

B&G Workers Frantically Attempt To Cover Up Kool-Aid Man-Shaped Hole In Side Of Old Robbins Before Parents' Weekend

MEGAN BRIEN

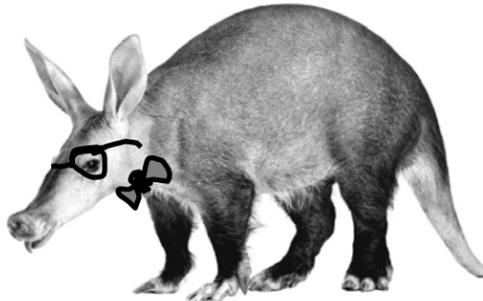
After a recent act of vandalism on Bard College's north campus left a large, Kool-Aid Man-shaped hole in the side of Old Robbins, workers at Building and Grounds were left scrambling for quick solutions. "Parents' weekend is coming up real soon, and we still haven't made much progress," commented one worker as he attempted to nail a board over one of the leg-shaped areas of the hole.

The incident itself occurred earlier in October, when it was reported that the notoriously destructive Kool-Aid Man crashed through a street side wall of Old Robbins. Junior Stephanie Ladower recalls witnessing the event, "I was walking back to Robbins from Kline when I saw him running past Building Health Services. He was so red and so angry, just like I always thought he'd be. Right before he rammed through the wall, he screamed 'OH YEAH' so loud, a few dorm windows broke." Red Hook Police were unable to detain the alleged saboteur, though traces of red Kool-Aid were found at the scene of the crime. The Kool-Aid Man is believed to still be at large.

Since then, Bard officials have been panicked trying to find ways to conceal the damage. "I just know that some of the parents will find this problematic," remarked Deirdre d'Albertis, Dean of Bard College, "we wouldn't want them to think this sort of thing happens all the time." Various techniques were employed to quickly repair the wall, including concrete pouring, sheet hanging, and Jell-O setting. All to no avail.

STAFF	
Megan Brien	Word Worditor
Lola Buncher	Full Head Of Hair
Phil Carroll	Possible Pirate
Nathanael J. Matos	Not Mad, Disappointed
Brigid Pfeifer	Has Camped Outside
John Reisert	One Head, Two Hands
Audrey Russell	Has Seen It All
Jackson Spargur	HATES Kool-Aid
Asaph Wagner	Loves A Good Pop Diva
Brian Watko	Afraid Of Dirt

Brad College BARDVARK



Democracy dies in darkness.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 2018
Annandale-On-Hudson, NY

Interested in being funny? Join BRAD.
We meet every Tuesday at 8 pm in the Campus Center Red Room. Join us.
Contact lb3537@bard.edu or pc3851@bard.edu
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NEWS, BRIEFLY

For those who do not like to read, but still know how to.

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BRAD COMEDY IMPROV SHOW

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10th
@8PM IN OLIN 102

SLUG NIGHT! ★★

★★ "It's Slug Night, and I'm gonna win!"

Like to laugh?

Hate cohesive plotlines?

Want to watch people sweat and laugh at their own jokes while on stage?

If you answered yes (or no) to any of these questions, then this is the event for you!

Bring friends or come alone, who cares! You'll have fun either way!

Please Stop Having Sex On My Grave

HANNAH ARENDT

I would (sadly) like to announce that I, Hannah Arendt, am rising from my grave to write for the first time in over four decades. For years, I have watched generations of Bard students laugh, grow up, and awkwardly canoodle in the graveyard where my body is buried. Although each cohort of students has its own quirks, fashion choices, and methods of getting nicotine into their bodies, all Bard classes have one thing in common: they won't stop having sex on my grave.

I don't know how this got started. I'm not sure why every American Spirit-smoking, Communist Manifesto-skimming freshman since the seventies has felt

the need to take the first girl he meets who "loves The Smiths" to my specific grave and have sex on it. I don't know whether each one comes up with the idea on their own, or if it's a tradition that has been passed on through word of mouth for decades. Either way, I am sick of it and would like all Bard students to stop having sex on my grave.

Perhaps the most insulting aspect of this situation is that I, when made uncomfortable by freshmen fornicating on my grave, am forced to leave the graveyard and come back in five to ten minutes (do they think about dead political theorists so they can last longer? Is that it?) when the disappointing sex is inevitably awkward dry-humping session. Tell your friends, tell your classmates, tell your dealer: please stop having sex on Hannah Arendt's grave.

But it's not too late to help me! You can help me out by restoring the honor and dignity of the woman upon whose grave you probably had at least an

The Hannah Arendt Center presents...

A New Debate Series

Two white men.
Playing devil's
advocate.
Indefinitely.

SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 24th

HANNAH
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Bard College

"A new kind of way to discuss Human Rights."

Parents' Weekend Was Canceled Because You're A Failure

NATHANAEL J. MATOS

Parents' Weekend, usually a time for the parents of the Bard community to visit and check on the progress of their progeny's exploits as they "pursue" their "degrees," has been unceremoniously canceled. Several concerned and disappointed parents reached out to the Dean last week, noting their children's academic shortcomings as a source of concern for their visit. One email quotes, "How am I supposed to pretend to be happy that my son decided to make 'experimental films' when his moderation got deferred?"

The news has been met with vocal opinions from students, who both condone and criticize the decision. One student was infuriated that they would be stripped of the opportunity to show their father their performance piece in which "I stare at a wall watching paint dry for 14 hours or until I pass out from inhaling the fumes for too long, whichever happens first." Another student was relieved that they would not have to "look my parents in the eyes while I admitted that I was staying in my dorm room eating cup noodles and Pop-Tarts™ rather than going to class."

New Bard Farm Coordinator Clearly From Dust Bowl Era

BRIAN WATKO

After months of reviewing applications, the Bard College Farm has selected their new coordinator, a man who is clearly from the Dust Bowl of the 1930s. Aaron Graves, age unknown, chugged into Annandale-on-Hudson this Friday in an overpacked Model T Ford, having abandoned his Oklahoma homestead to accept the position.

“I’m mighty thankful to the good folks at Bard for this opportunity,” said Mr. Graves. “It’s been marvelous getting to know the students and becoming acquainted with the lush, bountiful Hudson Valley. Ever since the

In a press release regarding their new hire, the Bard Farm Committee had this to say: “We feel truly honored to welcome Aaron Graves to Annandale. As far as we are concerned, there is no one in the country more qualified to run our 1.25 acre farm—Aaron is an expert farmer and was the inspiration for a number of Woody Guth-

black clouds came roaring through the Plains, it’s been nigh impossible for me to imagine that place like this still exists.” Reaching out a weathered hand, he gestured to the landscape with such reverence that one would think he had discovered a new Eden.

When asked what changes he will make to the farm, Graves only said, “We shan’t disrupt the topsoil, nor plow too deep. I learned my lesson the last time. We all did.” Though Mr. Graves’ expression remained stoic and determined, this reporter could not help but notice a single tear trailing down his haggard face.

rie songs. Bard students will not only benefit from Aaron’s agricultural expertise; they will have ample opportunities to listen to his engaging stories of boxcar travel and the dangers of manifest destiny.”

At press time, mournful harmonica music could be heard from the fields behind Ward Manor.

A Case of Mistaken Activism

BRIGID PFEIFER

Sources confirm campus is enough to keep me that last night, St. John’s the Evangelist Episcopal Church had over 200 Bard students camped out in front of it. The phenomenon confused many locals of Barrytown, generating speculation throughout the community. “Those kids are pretty politically active,” remarked one resident, “I wouldn’t be surprised if they’re just campin’ out early to vote.” Witnesses attest that, on the third day, the assembled students prepared a bonfire into which many threw sacrificial offerings, including an abundance of wildflowers and several Sufjan Stevens records. However, this gathering was cut short after a fed-up local resident phoned the police, complaining that “the sheer presence of students off-

Study Finds Bard Students Are 5% A Star Is Born Soundtrack

ASAPH WAGNER

The Psychology and Sociology department at Bard is known to conduct yearly tests on Bard’s student body, commonly known as FYSEM. This year’s experiment reached the conclusion that Bard students are 5% *A Star Is Born* soundtrack. Experts believe that parts of Lady Gaga’s CD’s made it into the local water supply, which prompted the popularity of the movie. “I just can’t seem to stop singing those soulful tunes,” says first year Terry Press, “Bradley Cooper’s guttural voice is constantly keeping me up at night.” Warner Bros. Pictures denied all accusation of intentionally tampering with the water supply. For now, there is no need to worry, says Warner Bros., as only larger doses would affect the body. A complete transformation has only been witnessed on several ruggedly handsome squirrels with perfect pitch seen around campus.

Vassar. President Botstein is rhetorically asking the looking forward to having Bardvark. Professor Tolte-the priest, now Professor Toltecatl, join the Bard faculty. “What better way to revolutionize the modern collegiate system than to literally require students to grow cocoa beans and use them to barter with their peers?” he

Think you’ve got the writing chops to report for Bardvark? Interesting. Perhaps you may. We are looking for confident types such as yourself (but not too confident because I need to maintain authority).

Email mb6046@bard.edu for more info.

Trix Might Be For Kids, But the Rabies I Got From This Rabbit Sure Isn’t!

BRIAN WATKO

Growing up in the early 2000s, I loved those Trix cereal advertisements. They had it all: an amazing product, a wacky mascot, and a truly iconic tagline. Well, Trix may be for kids, but the rabies I got from this rabbit sure isn’t!

Trix comes in six absolutely delectable flavors: Raspberry red, Lemon yellow, Orangey orange, Wildberry blue, Grapity purple, and Watermelon. Pretty neat! Initial signs of rabies may include: headache, fatigue, nausea, sore throat, anxiety, and difficulty sleeping. Not so neat! In fact, quite disconcerting!

fear of water feels like. He will never know the maddening, soul-crushing itchiness I feel where I was bitten by that rabbit in my backyard. Its eyes were black and unfeeling, like a doll’s eyes. I do not know where the rabbit is now. If you are a kid passing through Lambertville, NJ, be on your guard.

There is no known cure for rabies. Once symptoms have started, nothing can be done to stop the progression of the virus. It was hard for me to come to terms with this. I just cannot imagine how a wide-

For more information regarding symptoms and treatment of rabies, contact your local Trix representative at www.iloveTrixandnowihaverabies.com

Helpful Advice Concerning Roommates, Relationships, And Bonding

JOHN REISERT

The relationship you have with your roommate is a delicate one, and sometimes you make mistakes. Sometimes you walk into your room when you shouldn’t, and earlier this week I found myself in an awkward situation that I feel every person should be prepared for. So, here’s what you should do when you walk in on your roommate masturbating to VR porn. The first step is to analyze the situation. Do they know you’re there? (Their eyes will be covered by the large virtual reality headset regardless.) Do they have headphones on as well? If so, they probably didn’t hear you walk in but,

if they did hear you, then you should help them finish (out of respect). If they didn’t hear you enter, you must be fully prepared to be equally respectful no matter the cost. If they are about to roll off their bed or hit something, politely and silently help them into a better position. Use your best judgement! When they’re finishing, write down what they scream so you can give them pointers and tips on what they should scream next time. If you find yourself in this situation, and you follow this advice, it will solve all your relationship problems with this person.

Ancient Ziggurat Rises From Ground On South Campus

NATHANAEL J. MATOS

Last Thursday, at roughly 3:18 in the morning, the residents of Tewksbury and the Toasters were awoken from their peaceful slumbers as an enormous Mesoamerican pyramid surfaced from the Earth. The monolithic ziggurat stood in the South Campus lawn, and upon its summit an Aztec priest wielded a ceremonial dagger. That same day at noon, the priest performed a ritual sacrifice to the Aztec sun god, Huitzilopochtli, by cutting the heart out of an extremely willing participant and pushing the body down the side of the pyramid, where it landed at the feet of the

onlookers below. The priest was then issued a fine for littering.

Yesterday afternoon, it was announced that he had also been hired by the College to teach a course in the Spring semester on “Living Like the Aztecs.” The course will teach students about the fundamentals of Mesoamerican lifestyle and will require them to live in the woods behind Blithe-wood, hunt for and grow their own food, and help participate in culturally significant ceremonies like the soon-to-be-staple monthly sacrifice of students kidnapped from