

# Flies Hold Campus Center Hostage, Book MPR For Negotiations

NATHANAEL MATOS

Last Tuesday night, a massive swarm of flies realized that that was just a laid siege to the Bertelsmann Campus Center, pushing out all of its occupants. Since then, it has been kept firmly under their control, and no human has been allowed inside the premises. Last night, however, the flies booked the MPR for a final round of negotiations. After much back-and-forth, it seems that a deal has finally been struck.

When the flies first stormed upon the scene, Bard reached out to the world's premier expert on flies: renowned actor Jeff Goldblum. Upon arriving to the campus, Goldblum reportedly said, "Oh, God! How did—why are there so many flies? You want me to

Lord of the Flies. I have come bearing a holy message concerning our righteous crusade. You humans have committed countless sins upon me and my flies. I have been given the authority to call this war to an end, if—and only if—you atone for your species' grievous missteps. I have spoken."

Jerefliah was once a normal fly just like any other. However, during the final days of L&T, he found himself trapped inside of Weiss cinema where a small group of freshmen screened the recent *Planet of the Apes* trilogy. Seeing himself thereafter as the Caesar of his people, Jerefliah was said to have ascended the ranks of fly society in order to become the leader his brethren needed.

After a failed assassination attempt that left five Bard Security operatives missing in action and one with nothing but an empty

*speak* with them? You do realize that that was just a role, right? I didn't actually become part fly. It was just make-up!" Bard Security simply handed Jeff Goldblum a megaphone and pushed him toward the Campus Center. Before he could speak, the flies descended upon him like a Biblical plague and consumed his flesh, leaving nothing but a pile of bones and some very stylish shades.

Without a professional negotiator on hand, Bard was forced to wait for the fly emissary to return with their demands. It was not long before the sea of flies parted to make way for their leader to make his decree. "Hark, infidels! It is I, Jerefliah, prophet to the

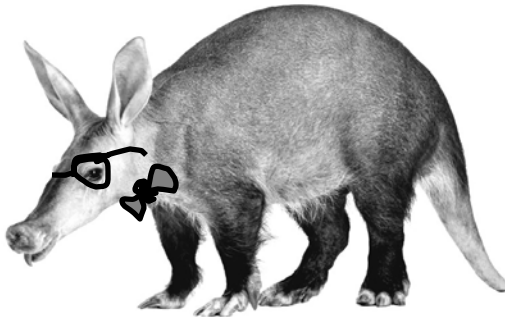
can of Raid, Jerefliah increased his demands. These included a forbiddance of flies and their ilk," and a requirement for all humans to "pay recompense for their sins and those of their progenitors" by sitting on a giant sandwich to await vicious swatting by sundry household objects. This swatting would be implemented as an additional fee for those looking to get a meal at any on-campus eatery.

The Speaker of the Student Body managed to reduce Jerefliah's demands to a once-per-semester swatting. This momentous occasion was consummated as the mass of flies formed the shape of a human hand and shook with the Speaker.

Please keep an eye out for a tinyurl requesting the participation of the entire Bard in the upcoming Grand Swatting Ceremony.

Brad College

# BARDVARK



Democracy dies in democracy.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 2019

Annandale-On-Hudson, NY

Contact lb3537@bard.edu or pc3851@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  
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## NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

*Man Angry At Bard College For Being On Road* P. 33

*Batya Ungar-Sargon: "I Was Protested At Bard College For Being An Imperialist"* P. 12

*Cliff Tucked Me In And I Slept Great* P. 67

*Frustrated First-Year Reminds Grandmother That They Don't Go To Barnard* P. 106

*Girl Trying To Use Astrology To Flirt Accidentally Tells Crush They Suck* P. 58

*Blood, Boogers, And Semen Cover Floor As Two Students' Septum Piercings Get Caught During Fornication* P. 49

# "Let's Fucking Party!" Shouts First-Year with Crippling Homesickness

PHILIP CARROLL

Bard College first-year Julian Winnis was heard shouting "Let's fucking party!" as he held back tears this past Thursday night. Sources say that Julian "gave no fucks" that he was scheduled for FYSEM the following morning.

Despite his overtly raucous and jolly behavior, an anonymous informant has inferred that Julian is "really having a hard time." They went on the say that "[Julian] was really going crazy, and it was all a bit much. It definitely felt like he was overcompensating, you know—putting on a show, kind of. I think he's dealing with a dastardly sorrow that none of us could truly understand."

Sources close to Julian say that he is "a real big Momma's boy." Always eager to get straight to the facts, Bardvark was able to send a reporter to the scene and investigate. They caught up with Julian in the Oberholzer bathroom. "Oh, man," said Julian, his eyes bright red. "Sorry, I'm so fucking high. I just, like, can't control myself around weed." Julia then gave a timid little laugh. His duress became clear.

In an attempt to make light conversation with our reporter, Julian revealed that he was heading home for the weekend. "There's this girl from my high school that just, like, totally won't stop hitting me up, and she's just all over me.

It's mad annoying, but I told her I'd come give it to her one more time. Yeah."

Looking to Julian's phone on the bathroom counter, our eagle-eyed reporter noticed that it was clearly open to a text reading "Hi mommy, can you bake those biscuits I like? I really love you." While we at the Bardvark do not consider this sort of journalism, we do admire our reporter's commitment to and drive for truth.

Julian continued to party throughout the night, making the normal first-year rounds such screaming in the quad and swimming in the Parliament of Reality, all while bearing such a great sadness. Hopefully, for his sake and for ours, he can get the help he needs.

## STAFF

- Lola Buncher . . . . . *Covered In Bees*
- Phil Carroll . . . . . *Just Wants Biscuits*
- Annie Dodson . . . *Making A Service Request*
- Maya Lavender . . . . . *Mercury In Retrograde*
- Nathanael Matos . . . . . *The Last Prophet*
- Brigid Pfeifer . . . . . *Traghaven Employee*
- Audrey Russell . . . . . *Avoids Eye Contact*
- Brian Watko . . . . . *Considered Transferring*
- Colin Zachariasen . . . . . *Just Passing Through*

## Student Body Grapples With Gentrification Of Old Kline

AUDREY RUSSELL

A report published this year by the Bardvark (sources not cited; we're a satirical publication) reveals a dramatic change in the demographic composition of Old Kline, once regarded as the ubiquitous and tolerable Maroon 5 of Bard dining halls. Despite Old Kline's longstanding reputation as a humble and welcoming space for students of all kinds—from e-boys to Bard Boys™ to people that don't know what either of those are—to eat in quiet contentment, it seems that the tables, stained as they are, have turned: It has become increasingly difficult for real people to actually find a fucking seat.

"This used to be a nice, reliable place where I could relax, grab a bite to eat, and hide behind my laptop screen so I didn't have to make eye contact with anyone," says former Old Kline patron and self-proclaimed normie Emily Gilson. "It wasn't fancy, but it was something. Now, trying to find a seat is like trying to get around Times Square at night, but everyone is the guy in the Elmo suit."

Later, BRAD Comedy equipped our very own Sylvia Burtswattle with a hidden mic and a disguise (Carhartts, jelly flats, and a Rolex) to investigate the severity of Gilson's claims.

**BRAD COMEDY SHOW**  
**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND**  
**@8PM IN THE MPR**  
**POST-HALLOWEEN**  
**SAMPLER SHOW**

Hold on to Spooky Season by coming to BRAD Comedy's First Annual Post-Halloween Sampler Show!

There will be *scripted* comedy! There will be *unscripted* comedy! There will be Halloween-themed content only two days too late!

**Come and have some fun... while you still can!**

She disappeared into the frenzied mob mere moments after her arrival. After two weeks of silence, we received an email from Burtswattle letting us know that she would not be continuing her stint at the Bardvark after meeting a handsome dentist, settling down under one of the WiFi routers, and making plans to open up a cupcake shop.

To learn more about Burtswattle's gruesome fate and the rapidly changing culture that facilitated it, a further cohort of reporters entered Kline, hoping that strength in numbers would allow them to Get The Scoop. However, hordes of former Old Kline patrons physically blocked the premises, leaving the reporters with scarring images burned into their minds: tens of

“undecided, but maybe sociology” majors huddling on the stoops, reminiscing about who they once were, and tightly clutching paper cups undoubtedly filled with a harrowing combination of 4-Loko and decaf.

I was the only member of this team to make it inside (by way of force, obviously). I was determined to ask a *single* new resident about their experience. One, later identified as Sonja Ward, declined to comment, and blew a thin stream of cigarette smoke into my face. Defeated, I made my way home past a myriad of Hydroflasks and AirPods to cobble together what little information I'd gathered.

At press time, this reporter was still in shock that Sonja Ward got away with smoking in Kline.

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## Harold Brown '56 Finally Receives Crite Sheet

BRIGID PFEIFER

Have you ever complained about the time it takes for a professor to give you your grade? Have you had to wait a week? Three months? A whole semester? Students, put your complaints aside. The Bardvark recently discovered the plight of a long-time alumnus, and your paltry worries simply don't compare.

Harold Brown was a senior at the College in 1956 when took his final distribution requirement, “The Philosophy of Addition: Why Does 2 Plus 2 Equal 4?” When Mr. Brown received his transcript a few weeks after graduation, he found the space next to Philosophy of Addition conspicuously blank. Mr. Brown immedi-

ately called the Registrar's office, but they were unperturbed by his concerns. “We have a rather busy schedule ahead of us,” they told him. “If you're not a current or incoming student, please just take a hike. We recommend the nearby Tivoli Bays. Do watch out for Lyme Disease!”

Brown did not share the Registrar's blasé attitude towards the missing crite sheet. Because his final grade at Bard was unconfirmed, Harold Brown was forced to put the rest of his life on hold. He never completed his application to Yale Law. He broke off his engagement to his college sweetheart after she complained about his refusal to grow up. His only

Friends have been the staff of the Hotel Tivoli, where he has been a resident since the late 1960s. He even retained his old college job as a barback at the Traghaven for decades on end.

It seemed like Harold Brown was never going to escape this post-graduate purgatory until this past weekend. The Office of Registrar sent him a two-page missive letter. On the first page, Mr. Brown found a shocking F letter grade for the course; a note from the impossibly aged professor Nathan Sloth claimed: “I'd

be damned if you know what 1 plus 1 equals.” The second page was a letter from Peter Gadsby. He apologized for the delay, but admitted that every fifty years or so, a Bardian's life is trapped in limbo because of a missing grade. Mr. Brown was then given permission from Mr. Gadsby to retake his final distribution requirement in the fall, on the condition that he paid full tuition.

At press time, Mr. Brown was spotted at Traghaven, summoning up the courage to ask for an advance.

## Fancy Waterpark Runs Entirely On LaCroix

LOLA BUNCHER

For many years, the country's most elite have congregated at the ~*Garçon Riche Humide*~, a social hub for the shockingly wealthy. To witness this extravagance first-hand, I had to go deep undercover as Claudette Alderidge Abbot III, a wealthy, high-class homeowner.

Outside of the waterpark, I was greeted by a sign reading “No Top Hat, No Monocle, No Service.” I did not fear; I had passed through the front gate, I saw an array of im-

ages of that will remain burned into my brain for the rest of my life—nay, eternity. Glorious fountains; waterfalls; shimmer-

ing wave pools; flowing waterslides; a fat man in a wet T-shirt; and, under all this glory, a hint of pamplemousse. Children laughed, played, and sipped seltzer from the base of the waterfall. Virile pool boys fed patrons the bubbly wave pool water out of the palms of their cupped hands. Kids sliding down the rides were immediately greeted by swarms of hungry bees, who suckled at their sticky bodies. At one point, someone opened their eyes underwater; their screams haunt me to this day.

A long passage-way led me to the adult section of the park: a large pool filled with White Claw. Drunk patrons seemed to their forget years

## Senior Tells Freshmen To Be Quiet Like Elderly Man Telling Kids To Get Off His Lawn

QUINCY L. HEATHROW

It was Wednesday night. 8:37 pm. I pried my eyes away from the clock and gathered all the mental fortitude that I could, for I knew my repose would soon be disturbed. Then, like clockwork, there it was: the booming bass down the vacant Hall of Cruger. It was like this every week. The freshmen, still bright-eyed, hopeful, full of vitality, excited to be here and begin this new chapter of their lives. They had yet to experience the turmoil awaiting them in the upcoming weeks, months, years. I had seen it all in my time, and I knew that they would soon enough see it all too. That notion

gratified me some, as I put my “Oldies” playlist—or, as I call it, my “Currenties”—on shuffle, and raised the volume to maximum.

I had grown conditioned to this state of affairs over the past few weeks. Wednesday through Sunday evenings were occupied by a persistent and dull tremor that shook the very foundations of the dormitory. It was not particularly bothersome; I habitually stayed up late, fueling myself on coffee, black tea, and Cup o' Noodles in hopes of staying on top of my academic obligations. However, it was the case that night that I had found

myself concluding my labors just before 11pm. Enthused by the prospect of more sleep, I laid down to rest my weary frame.

But the dull thud persisted. Like drums sounding in my ears, its cacophonous rhythm pounded my skull. Just as I reached the brink of madness, I hatched a brilliant scheme. I got up from my bed, my knees popping as if crying out for respite. I walked into the gloomy Hall of Cruger. As I made my way to the offending room, I could not help but let my thoughts drift to my days as a freshman; when we knew that, while *quiet* hours were at a set time, *courtesy* hours were ever-present.

I rapped upon the door labeled “Jack”

and “George” in pastel motorcycles and waited for a response. The door opened and I was greeted by a freshman boy accompanied by the musk of sweat, beer, and marijuana. “Do you not know what hour it is?” I scorned the boy. “And on a Wednesday night, no less! I can barely hear my own thoughts over the incessant humming and drumming coming from your Bacchic rituals. Quiet your festivities, you're disturbing my rest!” The boy simply nodded his head and muttered, “A'ight,” before closing the door. By the time I reached my bed, the thudding had ceased and I was finally able to let the night entrap me in a deep slumber.

*Dear Bardvark*

Hi Bardvark!

It's not even halfway through the semester and my bike's been Bard borrowed five times! How can I get others to stop stealing my bike?

Sincerely,

Done Being Borrowed



Hello Done Being Borrowed.

I'm so sorry to hear about this. I certainly understand your frustration. Let me think... Do you have a car, or can you convince your wealthy parents to buy you one? If not, you could subject yourself to the shuttle and the capricious ways of its timetables. Indeed, you could simply walk, but what if you have two classes back-to-back and a great distance apart? Hmm. I cannot understand why your bike in particular is so highly sought after by these bicycle-rustling rascallions. Unless... are you the owner of that 2007 tea-rose Schwinn with a banana seat and a basket? That thing handles like a dream.

Please forgive me.

Regretfully,

The Bardvark

of yacht club swimming lessons as they sunk to the bottom of the pool. *This place is a veritable blood bath*, I thought to myself. I wondered why the rich feel the need to flaunt their wealth in such a flamboyant, self-destructive manner. When I asked the sunbathing trust-fund boy next to me about this, he simply laughed and said, “What else would a water park run for? Fiji? You disgust me.”

I watched as heads throughout the park turned towards me. The rich had

discovered that I wasn't one of them. The atmosphere turned dark; I heard low, beating drums from somewhere in the distance. The sticky men and women of this establishment stood to form a circle around me. I fled the scene, knowing my life would be in peril had I stayed another minute. I entered ~*Garçon Riche Humide*~ looking for answers, for a new perspective, but I left only with a haunting new knowledge and a crippling UTI.

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

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