“Listen to Our Podcast!”
Administration Croaks as It Pays Many Employees Below Living Wage

The Middlebury administration released a podcast last week to boost its media reputation. It also clarified over email that the college will continue to pay groundsworking, custodial, and entry dining hall employees below a living wage.

Following staff efforts to unionize, administrators decided that the best way to voice their support for facilities and dining staff was by refusing to raise wages from between $11-12 per hour to the $13.34 that technically constitutes a livable wage in Vermont.

According to John Secretary, Executive Vice President for Finance and Euphemism, this decision is not subject to change “unless the market demands it, or if we develop a conscience despite the corporate hierarchy that higher education has become.”

“Workforce planning is exactly what it sounds like—firing employees with little notice and running a higher-ed institution like a Fortune 500 company,” he added. “We’re one big community; we love all our employees equally, emotionally speaking, whether we pay them minimum wage or $575,000 a year.”

Many staff members questioned the administration’s recent statement, citing the fact that some employees have a job for life because they invited a Polish man to campus, while others are not allowed to gather in groups more than 12.

Facilities worker John Armstrong noted that some students have followed the administration’s lead of using economic euphemisms to disrespect staff, referring to peeing in elevators as “restroom relocation” and stealing signs as “free-market resource extraction.”

In an extra effort to show that administration is in touch with the feelings of college staff, President Patton offered up a supportive Sanskrit saying: “Yesterday is but a dream, tomorrow is only a vision,” Patton said, “Today we reach out to consultants.”

Davis Family Library Set to Return Home

News broke early this morning that after 14 years of work, library staff finally managed to repair Davis Family Library’s broken hyper drive, allowing it to travel back to its home galaxy.

“We’re beyond relieved to have finally restored Davis to its original purpose – interstellar travel,” said librarian Goslash Summon.

After plummeting to the Earth in 2004, Davis was initially a major problem for the school because its modern architecture clashed with the New England puritanical aesthetic. However, Davis’s hollow interior soon became the ideal location to store all the things the college couldn’t fit elsewhere, namely, books, cassette tapes, and old copies of the Crampus.

Unfortunately, the Inter Terrestrial (IT) Desk, CTLR, and Tom Myer’s ‘22 secret porn stash will now have to be relocated. The college declined to comment on where the materials may be placed, but polls suggest that students would like to see them in the college bookstore.

While many celebrate Davis’ homecoming, some students lament the change.

“I’ll be sad to see the library go,” said student research desk assistant Elliot Gertie ’20.5. “When I wasn’t being paid to do my homework, I passed the time by helping to repair the vessel’s shield systems. It sucks that I have to find a real job now.”

“Really? You really want to spend $13 on yams?”

FOOD SECTION, PAGE 420

“Tomorrow, we install security cameras around campus.”

POLITICS SECTION, PAGE 69

“Ding ding ding dong dong ding doong ding.”

CULTURE, PAGE 1800

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CULTURE, PAGE 1800
NEWS

SGA Chief of Keef Launches Impeachment Investigation Against President Patton for “Bad Vibes”

SGA Chief of Keef River Goldberg ’20.5, who oversees all matters pertaining to finely ground marijuana and “dusting this geech,” released his highly-anticipated “State of the Vibes” report late Thursday night. In the report, which was published directly after “an ego-shattering bong rip,” Goldberg slowly declared his new impeachment campaign against President Laurie Patton, citing his 12 articles all titled “Bad Vibes.”

Goldberg went public with evidence supporting his bold claim of President Patton being guilty of Bad Vibes in a thirty-page report, which consists exclusively of screenshots of his Notes app.

The report begins with the instance that sparked Goldberg’s investigation: when witnesses saw Patton leaving her haunted mansion dressed in a Pink Panther costume on Halloween night. Other articles focus on Patton’s other behaviors, like “scary-ass white dogs,” “called me ‘good friend,’” “Scropio,” and “Commencement Address still in Parseltongue,” as well as keen observations, such as “somehow two years younger than my parents.”

“Okay, so like, when you Google her, you go to images, yeah? And you expect a variety of poses? Bro, she’s just smiling in all of them,” Goldberg told a Noodle reporter during a smoky rendezvous under the Battell Beach willow tree, “Those Mona Lisa eyes follow you everywhere, but obviously her brow game is way stronger.”

Patton declined to respond to questions about the inquiry, but did whisper to our reporter, “What do you think I keep in those big cloak pockets? It’s not Tic-tacs,” followed by a knowing wink.

Goldberg expects to conclude his investigation once he schedules a meeting with Patton to conduct an in-person “vibe check.” Neither top Vibe-scorers SGA Chief of Queef nor the Liaison to the Well-Endowed were available for comment.

Midd Virgin Club Accidentally Releases Meeting Notes

On November 11th, 2019, the newly founded Middletown Virgin Club accidentally released meeting notes from a semester’s worth of kvetching over sexless encounters as a group. Under the alias of the Middletown Independent, the notes took the form of a New Yorker-style magazine, though with far more typos and unfounded opinions. The copies were mistakenly distributed outside dining halls with the College’s real publications.

The 20-page transcription of the meeting offers valuable insights into the psychology of the modern liberal arts-educated virgin, including unrequested yet wildly compelling arguments against abortion from the perspective of people who clearly have never had sex. These meeting notes clarify that the Virgin Club should not be confused with the Middlebury Campus; while The Campus offers facts-based reporting, the Independent offers a platform for sad 100,000-word manifestos that nobody asked for nor needed.

One redacted page of the transcription recorded one member asking the group, “Are gay white men allowed to have opinions?” to which another virgin said, “No—period.”

The Virgin Club resolved to fix their emblematic virgin status by “engaging across difference,” their chosen euphemism for attempting to initiate intercourse with someone of the middle-class.

In transcribed discussions about funding, members of the club decided to ask for support from Charles Koch, their primary “ghostwriter.” That way, no ‘sexual illiberals’ could cut their funding, or worse, pop their cherries.

Middlebury Students Struggle to Convince Parents that Seasonal Affective Disorder Isn’t “Some Leftist Hoax”

With the plummeting spirits that accompany the winter season, many Middlebury students are struggling to persuade their parents that Seasonal Affective Disorder isn’t just “some leftist hoax.”

“It’s getting kind of ridiculous,” says Wynn T. R. Sux ’21, while rapidly ripping open Vitamin D packets and dumping them into her orange juice. “Every time I try to tell my parents about how sad I’ve been getting when the sun sets at 4pm, they just yell at me to stop reading about that Marx guy and his latte getting when the sun sets at 4pm, they just yell at me.”

For example, when witnesses saw Patton leaving her haunted mansion dressed in a Pink Panther costume on Halloween night, the Liaison to the Well-Endowed said, “Sometimes we have to give more blunt, efficient advice for fighting Seasonal Affective Disorder. We ask students to consider spending their days going through photos from summertime, or putting themselves in a coma for a little bit.”

Parton Counseling Center has long struggled to convince these parents about the existence of Seasonal Affective Disorder. While they know that it is ultimately pointless to try, they encourage parents to buy their children cheap, Kirkland-brand “happy light” lamps, which is probably the only thing they can do that passes as supportive.

Nevertheless, Middlebury’s counselors have not taken their attention off helping the student body, instead of their parents.

“We’re trying to help, but we are incredibly overbooked,” says Parton Counselor Heath Swomwell. “Sometimes we have to give more blunt, efficient advice for fighting Seasonal Affective Disorder.”
MCAB Presents: This Time, We Drown You in a Chocolate River and Turn You into a Blueberry

Yesterday, Middlebury College students gathered at the College’s biomass gasification plant for an MCAB-sponsored simulation of the classic film Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. Inspired by the overwhelming success of October’s horse-drawn carriage extravaganza, the event was the latest in a series of efforts by MCAB to bring a sense of whimsy back to campus.

Drowsy, hungover students were shocked when, upon biting into their Proc “Potato Barrels” on Sunday morning, they felt the unmistakable sensation of gold-leaf foil against their teeth. Only later that morning, when MCAB sent out a mass email announcing an all-inclusive chocolate factory tour at the college’s very own biomass gasification plant, did these lucky students realize the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity they had won.

“We at MCAB like to keep our fingers on the pulse of what these college kids really want. And, without surveying any students, we knew in our hearts that what these kids want are high-quality reenactments of fairytales” says MCAB treasurer Jeanne Wylder ’19.5.

This year’s winners of the first annual Biomass Gasification Plant chocolate factory tour were history major Charlie Bucket ’20, lacrosse midfielder Violet Beauregarde ’22, Greenwich native Veruca Salt ’21.5, FMMC major Mike Teavee ’20, and football running back Augustus Gloop ’23.

When our reporters asked Gloop for comment on the rumor that he had a near-death drowning experience in the simulation’s chocolate river, he said, “our weird fucking tour guide, Oona Lupa (MCAB vice president, ’20.5), brought up that dumb stat going around school that the football team drinks 40 gallons of chocolate milk a day and that she doubts any one person could guzzle more than a gallon in one sitting,” Gloop says. “So, of course I had to prove her wrong.”

When asked about the volunteers working the event, Beauregarde recalled a strange experience as well. She said, as she anxiously took a hit of her vape, “they put out these Juul pods on platters and said they were testing new flavors. I was weirded out, but what was I going to do? Not take free pods? So I took a hit of the blueberry one and immediately felt so sick. I went blue in the face, and I felt like I was going to blow up.”

The 30-minute simulation cost the school roughly $1.5 million. MCAB has declined our request for comment, though the Financial Aid Office assured the Local Noodle that these funds could not have possibly been reallocated to further fund student financial aid, and definitely could not be used to extend the life of free laundry to next semester.

A Message from the CCI:

Pick yourself up by the bootstraps!

It’s the American Fucking Dream

CCI Hands Out Bootstraps to Jobless Seniors

Earlier this week, the Center for Careers and Internships, frustrated by the futility of their advice, started offering so-called “unemployable” seniors free bootstraps embossed with the phrase “It’s the American fucking Dream.”

This new strategy, fully funded by the Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy Foundation, advises seniors to “go find a job themselves instead of relying on Handshake to do it for them.” It also schedules 20-minute windows for seniors to get their feet sized, in order to tailor the bootstraps—a service they refer to as “FootShake.”

Paul N. Ureselvup, the director of the program and LinkedIn portrait photographer, feels the bootstraps will help graduates feel more like the working class.

“We’ve noticed that students have trouble understanding their place in the office world after they finish paying $280,000 to study dead languages and find ways to complain about food they didn’t cook and suites they don’t clean.”

“I spent 15 minutes on FootShake and Handjob before I started crying,” said Skye Whetherford ’20. “The recommended jobs for dance majors are literally all animal reiki internships just outside Oklahoma City. I cannot bring myself to do that, not after how hard I’ve worked these past four years.”

The bootstrap program is projected to shut up 80 percent of seniors who feel they cannot get a job anywhere, even back home in Westchester.

Time will tell if the bootstraps help seniors find employment; if the history of the United States is an example, though, as long as Daddy can put you in touch with his college roommate, you can still spend your senior year complaining about the job market before falling back on a steady career in yacht insurance.
**NEWS**

### New Econ Professor Just a Size 34 Pair of Slim-Fit J. Crew Khakis

The Middlebury Economics department shook things up for the fall semester, incorporating some new blood into the department and taking on a slim-fit, handsome pair of khakis for a tenure-track role.

The khakis, which will be teaching Intro Macroeconomics, were designed in early 2017 and released as part of the 2018 Autumn/Winter Collection at J. Crew. Their tags have been removed, but there are no visible stains or signs of wear.

The khakis have a PhD from the London School of Economics, where they were slung over a chair at graduation, mistaken for an Economics student, and awarded a degree.

The hot new professor has already taken on some advisees. “Yeah, Dr. J. Krukakis is one of the best lecturers I’ve ever had,” says Trey Trottledilly III ’20.

“We just sit quietly in class and watch him as he lays in a heap at the front of the room near the board. I don’t know, he just really speaks to my learning style.”

The khakis are rumored to have declined offers from the University of Chicago and the University of California at Berkeley. A spokesman for the khakis revealed that this decision may have been accidental, and that the khakis “may have simply fell out of the window of a passing truck and landed on the lawn in front of Warner.”

“Editor’s note: This student is mistaken in his gendering of the khakis. Though the khakis are intended for men, they are non-binary and use they/them pronouns.”

### Administration Announces “Divestment from Disability,” as Midd’s Newest Buildings Remain Non-ADA Compliant

After the positive reception of divestment from fossil fuels last year, Middlebury administrators decided to keep the ball rolling and divest from any accessibility improvements on campus, keeping the majority of buildings on campus non-ADA compliant.

Although some students had critiqued the lack of accessibility in the Ridgeline Suites and Townhouses, the administration remained deaf to their demands and went ahead with the impossibly hard to maneuver shipping container that is 75 Shannon Street.

Despite the administration’s enthusiasm for further divestment, not all students were thrilled about the initiative. The Tuesday Mid-Afternoon Accessibility Group (TMAAG) was formed in response to the latest divestment effort, highlighting the 4,153 ways that Middlebury’s campus violates the American Disability Act (ADA).

Executive Note-taker for Sidewalk and Elevator Planning Anthony Dalton dismissed the opposition, saying, “You crunchy, greasy liberals wanted to Divest sooo badly, so we listened and decided to Divest from Disability, too. The buildings may not be ADA-compliant, but at least their energy consumption isn’t counted toward the Carbon Neutrality initiative either!”

He went on to say that students struggling to get around campus should simply “try harder; stop skipping leg day, or just fucking transfer.”

Dalton does not understand why students claim administrators have turned a blind eye to ADA compliance, since the buildings all meet the requirements set by the American Dental Association (ADA).

“We put floss in every bathroom—that’s literally the only regulation.”

The college also claims that much like divesting from fossil fuels, divesting from disability will be an overall win for the college financially. “We can all agree that disability is a dying industry not worth our investment. It’s just not as profitable as private prisons used to be,” said Reese Reiche ’20, who plans to join the Clandestine Services division of the CIA after graduation.

The divestment featured a slideshow of photos and videos taken throughout the semester, comprised mainly of montages of the students frolicking on the beach in long sundresses and driving their younger homestay students to elementary school, interspersed with occasional snapshots of whiteboards detailing intensive future CIA operations.

At one point, the luncheon fell silent. “It’s getting bigger,” murmured Celeste Kidman ’22, through her bangs, to Renata Clarke ’20. When pressed for details about what “it” might be, Kidman clarified: “the lie.”

When asked about the study abroad program’s final ceremonies, the girls exchanged hushed remarks about a costume party, promptly packed their designer bags, and gracefully, solemnly, and gorgeously left the RAJ conference room.

### Biddies Return from Monterey Semester Abroad with Knowledge of Nuclear Nonproliferation and Dark, Glamorous Secret

Last week, the Rohatyn Center for Global Affairs hosted its semi-annual luncheon for students returning from the Middlebury Institute of International Studies semester abroad program, known for its applied foreign affairs education and top-notch cultural immersion in the culture of the affluent, caucasian Monterey elite.

The MIIS semester is geared towards students looking to train intensively in one of three subfields: counterterrorism, global cybersecurity, or being a free-spirited, beguiling mother of two with a knack for DIY crafts and a secretive interest in the occult.

“The homestay experience was my favorite part because I got really close to my host mom. Every afternoon, we would put on chunky cardigans, stare out at the sea from the full glass window of our Bauhaus mansion, and just be wistful together. It bonded us,” said Reese Reiche ’20, who plans to join the Clandestine Services division of the CIA after graduation.

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**Professor Krukakis supplies student demand for good looks.**

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“Instead, we’ve decided to re-invest in more socially-conscious assets like the booming CBD-infused lubricant industry. Now, who can argue with that?”
LOCAl NEWS

Middlebury Becomes First Town in VT with 1:5 Person to Boutique Ratio

With the recent opening of The Stone Mill, home of the Stone Mill Public Market, Middlebury has officially become the first town in Vermont with a 1-to-5 person to boutique ratio.

The Stone Mill Public Market is a collection of world-class boutiques, featuring cow’s milk soap bars, hand-hammered metal cow sculptures, and watercolor paintings of cows out to pasture.

As owner Veronica van der Worthington explains, “One simply has to walk down Main Street to know that Middlebury has become inundated with gift boutiques. Yet, nowhere are parents—I mean, townspeople—provided with the opportunity to experience the triple threat of adult coloring books, watery espresso, and tacos that makes you think, ‘Oh, so this is Vermont.’”

After his morning of white wine tasting, parent Henry Gifford III says he is relieved by the new addition to his collection of world-class boutiques.

The Stone Mill Project also houses a branch of Mad Taco, which van der Worthington describes as “gentrified street food for the future gentrifiers of America.”

“I’m so glad there’s finally an answer to the problem of everything closing in Middlebury: more boutiques!” says economics major Adam Smith ’21. “Even though the Old Stone Mill used to be a hippy, student-run creative space, I feel way more comfortable now that it’s an upper-class-hippy space that barely looks creative. Like my flannel.”

Local railroad worker Thomas Thetankanjin commented, “I can’t get a single thing I need downtown anymore, but at least I can look at hundreds of different moose-wool scarves and hand-painted moose ornaments to distract myself from the impending economic recession.”

“It’s just encouraging to see Middlebury parents doing so much to support the local economy,” owner van der Worthington noted. “Especially when their market pressure results in a shortage of unnecessary affordable shopping options.”

Two Community Friends in Trench Coat Voted Employee of the Month at BevCo

This past week, the Community Friends Org. proudly announced that two of its mentees were recognized as BevCo’s November Employee of the Month. Jenny and Willy, two tall fifth-graders at Mary Hogan Elementary, have been working at the store since they were kicked out of summer camp for clipping then eating everyone’s toenails while they slept.

Jenny’s mentor, Alfred Robbins ’22, was proud to see his community friend play such a critical role in the community.

“She always had a dream that she’d make an impact around here, and although I always told her I believed in her, I never thought it would happen so soon!”

Robbins paused to wipe the tears collecting in his eyes before continuing. “Now she can do her part to help make sure every Saturday is for the boys!”

Dirk Björk, the store’s manager, has praised the two for their unmatched ability to convincingly examine the fake driver’s license of that one skinny, short soccer player, Brent, before he buys another 30-pack of Keystone Lite.

“I’m just glad I can still get away with child labor.”

While many were excited by the news, the town police have expressed concerns about how employing minors could tarnish the store’s otherwise pristine legal record.

Medieval Knight Disappointed No One at Tavern Will Give Him Quest

Though the party at Tavern last Saturday night was widely deemed a success by most of the attending first-years, The Local Noodle has received reports that not everyone in attendance was pleased with the night’s outcome.

Despite not being a student, Middlebury resident Sir Letholdus the Worthy sought admittance to the social house after hearing reports of the establishment’s immense popularity and copious flow of ale. Donning a suit of shining armor and his family’s ancestral blade Fleshlighte, Sir Letholdus searched for anyone who could purportedly grant him a quest of epic and unparalleled significance.

Unfortunately, his willingness to put his life in peril for the betterment of the realm was apparently needless. Few students expressed any desire to initiate a conversation with the knight, and nobody needed any help, especially not the CSFS majors who repeatedly told him that “maiden in distress” is a social construct.

When asked for comment, Sir Letholdus lamented, “In my youth, I was told that whenever I sought a quest I should look no further than the local tavern. But as the evening progressed, I found not one peasant in need of help, nor a princess in need of rescue, or nary even a dragon that needed to be slain. At the very least, one would think a campus with a maze on thou’s organic farm would be occupied by a minotaur or some other unholy abomination.”

With time, Sir Letholdus’s experience only became worse. Despite the Knight’s noble intentions, his presence clearly disturbed many students just trying to enjoy their Saturday night.

Sophomore Harold Burres ’22 claims, “to begin, he was a fifty or so year old man, which was odd. But he seemed out of touch with his surroundings. At one point Old Town Road came on and he started screaming at me that Lil Nas X was ‘a subpar bard who failed to utilize the majesty of the lute.’”

Junior Greitel Blake ’21 had a particularly negative experience. “I saw him lift the visor of his helmet to offer me his undying allegiance and take a sip of beer out and started complaining of ‘watered down mead.’ I hope he never shows up at Tav again.”

After hours of searching in vain for a quest, Sir Letholdus reportedly became depressed and went to stand alone in the corner of the basement, muttering about failing his liege lord instead of dancing.

Sir Letholdus was eventually kicked out of Tav for taking the game Die too literally.
In Defense of New Jersey

You know, people like to talk a lot of shit about New Jersey, like that it’s “America’s armpit” and “a trash heap,” as well as filled with “too many rowdy Italians who identify as people of color.” We here at the Noodle thought this, too — we used to snort and guffaw and say “New Jersey is so dumb and bad.” But when we took our first-ever annual Fall Break tour of Jersey City, we were confronted with the harmful lies we had been propagating.

This popular narrative of New Jersey is one of envy-fueled slander and libel. There has been a nationwide propaganda campaign against this tender state, one that has resulted in the complete degradation of New Jersey’s reputation as a historic, diverse, and “spirited” place that has served as a launching pad for some of the most influential members of American society. If New Jersey were so bad, would A-list astronaut and B-list celebrity Buzz Aldrin have been born and raised here?

Still, people sneer that New Jersey “is just a huge rat orgy,” and that “a guy named Dominic fucked my husband.” These dum dums also allege that “the Jersey Turnpike by Newark Liberty International Airport smells like a fat shart,” referencing New Jersey’s booming and vital chemical plants that flank the turnpike.

Well, reader — we say those are some gross mischaracterizations! We will fight to the grave to end such vicious stereotypes and bring justice to the wonderful, gorgeous men and broad shoulded, sexy babes of New Jersey. The next time some says “please, say ‘cawfee’ just once,” we will say “please, we implore you, take a bite out of our piping hot pork roll instead,” and we will make them taste, even relish, the delicate ballet of flavors contained within our state’s favorite sandwich.

We will also refer them to New Jersey’s lovely, crowded, angry, drunken shoreline, on which Bruce Springsteen’s horses occasionally defecate.

If you don’t believe us, just listen to the talk Dr. Arnie Fitzpatrick gave at Hillcrest last week. Fitzpatrick, who was born and raised in Middletown, New Jersey, said: “There are some facts everybody needs to understand about New Jersey. New Jersey has one of the highest rates of people named ‘Joey’ per capita. New Jersey has a strong, vibrant immigrant community, as well as ample white, gay male gentrifiers driving up their rents. New Jersey’s state bird is the eastern goldfinch, and its state snake is THIS D*CK!” Fitzpatrick finished, gesturing to his nuts, and the audience roared in approval.

If New Jersey is an armpit, then armpits are good, and also beautiful. New Jersey is quintessentially American right to have napkins within immediate reach of my pig juice-encrusted paws. They can’t expect me to get that P when I’ve got a barbecue sauce sleeve up my elbows!

I know what you’re thinking: “Chet, why don’t you just walk up to the big napkin dispensers and grab some napkins? We all want to look at your muscular ass, anyway!”

Well, let me tell you, folks: this issue is bigger than my ass. The pointy-headed academics who control our lives have been grabbing power for years. First meatless Mondays, now this — what’s next? Will all of us be expected to pee in the same elevator? Will I have to masturbate into a waffle with not just the football team, but also the lacrosse team?

I didn’t think that I would be the one to have to stand up to fascism, but someone’s gonna do it, and I’ve had enough. As we learned in Body and Earth (yes, I am a dance/theatre joint major—deal with it!), oppression is felt within the corporeal form.

So, in the tradition of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. as well as Mahatma Gandhi, I will be boycotting all napkins until this injustice is remedied. It will not be pretty and it will be stinky, but it is what’s right—and that’s all that matters.
Geology Professor Caught Throwing Stones, Forced to Work in Glass Office

Last Friday at an ancillary GeoFest celebration, Geology professor Gneiss Schist was caught throwing stones from the sixth-floor BiHall balcony and has been officially reprimanded by some coalition of nerds. The coalition unanimously decided that Schist would receive the indefinite punishment of working in the entirely glass office on the third floor of BiHall.

Geology major Roxxi Geode ’23 expressed support for Professor Schist, saying, “I think everyone should be able to throw a stone every now and then. Forcing him to live in a glass office is a really draconian punishment, because now he obviously can’t throw any stones. Give Schist his drywall and dignity back for God’s sake!”

Ryan Driller ’22, an economics major on the hockey team, witnessed the event. “I was studying for my Natty-Haz exam, when all of a sudden I was put in the middle of a real-life natural hazard!”

“I have nothing but admiration for Prof. Schist and the fact that he provided me with this incredible experiential learning opportunity, not to mention a minor concussion which is kinda sick!”

The precedent for this punishment was set in spring 2016 when Swirly McPherson ’17 was found pleasuring himself with a centrifuge in the fourth-floor geology lab. He was subsequently forced by some other group of administrative nerds to live in a glass domicile in the center of Battell Beach.

“I really have no complaints, I love to be watched,” said Schist.

“The one problem is that I deeply miss my rocks. I yearn for the subtle ridge of an andesite deposit, the smooth bulge of a sandstone obelisk, the chalky depths of a good, soft pumice,” he added, unprompted.

The administration has recently cracked down on similar issues of faculty misconduct and abuse of power, stating in a school-wide email that they intend to leave “no stone unturned,” so to speak.

Retiring Biology Professor to be Replaced by Younger, Hotter Clone

The biology department announced last week that Professor Milo Chondria will be retiring at the end of the Fall 2019 semester, noting that students can still take Ecology and Evolution with his younger, hotter clone.

“After 40 years of teaching for the Middlebury College biology department, as well as a year teaching a theatre class entitled ‘The Shakespeare of the Galapagos: Darwin’s Lost Plays,’ our beloved colleague Milo Chondria will be retiring in order to enjoy his remaining time with his remaining limbs,” said department chair Mike Tosis.

While the news saddened many biology majors, it came as no surprise to several of his past students. Alumnus William Nye ’88 said, “Wait, that guy is still alive? He’s a great professor, don’t get me wrong, but I took his class 31 years ago and swear he was coughing up dust even then.”

In his last few years of teaching, Professor Chondria took steps to ensure that his legacy at Middlebury will live on after his retirement through his class BIOLO666, in which students created a sexier and more youthful clone of Professor Chondria to learn about osmosis.

Simone Soldem, a fellow biology department professor, says that she does not have a strong opinion on the cloning class, so long as she does not need to spend her lunches listening to prospective replacements blab about their research on the latest developments in spectrophotometry when she “could be in her office Googling pictures of fish having sex, for... scientific investigation.”

The insatiably desirable and yet ethically questionable clone of Professor Chondria is set to be in full form by early December. Students recognize that while they have the ability to manipulate his physical form, they have no control over his intellectual choices. Regardless, they hope that he will wear a crop-top lab coat to lectures in the spring.

The Nurse Is In: Strep Throat or Deep Throat?

Each winter, as the cold weather isolates people indoors and facilitates the spread of germs, Parton sees a spike in cases of Strep throat (streptococcal pharyngitis). Likewise, the annual approach of February naturally reminds students of the February 1974 publication of All The President’s Men.

This book by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein details the exposure of the Watergate scandal which could not have been accomplished without the valuable aid of an anonymous informant known as Deep Throat.

But wait, Strep throat and Deep Throat? They sound so similar, how could anyone tell them apart? It’s very confusing, but strep throat is actually a bacterial infection that spreads through mouth-to-mouth contact, including kissing, sharing cups, and “baby birding” that last bite of your Proc Morning Star chicken nug-nugs. Deep Throat, on the other hand, was a critical player in the investigation of the Watergate Scandal, so-named because of his deep voice, and in coy reference to the pornographic film Deep Throat which was popular at the time.

Some things to consider when attempting to identify your affliction are: have you been coughing a lot, or have you been meeting a man in a parking garage in the wee hours of the morning to discuss presidential impropriety? Are you missing class, or are you risking censure at work due to the sharing of deeply confidential information related to former White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman? Do you have tiny red spots on the roof of your mouth, or do you possess the dangerous knowledge that the five men arrested in the Watergate Hotel in June 1972 are in cahoots with the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREEP)?

Diagnosis can be difficult. Normally for strep throat detection, a bacterial culture is undergone at identification of Deep Throat, in contrast, was only achieved three grueling decades after the Woodward and Bernstein exposure when it was finally confirmed by representatives of former FBI associate director Mark Felt that Felt was indeed Deep Throat.

Whether it’s strep throat or Deep Throat that you’ve got, good luck! Strep throat has a very good prognosis—most people recover within a week or two. Deep Throat, however, passed away in 2008.
Ralph Myhre Golf Course Celebrates A Decade of Diversity!

Last weekend, the Ralph Myhre Golf Course, Middlebury’s bastion of Boomer culture, celebrated a decade of unprecedented levels of diversity. The diversity initiative started off ten years ago with a challenge from the administration to increase diversity on the course. The learning curve was steep for many existing members who thought that diversity was not an issue so long as Tiger Woods remained their favorite player.

“After Barack Obama was elected, we had to make a few changes around here in case he ever wanted to putt a round, but we just couldn’t figure out how,” says course spokesperson R Eddlyne.

Many of these endeavors were unsuccessful. However, there was a breakthrough when the Political Science department decided to host a controversial speaker at the 9th hole. Student protestors stormed the course, resulting in a record-high percentage of students on the golf course who weren’t straight white men.

“Now we can do what Middlebury does for all of its other inclusion spaces,” says course spokesperson R Eddlyne. “We can take a bunch of photos of POCs out of context and claim that our place is far more diverse than it is.”

When pressed on whether his sport is intentionally exclusive Eddlyne proclaimed, “I have a lot of black friends,” before walking away.

After the legendary celebration of diversity, the course proudly announced its change in inclusivity policy:

“Golfers can no longer be discriminated by their race, sexual orientation, or background, only by their gender. Get those skirts on, ladies!”

Football Team Undefeated—in the Size of Their Hearts

The Middlebury Athletics Department recently released a report on the football team’s undefeated record—indeed their enormous capacity for kindness.

The semi-all-star team, once recognized for their barrel-like thighs and a homogenous presence in the back of classrooms, now appears to be a homogenous presence in the landscape of campus life.

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” says Guy Nourmal ’21, that one student always toasting a bagel next to you in the dining hall. “The football team used to just spit on me as they walked past, but now, the boys just plant a platonic kiss on my forehead, wish me luck on my thesis, and send me on my way.”

Due to a new Campus Culture Initiative spearheaded by the Athletics Office, only the “kindest, supplest, and most socially-conscious” men are recruited for the team. The Initiative hopes to combat stereotypes that the football boys are just “strong guys who throw parties like Wall Street Wednesday, where they do coke and recap the speech from Wolf of Wall Street where they choose the rich over poor every fucking time.”

“One of the initiative’s requirements is to recruit players interested in the humanities, or who had taken a dance class,” says Effifa Shinisy, the coach. “Any player who used the phrase ‘money stuff or whatever’ to describe their ambitions was cut immediately.”

Shinisy and her team aren’t stopping there. Players in the expected class of ’24 have organized garbage cleanups in the Pacific Ocean, developed a cure for the ebola virus, and raised multiple sets of twins as a surrogate mother. Three especially upstanding recruits were personally requested by both Binyamin Netanyahu and Mahmoud Abbas to draft a peace deal in the ongoing Israel-Palestine conflict, the historic results of which have landed Brett Rahhawld, Joseph Biggs, and Abernathy Lamb in the running for the Nobel Peace Prize this year.

Because of the success of this initiative within the football program, the Athletics Office will continue to implement new but less demanding recruiting strategies with other sports teams. Some teams are seeking recruits who own clothes that aren’t sports-related, while others target those who loosely attempt not to gentrify another city but inevitably will.

Anthropology Department Finds “Athlete Culture” Heavy in Tools, Light on Language, Art, Dance, Music, Food

The Anthropology Department published the results of a holistic study into campus athlete life this week, finding that the term “Athlete Culture” may be a misnomer since the student-athlete community has no language, art, music, dance, or cuisine.

“Look, my favorite culture is Mesopotamia, and this looks nothing like it,” says Professor Jim Mann, who led the ethnographic study after spending two years living among athletes in the depths of the Peterson Family Athletics Complex.

“I thought that maybe it would be similar to the cultures that existed five thousand years ago, but these athletes are way more primitive.”

It is hard to say if Mann’s position as a professor influenced his findings, although the sheer number of fist bumps he receives while walking through the Athletic Center seems to suggest that he successfully integrated himself into their community as a “really cool dude.”

The report states that indecipherable chants in the weight room do not convey any institutional meaning, and are closer to the grunting noises of Texas feral pig communities. Additionally, despite their agility on the field, the report finds that “athletes failed to allure anybody sexually on the dance floor, since their only noticeable ‘dance’ style is limited to a meaningless cacophony of random limbs in air.”

Many athletes contested the study. Swim captain Gilly Fischer ’20 was particularly enraged by their cuisine section. “He said we have no culture? But what about all the probiotics in our chocolate milk? Or the theme parties we have—they’re like holidays.”

Athletic Director Peggy Parson voiced a similar concern, arguing “that money is evidence of a highly developed community, so given our athletes’ monolithic wealth simply cannot be called uncultured.”