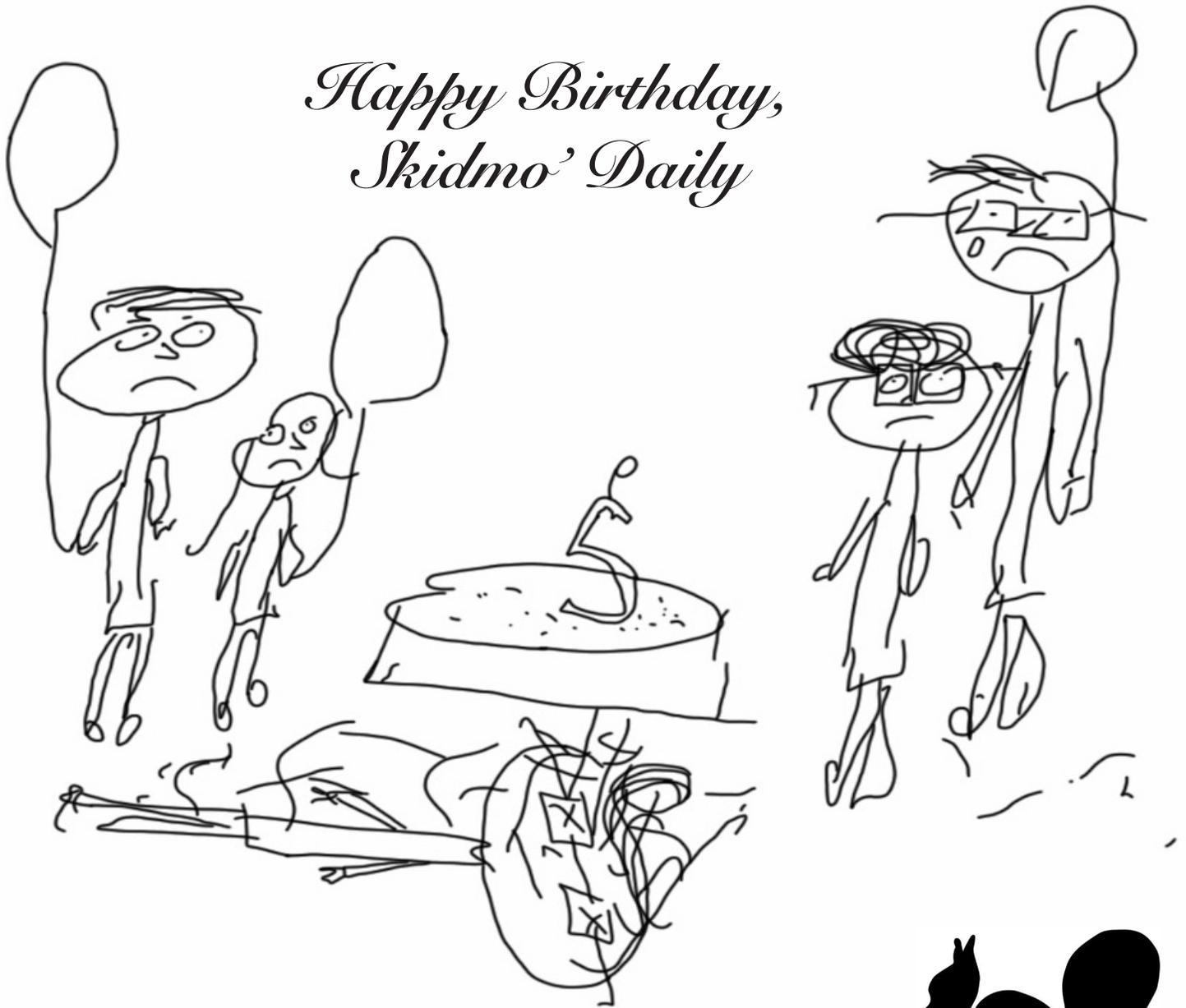


The Skidmo' Daily

November 13, 2018

5 Year Anniversary Edition

*Happy Birthday,
Skidmo' Daily*



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Letter From the Founder..

I remember five years ago, I tried to get off the Skidmore News writer mailing list. While I'd briefly flirted with joining their staff, the pressures of partying freshman year and being too out of it to attend a meeting of theirs finally overcame me. Sophomore year I was a new man, and wanted off their mailing list. But I couldn't get off. Week after week, they kept emailing me about their writer's meetings. And if nothing else, I am motivated by pettiness. So I started my own newspaper, along with a group of friends and classmates.

I never thought *Skidmo'* would take off, and I wasn't sure if it would continue after I was gone. But along the way we had fantastic members, like George Lubitz, Doug Patrick who were able to take the club and keep it alive, and expand it into new frontiers such as being online. Wyatt Hackett, who provided hilarious cartoons and developed the new layout. Miranda Thompson, Nick Papazian, Quint Turner, Lizette Roman-Johnston and Connor Baptism for years of exceptional articles and always making me laugh. Markus Messori, John O'Hara for being there from the first edition. And a ton of other people who contributed over the years, but not specifically to this edition, so I am cutting for space reasons. While I never actually got the chance to work alongside Max LoSardo and Hannah Kotler, their work has been fantastic and I am proud to have them leading *Skidmo'* today. Plus, in 2018, it was about time we had an Italian-American and a white woman lead the club, so that's progress.

Skidmo' started as a joke, so I'm happy that, in a sense, it has never lost that spirit. Despite becoming a popular club whose work is enjoyed by students and teachers alike (and, rumor has it, President Glotzbach – despite the time he wouldn't let us distribute in the coffee shop after catching me leaving a stack of papers with the title "StarFucked"). But still, the *Skidmo'* writer's room remains a place for people to joke around, blow off steam, and make friends. Today, a couple years removed from Skidmore, some of the people I met through that club are still my closest friends. And I hope that will hold true, not just for myself but for our writers five years from now.

In a sentence: *Skidmo'* is about skewing the absurdity of life at Skidmore, and as long as this world keeps being so absurd, business will stay good. I wish the best of luck to today's *Skidmo'* writers and to tomorrow's. And I look forward to our 10th anniversary edition: coming November 4, 2023.

Sincerely,

Jack M. Rosen
Skidmo' Daily Founder and Editor-in-Chief

Top Stories of the Week

Skidmo' Daily Turns 5 Years Old

Former College Satire Writers Want You To Know They "Still Got It"

Former Skidmo' Writer Unable to Successfully Leave Club Facebook Group After All These Years

"How Do They Do It?" Asks Skidmore News

Skidmo' Awarded Official Decharterment As Birthday Present From SGA

Skidmore Graduate Veils Feelings of Inadequacy, Existential Dread with Sardonic Article

by George Lubitz '17

NEW ROCHELLE, NY—Skidmore graduate and former staff writer for *The Skidmo' Daily* Tyler Biggins, who was matriculated from Skidmore a year and a half ago, decided to pen an ironic article about how his life is turned to shit post-grad.

The article, which he believed at its inception to be totally unique and a real laugh, details, with an extremely heavy layer of sardonicism, the day-to-day goings on of a “recently”-graduated Skidmore alum.

In what can only be understood as an oblique attempt to hide feelings of FOMO and inadequacy at the fact that he doesn't have his dream job yet, Mr. Biggins states throughout the piece that he “totally isn't crying himself to sleep” and “definitely is having the time of [his] life since college.”

When pressed for comment about the idea for the article, Mr. Biggins noted that “I really wanted to come up with something special for the 5-year anniversary for *The Skidmo' Daily*,” adding that it was crucial that he don't just spring for an easy joke.

The Trap of Skidmo' Daily

by Wyatt Hackett '17

Don't join *Skidmo' Daily*. As an alumnus and someone who worked with *Skidmo'* for my four years at Skidmore, I can only advise against anyone thinking about joining this club.

When I was approached by Jack Rosen ('16) during the winter of 2013 about contributing to *Skidmo'*, I had no idea that I was essentially selling my soul and making a life-long commitment. I merely thought Jack was so twisted by his hatred for The Skidmore News that he wanted to put a quick something together to stick it to the man, so to speak. However, here I am, 5 years later and still writing for this collegiate-level satirical paper.

I should have known though, as I recall Rosen made the founding members take a blood oath upon the release of the first issue. We sat around a table in the Spa (this was before Skidmore would allow our club to meet in a classroom) and slashed our hands open with a monogrammed Swiss army knife George Lubitz ('17) had gotten on a family trip to Lancaster, PA.

Not quite knowing why a blood oath was happening or what it entailed, I obliged, chalking it up to the satirical nature of the publication. Unfortunately, in retrospect, I now know Rosen had a plan...a sinister plan.

When I graduated in May of 2017, I distinctly remember a deep sense of relief thinking that I had put *Skidmo'* behind me. But almost immediately I realized it was not over; in fact, it is now clear that in that moment my association had truly just begun. In the years since, I have heard about *Skidmo'* constantly, been asked to send various people old templates I had made during my time with the club, not been able to figure out how to take myself off of the “administrator list” on Facebook (seriously, how do I get the endless notifications about “my page” to stop??) and now been invited back to write for this alumni edition.

I know it won't end. My greatest fear is that every five years from now until I die, Jack will still be getting the old gang back together for the anniversary alumni edition. So take it from me, do not join *Skidmo' Daily*.

You'll regret it as I have unfortunately come to.

Man Who Hasn't Made A New Friend In Months: "Im Living the Life"

by Jack Rosen '16

NEW HAVEN – Sources close to Skidmore College alumnus Kevin Goldberg state that the 24-year-old property manager is “proud to finally be earning a decent paycheck and living on his own” in spite of the fact that Goldberg has not made a new friend in four months. Goldberg, who both lives and works at the The Enclave apartment complex, where the average renter is fifty-three and has 1-2 children, is reportedly completely satisfied with his life of getting off work, walking 50 feet, and then watching ESPN until falling asleep at 9 PM.

Those sources elaborate that Goldberg’s main friend in New Haven is his co-worker, 31-year-old maintenance worker Pat Henneberry. Mr. Henneberry, who lives a few miles away from the property, reportedly spends the odd Sunday watching football or, if the pair is feeling particularly bold, they will smoke a joint and re-watch Star Wars. “Kevin is an alright guy,” said Henneberry. “I mean if I don’t have anything else to do, he isn’t a bad person to hang out with for a few hours,” said the person Goldberg considers his closest friend and a true confidant.

Speculation mounted in September that Goldberg was considering moving to a larger city with more people his own age. However that speculation was quickly put to rest when Goldberg announced on Facebook that he was exact to have received a \$1000 annual raise from the massive conglomerate that owns the apartment complex he works at. When asked if he would still consider such a move, Goldberg said, “Why would I? I’ve got a kickass one-bedroom with its own garage spot. I can play music as loud I want before 8:30, when the apartment complex’s quiet hours kick in. And on top of all that I might move into a two bedroom here with Pat when my lease is up!”

When reached for comment on Mr. Goldberg’s last claim, Mr. Henneberry responded “I’m sorry, I’m at a party right now. Can we talk about this another time? Aww shit you gotta go to press? Well, just don’t tell Kevin why I was too busy to comment, ok?”

“BIG THINGS COMING,” Says Alumnus Who Still Lives With Parents

by Markus Messoro '16

MADISON, NJ—Skidmore alumnus Brandon Towers has announced that “Big things are coming soon...watch out,” on his Facebook profile.

Towers, who graduated in 2015 with a major in Psychology, still lives with his parents in the suburban home where he grew up. “I’m thankful for the opportunities Skidmore has given me,” he told the paper during his break at a Barnes and Noble café, where he works 20 hours a week, and is now “ready to show the world what I’m made of.” He’s been noted to have posted similar statuses twice in the past, both of which failed to materialize into any meaningful project or change.

When pressed for more details on this forthcoming venture, Towers demurred. “I have a lot of projects going right now, you’ll see them soon enough. Just Google ‘Lil Klangus.’” A quick search revealed Klangus to be a Soundcloud rapper, also from Madison, NJ, who has also failed to leave his hometown. It is currently unclear what the connection between the two is, though one anonymous source was able to provide some possible answers. “That’s his (unintelligent) friend, Aiden,” the source told this reporter. “Biggest (undesirable person) in Madison, he is. Now Brandon makes beats for him instead of looking for a real job and moving out of my house,” the source followed up, between sips of Corona. “Jesus of Nazareth, that school was a waste of my money.”

When this reporter followed up with Towers to try and confirm the relationship, he again played coy. “I don’t like to define myself based on events, you know? Big things is plural, there’s a lot going on; I’m trying to change the game every day. I’m about to give back in a big way. By the way, did you want to make that a venti for only twenty cents more?”

Woman Considers Leaving Work on Time After Reading Reductress Article

by Miranda Thompson '17

NEW YORK CITY, NY—Administrative assistant Leah Clark considered actually leaving on time this Wednesday after reading the Reductress article entitled “How to Apologize for Leaving Work on Time.”

Usually, Clark reads the Reductress during her luxurious five minute mid-morning break to eat a non-fat Chobani Greek yogurt at her desk. However, while she typically reads for a laugh and a defeated sigh before returning to her proletariat duties, today’s article struck a nerve. She saw herself and her fellow office-dwellers anguish expressed through the sardonic jabs at her guilt, and Clark could no longer stay silent.

“I’d been working so hard those past few weeks. I mean, I’d created like 50 Outlook meetings! I shouldn’t feel guilty for taking one night to do an appropriate amount of work in a reasonable time frame.”

Clark decided that night that she would leave on time, defying all sense of office logic. Clark even attempted to persuade others to join her rebellion. “I sent a G-Chat to the other girls in accounting, and they agreed it’s too true. But they wouldn’t agree to leave. Cowards.”

Clark was sure to state that she used G-Chat in an incognito window, hidden behind various emails and spreadsheets. “I mean, we don’t want to text at our desks. That’d look bad. And I don’t spend too much time messaging. Just the occasional joke is all, and usually during my lunch break. Do you think my boss can hear us?”

Skidmo’ Daily was not able to confirm if Clark did indeed leave on time prior to publishing. One of Clark’s coworkers did share with us two emails sent from Clark’s work email, time-stamped at 5:54pm and 9:47pm. Both emails included an assurance from Clark that she would arrive early tomorrow to “catch up on everything.”

Incoming Freshman with 17-Credit Course Load Thinks He Has It Tough

by John O’Hara '16

First year Skidmore student Mike Teffloinenfarkin, member of the class of 2022 and probable English/Business double major, was overheard complaining recently about his rigorous course load, containing a whopping 17 credits consisting of various intro-level courses, combined with various time-consuming extra-curriculars, and, thus far a bustling social life to boot.

The weak and pathetic freshman, who knew exactly what he was getting himself into when he decided to sign up for Quidditch, the Ski Club, and Skidmore Democrats, has gone on to say that he’s already tired from just two nights spent up past 1am partying.

“If it’s already like this in September when the course load is just beginning, what’s it gonna be like in December, when I have finals to deal with, and my MB-107 group pres to prepare for, too?” said the fraught 18-year-old who still has three years to pass ‘til he can begin legally drinking his cares away.

It appears the only hope the whiny little brat has of keeping his stress in check comes from his equally burdened friends, who have merely managed to stay more positive about their situation.

“I don’t really know what Mike’s got to complain about,” chided his roommate Steve, who could only be found to comment on the matter while slaving over a tall stack of biology notecards. “I’m over here breaking down the lifecycle of marine phytoplankton; he’s outside smoking weed ‘cause it helps him write poetry.”

The only way freshman Mike has managed to mitigate his anxiety thus far is through the heavy consumption of marijuana, or at least heavy for a teenager like him who’s prefrontal cortex has yet to fully develop.

“Everything is gonna be OK. I’m just gonna need plenty more of this to get me through the next four years,” retorted the first year while grinning over a spliff in the hallways of Kimball. “I even got a hit off a bong yesterday” concluded the freshman who has still yet to learn what dabbing is, and has never had a hash-infused edible.

Now That I've Graduated I Can Finally Write for The Skidmo' Daily

by Nick Papazian '18

After four years of premature hair loss, Adderall abuse, and putting out cigarettes on the “smoke-free campus” sign outside the library at 1am, I've finally graduated from Skidmore. The adults in my life might have been right when they told me college was going to be the best time of my life. I'll never forget the stress, the exhaustion, and that one time I was on academic probation.

Despite all the good times I had in college, I'm excited to move on to the next great thing in my life—writing articles for the *Skidmo' Daily*. All of the work I put into my studies has finally paid off, and now I can finally pursue my dream career of being a writer for Skidmore's only (intentionally) satirical newspaper. While in college, I often struggled with anxiety about the future—what I wanted to do, who I wanted to be, etc.. I switched majors a few times searching for the right calling—the right passion—for me. Little did I know my dream job wouldn't come with a specific degree, or be taught in a college course. Over my four years in college, I fell in love with a different calling—college-based satire.

Ever since I joined the *Skidmo' Daily*, I've dreamed of writing for them. Now that I've graduated college, I can finally do it. When my family asks me what I plan to do with my college degree, I can answer them confidently. And yeah, sure, it's not what my parents had in mind when they sent me to college, but it's my choice, and they totally respect it. My mom even burst into tears because she was so happy for me. I'm thrilled to finally tackle all of the article ideas I've been saving up for so long. There are so many great, untapped Skidmore subjects, like speed bumps, pot, campo, and that weird lady who thinks she's the Queen of Versailles and has too many Chihuahuas. I feel like nobody has ever broached these subjects at *Skidmo'* and there's a lot of promise there. As I ride off into the sunset of my mid-twenties, I'm optimistic about the road ahead. I've finally found my purpose.

I Forgot to Buy Skidmo's Anniversary Gift

by Quint Turner '18

Oh jeez, how could I do this again? I should've realized something was going on when *Skidmo'* drew a heart around a random date on our bedroom calendar. It wasn't a random date after all—it was our five-year anniversary, and I forgot to buy her a gift!

Alright, calm down, Quint. What do normal couples give each other for anniversaries? Better Google it... wait, what if *Skidmo'* reads my search history? Then *Skidmo'* would know for sure that I forgot the special day. Let's think back instead. What did I get *Skidmo'* last year? Hmm, I think we went out to eat at Pizza 7 and didn't get each other gifts. But this is the five-year anniversary! *Skidmo'* definitely has something for me.

First course of action has to be to get away from this bedroom before *Skidmo'* wakes up. I bet CVS has some good cards for the special satirical newspaper in my life, and I can start from there. Ooh, check this one out: it says “What's black and white and red all over?” on the outside, and on the inside it says “The satirical newspaper I'm dating, when I kiss it!” Perfect.

Now, what else usually goes with these cards? Probably some flowers. I don't want to get *Skidmo'* the typical rose bouquet, I gotta get something special for the special satirical newspaper in my life. No, what's really classy are black roses made out of paper. They're black like my soul and *Skidmo's* ink. It just works.

Lastly, I should get one unique gift for *Skidmo'*. But what can you give the satirical newspaper who already has it all? Hmm... hmm... I've got it. I'll write *Skidmo'* an article. Happy 5th Anniversary, *Skidmo' Daily!*

5 Reasons Why My Stupid, Dumb Adult Life Is Already Stupid, And Dumb

by Doug Patrick '18

After graduating from “new Ivy” Skidmore College, you probably think I’ve got a lot going for me. That just a few months out from walking across the stage at the esteemed Saratoga Performing Arts Center and receiving my diploma, I’ve got a great job, three kids, and a mortgage. That I’m living large and enjoying myself.

But my post-Skidmore life—my adult life—has been anything but bliss...

Here are 5 reasons why my stupid, dumb adult life is already stupid, and dumb:

1. Less alcohol. Back in my glory days, I used to just tell myself I was in college. That drinking, and wanting to drink heavily, was just a phase of being at Skidmore—er, I mean college. That it didn’t mean I was an alcoholic or anything. Now, I’m not so sure. I don’t drink in the morning or drink myself to sleep or anything. But now when it’s Saturday night and I’m moved out to some town where I don’t know anyone, I have to sit in my living room and drink one or two Blue Moons like a sophisticated adult. It’s fucking depressing. No more “Let’s take a shot!” or “How many Coors do you think I can shotgun before I puke?” Nope. Now it’s: let’s crack open a cold one and enjoy the game.

2. Even less drugs. Let me level with you. At school, I was doing LSD and blow 5 times a week. Acid, Monday through Friday; cocaine, Wednesday through Sunday. It worked for me. I got all my assignments in on time. In fact, most of the time, I was early. But now, I couldn’t even find a gram of weed if it was an item on a scavenger hunt. What the hell am I supposed to do? Life sober is like watching Scarface censored. There aren’t any good parts anymore.

3. Toilet paper. I really didn’t know how good I had it. Any time I had to wipe my ass, or my female housemate had to wipe her vagina, I just scrambled on over to the house next door and they gave me all the toilet paper my asshole desired. Now, I have to get in my car and drive all the way to the store and buy a six pack of the damn stuff. I’m literally tossing money down the toilet.

4. Loneliness. Oh, Loneliness. Depression’s best friend who sometimes invites their evil step brother Paranoia. Thankfully, I’m not scouring the internet for leaks or conspiracy theories, but I’ve gotten so lonely in the short time I’ve been a college graduate that I created a Reddit account. I’m worried about the sort of holes I may fall into when trying to find companionship through my phone screen, trying to find some semblance of people talking to each other. Sometimes I just have conversations in my head while I’m chilling in my empty apartment. It’s either that or just lay on my bed all day and stare at the ceiling. Except most of the time, I do both.

5. My English degree/people who make more money than me. Majoring in English will probably be one of the top five dumbest things I’ve ever done with my life. You know, there are plenty of business majors who know how to use commas. I didn’t need to waste four years of my life learning how to articulate my thoughts while reading trash from the eighteenth century—I could’ve learned how to do that while understanding how nature works or what the fuck a 401k is or how the stock market works. But no, I am destined to putting “B.A. English” on my résumé for the rest of my life and being paid 20-40% less than my Skidmore counterparts who decided to study something practical. I always thought that if you just followed what you were interested in, then everything else would follow. Apparently, money isn’t included in that “everything else.” But hey, if you need to have a conversation about Jane Austen, I’m your guy. Just be sure you don’t invite me somewhere expensive.

I'm Living At Home, So I Guess I Get High With My Parents Now

by Lizette Roman-Johnston '18

Since I graduated, a lot of my younger friends have asked me: “Hey, is smoking weed still a thing after college?” I say, “Fuck yeah, dude. Post-grads get lit every night!” I don't even have to ask my other post-grad friends who live far away now, because I know that anytime I'm lighting up in my parents' house on a Tuesday night, my buddies are doing the same. Aren't we all under that same North Woods roof called the sky?

When I first came home, I'll admit, it was pretty lonely. I was so used to blazing with my rad housemates each night, cracking open the window and forgetting to shut it until our lame-ass housemate Oliver lectured us the next morning like always. Instead of trying to FaceTime my pals when I smoke through the window of my childhood room, a pipe in one hand and my elephant Webkinz in the other, I started smoking with my parents. My friends never answered my FaceTime calls, anyway.

When I told my parents I smoked weed upstairs, they were shocked. My mom had guessed I was raising a litter of skunks and said, “What can I say? I have never touched a single weed in my life.” Meanwhile, my dad responded with, “I'm high right now!” Now we smoke together about three times a week, all circled around the dining room table. Smoke time has brought my family closer together. Family dinners are too tense, but during smoke time we just let loose and talk shit about all the phonies in our suburban town. We even made a collaborative playlist on Spotify called “Family 4/20 feelz.” Instead of spending money on eating out, we spend it on kush; we even splurged on a bong! And for food, we mostly just eat hot pockets. Getting high has helped my parents express their thoughts—not just as a parent talking to their child, but as a fellow philosopher of the modern era. Last night, blazed out of her mind, my mom talked about capitalism for 50 minutes. It was the longest she's gone without talking about Access Hollywood. My dad had a major breakthrough when he realized that the personification of God is what made him resent religion for so long.

Smoking with my parents has made me realize that I don't need to make new friends to smoke with. I have to maintain a shallow relationship with my dealer, but other than that I'm set. To the readers, if your relationship with your parents is strained from years of hiding your true self, I advise you to open up about your recreational drug use. Turn your wine mom into a weed mom and your beer-gutted dad into a stoner bro. Heck, branch out and smoke with your conservative godmother Clarice; it's never too late for someone to convert to a Bernie Sanders supporter! Sure, it might be weird when all your relatives start wearing drug-rugs and huff socks, but at least now you know what to get them for the holidays!

Trump's Promise to Put Jew on Mars Vaguely Threatening

by Maddy Santos 'Forever

At a press conference for Republican candidates Monday, President Donald Trump passionately promised to “send a Jew to Mars by 2020.” Reporters in attendance note that while the rally did take place in Florida – home to Kennedy Space Center as well as many Jewish people – many were confused as to what prompted the remarks from the president.

“Look, I am not exactly sure what point he was trying to make to be honest,” said CNN reporter Jake Tapper. The veteran reporter continued to say, “I think he was trying to say we would put a person on Mars, but he really kinda emphasized the Jewish part.”

Indeed, a transcript of the president's remarks at the rally show him saying: “And look, we're not just gonna send anyone to Mars. We are gonna send a Jew. I promise you and all of my supporters, I will send a Jew to Mars by 2020,” the president added with a laugh, “maybe a woman too if we're lucky.”



Thank you for reading this very special edition of The Skidmo' Daily, put together by the hard-working staff of Skidmo's past. We look forward to another five!



PAST STAFF

Jack Rosen, Founder and Editor-in-Chief '16

Markus Messore, SGA Liaison '16

John O'Hara, Copy Editor '16

George Lubitz, Editor-in-Chief '17

Wyatt Hackett, Art Director & Layout Editor '17

Doug Patrick, Editor-in-Chief '18

Nick Papazian, Content Director '18

Lizette Roman-Johnston, Publicist '18

Quint Turner, Secretary '18

Miranda Thompson, Dedicated Writer



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