

ATTENTION ALL [REMOTESTU]

PARLIN SHIELDS

Spring is here and it's time to boogie! Although Covid has canceled most social events, it has brought the dawn of a new age: the Year of the Roommate.

On-campus and remote students will be pairing off though Bard's roommate lottery system for the new "zoom-mate" initiative, rolling out early next week. Associate vice president of student affairs Bethany Nohlgren will be spearheading this technological feat of unparalleled proportions. Last week, I sat down with Bethany to discuss the plans regarding the massive Covid-19 outbreak ransacking the on-campus student body. "We haven't been so psyched about how the in-person students have fared," Nohlgren admitted. After looking out the window for a few minutes, Nohlgren added: "online 'zoom-mates' will be a more humane way to go about collegiate friendship-making."

Italians Banned

AKIVA HIRSCH

Pandemonium has ensued after a startling new college policy: Effective March 31st, Italians are banned from Bard College. This announcement came out a month ago, but nobody noticed because it was in one of Malia Dumont's emails about wearing a mask. Thankfully, one bored student who actually reads the emails alerted us to this alarming new decree. We would have published an article sooner, but we don't care that much about Italians.

To see how the Italian community was reacting to this notizia esplosiva, we spoke with the director of Bard's Italian Studies concentration, Franco Baldasso: "A- this is- a an assault-a on-a an essential-a component-of-a the Bard-a community. Spaghetti." Translated to English, Professor Baldasso told the Bardvark "This is an assault on an essential component of the Bard community. Spaghetti." Student Angela Woodack was similarly upset, saying "Oof marone, why would Leon

lecting those little coupons from Salvatore's pizza," Leon informed us. "Months, I tell you! And when he finally gathered one hundred coupons—which should have gotten him ten pizzas, because one

Wondering what zoom-mates entails? well you're in for a FUCKIN TREAT! Think 1984. Think "Love is Blind". Think BuzzFeed quizzes at 3 AM with someone that you don't really want to be friends with.

Drawing from the Bard scholarship fund, every participating student will be sent a 4x6 2007 Sony flatscreen TV with an attached live stream webcam. Paired students will be given IKEA™ instructions on installation, and then WABAM! there's your new best friend!

Say goodbye to quiet nights of depression and *Bridgerton*. Utter *adieu* to jacking off at 3 PM when you know your mom's at the grocery store.

The fun part is that as much as it sucks for you, it sucks ass for your zoom-mate too.

When I approached some potential zoom-mate victims through their Instagram DMs, they did not reply.

do this to us? How am I gonna pack up my *gabbagool* in time?" How indeed, Angela. Finally, famous Italian Sylvester Stallone has weighed in on this troubling development. "Ay uhh yo, yo ay ay ay uhh yo. Yo ay uhh ay ay. Yo!" Our translators were unable to decipher what Signore Stallone told us, but we're sure it was very wise. After all, this is the man who gave us Rocky and played the Toymaker in *Spy Kids 3-D: Game Over*.

We went straight to the top and asked Leon Botstein why this controversial decision was made. After greeting us in his booklined study, President Botstein ushered us into a hidden room blocked off by a life-size cutout of composer Gustav Mahler. The room was filled to the brim with pizza boxes; on closer examination, we discovered that a small square had been cut from each box. David Shein sat in a dark corner on all fours, wearing oil-stained rags, gnawing on a stale crust. "David spent months col-

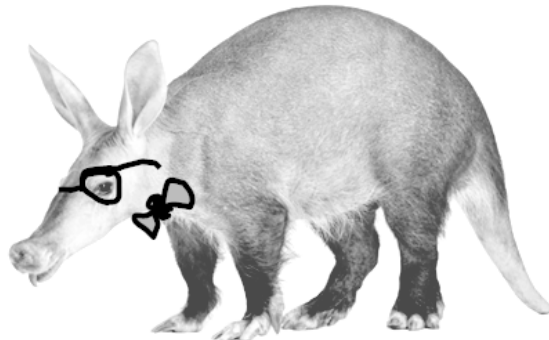
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STAFF

Megan Brien	happy"
Isa Cava	Joann's employee of the month
Annie Dodson	LOVES LISA <3
Clare Herzog	egg
Akiva Hirsch	gabbagool
Maya Lavender	in stem :/
Zoe Kaperonis	do not pinch
Nathanael Matos	roomie
Parlin Shields	[REMOTESTU]
Brian Watko	the end of old yeller
Clayton Webb	fears the birds
Colin Zacharisen	doesn't fear the birds

Brad College

BARDVARK



A place to respite

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 2021
Annandale-on-Hudson, NM

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Follow us on Twitter. Or Instagram. Or in person.

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



NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

Pinching Is An Unfair Punishment For People Not Wearing Green On St. Patrick's Day P. 22

Let's Not Be Hasty: Hard Boil Egg P. 65

Wikihow How To Smile To A Theater Kid's Face While Publicly Denouncing Them For Their Crimes Against Comedy P. 100

Local Man Reports: "I Had Never Been A Dentist Until I Looked In His Mouth" P. 3

How To Get Doxxed By Your Manager At Joann's Fabrics P. 34

Brad's 24 Hour Theater Festival Maxes Out Capacity, It's All Anyone Can Talk About On Campus P. 25

Local hero? This Woman Is "Happy" P. 89

Botstein Assures Everyone Vultures Are Simply Our Avian Friends, Not Foreboding Symbol Of Looming Catastrophe

CLAYTON WEBB

Gideon Lester, step aside! We have a new symbol of the failing vitality of man and this institution, and they're not even British! In a poll last week, students ranked the Kline vultures as the biggest concern on campus, with an incredible 100% of respondents breaking out in a cold sweat and locating nearest escape routes after hearing the vultures directly referenced. The vultures surpassed historically big-name items like Racism (27%), Homework (23%), and getting sick (19%). Their rise has been unprecedentedly quick as well: just last month, the biggest threat to all that is peaceful and good in our lives was cited as a tie between when Kline only has

oatmeal raisin cookies in stock and how much weed I've been smoking.

We also got the chance to hear some real Bard voices on the matter. "I am a simple guy," said senior Brian Watko. "I eat; I sleep; I love; I live. I never go faster than 5 mph walking and 50 mph driving. I follow the rules. The vultures? They are going to eat me, I know it. They salivate over the morbid excesses of American post-industrial consumer capitalism; Bard is simply the unfortunate microcosm of a much greater societal sickness."

Other students have expressed a more positive view of the vultures. Maya Lavender, a sophomore, had this to say:

"Personally, I take comfort in the knowledge that the vultures will one day eat me." When asked for further comment, she squawked and flew into a nearby tree where she quietly stared at us, as if she could see right through to our pitch-black souls.

Over the weekend, a student advocacy group, Students Against the Frightening and Unknown Implications of the Vultures (SAFUIV), held a panic-in inside of Kline, where speakers raised concerns like "Name One Good Thing It Could Mean," "They Are So Big," "Every Day There Are More," "I'm Terrified I'm The Only One Who Can See Them," and "God

Is Probably Going To Kill Us."

In response to the rising concern, President Botstein organized a press conference where he assured the student body that "the vultures are simply our avian friends, not a foreboding symbol of looming apocalypse," even going as far as to say, "they're just birds [...] they're probably just attracted to the food waste." Before taking questions, Botstein ended his speech by saying, "and even if they are a symbol for the coming apocalypse, what do you want me to do about it? They are Mc-Big," "Every Day There Are More," "I'm Terrified I'm The Only One Who Can See Them," and "God

Update: Since the initial publication of this article, Bard College has moved from #9 straight to #1 on the international list of places where the end of the world will most likely start.

Feeling Hot and Sexy or Just Hot and Maybe Like You Have a Fever?

DR. MAYA LAVENDER

URGENT: The following quiz will be replacing the Bard Involvio App questionnaire effective 4/1/2021.

1. Is your face warm? Give yourself a little kiss on the forehead? Check and see if your face is warm? Give yourself a point if it is.
2. Are you feelin like a little hottie? A cute lil hottie a sexy hot hottie? Give urself another point if so ;)
3. Is your temperature above 99.9 degrees Fahrenheit? Another point for baby, if yes!
4. Take a look in the mirror. Did u say wow hot damn!?! Yes? A point for you!
5. Are you sweating? More points :D

Okay bestie! Add up all of your points! Idk what they all mean but you're a big winner! Congrats!!!! Unless u didn't get the green robot, then pls do not come 2 class.

A Letter to Lisa Frank

ANNIE DODSON

Dear Lisa Frank,

I hope this letter finds you well and fashionable.

I am inspired by you. I have always loved your stickers and other stationery products since I was a young child, and they have recently come back into my life. I realized that we would probably get along super well and we should be friends, if not more than that. I would like to enter your world.

We could do LSD together. It looks like you do that a lot already. We could braid each others' hair, although mine might be short I would gladly get a wig for this activity. Perhaps, we could even do a makeover montage. Also we could gossip about people. I would love to hear about your ex-husband James Green, whom you divorced. Why?

If this offer isn't enticing enough to you, you could be my aunt maybe. Or a young and hip grandma. I am between grandparents right now, so that might work for me.

As a last resort in my mission to convince you to be my friend, since I have purchased your products, I have contributed to your net worth. Thus some of your \$200 million is rightfully mine. That is, unless you would like to even it out between us through some quality time...

I would love to hear all of your deep insights. You clearly see the world in a beautiful and unique way. I can't wait to learn from you about life and love and how to be a mogul.

Thank you for reading, future bestie (or more)!

Xoxo,

Annie Dodson

Looking for New Roommate. We're Normal!

NATHANAEL J. MATOS

Hey, besties! My name is Bria (she/her). I'm 20 years old and studying Human Rights and Anthropology. I live with my two friends Georgia and "Frankie," and we are looking for a third roommate to share rent with.

We live in a quaint, two-story house in Red Hook, a few blocks from the middle school. Our last roommate hasn't been around so we figured it was time to replace them. Your share of rent would only be around \$400 a month, including utilities. Also, and I know this is super private, but you *have* to be a virgin in order to apply. One of us is really prudish, and trust me, they will *know* if you've been tainted. We're also all super religious and request that before you move in, you denounce Christ and all those that worship him! But don't worry, we aren't

going to bother trying to convert you :) All three of us are bilingual as well, and we like to practice speaking our abyssal tongue around the house, but you don't need to speak it — actually, we'd prefer if you didn't! The room you'd be moving into still has our old roommate's stuff in there, but we're pretty confident that they aren't coming back for it, so it's all yours if you want it.

A little more about us. Like I said, I'm Bria, and I'm from Providence, RI. I like reading, walking, plotting to plunge the world into eternal darkness and despair, listening to music, and gardening. All I ask is that you don't touch any of my plants, no matter how weird they look. If you do, no biggie — nobody makes that mistake more than once :P. One of your future roommates would be Georgia

(she/her). She's 19 and from Death Valley. She studies World History with a specific concentration on world religions. She's a bit of a fitness nut, but has a kind heart. Besides working out, she likes to cook, hike, bathe in fresh goat blood, do puzzles, and practice tying knots (she dreams of having a sailboat someday :-)).

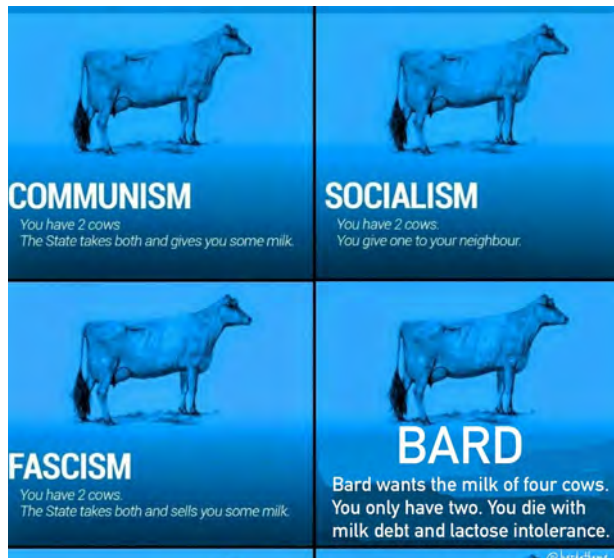
Our other roommate is called "Frankie". (unknowable/imperceptible/theirs), but they also go by "the Ancient Hunger", "the Rising Chaos", "the One Chaotic Nightmare of the End", and "Frankie". They are ∞ and from the

Abyss. They mostly stay to themselves, but are really into sampling different kinds of foods (they love when Georgia experiments with new types of cuisine; so far, their favorite is Italian). Frankie only asks that you do not enter their room unless it is time. When will that time be? Don't worry. You'll know :-).

If you're interested, hit me up! My number is: (666)555-4355. We really look forward to meeting you, so please don't be shy. Also, Italians are always welcome in our house.



OUR WEBSITE!



Fake Birds: A Real Riot

COLIN ZACHARIASEN

Birds, as we all know, are a common myth. As part of a Cold War Era scheme, all existing birds were killed and replaced with robots in order to intercept Soviet messenger penguins on their way to their icy masters. Since then, the cold automatons we call "birds" have

questions about the true nature of birds and inevitably always settles on aliens.

This "bird" phenomenon has proven to be increasingly popular with young people. Just this past July, thousands of millennials were seen camped outside the Central Park area of New York City, forcing pedestrians to either take a detour or brave miles of hastily-constructed tents put up by people who have never been camping. All this was in preparation for the unveiling of The Government's latest model of Pige.on, the robotic duplicate of the common pigeon. As told in a press demo months before, the newest update to Pige.on AI will include trash diagnostics, state-of-the-art hot dog identification subroutines, and a controversial facial recognition software that targets the weak. Chadley Arlington, a 23-year-old university student, had the following to say

don't know where to put it."

As noon rolled around at the park, the FBI bird engineers had yet to come out of the bunker located under the statue of Christopher Columbus. The crowd began to get restless in anticipation. They began playing indie music and calling for the release of the pigeons, shouting, "even Apple isn't this dismissive." Just as our crew began to make their escape, a large black cloud erupted from beyond the fence, taking to the sun. It became clear after it started to divebomb the sidewalk that it wasn't a cloud at all, but rather every pigeon in the world that had just been released from Christopher Columbus's gaping maw. There was no question: the robo-pigeons had been upgraded and were filled with malice. The literal tons of bread brought in by the millennials were quickly consumed in a scene remi-

niscent of the biblical of a biblical locust plague. Anything even vaguely hot dog-shaped was torn off and eaten by the malevolent avian swarm; fingers, noses, and even the exposed toes of Teva-wearers were lost in the carnage. The few 5-and-unders in attendance were never seen again. Horrified mothers would sift through the wreckage for weeks after, looking for their children in vain.

when we interviewed him in front of his yurt: "I've never missed a new bird. The Government says that this model will have an insatiable hunger for chunks of bread and children below the age of 5. That sounds awesome, right? I don't have any kids, so I brought some whole wheat with me instead." Indeed you did, Chadley.

Mr. Arlington showed us the inside of his yurt, which smelled of bong rips and was filled to the brim with loaves of bread. When asked to comment, the young man simply stated that he "wanted to see what they meant by 'insatiable.'" As a matter of fact, many of those gathered outside the fence were loaded with dough. Carla Mercklestein, 19, lit a menthol and told us. "We have so much bread. It's too much. We don't know what to do". When she was pressed for details, she nervously confessed "another truck-full is coming at 11, and we

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This event, being called a "bloodbath" and "massacre" by the *New York Times*, has been a PR disaster for The Government. Survivors have been called to stand witness at Senate hearings for the executives deemed responsible for the bloodshed. The only question on the public's minds is what this could mean for the future of bird culture, and whether our mechanical nemeses will continue to roam free or be terminated.

At Midnight I Will Fight Goofy With A Shovel

BRIAN WATKO

The pandemic arrived in Annandale around this time last year, kicking off what seems like the longest year of our lives. The finish line may be in sight, but I have one last hurdle to jump before I'm in the clear. Today I am forced to break the College's COVID- guidelines to catch a flight from JFK to Florida. I have a long-standing appointment down in Orlando—a date with destiny, if you will—and I'm not sure if I will return. Scared as I am, I know what I must do. At midnight tonight, I will fight Goofy with a shovel, and I will win.

I was four years old when I first met him. My entire family had gone to DisneyWorld to celebrate my grandparents' fiftieth wedding anniversary, and I was beside myself with anticipation. I had brought my special autograph book with me, intending to collect signatures from my two favorite characters in

the history of cinema: Woody from *Toy Story* and Jiminy Cricket. Two signatures: that was all I wanted. I was a small, bright-eyed fool, racing through the park to find his animated heroes. If only I had found them. found them.

The horrid dog-man was standing by the entrance to Jungle Cruise; he wore the khakis and pith helmet of a colonialist. He looked my way with those droopy eyes and came sauntering over, chucking in the back of his throat. Without a word, Goofy snatched up my autograph book and started to sign it. Just one page at first. Then another. And another. He wouldn't stop signing. I tried to scream, to tell him to stop, but no sound came; I just stared at his giant gloved hand gliding across the pages. I could smell his breath: a mix of Doritos and stale beer.

After ten minutes of writing, he put the *Pirates of the Caribbean*-themed pen back in his vest pocket and handed me my book. I opened it to see what the damage was. Every single page was marked with his signature—that hideous, spidery scrawl I still see in my dreams. *Goofy. Your Pal, Goofy. Goofy Says Hi.* I flew back home the next day, haunted by the sound of his pen *skritch-scratching* my dreams away.

I learned an important lesson that summer: DisneyWorld is *not* the happiest place on earth. Monsters live there—monsters with floppy ears and devastating overbites. In the years that followed, I tried my best to forgive Goofy, or at least to forget about him. That all changed last March when I received a curious orange package postmarked Orlando. I don't know why I opened it; I knew what I would find.

Inside were reams and reams of wrinkled loose-leaf paper covered with Goofy's signature—the wretched autograph of a killer, of a madman. On the three-hundredth and final page, a note: "Gawrsh, Brian, it's been a long time! Hope you're well!" Under that, in small, menacing letters: "Can't wait to see you again, pal!"

I've spent the better part of a year planning my revenge. I will fly directly into the belly of the beast, where social distancing is optional and enemies are everywhere. I will fight that lumbering sociopath with a shovel, and, through the grace of God, I will be victorious. I will bury him in a shallow grave in an orange grove; they will not find him, and he will not be mourned.

This isn't about me anymore. This isn't just some deep-seated grudge that has festered uncontrollably for two decades.

I will destroy Goofy to ensure no other child has to face what I faced. Wish me luck, comrades. Spring is

here, and with it comes those words I've longed to say: *The bloody dog is dead.*

Woman in Stem, Trapped

MAYA LAVENDER

The Bardvark is a staunchly pro-women-in-STEM publication, but this might be too far. Scientists have put an actual woman in an actual stem (of a petunia) and now she is trapped. What the hell, guys?

We asked the woman, who requested to remain unnamed, how she got in there. "There were some recruiters at a Women in

STEM convention that I went to. I assumed they were looking to hire lab interns, but I guess I was wrong." Yeah, guess so...

We reached out to the scientists who did this to her for comment, and they seem like the type to not answer the email, so idk what to tell u guys. This is what it looked like though:

