

# It Was The Best Of Klines, It Was The Worst Of Klines

BRIAN WATKO

On August 30th at 6:15 PM, junior Julian Smigel entered the Kline Dining Commons for the first time since early March. The once-familiar space had been rendered strange and uncanny by the myriad changes it had undergone in his absence. Stepping inside the main cafeteria, Julian was surprised to see two paths diverge like the forking lanes of a slaughterhouse. One stanchion-lined walk led to the grill area, the other towards the central serving station. Without a Kline employee to guide him, Julian elected to take the latter—a choice that made all the difference.

Behind the counter stood a solitary worker: a wizened old man, his face lined with wrinkles, wearing black Parkhurst-sanctioned robes. His sunken blue eyes sparkled as Julian approached. "You have chosen wisely,

traveler," said the man in a voice like sandpaper. "There are two paths in this canteen (one good, one bad), and not a soul who enters here can tell the difference. While your fellow scholars must sate themselves with less-than-satisfactory fare, rejoice! for you have chosen the path of the good food offerings!"

With the flourish, the old man drew the lids from the catering trays, revealing all the makings of a veritable feast: fresh-baked breads; rich, steaming soups; roasted vegetables; meats; cheeses; treats and dainties of all kinds. "Behold!" roared the Kline worker. "All of this is yours for the taking—fortune favors the bold. Will you be having coq au vin or fillet mignon? Or suckling pig, with an apple still in its mouth? Partake of goose, pheasant, peacock and

swan!" Load your tray high, O hungry one; take as much as you can!" With that, a band of minstrels emerged from under the counter and struck up a jaunty madrigal. The smell of woodsmoke hung heavy in the air.

"Or perhaps libation is what you seek," said the old man, stroking his white beard with a vinyl-gloved hand. "Once your plate is runneth over with victuals, make your way to the drinks section and ask for the secret menu—the password is bibendum. Then, fill your horn with wine! With honey mead!

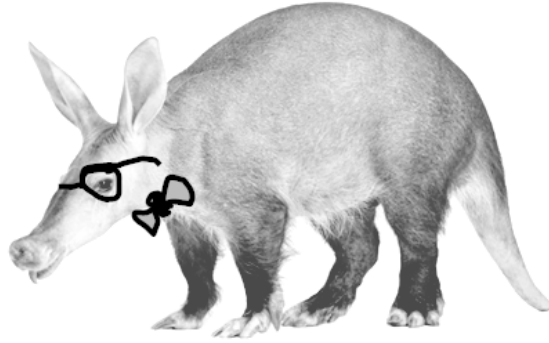
With sweet champagne! Whatever you desire, it is yours!"

Casting a derisive look over at the cafeteria's grill, the old man giggled with grim delight. "Ah, poor fools who chose the wrong path. They will eat watery gruel like orphans in the workhouse. But you," he said, poking Julian with a bony finger. "You will not share their fate. You will dine like a king—like a god!"

Julian was later spotted in Old Kline with two slices of cheese pizza and a cup of iced coffee.

Brad College

## BARDVARK



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# "We Are The Virus," Say Manor House Rats To Each Other As Students Return

AUDREY RUSSELL

Only those lucky enough to have seen it could describe the way Manor House looked in the midsummer days of 2020. It had been months since the linoleum hallways had known the touch of a Birkenstock; months since the plasticky beds had held the full weight of a sleeping twenty-something. Once overflowing with crushed beer cans and crumpled-up napkins, the garbage cans hung empty like hungry mouths. Save for the architecture of the building and all the remaining furniture, there was no tangible evidence that Manor House had ever housed a single college student. The novel coronavirus of 2020 may have sent students home, but it set

the rats free. Sure, they'd always technically been there: Manor residents could hear the pitter-pat of little rat feet in the ceiling during the wee hours of the night, and particularly observant party guests could sometimes see them skittering down the hallway. But never, even in their craziest rat dreams, could they ever imagine being given free reign of the building in the way that they now had. Now, they couldn't imagine ever retreating into obscurity. Not after they'd had a taste of freedom. Rats hung by their tails from light fixtures and looked out wistfully over the terraces early in the morning. They danced on the tables at night, laughing all the while

with wild abandon. Each rat had its own big bed to sleep in, and the Rat King had an entire attic to himself. Life is good, said the Manor rats. This is how it was always meant to be. For once in their short rat lives, they weren't restrained by the Bardians that had always taken up so much space. By August, the rats had nearly forgotten that the humans were there. That was when the first PC moved in for L&T.

Thus began a new chapter in the lives of the Manor House rats. Though these rats were tempted to shout with glee from between the bricks and dive into the toilet as if it were a high-end plunge pool, they knew that the students would respond to such brazenness by calling exterminators and shrieking. "We are the virus," the rats de-

clared during a somber gathering under the floorboards one morning. "Nature is healing." They could hear the familiar rumble of suitcase wheels above their teensy rat heads. It felt no different than previous starts to the school year. Dismayed that they'd been so brusquely forced back into their old ways, the rats observed a little closer. They heard students' wry jokes about being sent home next month, as well as some darker and more serious conversations between PCs and administrators indicating that it actually might be the case. Two weeks later, a slow grin spread over the Rat King's face. He could sense the energy of the abject terror that filled Manor's halls, and he liked what it meant. The rats were right. They were, in fact, the

virus. In that moment, the rats knew that regardless of how long the students were there, they would ultimately outlive the students. It didn't matter whether students were sent home in October or after the

following commencement. The whole house could catch COVID-19, or it could weather the semester unscathed; the students would have to move home eventually. They just had to. In the end, the rats would win.



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I don't know what to do

two states of mind in me

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#### STAFF

- Megan Brien . . . *Not Lonely, Definitely Not Bookish*
- Annie Dodson. . . . . *Born Again Christian*
- Akiva Hirsch. . . . . *Makes British Men Weep*
- Maya Lavender. . . . . *Seething With Rage*
- Nathanael "Franklin" Matos. . . . . *Regrets*
- Felix Monroe. . . . . *Inhaling Fumes*
- Audrey Russell. . . . . *BALD*
- Parlin Shields. . . . . *We Just Think She's Neat*
- Brian Watko. . . . . *Workhouse Orphan*
- Clayton Webb. . . . . *Newly Vegetarian*
- Noah Wurtz. . . . . *Boordvork Rooportor*



## Opinion: Wear Your Mask So I Can Eat Soup In Public Again

MAYA LAVENDER

Since returning to campus, I have seen way too many people going without a mask in public spaces, and frankly, it's infuriating. You very well may be spreading a deadly disease to your peers. And worse than that: the longer that mask-wearing is required, the longer I must go without eating soup in public, which is my most favorite thing to do. "There must be a way to safely eat your soup in public," you say. Well, by the time I feel safe enough to go maskless, my soup is cold and I am deep in the forest and that is no longer public, now is it? I want to eat my soup on a busy street corner. I want many strangers to see me eat my soup, never to see or hear of

me again. Is this too much to ask? One time I tried just pulling my mask down under my chin to take a bite of soup and then replacing it when people were around. But have you ever tried juggling a thermos of piping hot split-pea, a flimsy piece of fabric around your face, and a spoon all at the same time? I guarantee, it's harder than it sounds. I was covered in green mush and mild burns faster than you could say "ma'am, can you not eat soup right there?" All this to say, I would greatly appreciate all of us coming together to defeat this virus, so that I can get back some goddamn normalcy.

## Hannah Arendt Center Newsletter Declares Affiliation To The #khive

SYLVIA BURTSWATTLE

Last Thursday around 10:30 AM, the Hannah Arendt Center shocked absolutely no one when it announced a political partnership with the #khive, the only fanbase of VP nominee Kamala Harris.

"Arendt strongly implied in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* that it would be wrong for a digital newsletter to publicly endorse a presidential candidate, and we ourselves at Amor Mundi do not want to alienate or silence any conservative faculty or students in doing so. That said, the HAC staff has found its tribe online among the Kamala Harris fanbase, and we would like to take this opportunity to declare Amor Mundi's official position as a partner of the #khive. In the name

of democracy, we have no choice but to stan." The GIF-riddled statement went on to describe Harris' greatest clapbacks and girlboss moments, all the while making it a point not to make a single concrete statement about the politics of Harris or anyone else.

"In a flop era of rampant fake news and toxic disinformation, the United States and other developed nations have a moral obligation to slay," the statement read before vowing to always put the Bernie Bros on blast. To investigate the reasoning behind the newsletter, the Bardvark scheduled a Zoom call with Roger Berkowitz.

"She is my mommy. And Elizabeth Warren is my aunt. And Joe Biden? Well, he's

my sweet sweet son," said Berkowitz when asked about the statement. "They are boss bitches, just like me. It's nice to finally see some representation in politics." Megan Thee Stallion's "Girls in the Hood" could be faintly heard in the background of the call. In the reflection of Berkowitz' glasses was a heavily filtered montage of Harris shaking hands

with Dick Cheney. For once in his life, Roger Berkowitz seemed to be at peace. "The #khive is coming," he said, "And on behalf of the millions of Americans engaging in active citizenship this November, Amor Mundi aims to make it known that even within the political climate of a liberal democracy, your faves are BALD."

## Kline Commons Introduces No Hands Communal Trough Experience

CLAYTON WEBB

Earlier this week, Sr. General Manager of Bard Dining Tony Williams introduced an all-new concept for the campus' main dining hall, Kline: troughs. This decision is in direct response to criticism concerning Kline's approach to COVID safety, which leaves many points of contact between servers and students. Inspired by his youth feeding pigs on a farm in rural Pennsylvania, Williams believes this new dining plan is the solution that everyone is looking for.

Here's a rundown of the changes you can expect in the next few weeks. Staff is already in the process of removing all tables and chairs and installing all-new, state of the art, 16-

foot stainless steel troughs in Kline dining spaces. Students will be expected to sit socially distanced from one another on small wooden stools that Parkhurst has bought en-masse from small scale cow milking operations across the country. The only rule? No hands allowed. That's right; students will be required to sit on their own hands while dining to ensure their "grubby little fingers don't get up in anybody's business." Additionally, students can expect a slight change in menu options too, as food will now have to be the proper consistency to be tossed into the trough from a bucket. In short, get ready for a lot more rice bran, cassava, maize, as

well as delicious fruit and vegetable scraps and, on occasion, fresh grass clippings. Executive chef Shannon Hume describes it as "the balanced diet to make our beautiful students grow into truly mouth watering specimens worthy of first place at the county fair," and we're inclined to believe her, as she was smacking her lips throughout the entire interview.

Already, the new plan for Kline is receiving glowing praise from students and faculty alike. One first-year, Parlin Shields, described it as "the \$18,000 dining plan I want. Finally Bard is listening to us, the people". Even President Botstein has spoken out in support of the plan; in a private interview with the Bardvark last Tuesday, he told us what he really thought as he

picked his teeth with a small animal bone: "Yes, very good, very good." Then, looking the reporter up and down, he licked his lips and said, "My mouth waters at the very thought of your fat-marbled flesh. I mean, these forthright new safety measures."

All this support has led Parkhurst to develop a super-secret "Phase Two" that is set to roll out early next semester, parts of which are already under construction by the entrance (you've probably seen the signs posted by Kline). Judging from the crates that have been going through Building and Grounds, it has something to do with motorized cutting tables and dehairing machines. We're not sure exactly what's in store, but the Bardvark is determined to find out how the sausage gets made.

## Absolute Fucking Bitch-Idiot has Opinion on BBQ Seitan

FELIX MONROE

Students, I come to you live with a breaking report detailing of disgusting news: some fucking neanderthal has the absolute gall to criticize BBQ seitan. This ugly waste of space was overheard running their stupid, useless, rancid mouth in the corner of Old Kline Commons this September 30th at approximately 2:24 PM. The gibbering dunce, when asked by a friend tablemate to try a bite of the tender and savory meat substitute, remarked "Nah." Pressed by horrified onlookers, this shit-for-brains buffoon deigned to follow up with a pathetic "I don't think it's as good as everyone says it is." The lecherous imbecile then went on to remark

that "that stuff" tasted like "wet bread" and that "it's weird that we all pretend otherwise."

The rotted fucking fool remained unbowed when the rest of the table, still reeling from this onslaught of verbal lunacy, attempted to talk them down from this rhetorical cliff. "Just try it, Bethany!" fell onto the deaf, dumb, and apparently tasteless ears of the philistine slag. "Isn't it also funny," the raving maniac went on, heedless to even the gates of heaven closing their doors on such a hapless case, "that it kind of sounds like Satan?" You shut your mouth, you bitch-soaked scumfuck. You sound like the devil's harlot them-

selves. I condemn thee to the dankest, darkest pits of hell for the slander you have loosed from your seitan-less

maw. How dare you, you hobgoblin, you witch, you leviathan hog. Eat shit.

## OpEd: There's A Mouse In My Suite and I'm Afraid He's Stuart Little

MAYA LAVENDER

When I moved into Resnick B this semester, I was expecting to only have three suite-mates. It quickly became clear that I have a fourth, and I doubt he's getting charged room and board. Why? BECAUSE HE'S A MOUSE!!! He's two and a half inches tall, poops in my shower, and eats my Clif Bars. And honestly? I wouldn't have a problem with this, except for the fact that I'm pretty sure he's Stuart Little, my middle school bully. Stuart thought he was

hot shit because he's a human boy who happens to look and act like a little white mouse and drive a teeny red convertible. He also called me a skank at the eighth grade dance. Needless to say, I hate him.

I moved one thousand miles away for college to get away from dudes like Stuart, and now he's living in my walls. I can't sleep at night because I feel like he's watching me. And I know if he's watching me he's definitely judging me. The pest control specialists over at B&G

gave me some traps to set, but I don't want to go to prison (remember he is an actual real HUMAN BOY who just so happens to LOOK LIKE A MOUSE so if I killed him that would be MURDER). So I bought a catch and release mouse trap from a hardware store and baited it with peanut butter. I waited until I heard the little door slam shut and then went to check the trap.

Instead of my middle school nemesis, I found the cage entirely empty except for a tiny note that read "u thot u cud get rid of me u dum bitch. watch ur back." Stuart had gotten a taste for peanut butter and now he wants my blood. I set every trap from B&G and then slashed his stupid little tires so he can't leave. Who's the skank now, Stuart?!?!?!?!

