

# A Very Important Decision In This Public Health Crisis (it's spiders)

AUDREY RUSSELL

We've all had to make hard choices over the last few weeks. Whether it's traveling home versus staying on campus, going to work versus Skyping in, or blissful ignorance versus fully informed misery, we here at the Bardvark understand that no decision is easy during these uncertain times. To lift the weight off of our six to eight readers' shoulders, though, we wanted to shed some light on one quandary we're all facing: whether to eat or befriend the spiders under our bed. To help you make your decision, here's what the Bardvark staff is doing.

Our extroverted copy-editor Frank Lambert says that what he misses most about life pre-quarantine is human interac-

tion. "I find myself reminiscing about the days when I could grab a table in Kline with four of my closest friends and talk for hours," he writes. "But I find that since the spiders under my bed have eight eyes instead of just two like a regular person, I can make eye contact with just one and recapitulate the whole lunchtime experience. I can even eat the dust bunnies under my bed and pretend I'm eating Kline steak fries!" Wow, Frank, good for you! Please quit with the Kline jokes already. This is why we don't let you write articles.

Instagram intern Kenneth Brooks, however, has moved beyond eating his dust bunnies and has started feasting on the spiders themselves. "If it's not venomous, it's poisonous. And if it's not poisonous, you can eat it!" he said through a mouthful of spiders during a Zoom conference. After being asked to elaborate, Brooks suddenly and conveniently lost his internet connection. No one has heard from him since.

Communications director Hattie Webb, a self-proclaimed hopeless romantic (aren't they all self-proclaimed?), finds that her biggest struggle when it comes to quarantine has been the physical loneliness. "Who, if not a man, shall I hold tightly in the wee hours of the night?" she lamented at a staff meeting just a few weeks ago. Luckily for her, though, she's found a worthy substitute in an immense tarantula, which had been quietly growing under her bed for years into the perfect size. Sources say

that she's been cuddling the spider every night, tenderly stroking the coarse fur on its segmented legs. She claims that it feels no different than the hirsute arms of a man, and recommends that lonely people across the globe take advantage of their spiders in this way.

Still not sure what to do with your eight-legged roommates? Here are some other ideas.

- "Even though I live in Tacoma, I have one of those Australian bird-eating nightmares. I don't know how it got here or what it wants. Since I'm too afraid to try to kill it, I treat it like a pet. We live symbiotically now that her name is Bessie!" - Deborah Hart, graveyard correspondent

- "You got five little spiders? Turn them into living

hairclips. Got a couple hundred extras? Turn them into a living fuzzy sweater. Congratulations, it's 1997 again and everyone's happy." - Heidi Rios, Free Press double agent

- "Two words: spider art!" - Fred Barber, font critic

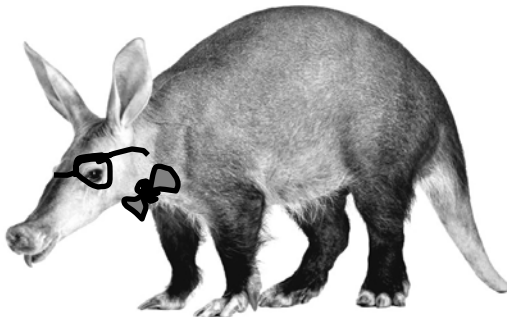
Eventually this crazy time will pass, but that's no reason not to cultivate a meaningful relationship with the spiders in our lives. When we emerge from our homes after the dust clears, we will not be crying or laughing. We will be both hopeful and stoic, with one or more spiders on or inside of our persons.

## STAFF

Megan Brien . . . Needs A Quarantine Buddy  
 Lola Buncher . . . Still Recovering  
 Annie Dodson . . . NOT Stinky  
 Akiva Hirsch . . . Prefers The Phoenix  
 Maya Lavender . . . Out Of Toner  
 Nathanael Matos . . . Missing, Presumed Dead  
 Audrey Russell . . . Critiques Fonts  
 Brian Watko . . . First-Born Son

Brad College

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Think you've got the chops to write for the Bardvark? Interesting. Perhaps you do.



BRAD Comedy

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## NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

**Student Runs Back Into Dorm Like Firefighter To Retrieve Forgotten Tame Impala CD** P. 33

**I'm No Epidemiologist, But... (1/19)** P. 12

**Fine, I Guess I'll Read Your Screenplay** P. 67

**Can Someone Check On The Pope And Let Me Know If His Cough Is Wet Or Dry?** P. 106

**This Virus Sucks But I Get To Hang Out With My Mom A Lot Which Is Pretty Cool** P. 58

**Rosini: Well, Well, Well, Look Who's Come Crawling Back** P. 49

# Corona Desperately Trying To Re-brand COVID-19 As Dos Equis-Virus

NATHANAEL MATOS

In the midst of the ongoing global pandemic, beloved beer brand Corona has taken a hit in sales recently. Despite no actual link between the alcoholic beverage and COVID-19, the shared naming of the two has made many consumers hesitant to purchase any Corona-brand beers. "I don't trust it," said one savvy consumer while standing six feet away from this reporter. "I heard that drinking [Corona] makes you turn Italian and die. I don't know which part of that is worse!" He then made a mad dash towards the toiletry aisle whilst yelling

something about needing to be prepared for Taco Tuesday.

In a bold advertising campaign, Corona has decided to rebrand COVID-19 as Dos Equis-virus. Recent reports say that high-ranking officials from the CDC and WHO have received offers from the beer company to change the name of COVID-19 officially. While none have yet to take up the offer, Corona seems adamant about this move and is likely to continue their offers.

I visited Corona headquarters yesterday to gain a greater insight on the inner workings of the

company during this trying time. As I walked through the door, I was immediately struck with a haunting visage, one so cursed that it will forever remain burned in my consciousness. I was greeted by a glass-eyed receptionist whose face was pulled back into a wide smile that showed every one of her pearl-essent white teeth. Upon seeing me, she wordlessly pulled a six-pack of Corona Extra and placed it into a red hand wagon. She pulled it to me and put the handle into my hand, then beckoned me to follow her deeper into the compound. I slowly followed the receptionist, dragging the squeaky hand-cart past a group of employees ritualistically dancing around a stack of papers, pouring Dos Eq-

uis onto them and lighting them on fire. Before I entered the next room, one of them rushed up to me and placed a small pile of smoldering ashes into the cart.

I was then led to the office of Bill Newlands (CEO of Constellation Brands, owners of Corona Beer). As I interviewed him, rather than answering any of my questions, he stared at me with a hollow expression. However, when I mentioned the recent campaign to re-brand COVID-19, he responded by pulling out a bottle of Corona Light, biting the neck off, chewing the glass, and pouring the beer over his head. He then placed the broken bottle into the cart beside me, removed his suit to reveal a wingsuit, then

promptly dove out the window onto the street below.

Before I could peer further out the window to follow Newlands' movements, the receptionist came into the room followed by two security guards wearing New Years glasses from 2004. In unison, the three individuals began chanting the lyrics to the Cha-Cha Slide while the two security guards forced my head into a sack. The last words I heard before my vision faded to black were "How low can you go?" being whispered hauntingly into my ears.

I awoke in my bedroom, or at least I thought. The door was

locked and my window that usually overlooked the picturesque New England suburb I reside in was instead blacked out. Everything was there though, including my basket by photos that I have inside my desk. The only additions were the wagon that had been given to me upon entering Corona headquarters and its contents, and a sticky note upon my laptop that read, "Tell your story."

I have no food. Only Corona. (The beer.) I am scared. Help.

This is an ongoing story that Bardvark will continue to follow as it develops.

# Sure, Corona Is Scary, But Have You Seen My Mother's Lasagna? HA!

MEGAN BRIEN

Well, what do you know about this? Lasagna again? Who am I, your uncle over for the game? He ha! Mom's makin lasagna for dinner and you bet it's gonna be an F-R-I-G-H-T! Know what that spells, friend? A night in the can, that's what. (You know what I mean.) Like, hello, what do I have to do to get a decent meal around here?? Huh? Family, amiright?

Man, oh man, I can smell it from here. What does she put in it, sweaty gym socks? Gross!! Mister, you're gonna have to do a lot more than pile on the parmesan to cover that taste. It'll be weeks before I can even walk through the kitchen without feeling a swift kick to the snout. Don't even get me

started about the texture. It's like, chewy, you know what I mean? Like real chewy. Talk about...Star Wars...ha! I'm talking about a real gastronomical phenomenon—a gastronomemon if you will. Ha ha! Like nothing you've ever seen before. I'm telling you, get out now before it's too late. If you aren't careful, she'll make you have two helpings—she'll say, hey, what's the matter with it? Not hungry? Get some more!!! And I do. Can't hurt her feelings, ya know? So I get two heaping platefuls of this lasan-yuck. You can guess how it all turns out.

Please Lord, help me out over here! Give me the Corona if it means I'll never have to eat my mother's lasagna again!

# Cool Bug Walking Around Like He Owns The Place

ANNIE DODSON

**BREAKING NEWS!** **BREAKING NEWS!** There is a cool bug in my bedroom. But, he's walking all over! He can't be stopped! I go to sleep and I wake up and he's in another place! He clearly walked around while I slept! Sometimes he even walks

when I'm awake! He's completely unafraid. He crawls with his funky little legs on my desk or my bookshelf or my window. He looks like a stink bug, but I know he's a Western Conifer seed bug! (It's a common misconception). It has an interesting shaped body (see imagine 1a)

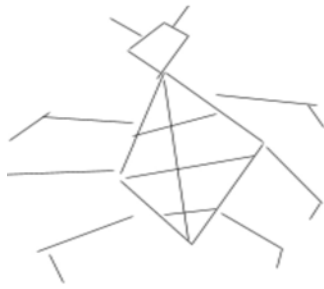


Image 1A

Thats how you tell .

He just keeps walking around! He's been in here for like a week, or two, probably.

And then sometimes he FLIES! And i yelp out of terror! (I am scared of bugs I will admit) (especially when they fly because it's impossible to predict where they will go!) ( you have no idea where they will go! They could fly right on you!)

Anyway this bug guy just WALKS! Around

MY room! Hey buddy get your OWN room! This one's MINE! It's TAKEN! Update from a few days latwr: he is gone. I regret everything negative I said. I miss him. Hey, cool bug,. Its oksay. Please come back. Love, Annie

Update 2: I just found a teeny teeny tiny tiny little small bug on my sweater!

# My Cat Used To Hate Me. Now, She's Also Seen Me Masturbate

MEGAN BRIEN

Up until last week, my cat and I have always had a straightforward relationship. Simply put, she hated me. Ever since my family adopted her six years ago, it was clear from the get

-go that the two of us would never be friends. She continuously thwarted my efforts at showing her affection, bathing away my desperate, open palm without so much as a glance. Once, after hav-

-ing watched her nestle into my mother's leg, I made the mistake of calling her a "little snuggle muffin." The look I received was one of pure, undeniable fury. What did I do to earn such malice? This question would go on to haunt me for years. With no hope of reconciliation, the two of us settled into a comfortable dynamic of mutual avoidance.

Now, everything is different. That is, different in a way that is exactly the same except for the fact that she's seen me masturbate. I'd like to go ahead and say that it was never my intention for this to happen. But times like these have ushered in a new idea of 'normalcy,' and I am not sorry to say that my standards have slipped when it comes to boundaries.

Did I notice that she was in the room when I was already in the midst of

touching myself? Yes. Did I stop and remove her from the room before continuing? No. And I'll tell you this: I don't know how much she really cared.

Life goes on. Sometimes there's a global pandemic, and sometimes you diddle yourself in front of your pet. I'm here as proof that no matter what you do, if your cat hates you then they probably always will. Sure, I'll admit that whenever I pass her in the hallway, or see her lounging on the couch, I feel a small pang of shame. But, am I a monster? I don't think so. She doesn't seem to be affected by it in the slightest. My apologetic ear scratches are met with vitriol, as they always have been. So much for the naive "Quarantine Buddies" collar tag I made two weeks ago. I guess I'll be attaching it to my phone instead.

# Help! My Instagram Thirst Traps Aren't an Adequate Substitute for Human Connection

MAYA LAVENDER

Hello???? Did you guys not see my Insta-gram? I'm talking about my BUTT was on there!!!! It was covered in a pair of leggings and resting on the countertop of my bathroom because there's good lighting in there!!!# Well apparently you did NOT see it, because the only person who swiped up was my MOM and I think it was a MIS-TAKE because she also told me to stay out of her BATHROOM :((( well my DMs are OPEN and I'm HOT and LONELY and WANT to talk to SOME-

ONE PLEASE OH MY GOD,. !!!! I keep sitting in my FRONT YARD to see if the forty three year old DIVORCED dad will walk past because he's the hottest MAN in my entire NEIGHBORHOOD and I KNOW because I RANKED all of my NEIGHBORS and he KNOWS because I sent the LIST to everyone in our NEIGHBORHOOD FACE-swiped up was my MOM BOOK GROUP just to STIR up some drama also I think MY mom is mad AT ME because I ranked her TWELFTH on the list and ONLY the top ten GOT a PRIZE!!!\$%! Well,, since NONE of you seem to CARE about HOW hot and

LONELY AND sexy and BORHOOD.... BUT NOW I BORED and starved of HUMAN touch I am, I have TAKEN to printing my SUPER hot PICS and putting them in MAIL-BOXES around MY neigh-

borhood.... BUT NOW I BORED and starved of HUMAN touch I am, I have TAKEN to printing my SUPER hot PICS and putting them in MAIL-BOXES around MY neigh-



Do you SEE?????!? I am so HOT!!!!!!@!%#@! AND NO one CARES except for MY MOM WHO

IS MAD I BROKE THE PRINTER APPARENTLY OHHHH MY GOOOOOD someone touch me.

# Berkowitz Gets COVID-19

AKIVA HIRSCH

In a continued effort to introduce new views to Bard's campus, Roger Berkowitz invited COVID-19 to give a Zoom lecture as part of the Hannah Arendt Center's "Politics During Pandemics" program. When asked why he would do such a thing, Professor Berkowitz replied, "The echo chamber of Bard has promoted an idea that COVID-19 is bad. While I'm not saying I approve of or agree with everything the virus has done, it's important for a functioning democracy to entertain ideas that go against the dominant ideology." This reporter suspects that Berkowitz just has a humiliation fetish. True to his commitment to both sides at any cost, Berkowitz also invited Social Distancing and Hand Sanitizer

to speak. The discussion was moderated by Dr. Anthony Fauci, who owed Berkowitz a favor after scratching the paint on his lime green Pontiac Firebird. Getting off to a spicy start, COVID-19 rolled a cigarette with one hand and smoked it while accusing Social Distancing of fear-mongering. The virus then told the student audience that it would "meet them in Miami." After finishing the hand-rolled smoke, COVID-19 farted into the microphone.

Dr. Fauci asked COVID-19 why it was "being such a dick?" "For the meme of it all, Tony," replied the virus. "For the meme of it." Social Distancing was too far away from its computer to be heard, but Homemade Hand Sanitizer vowed "to kill 99.99% of COVID-19".

do you have? You will move around in your chair to try to prompt a semblance of a fart noise but nothing will happen. Well congratulations, dumbass... now you just look like you're squirming around in your chair to wipe up the leakage that came out of your big stinky fart. Now everyone thinks you soiled yourself in the middle of class. You look so stupid right now. CAN SOMEONE PLEASE JUST SAY SOMETHING SO MY VIDEO CAN GO BACK TO BEING SMALL? No one will say a word. You think back to a time before you got big and you hate yourself for taking those moments for granted. Your back is up against the wall now. You are running out of options. "I didn't poop," you say. Silence. If there was ever a doubt in anyone's mind that you pooped yourself, that is gone now. Your teacher will try to get the class back on track but no one will be able to focus. Everyone hates you now, they're right to hate you.... You hate yourself. So just don't do it. Don't fart in class. I would also just like to reiterate that this is a hypothetical situation. I would NEVER even consider farting in an online class. I'm just not that kind of person.