

Opinion: I Could Totally Beat Up Ira Glass

WILBURN SLEDGE

Since my witty and handsome as he. But that all soft-spoken boyhood, I've ends right now, because I've been an especially avid fan uncovered something within of public radio. Nothing myself that is more powerful creams my corn more than than all of us: I could totally the idea of an afternoon beat up Ira Glass. spent next to a crackling I know you're fire, listening to a radio shocked right now, readers. I show peppered with fun know you're thinking, "Who factoids and moderately in their right mind would notable guests. Perhaps the even *talk* to Ira Glass, much most significant contributor less attack him?" And to my obsession has been Ira you're right: I wouldn't at- Glass, who, up until now, I tack him. However, should I would have defended with *he* attack *me*, I now have the my very life. I wrote letters peace of mind that I could to SNL when they cut Fred adequately defend myself Armisen's parody of him and also beat him up. I've because he "wasn't famous determined that since he is enough"; after all, he was 6'2" and relatively ectomor- the star of both my heart and phic, my stocky build and my ever-expanding mind. I low center of gravity could also bought thick-framed easily pummel him given glasses that ruined my eye- enough momentum. Glass, sight just so I could look as sixty and nearing retirement,

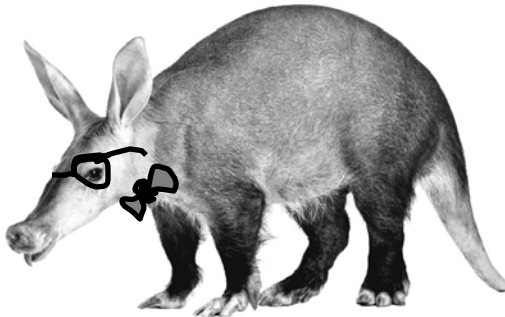
almost certainly has rapidly will dodge the chair and deteriorating bones and instead kick his foot with the withering reflexes; I, a force of a thousand soldiers. bounding and jovial twenty- Using all the momentum I two, am getting stronger I can muster, I will then nim- every day by lifting weights bly whip around to knock and eating creamed corn. him to the ground in a har- My reflexes are that of a rowing blow to the jaw. For a killer. I could beat that man my grand finale, I will up in an instant, and it mount his fragile body like a wouldn't even be hard. steed to deliver Gehenna in

If and when Ira the form of a masterful tra- Glass attacks me, perhaps cheal choke. This will knock while we sip coffee in his out Ira Glass, my boyhood famous chalet-style dining hero, for several minutes, room, my strategy will be as providing me with more than enough time to escape. follows: as he attacks from On my way out of the dining above, I will get low and room, I will steal an ivory block him in a classic high candlestick as proof of my parry, curling my supple victory. I will have broken hand into a fist as I prepare to wallop him. Now of his mind, spirits, and body, course, Glass would see this all in that order.

Until now, I fell an intellectual well-versed in asleep every night listening to the art of the tussle. His ob- vious next move will be to night, I will sleep more grab the nearest chair and soundly than ever before, vigorously swing it towards knowing that if Ira Glass me in a whirlwind chopping ever picked a fight with me, motion. Anticipating this, I I could totally beat him up.

Brad College

BARDVARK



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Annandale-On-Hudson, NY

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"A Night with Chris Fleming"

That's right, the one and only Chris Fleming is coming to Bard to perform a very special stand-up act!

You may know him from his YouTube series *Gayle*, or perhaps you've seen him jiggy it out in his video "The Grad Student Shuffle."

So come on down and enjoy an evening laughing at a long-faced ginger boy with your favorite sweaty comedy group!

See you there!

NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

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Misogynist Insists On Having Sex On Philip Roth's Grave Instead

BRIAN WATKO

A long-standing sing Roth's praises to his Bard College tradition in partner even during their involving Hannah Arendt's awkward tryst on top of the final resting place was shattered this weekend when late author's memorial. "His novella *The Breast* was my Simon McKinley, a sopho- sexual awakening," panted more misogynist studying McKinley. "Aren't we all Written Arts, insisted on just 155-pound boobs having sex on Philip Roth's fighting against our own grave instead. carnal desires?"

"*Eichmann in Jeru- salem* is good and all, but Arendt really doesn't hold a candle to the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *American Pastoral*," McKinley explained to Emma Benson, a Psychology major whose opinion on the matter had not been taken into consideration. "Also, Phil's headstone seems like a better surface to bone on."

Sources confirm that McKinley continued to

Bardvark reporters spoke to both participants on Monday, asking them for their thoughts on their recent encounter and on the Philip Roth oeuvre.

"It was really weird," confessed Benson, stirring a coffee in Taste Budd's cafe. "Simon kept going on about how virile Philip Roth was. I looked at his picture afterwards and I don't get what all the fuss is about. He looked like if Ted

Bundy had no charisma."

"I've felt this really strong connection to P.R. ever since a girl in a fiction workshop described me as a penis with a thesaurus," said McKinley, still sitting on top of Roth's boulder-like tombstone. His voice faltered and tears pricked up in the corners of his eyes. "I just know Philly would've loved to know that two supple- bodied twenty-somethings were making love on top of his bones."

Emma doubts that she will see McKinley in the future. "He kept saying Philip Roth's name instead of mine. It was very off-putting. Also," she added, leaning in closer, "he referred to his ejaculate as his *Human Stain*."

Though Simon did not point it out himself, this reporter could not help but notice a discolored spot on Philip Roth's headstone.

STAFF

Megan Brien	Word Worditor
Lola Buncher	Eats Quesadillas
Phil Carroll	Trying Something New
Rachael Gunning	Knows a Clone
Nathanael Matos	A Very Nice Chap
Brigid Pfeifer	Cackles Maniacally
Audrey Russell	Listens to NPR
Brian Watko	Just Read The Prague Orgy
Asaph Wagner	More of a Tewks Boy

Vile Act of Greed Spurs Traumatic Separation of DTR Kiosks

LOLA BUNCHER

Today, Bard was be the crux of the biscuit in burdened with the presence my princely antiques room. I of eccentric billionaire and must have them!" At this renowned collector Sir Barnabas Upperton III, who, caught the attention of several casual DTR patrons, found himself in Bard's very own Down the Road Cafe. It was here that, to Sir Barnabas' contentment, he first laid eyes on his conquests— Their little robot fingers two humble retired DTR kiosks in his arms and grasped for one another as kiosks collecting dust in the they wept; electronic tears corner of DTR's eatery. After a failed career, these ki- touchedscreen faces. "Oh, how osks led a simple life. They winsome!" Sir Barnabas never had much but each exclaimed. "They appear to other in this mad world. be in love! What a shame I Upperton was instantly en- only have room for one on thrilled. "What divine crea- my ship!" Even with broth- tions I spy before me," he erly love on their side, the said. "One can only imagine small robot fingers were no the twisted inner turmoils of match for Upperton's robust their original inventor." He biceps. As he pulled them went on to say, "They will apart, their screams became

all the more desperate. “Papa! Nooooo!” sobbed the little kiosk to the dormant television screen above them. Upperton showed no mercy. As he dragged the kiosks apart, they each held up one half of a heart-shaped DTR pendant as they called out mournfully to each other. It was over. Sir Barnabas

Upperton III now boarded his ship with his newfound anomaly. The DTR patrons went back to their quesadillas. The lone kiosk cried out for his brother one last time, “Fear not, brother! I will always be right DOWN...THE...ROAD...”

Sir Barnabas Upperton III may be contacted by calligraphed letter only. He may also be found plundering the depths of the Hessel Museum in search of additional depressing robotic curiosities.

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Botstein Awakens, Begins Conservatory for Gifted Youngsters

RACHAEL GUNNING

Although the Bard campus has been flourishing since the demise of Botstein, the late president has awoken from his coma. While some have heralded his return as a “miracle,” many more have declared it to be “a crime against nature and academia.” Botstein’s renewed indentured servant, who wishes to remain anonymous, explained: “Even though we shelled out all that money to entomb him in his giant statue, Botstein secretly kept a comatose doppelgänger in a private hospital. Nurses say he pouted before opening his eyes and demanding his glasses.” She sighed, adding, “We had to blow up the statue to get them.”

“It was a technique an alumnus told me about,” Leon Botstein explained.

“Charles, I think his name was. Honestly, I was hoping I wouldn’t need to use my double so soon. Now I have to shave to maintain my bald veneer.” At this, Botstein displayed a picture of himself in the hospital with a full set of hair before steering away in his new wheelchair.

Recently, Botstein announced plans to begin an additional conservatory. The application process includes questions such as “Do you have the ability to teleport, produce portals, or move at inhuman speeds?” and “Do you transform if you shout ‘Shazam!’?” as well as “Got any adamantium claws?”

All water bottles are to be banned from Bard campus, effective immediately.

What I Learned About The Lumineers: A Story Of Redemption

PHIL CARROLL

On Monday, March 25th, I went to the Stevenson Athletic Center to work out, as I routinely do on this particular day of the week. It began as an average visit until a student, whose name will remain anonymous for the sake of this report, began working out on a machine parallel to mine.

Now, I hate to admit that I am a bit of a screen-looker at the gym. I’m usually curious as to how my body is performing in comparison to those of my peers. This particular student was having great success, running a 7:17 mile with nary a bead of sweat. I wondered long and hard what the secret of their success may be.

I had to know. I knew my eyes were my allies. I paid close attention to every screen this student had access to. Within a short amount of time I had uncovered a secret I did not wish to bare. Upon their cell phone I observed an album cover. An album cover featuring a blurry woman and a small girl holding a parasol.

I racked my brain. I knew I had seen such art before, yet it seemed like a lifetime ago. I just knew I had seen it. My sweat had tripled. My mind grew groggy. My legs, weak. And suddenly, without warning or consideration for human life, it hit me.

This student was listening to the Lumineers.

John Gomez: “The War On The Village Has Begun”

BRIGID PFEIFER

During the winter break, Bard Security was hard at work planning their attack on the residents of the Resnick Commons. Unwilling to allow students with cars to use the Village as a thoroughfare, Security has erected “a barricade,” in the words of Security director John Gomez. “In our battle against the obnoxious and horny Bard students, we have created our very own barricade against them. A gate of sorts, with a chain. Now I can’t imagine any vehicle disrupting the peace of the Village,” said Gomez with a sly grin and menacing laugh. “I look forward to our future plans. Next, I’d like to set a ban on music coming out of anything

said junior Abby Mills. Another student, Joshua Hamm, claimed, “There’s a parking lot behind a few of the houses in the Village, and the Cruger lot is right next to it. Most of us just use those anyway.”

When the Bardvark discussed the student responses with Gomez, he replied, with maniacal laughter. “Ha! I’d like to see them try to destroy it. That is an unbreakable chain! You need my Incredible Hulk strength to loosen it up! If they keep acting like the privileged brats they are, then I’ll turn those supposed other parking lots into a field station!”

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.

They ran faster than I ever have while acoustic guitars and tambourines blasted into their ears.

At first I was merely confused. “Why would one listen to this band at such a time?” I thought as I felt my heart rate steadily increase. Slowly, but surely, I became envious. I wanted what this student had. Being able to endure not only the mile, but some of the most mediocre music ever made. Simultaneously. Such strength. Such conviction. I thought of my mother. I cried.

I left the treadmill with glazed eyes and an empty heart. In an effort to find inner peace, I mounted an

besides headphones. I’m still proud of another achievement we recently made—I made my minions sit on the nighttime shuttles. I’m now thinking of having them stay on the damn bus all day long. I want to end the careless parties and shenanigans at Bard. I want to take over the entire institution!”

Multiple students have reported seeing Gomez singing “Stars” from *Les Misérables* on the roof of the Fisher Center for the Performing Arts.

Unfortunately for Gomez, students have taken little to no notice of his efforts. “He thinks this ‘barricade’ is this all-powerful tool, but you can easily unlock the chain,”

The Bardvark informed Gomez that Bard already has a field station. “Are you trying to outsmart me?” asked Gomez. His raised right eyebrow twitched severely. “If you keep distributing this pointless drivel all over campus, then I’ll make your silly magazine serve its issues on napkins from Kline. Check. Mate.”

At press time, Gomez was seen in his office, diabolically moving chessmen across a suspiciously campus-shaped board.

elliptical. I reached my right thumb to my Spotify app and did something I am not proud of.

The music fueled my energy, and I, its. We informed each other in a way that filled me up. It answered questions I didn’t even know I had. The guitars told me arcane secrets, the tambourines peeled back the thin veil of the fabric of the multiverse. Wide eyed, all I had to do was listen and pedal, listen and pedal, listen and pedal, listen and pedal.

Win For Diversity? Bard Daily Mail Reveals New British Translation

NATHANAEEL MATOS

In an attempt to reach out to Bard College’s international community, the Bard administration has unveiled a new British translation of the Bard Daily Mail. Early last week, a campus-wide email was sent outlining the initiative’s intent to increase awareness of the international community at Bard and provide more platforms for international voices to be heard. This announcement, met with confusion from the entirety of the Bard community, has been making waves in inboxes across campus.

Bardvark sat down with the administrators behind this new translation. “We at the Daily Mail wanted to play a part in cultivating a more inclusive campus

Jack with no words, and in the background is an image of Her Majesty the Queen waving. Security updates are replaced with exclamations of “The bobbies are comin’!” Among the daily events from 3 pm to 5 pm is “Tea and Crumpets!” They have introduced several new features, including “The Daily Courtesy,” a brief reminder to not forget your manners today; the “Send Mum a Let’ah!” alert which urges young girls and boys to contact their mummies and daddies; and the “Oh Dear!” column, an advice column in which the writer asks for advice from their readers. For replies, they request that you go ahead and “give ‘em a ring!”

Student reactions have been mixed. Sophomore Peggy Schwartz admits that the new translation seems slightly out of left field, “Does the administration really need to be sending us more pointless emails? I

here at Bard,” said Julie Flaubert, the editor-in-chief of the Bard Daily Mail. “Last week I started watching *Downton Abbey* with my niece, and let me tell you, it’s really broadened my cultural perspective. Did you know about *Great Britain*? Those guys have been over there the whole time!” Flaubert sipped her cup of Earl Grey in satisfied silence.

The British translation is more than just a simple rewrite of the Daily Mail; rather, it is a complete overhaul of the newsletter’s format. When opened, the email

plays a tinny rendition of “God Save the Queen” at maximum volume, overriding whatever speaker settings your device is currently set to. The header is a Union

don’t even open the regular Daily Mail, so I sure as hell won’t read this one. I already get enough anglophilia from my aunt on Facebook.” Yet, some students were more taken with the British translation. “I say, what a smashing idea this new translation is,” said Simon Newton-Pepperidge, a first-year from Buckinghamshire dressed entirely in tweed. “When I saw that first ‘u’ in the middle of ‘labour,’ I knew right then and there that I had found a home across the pond.”

The British Daily Mail is sent every morning at 8:30 am GMT, or 4:30 am EDT. Flaubert and her staff have announced that, after catching up on *Degrassi*, they have begun working on a Canadian translation to be released hopefully within the next month. They are reportedly “eh, sorry about the wait.”

What’s missing from this picture?



BRAD Presents:
A tale of love, loss, and...socks.

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