

Hannah Arendt Center To Change Name To Center For Victim Blaming Nation Betraying Nazi Apologists

AKIVA HIRSCH

You may know simply said “no thank you Hannah Arendt for describing Africa as being “populated and overpopulated by savages” Or for her listing “the Dark Continent” as a synonym for Africa in her book *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, in which she invented politics. But what you might not have known is that Arendt also accused Jews of being complicit in their slaughter at the hands of the Nazis! That’s right, just when you thought she couldn’t get any better, good ol’ Hannah had a little surprise for you. Turns out, Arendt figured out that if Jews who the Nazis ordered to round up other Jews had

thing’s for sure: if ever there was a man fit to be in charge of the Center For Victim Blaming Nation Betraying

Nazi Apologists, it’s Roger Berkowitz.

For more information regarding Nazi apologists, simply refer to the social media newsfeed of your choosing.

STAFF

Abigail Aciman *Loves Jell, Hates O*
 Megan Brien *Word Worditor*
 Lola Buncher *Compromised Artist*
 Phil Carroll *Desperate*
 Sharon Greene *A Bird Feather*
 Akiva Hirsch *Very Tall Man*
 Gil Messer *Present!*
 Audrey Russell . . . *Tried Magic, Unimpressed*
 Julia Sands *Downward Dog Indeed*
 Jackson Spargur *Squirrels HATE Him*
 Asaph Wagner *Loves A Good Pop Diva*

BRAD COMEDY IMPROV SHOW

**FRIDAY DECEMBER 14th
@8PM IN OLIN 102**

WINTER SONGFEST

An Improvised Musical!

That’s right, BRAD Comedy is taking on the music industry in this next hot-button topic improv show!

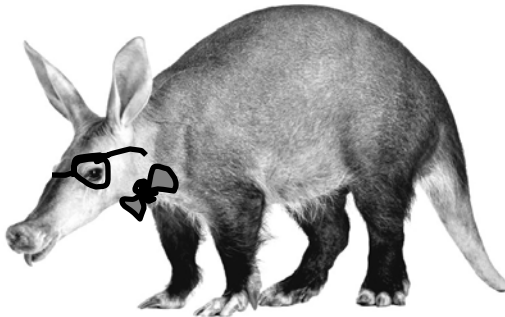
Love music, but hate it when lyrics rhyme or have a consistent melody?

Love comedy, but hate it when the performers seem to have planned what they are doing?

If you answered yes (or no) to either of those questions, then this is the show for you! Escape finals and the cold for a while! Come and sing with us!

Brad College

BARDVARK



Democracy dies in darkness.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2018

Annandale-On-Hudson, NY

Contact lb3537@bard.edu or p33851@bard.edu
 Follow us on Facebook. Or Instagram. Or in person.

We meet every Tuesday at 8 pm in the Campus Center Red Room. Join us.
 Interested in being funny? Join BRAD.



BRAD Comedy
Brought to you by.....

NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

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Skinny White Boy Who Hasn’t Showered In A Month Wins “Bard’s Sexiest Man Alive,” Once Again

JULIA SANDS AND ABIGAIL ACIMAN

The annual campus-wide poll for Sexiest Man Alive has taken place once again, and women from Manor to Tewksbury have cast their vote. Surprising no one, last year’s champion has reclaimed his throne. That’s right folks, Theo from Philosophy 101 is once again Bard’s Sexiest Man Alive. When asked about how he felt about winning the crown, Theo just shrugged and said “I don’t know man. It’s like Nietzsche said, ‘Woman was God’s second elaborate on this, he only huffed, lit a cigarette, and replied, “If you don’t get it man, you don’t get it.” He

then lit another cigarette and sighed moodily, gazing into the distance. We polled several of the women who voted Theo into this position. “It’s the grime, you know? It’s the grit. There’s something about that skunk ashtray smell that fills the room every time he walks in. He just doesn’t care about society, man. It’s so erotic and down to earth,” said a blue-haired ukulele player residing in the Oberholtzer common room. She then scooped a Jell-O shot out of her mason jar and slurped it down.” Like in class, sometimes I look over at his hair and it’s so greasy I can see my reflection in it. I feel like I could really find myself with him, you know?” When asked why she was taking Jell-O shots at 5:00 in the morning, she scowled and said, “It’s dinner-slash-breakfast, okay? See, Theo would get this. He would understand me.”

The fascination with Theo from Philosophy 101 from this one testimony seems to suggest a connection between one broken soul to another. But another voter’s account posits that Theo’s appeal may be more universal.

“There’s something about the way he always corrects me in class and never listens to my contributions,” chirps an enthusiastic young yogi in the Meditation Room. “Like I’ll give my opinion on something Socrates said, and he just

like scoffs and rolls his eyes and tells me that it was Plato that actually said it even though I know it was Socrates because I’m actually a Philosophy major and he’s doing Film. Then he’ll go off and start talking about Proust which has nothing to do with what the subject of the discussion is. I think it reminds me of my dad. There’s something so sexy about the fact that someday he might actually consider what I’m saying.” She then took a swig of kombucha and turned to her class, “Okay everyone, get into downward dog.” Downward dog indeed.

We also asked a lesbian what she thought about the decision for an outsider’s opinion. “I don’t get it. It’s not just because I’m gay. I can recognize attractive men. I have eyes.

It’s just that he doesn’t look like he’s ever eaten pussy in his entire life.”

For confirmation on this fact, we also consulted Theo’s former hook-up buddy, Ophelia. “Like, he didn’t,” she stated, “But he said it was a political choice or something... I don’t know.” When asked to describe her experience with Theo, she recalled: “I hit him up on Tinder and he said, ‘Don’t say hey. I don’t like clichés.’ Then he told me his favorite band was the Smiths and he listed his favorite songs by them as Spotify’s Top Ten Smiths Songs, in the order that they appear in the Spotify ranking.” How did it end, you may be wondering? “Well, I told him he was being too negative. He made me leave his parents’ base-

ment and told me not to speak to him or his post-modern meta cynicism ever again. Before he shut the door, he said: ‘Heidegger once said that faith means not wanting to know what is true.’ I told him ‘Actually, Nietzsche said that.’ He slammed the door in my face, and that’s the last time we spoke.” When we asked Theo about Ophelia, he said, “I don’t know, it’s like... wait who is Ophelia? Like in Shakespeare? I don’t care for Othello. I’m more of a fan of Samuel Beckett’s works myself.” Well. Whatever the source of this sexy young man’s appeal, we are happy to announce Theo from Philosophy 101 as Bard’s Sexiest Man of the Year! Congratulations, Theo!

This Freshman Was A Trendy Witch. Now, She Lives In The Woods

AUDREY RUSSELL

It's no secret that witches are slowly, as if by magic, working their way back into mainstream culture. It almost feels like it's seventeenth-century Salem again, but with fewer diseases. MacKenzie Ralph, a Bard freshman absorbed in teenage witch culture, agrees. To learn more about witchy trends and their place in the Bard community, I set off to visit her in her Tewksbury double. However, it turned out that she moved to a hut in the woods, so I went there instead.

"I first got interested in magic when American Horror Story did a

season on it, and I really got into it when I found some love spells online," she excitedly told me while chopping up what appeared to be the long, shriveled claw of a wendigo. "Ooh, I love hearing that crunch! But the first time I felt truly able to call myself a witch was when I bought a few crystals and started throwing around the word 'aura.' I've been developing my powers on my own ever since." She then paused for several minutes to close her eyes and speak ominously in either tongues or Latin.

"At its core, I think being a witch is more

about girl power and self-expression than about the magic itself—that's just a cool side effect," were Ralph's final remarks about her new lifestyle before she invited me outside to help catch a human child to sacrifice to the Horned God. "For example, I have plenty of witch friends who wouldn't go so far as to sacrifice a living thing to the Horned God. They stick to skincare potions and sagebrush, and that's perfectly fine. Everything does witchcraft differently," she said with a shrug. The warts and boils on her long nose seemed to fluctuate with her movements. "But I'm going to dedicate my entire life to the practice of

magic. That means walking around a retirement home to see if my old-age spells have worked. It means reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards every goddamn day and showing it to anyone who will listen. It means killing people just so I can practice necromancy. I haven't gotten the hang of it yet, but I have plenty to practice on!" She threw her head back to laugh, and a hellish, menacing cackle came out of her mouth. Spiders crawled out of it as well. It was the worst.

Local Hospital Getting Real Sick Of Bard Students' Shit

SHARON GREENE

Dr. Robert Ambrosia held up a jar of prehistoric fish bones. He shook them around to demonstrate his dissatisfaction. "We've extracted at least five of these in the last month," he told me. "We are constantly reminding our patients, specifically the ones from Bard, that their out of state insurance may not cover this sort of surgery and that they should be careful. Apparently they don't care." Dr. Fastrata, a gastroenterologist, voiced her frustrations with the constant in-flow of Bard students, "I mean, Jesus Christ, this is a semi-rural hospital, not a Raold Dahl story. I don't even

know how these kids get so fucked up." Reportedly, overhire had to be budgeted in, not to clean up blood, but to dispose of twenty pounds of feathers strewn about the fourth floor facilities. "Don't even get me started on January," a nurse told us. "We try our best. We give them fluids and some chocolate and then we have to send them back." She leaned close to me, "We really worry about them in January." At press time, sources claim to have heard a crescendo of shrieking emanate from the hospital ER, followed by the sound of an acoustic guitar breaking.

Water Bottle Dropped From Third Floor Of Library; Also Leon Botstein Is Dead

SYLVIA BURTSWATTLE

This morning, a young woman was seen by witnesses "frolicking" down from the third floor of the library. She had just turned in her paper due the Friday before. "I was on my way to get a bagel from Kline," she says, when she was "performing self-reiki" by moving her arms back and forth. In her right hand she held her full 32-oz metal water bottle. Unfortunately, as she performed this act of self care, her water bottle fell from her hand and down the staircase. The librarian recalled the sound of this morning's incident as she stacked books, "It sounded like a crash-boom." She went to see what the sound had

come from, and there was the pink metal water bottle, laying on its side in a pool of water. "Oh, and President Botstein was there too. I guess it hit him on the head." She shrugged and went back to her books. The impact of the water bottle caused severe damage to the water bottle (as well as Botstein's head, apparently). EMS was called--they took care of the dented water bottle. The young woman watched it go, in tears. The library is closed for the day and classes will be cancelled next week in respect for the young woman's loss. (On a side note, Bard's administration will begin the search for a new college president.)

"I'm Sure Things Will Get Better," Says Dumbass Optimist Who Is Clearly Not Paying Attention

MEGAN BRIEN

This past Thursday, known idiot Taylor Freeman is reported to have been overheard telling her visibly upset friend that "things will get better." While the context of this exchange remains unclear, sources confirm that after uttering this patently false and humiliatingly stupid statement, Freeman proceeded to give the aforementioned friend a patronizing rub on the shoulder. "I know things seem hard now, but I'm here to help you through it," she continued, infuriatingly. "There's always something to work towards." Multiple witnesses of this remark have recalled its breathtaking inaccuracy, as well as the ineptitude with which it was

delivered. "I'm surprised her friend was able to remain civil," says Zeke Ackler, who was sitting two tables away from the incident when it occurred. The receiver of Freeman's bumbling advice is said to have hugged her feeble-minded friend, obviously attempting to hide her indignation. Their embrace lasted an unacceptable two and a half minutes. The empty gesture was finally brought to an end when Freeman, profusely apologizing for having to leave, removed a useless piece of chocolate from her bag and handed it over to her friend. The morose Freeman is said to have walked away, unaware of the shallowness of her existence.

Vapers Caught Being Lame

ASAPH WAGNER

Two of Bard's star students, John Rauch and Dani Hernandez, were arrested this morning at 8 o'clock in their dorm. Despite the clear regulation of not lighting a fire indoors, they decided that a better alternative to smoking cigarettes is to smoke electronic ones. Although ecigarettes are known to be as toxic, cancerous, and polluting as normal cigarettes, the State of New York banned them completely for being lame. The governor was quoted: "If you're lame,

move to Jersey." The imprisoned students are due to face trial these upcoming Monday; due to the new status of the law, they fear a severe sentence. "I thought it was harmless," John said, "but now I know my peers are affected by it--not just smoke, but the revelation that I'm a douche." "Now I know I must stop vaping," Dani said. "I just needed something phallic in my mouth."

For more information regarding being lame, John and Dani will can be reached via their bard email addresses.

BPI Post-Graduation Employment Rate Plummets After Addition Of New Theater Degree

LOLA BUNCHER

The Bard Prison Initiative has long served it's community as an education outreach program for incarcerated persons, however, upon their recent addition of a theater degree to this program, post graduation employment rates have never been lower. The rapidly plummeting employment rates have left administrators baffled, searching for the mysterious connection between theater and unemployment. In an attempt to remedy the situation, a frazzled Max Kenner (founder of BPI) spoke with employer Drew Parker, who had recently denied positions to two BPI

theater graduates. When asked to comment on the matter, Drew simply stated, "Hey, I'm all for giving ex-con's a second chance, but theater majors? I mean you gotta draw the line somewhere."

Upon hearing this, Kenner decided to meet with recent BPI theater program alumni, Tony, who had been having a difficult time finding work after prison. When asked about the specifics of the program, Tony told Kenner, "I wanted to work on cultivating my resume, but my acting coach just took it from my hands, to tore it up, and said 'artists don't

make compromises.' Man, theater is weird." Kenner thought perhaps it was best to continue with his investigation from the inside, and payed a visit to the nearest penitentiary. It was here that he saw a room full of inspired inmates trying their hand at improv comedy. "Good God I'm too late," muttered Kenner in a defeated

breath, as the inmates around him played a competitive game of zip, zap, zop. "Our troupe is named Home Improvment! We're gonna make it big when they get out! I can just feel it," stated their painfully optimistic professor.

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.

You Guys Wanna Hang Out Later?

PHIL CARROLL

Hey Bardvark readers! Anyone wanna do anything later tonight? Is anyone doing anything? I had plans but they fell through and I really want to put something together tonight and I thought maybe we could all hang out! We could do any number of things, I'm not picky! I just really want to hang out with some people tonight. It would really mean a lot to me if someone who reads this would show some warmth and compassion. It's just a hang out session! I think it's good to meet new people sometimes, don't you agree? Please and ignore this article. Be better. I've tried other

ways. Better ways. Do you think this is anything other than a last resort? This is what I have become! You did this to me. I weep in my shame. I ask of thee, upon bended knee, to join me in an evening of conviviality. We shall ignite the fires of an unmatched kinship. Then, as the fires rise, the lives of our past selves fall. And out of the ashes comes the phoenix that is our union! "What are you?" The sheep men and the sheep women will ask in horror and awe, and we shall answer "We are... friends!" Please let me know if this is anything you're interested in! See you later :)