to climb a tree to call attention to the fact that our planet is currently undergoing an apocalypse. I’m usually forcibly removed by facilities—or should I say fascist-illities.

What do you do to relax?

That’s actually pretty offensive.

I’m sorry?

Well, obviously this work can burn people out, but even on my off-days I like to keep limber by standing in solidarity. Or, I at least help with lifting someone else’s burden.

What an inspiration. Thank you for your time.

Time is a Roman imperialist construct. But, you’re welcome.
Kevin Mahaney Pays Students and Faculty Hush Money to Forget the CFA Ever Existed

College officials stated this week that the arts building by the athletic center has always been referred to as the “MAC,” and that no other name has ever existed.

The statement was released in the form of a video in which the last remaining art professor, suspiciously dripping in Tiffany diamonds, proclaimed that the arts building has always been, is now, and will always be referred to as the “MAC.”

The “MAC,” of course, refers to donor, professional white man, and our lord and savior: Kevin Mahaney ’84. Mahaney is well known throughout Middlebury for his illustrious sailing career, his charitable giving, and his absolutely scandal-free life. Owing to his kind, pure, and categorically uncontroversial heart, he proudly dedicated a building to the easiest distribution requirement.

In addition to reminding students that the arts building is absolutely called the “MAC,” Mahaney followed up the college’s statement with his own email reminding students that the gargantuan boat behind the “MAC” is also his. He then stated repeatedly that although he feels the arts building speaks for itself, he wouldn’t mind if it spoke his name a little louder.

Despite an almost perfect cover-up, the extent of money-eyed influence on the “new” name was revealed after the administration failed to adequately disguise the framed, oversized donor list hanging by the theatre, wrongly assuming that the one museum patron per-year would see it as avant-garde conceptual art.

When asked for comment, theatre major Emma Calhoun ’21 stated:

“I’ve always called it the MAC. Right? Any other acronym would be ridiculous. Why would you hypothetically use an acronym that’s three syllables long, like, I dunno, C-F-A? That would be crazy. I get a direct deposit for saying this, right?”

At press time, officials are considering again rebranding the building as simply “The Kevin.”

McCullough Mural Found to Have Heartbeat at Six Weeks

The section of the McCullough mural featuring a fetus has become the center of controversy after it was found to have a heartbeat approximately six weeks after it was painted.

Campus conservatives are calling for an official statement from the administration that would protect the mural from being painted over until it has been born.

“It’s quite simple, really,” said Kirk Lamb ’21, president of the Middlebury Republicans. “In a perfect world, that paintbrush would have never penetrated those paint cans. But since it did, the existence of this painting has become a matter of divine providence.”

Not everyone on campus agrees with this stance. On Friday, student protestors gathered around the mural to voice their concerns. “I don’t see how they’re detecting a heartbeat,” said Abigail Coates ’20. “It’s literally a painted baby. There’s no umbilical cord. There’s a gem in its fucking forehead. If anything, they should be concerned with the mural encouraging people to try shrooms.”

Ms. Coates’s criticism was quickly deflected by College Republicans, who claimed they can “hear it kicking when they put their ears up to the wall.” Additionally, they are confident it is a boy and are in the process of getting an ultrasound to confirm.

A College spokesperson, Roy V. Wade, affirmed the administration’s commitment to keeping the pro-life mural as it is, pointing to its “contribution to our robust public sphere and the fact that it’s not a talk so we can’t cancel it.”
Bill McKibben Warns of Irreversible 3 Degree Temperature Increase in Proctor if Big-Admissions Fails to Reel in Acceptance Rates

In a speech today outside of Old Chapel, Bill McKibben and a group of student activists announced dire predictions for the Proctor climate if Admissions continue to rise as predicted.

“If this institution doesn’t become freshman neutral by 2025, I don’t foresee how Proctor will remain a viable dining option,” McKibben said.

McKibben, an environmentalist author who provides Middlebury’s only source of national relevancy, went on to claim that his models predict temperatures increasing in the Proctor balcony by an unsustainable three to five degrees. During the talk, McKibben claimed that a five degree increase would make upstairs Proctor uninhabitable, likely forcing droves of students to migrate towards Ross and Atwater.

“The water line in Ross is already at an unacceptable level,” said student activist Hailey Johnson ’18.5. “We only have one Proctor. It’s high time we start taking care of it!”

McKibben was also concerned about how increasing admissions might disrupt a fragile Proctor social ecosystem.

“This is a picture of Clara. Clara’s 19. She and her friends have always sat at the round table by the tea. But now there are so many freshmen that they’ve been pushed out of this prime habitat. So far, they’re holding on in the booth room, but that obviously isn’t a long term solution.” Other activists agreed that the Admissions office wasn’t taking a long term view of the over-enrollment problem. “These greedy Admissions executives are putting profits over the wellbeing of our Proctor,” said one visibly upset student at the announcement.

Not all students, however, were disturbed by the prediction. “Yeah, it’s pretty warm, but I’m sure there will be some new technology that scientists will develop to combat this kind of thing.”

The push to hire Middlebury physics majors soared to new heights last Friday, when a Boeing company executive visited campus to actively recruit students studying in Bi-Hall. The CEO of the Boeing company, Robert Highman, reportedly took great interest in many students on the fifth floor, and was blown away by their technical expertise in the paper-airplane construction department.

“It’s a long standing tradition at Boeing to thoroughly test all our applicants,” said Highman. “Approximately 90% of an interview at Boeing depends upon an applicant’s ability to construct paper models of airplanes, and throw them at a small target about 20 meters away.”

Luckily for Mr. Highman, Middlebury’s physics majors in particular have risen to the challenge with gusto. While many student-constructed airplanes crash into unsuspecting people in the great hall, Boeing actually sees it as a testament to the safety of the student designed planes.

“Frankly,” says Mr. Highman, “The fact that Middlebury planes only have a 2-4% fatality rate, is remarkable. That is in perfect accordance with the Boeing vision. After all, we are seeking to hire new engineers that can help us reduce the crash rate of our own unexpected landings.”

Indeed, the five students hired by Boeing are to begin their new jobs on September 1st later this year. They’ll each be treated to salaries of 600,000 dollars and four percent shares in the company. One of the lucky students, Hugo Eckener, spoke to a Local Noodle representative about his new position.

“Yeah,” says Eckener, “To be honest, I’m straight up a Classics major, and I was only in Bi-Hall for a geology course I’m taking to fill my distribution requirements. Mr. Highman must have seen me nail the throw through the window right before my final, because he insisted on pulling me out of the exam and offered me the job on the spot. Pretty tight that I got it, because there’s no way I’m passing that class. I’m really not a big science guy but I’m pretty good at building airplanes, so head engineer at Boeing shouldn’t be that much of a challenge.

Incidentally, Noodle photographers captured Highman missing the window multiple times at around midnight, and sweating profusely. When asked if Eckener was worried about transitioning from constructing paper airplanes to multi-million dollar aircrafts, he noted that the Local Noodle needed to “trust the system.”

Astronomers’ Black Hole Pic Debunked After Lens Cap Found Still On

Shortly after the Event Horizon Telescope’s release of the first-ever photo of a black hole, astronomers from the Smithsonian Observatory in Bi-Hall announced that they, too, had taken a photo of an even larger, blacker hole. After peering into the eyepiece of the 24-inch aperture lens, Professor Roger Thatcher snapped a pic and went to consult his colleague, Shirley Knott, about its contents.

“I was seeing only black,” Thatcher reported. “The logical conclusion was that a supermassive black hole had materialized and sucked up all the megastars.” Given the complete blackness of the photo, she theorized that our solar system was on the verge of obliteration, and that there was no hope of escape.

 Luckily for life everywhere, the professor’s hypothesis was quickly proven incorrect when local custodian/hero Thomas Garvey pointed out that the Thatcher had “actually forgotten to take the lens cap off of the gargantuan telescope.”

"The Physics 102 pilot program has really taken off this year."
Poltergeist: *the spirit of the times*

Would you support a 70 foot tall statue of the naked frisbee team in Davis Library? Of course you would so we didn’t ask that. We did, however, ask the questions we were burning to know, and the results were glorious. As you might have seen, The Campus recently hosted a survey of a similar name. 41% of the student body responded to theirs; 42% responded to ours. We can’t wait to share these results with you. See you in the Old Chapel copy room at 3.

**WHO WOULD WIN IN A FIGHT, MY DAD OR YOUR DAD?**

- My Dad: 38%
- Prefer Not to Answer: 2%

**HOW WOULD YOU IMPROVE THE SGA?**

- Institute Campaign Finance Laws: 33%
- More Uncensored Elections: 20%
- Force Candidates to Register as Whigs: 12%
- Make Candidates Wear Wigs: 17%
- Everyone at SGA Meetings Must Wear Giant Signs that say "Nerd": 17%
- Please Give Me a Third Option: 100%

**WHO DO YOU KNOW HERE?**

- Thad: 41%
- Chad: 5%
- Ned: 5%
- "Oh my lord I thought this was Quidditch": 15%

**WHAT IS YOUR POLITICAL ALLIGNMENT?**

- Socialist: 30%
- Communist: 21%
- Far Left: 13%
- Democrat: 27%

**IN YOUR PAST TEN CHRISTIAN MINGLE MESSAGES, HOW MANY WERE WITH INDIVIDUALS OF THE SAME RELIGION?**

- Christian: 100%

**WHAT CULTURE DO YOU WISH MORE PEOPLE ON CAMPUS PARTICIPATED IN?**

- Gamer: 50%
- Community Service: 16%
- Troll Hunting: 7%
- Troll Hunting (Online): 9%
- Big Oil: 6%
- Probiotic Culture: 5%
- Antibiotic Culture: 10%

**HOW SHOULD MIDDLEBURY DECREASE THE NUMBER OF HONOR CODE VIOLATIONS?**

- Capital Punishment: 16%
- Make Kids Sign the Honor Code Twice: 26%
- Let the Free Market Rant to Course: 15%
- All Tests Must Be Invented; Tainted in Proctor: 15%
- Undercover Public Safety: 7%

**HAVE YOU EVER BROUGHT YOURSELF TO ORGASM IN THE THIRD FLOOR OLD CHAPEL COPY ROOM?**

- Yeah Me Neither: 10%
- Not Today: 22%

**WHAT CAMPUS CONTROVERSY TURNED YOU ON THE MOST THIS YEAR?**

- Ryan Skipping Boys Night: 15%
- Logofest: 18%
- The Chem Test Question: 20%
- The Grille Closing on Ablenays and Tuesdays: 22%
- Charles Coming Back from a Semester Abroad with 6th Accent: 22%