

# Bard Expands Graveyard in Preparation

ANNIE DODSON

It's that special time of year again: the time when we fear sudden mass death. This time, it's from a global pandemic. Taking this fact into consideration, Bard College has started creating additional plots of land in the graveyard on campus.

Students became aware of the expansion via job postings on Handshake. The Buildings and Grounds Horticulture department posted several job listings, seeking student landscapers, gardeners, and gravediggers. To the department's surprise, each job listing had dozens of applicants.

"The main tasks for these positions are pretty typical landscaping duties," said Pamy Arella, the head of the Horticulture department, in an interview. "But, you know, landscaping for the imminent deaths of your friends. So I guess not that typical."

In an exclusive with President Botstein himself, I learned some shocking information. "There are a large number of students here on scholarship, which is wonderful. However, the scholarships only can cover a certain amount of the expenses." When pressed for more information, Botstein said: "Students on scholarships will have the... compulsory opportunity to dig their own... custom graves."

I reached out to a student working in the new cemetery expansion, the senior named Walker. "I take it Botstein told you the scholarship kid thing. But what he didn't tell you..." he began to whisper, "is that we're building an exclusive section with elaborate gardens, crypts, and mausoleums for students whose parents are donors to the school."

Buildings and Grounds Carpentry Department for more information. Dob Rickson was more than happy to discuss the status of Botstein's pyramid: "Yes, Botstien has put in a special request to the carpenters. He has asked us to construct a large pyramid for him and his family to be buried in. I have also heard that he is planning some sort of raffle for students to get the chance to be buried in the pyramid alongside him."

All of this preparation made me curious—where would I be buried after I die on campus? I then recalled something Botstien had said in our interview: Students who were not financially cleared, or who still had outstanding fees on their account balance, would be "taken care of in an alternative and sustainable manner." After some more digging, I discovered this to mean "thrown off the Rhinecliff bridge."

Pamy sent me to the

# Brad College BOORDVARK



The scariest thing of all is an untimely topical joke.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2020  
Annandale-on-Hudson, NZ

Contact at ar453@bard.edu or bw2171@bard.edu. Follow us on Twitter. Or Instagram. Or in person.

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



BRAD Comedy  
Brought to you by.....

## NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

**WARNING: Bear on Campus, Last Seen Wearing Raincoat, Holding Tiny Suitcase**  
P. 22

**I Fucking Died.**  
P. 65

**If He Were Still Alive Today, Beetlejuice Would be a Proud Member of the Dirtbag Left**  
P. 900

**Man Found Dead In Rural Area: The Late Bumpkin**  
P. 3

**Hoe to type fast, And GoOD**  
P. 34

**The Tragedies Do Not Stop Coming: I Miss The No Shoes Guy And His Weird Smell**  
P. 25

**The Monster Mash Is NO Place For Dracula's Son**  
P. 89

# Manor House Ghost Suspiciously Silent About BLM

CLAYTON WEBB

Well, Bardians, it's that time of year again. The leaves are changing, and goblins and ghouls spritely jump across campus, causing mischief where they may as the veil between our world and theirs becomes thinner and thinner. Legendary campus spirits such as the Tewks Toilet Monster, the Stone Row Slut Shamer, and Hannah Arendt have begun to frequent their respective haunts. However, residents of Manor House may find that their very own Manor House ghost has been awfully quiet the past few weeks, and one has to wonder: does it have something to do with Black Lives Matter?

The Manor House ghost has historically been very vocal about current global issues. We all remember 2005, when the ground floor was flooded waist-deep with sewage in support of Hurricane Kat-

rina disaster relief, or 2015, when all the running water became pig's blood for twenty-four hours in protest of the European migrant crisis, or even as recently as last year, when student Gregory Mendelson burned alive in his dorm room to raise awareness for global warming. That's not all: alumni will no doubt remember October 31, 1992, when all the residents of Manor House woke up gay, to raise awareness for gay rights.

This year, Manor House residents have been getting full nights of uninterrupted sleep without even a single blood curdling scream or any ominous, disembodied whispers. They shower without fear of eels or snakes, and occasionally will even sleep with their lights all off, risking being preyed upon by ghostly figures dressed as scary nuns. In fact, this year's only su-

pernatural activity thought to be attributed to the Manor House ghost was reported two weeks ago by Felix Monroe, who reported having no face at all for three hours after taking shrooms for the first time.

The only reasonable explanation can be that the manor house ghost feels that BLM is somehow "off limits" or "too fresh". On behalf of the student body, the Bardvark would like to address the Manor House ghost directly. Manor House ghost, if you are a

patron of the Bardvark, hear our plea: this is your time! Give us something—anything! A simple ACAB written in blood in one of the hallways would suffice, remind us that you are here and we are afraid! Use this time of fear and terror to amplify black voices and stand up for what is right!

# Guys! We Should Totally Be The Sanderson Sisters For Halloween, But Only If I Get To Be The Hot One

MAYA LAVENDER

It's that time of year again! The time when friends have to decide what group costume to pick. This is the hands-down one of the most audacious things anyone

has ever had the gall of saying to me. For as long as I can remember, I have been part of a trio of women, despite knowing that this is a dangerous social standing to have,

come the end of October. But rarely does anyone think of pulling a stunt like this, except for that time one of my two estranged aunts did this exact thing to my mom. In fact, there is a rule—both spoken and unspoken—that the Sanderson Sisters from the movie *Hocus Pocus* are always off the table when it comes to group Halloween costumes. Why? Because the person suggesting it always wants to be the hot one, though rarely does she have the nerve to explicitly say it, meaning she expects the other two chumps to be the dumb ugly ones. Now your friend might play coy and say something like "Well I don't know, I just thought it would be fun. I don't really care who's who." But what's fun about dressing up like Kathy Najimi dressed like a witch, and if your friend really didn't care, then why does she already have a blonde wig? Hmm? She won't even be able to look you in the eye when she says that Bette Midler is "totally the hot one" of the group. The

traitor might even go so far as to say that this is the only possible costume the three of you can be. But let me give you some rebuttals right here right now: The Powerpuff Girls, The Plastics from *Mean Girls*, the main cast from the movie *Aquamarine*. And if she tries to say that she can't get the money back for the blonde wig, remind her that it's her fault for prematurely and at all patronizing Spirit Halloween and that all of the aforementioned group costumes still have a blonde girl that will inevitably steal the spotlight from the other two and this should make her happy because she's a vapid, selfish backstabber who was only ever friends with you in the first place to make herself look hotter by comparison. But ultimately, an unfortunate rift has been formed and will never be mended. Let your former friend dress up like Sarah Jessica Parker on her own and then never speak to her again, because her behavior has been unacceptable.

Contact us for information.

## STAFF

|                 |                                  |
|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| Megan Brien     | Bug                              |
| Annie Dodson    | Found in the Hudson              |
| Akiva Hirsch    | Fucking Died                     |
| Maya Lavender   | The Hot One                      |
| Gideon Lester   | Former Bard Professor            |
| Nathanael Matos | Afraid of Paddington             |
| Felix Monroe    | Where'd My Face Go, Sis!?        |
| Audrey Russell  | Left BuzzFeed For This           |
| Parlin Shields  | Locally Sourced Human            |
| Emma Smith      | The Scientist Who Is Studying Us |
| Brian Watko     | Really Into Beetlejuice          |
| Clayton Webb    | Just Trying To Help              |

## Opinion: Not Enough Goblins and Ghouls for This Girl's Liking

MAYA LAVENDER

It's that time of year again! The time when I am going to guide us all in a really important group exercise, and you will indulge me please. Close your eyes, and picture what a goblin looks like. Can you do it? How about a ghou? Yeah, I didn't think so. Every Halloween season we are told to beware of them, but literally what even are they? And if they're truly so spooky, then I wanna see!!! I have frankly had plenty of the creepies and the crawlies. And once you've heard one bump in the night, you've heard them all. I'm so tired of the ghosts and the witches and the demons. They're so

overplayed and it shows in their attitude. I just want to meet a goblin and/or ghou. No preference, I'm not picky. I just think it would be super cool, you know. I want to feel the abject terror of opening my refrigerator and there being a goblin in there. Oh, and what I would not give to get in my car, and have the engine not start after several attempts, so I pop the hood. And what do I find in there? A ghou, of course! And I'll have no choice but to say, "How ghoulish!" And the ghou would make a little ghou noise. But that will never happen, because we live in a terrible and unfair world.

## Sexy Halloween Costume? No Thanks! I'll Stick To My Annual Bug, Thank You!

MEGAN BRIEN

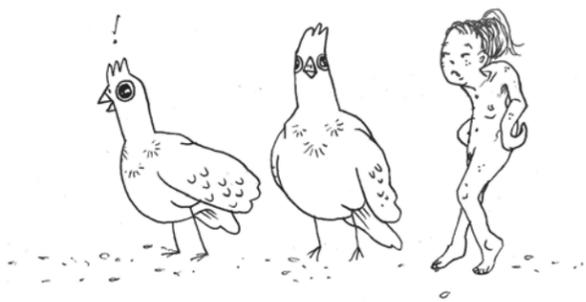
*He was a boy. She was a bug.*

It's that time of year again—leaves are falling from the trees, jackets are being pulled from closets, and hundreds of thousands of Americans are flocking to their local Spirit Halloween to procure the perfect costume. But not me! That's right, I've already got my costume locked and loaded, and it won't take you too many guesses to figure out what it is. This year, like so many before, I'll be sporting the guise of a Cimex lectularius, though it is more commonly known as a "bed bug."

I know what you're thinking: "Tiffany, don't you want to wear something sexy so that you might get laid?" And I will answer with this: I don't necessarily think that my bug costume has to get in the way of that. Is sexiness not a state of mind? And besides, this is a tradition I have never strayed from,

not in over five years. Sure, some people might be excited about the prospect of pairing fishnets with cat ears, but my chitinous exoskeleton is more than enough for me. What's more attractive than six long, jointed legs and reduced leathery forewings?

In years past, I've had friends try to convince me to join them in dressing as various Hot versions of things. "Come on, Tiffany!" they'd say, "Are you sure you don't want to be Sexy Keebler Elves with us?" Another year it was Sexy Condiment Packets and, before that, a Sexy Deck of Cards. Every time, I turned them down. Because I know who I am. I'm not like other girls. I'm a bug. There aren't enough pushup bras in the world to deter me from slithering—once again—into the ovoid hull of my favorite blood-feeding parasite.



"Jeff, I already told you; I'm not participating in her performance art anymore."



## Every Bard Ghost, Ranked Based On How Useful They Are To Me Personally

AUDREY RUSSELL

*It's that time of year again—time to rank all the Bard ghosts.*

20. The Scarecrow. Hidden deep within the cornstalks of the Bard Farm is a lone scarecrow. Hidden deep within that scarecrow is a great evil. Avoid The Scarecrow at all costs.

19. The Old Robbins Ghost. Criminally overrated. Definitely responsible for that fire. And that car crash. And those vibes.

18. The thing that lives in the Tewksbury corridor. Has seen every movie in The Conjuring Cinematic Universe. Acts like it. There is not an original bone in its body. (There are also no unoriginal bones in its body.)

17. The little girl who lives in the Blithewood attic. I don't care that she died when she was eight—she's an idiot!

16. The stagnant ghosts of all the microgreens in the campus center. Once, they nourished the student body. Now, they just attract flies. How the mighty have fallen.

15. The Waterfall Wraith. The reason you feel watched whenever you go for a swim. If you slip on the rocks, it has no intention of saving you.

14. Philip Roth. Does not leave the graveyard on account of being a lazy, horny ghost. Once told me I should smile more often.

13. The Haircut Haunt, who tripped and fell on her scissors while cutting her bangs in the South Hall bathroom. They will never, ever, ever be even. Her goal in this realm is to condemn you to the same fate.

12. The Sawkill Spirit. Always wants coffee; lacks the wherewithal to pay for it. Owes everyone money; will never pay them back. Does not drink coffee; simply enjoys the ritual.

11. The Phantasm of the Rose Labs. Less of a real ghost, more of a distinct feeling of swivel chair wheels gliding towards your ankles.

10. The Backseat Driver. There are things that go bump in the night, and then there are things that go clackety-clackety-clack every hour on the hour (except for some hours). I'm sure the shuttle driver likes the company.

9. The Gatehouse Ghoul. If you've ever tried to climb up on top of the Gatehouse, you have probably noticed something dragging you down. Most call it gravity. I call it the Gatehouse Ghoul.

8. The portrait of Margaret Bard that Botstein keeps in his parlor. Don't ask me how I know this, but its eyes follow you around when you walk. It's very Episcopalian.

7. The Twelve-Dollar Late Fee. Occupies the most garish corners of the library ceilings. Not necessarily out to get you, but knows exactly what's going through your head when you try to fix the printer by way of brute force.

6. The forgotten Old Robbins ghost that lives in the health office. Sits in on my therapy sessions sometimes, which is a serious HIPAA violation. Sometimes provides meaningful insights. Helped me reconnect with my stepdad.

5. The Wailer of Ward. Responsible for the midnight scales, the wee-morning arpeggios, and the overdone jazz standards at continental breakfast. Love her or hate her, people will remember her long after you're dead and gone.

4. The Parliament Poltergeist. Refers to self as a poltergeist, but comforts freshmen when they dissociate. To my knowledge, has not poltergeisted once. A very good ghost, if a bit misguided.

3. Hannah Arendt. Only this high up on the list because even in death, she is a gold mine for Bardvark content. We give credit where credit is due.

2. The Gho(a/s)ts. Goats die sometimes too. Beyond the grave, they are still pure and sweet and lovely creatures. They will still eat all of your belongings, and you will still let them. The Gho(a/s)ts reduce my carbon footprint every day!

1. The Secret Barber. The lucky few who are able to find The Secret Barber unlock the secrets of the universe. They stand atop Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs and jeer at the unenlightened masses below. But you will never find The Secret Barber, so don't even try.

## Ta-Ta For Now: An Open Letter

GIDEON LESTER

Hullo, brats. This is Tony Award® winner Gideon Lester, former Artistic Director of Bard's Theater & Performance department. In case you blinkered philistines missed the news of the century, baked as you are in your interminable cannabis haze, allow me to bring you up to speed: I, Gideon Lester, have elected to step down from my post at the request of my ungrateful students and staff. Though I was more than content to keep this information on the down-low, the Administration has made it clear that I must issue some kind of statement regarding my departure. Since your backwater college has new real newspaper to speak of (the *Bard Free Press*? Don't make me laugh), I've been forced

to print this communiqué in what you slack-jawed American halfwits consider a satire publication. So it goes.

Let me speak plainly: I know very few of you *like* me. You think me "pompous," "callous," "an obsequious sycophant to our mid-tier visiting artists," a man with "no discernible enthusiasm or aptitude for running a college theater program." Frankly, I don't care. The chips are down, the gloves are off—I can finally tell you self-righteous guttersnipes what I've wanted to say for eight long years: I don't like you either.

When I first came to Bard in 2012, the Theater department was a shambles: a quietly well-regarded program

run by an acclaimed theater-maker. I, Gideon Lester, took it upon myself to rebuild this crumbling façade from the ground up. This was to be my legacy: I would be remembered as the brilliant, charming, devilishly handsome man who changed the American theatre forever. And I would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren't for you myopic, meddling kids.

So what if a Zocalo guest said something racist? So what if I've favoured treacly lip-service to actually addressing the inequalities present in my department? Stop your sanctimonious handwringing and look at all the good I've done. I won a Tony® for our Summer-Scape production of *Oklahoma!* I single-handedly organised a department show starring everyone's favourite rock star, Amanda Palmer, along-

side my two protégés, the members of PWR BTTM. I roped award-winning novelist Neil Gaiman into teaching a Shakespeare class once every two- and- a- half years! And, after all of this, you're still not impressed? You'd prefer to focus on a couple dozen inadequacies than recognise my several successes? You poor, uncultured swine. How I pity you.

Well, hurrah. You've won. Good always triumphs, blah blah blah. But know this: your pitiful little minds cannot even comprehend how good you had it under my reign. While you stay stuck in grotty Annandale-on-Hudson, smoking your cigarettes and listening to your Phoebe Bridgers, I'll be traveling this wide world over, returning to my homes in New York and London, staying at my palatial Irish sum-

mer estate. I'm Gideon fucking Lester, firstborn son of Baron Lester of Herne Hill, and you—all of you—are nothing. Don't you forget that.

Rule Britannia!

Fondly,

Gideon Lester

**Oct 31<sup>st</sup> choose your menu is back!**

H=HUMAN S=SOYLENT L=LOCAL GREEN

- SANITY SOUP (S)
- LASAGNA MADE FROM SKIN (H)
- MID-TERM-STRESS APPENDIX (H) (L)
- FETUSES (L)
- CURRY W/ MYSTERY STUFF (H)
- BREADSTICKS THAT ARE ACTUALLY JUST FINGERS (H) (L)
- SOMEONES THERAPY DOG IN GRAVY (L)