

Whenever i eat a can of beans, in that moment i am a cowboy

ANNIE DODSON
The biggest rush of my life is when i eat beans because in that moment i am briefly a cowboy.

I cook beans so much. I wonder if its because i enjoy to be play pretend as a cowboy with the beans. I take a bite and all of a sudden i am squatting by a smokey fire, the mountain range glittering in my eyes like the reflection of an oasis on the surface of the sun. my boots crack on the gravel like the beans in my teeth, crunch crunch.... Like the embers of my cowboy fire.

I hop on my cowboy horse and take to the skies when i ingest the beans... black beans, pinto beans, great northern beans... they're all cowboy modes to be unlocked by me. Each

100 years old! With the head of a snake and the eyes of a snake.... And just like a snake or something, he didn't have legs when i was done with him.

Snake venom (*sssssss*) dripped from his two gold snakey teeth like the juice of my beans... simmering in the can over my spicy flames. I add sand to my flames so they make my beans salty.

My cowboy inner life is rich like the bank i rob. This is a stick up! I yell and then i rob the bank and

Bard College Office of Equity and Inclusion to Install Ms. PacMan Machine in Every Residence Hall

MAYA LAVENDER
In a highly anticipated press release Thursday, Bard College's Office of Equity and Inclusion announced their decision to install at least one Ms. PacMan machine in every single residence hall on campus. The news came

sive interview on the matter.

"This one's a big win for the ladies!" Mr. Sablo told us, entirely unprompted. He's right, a campus full of Ms. PacMan machines is a massive win for the ladies.

When we asked Why Ms. PacMan in the dorms, George? Soros regaled us with a story, "You want to know how I made my billions? The conversion rate from arcade tickets to the US dollar is always in the green. So I go around this great nation making smart investments. And the smartest investment you can make is in Ms. PacMan."

Kahan chimed in here to let us know, "Hashtag girl-boss. Hashtag the future is female." So true.

Soros continued, "I play Ms. PacMan to win, and oh boy, I win big. And then I exchange the tickets for

bean a different cowboy, with his own special hat. A classic cowboy for the black bean, riding high on the ridges of the west. The pinto bean? A quirkier cowboy maybe with a fringe on his vest. The great northern bean? I don't know!

My horse would be named mrs. beanie friday, after my cowboy beans, and the classic cowboy riddle (you know the one). It would be a pinto horse, after my pinto beans. Tan and soft like a garbanzo bean, but rideable like a horse. It is strong enough to support my weight and the weight of my cowboy knapsack and canteen. My fire wood? I find along the way. My boots ? stolen from the first man i killed. If he was alive today he would be

then? I buy more beans for my cowboy lifestyle. Its a hard one, not for just anyone to live. But for me? My horse, my fire, my great western skyline, and my beans are all i need. But just as quickly as it came on, i swallow my last bean and return to the world of reality, tears dripping down my face and piss coming out of my body i break my bones and i wash my bean pot and i am back at my house in my kitchen with a dirty bowl and dirty spoon and a dirty life.

after months of tense negotiations with George Soros regarding how the college should best spend his billion dollar donation. We got the chance to sit down with him and Dean of Inclusive Excellence, Kahan Sablo, for an exclu-


cold hard cash. I share that cash because I'm a nice guy. But you gotta buy more tokens. You know, Chuck and Cheese and David's Buster [sic] aren't exactly free, so I gotta make the money back somehow. And it wasn't looking like I was getting that back from you guys, and that's okay it was a gift, but that's where Ms. Pacman comes back in." Makes perfect sense.

We reached out to Bard Buildings and Grounds for comment on their progress on this project, and it has been made clear that all labor and materials have been diverted from the Kline renovation project to complete this as soon as possible.

So there we have it. Ms. PacMan is coming to Bard—to repay our debts and to celebrate next year's International Women's Month.

Brad College

BARDVARK



America's next top model.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2021


Annandale-In-Hudson, NY (help!)

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

Contact ad7685@bard.edu or ml1499@bard.edu.

Bardvark? Interesting. Perhaps you do.

Think you've got the chops to write for the



BARD Comedy

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

I Graduated From Bard and All I Got was a Fear of Making Eye Contact on the Sidewalk P. 22

Help, My Crush Is An EUS Major And Only Wears Organic Deodorant P. 61

"I'm actually super low maintenance" says person literally wearing bifocals P. 100

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We should have a bar on campus so i can drink on campus there at the bar on campus

Me if there was bar on campus: drinking at the bar on campus B-) P. 25

Yo Why All The Trashcans Smell Like Dookie P. 14

Missed Connection: I have been kissing every frog I can get my hands on, literally hundreds of frogs, and not one has offered to give me head.

CLAYTON WEBB
We're all familiar with the classic story: busty blond spotted hanging out by pond; in sweeps promising froggy gentleman for a chance meeting while she frolics. This leads to that, and all of a sudden Mrs. Lucky is getting mad head from a frog with some seriously skilled oral technique. God, who is always watching, is so proud of and impressed by this frog guy's superior skills that he makes froggy into a real human boy so that he can give that good good for 60-70 years, not just 10-12. In the version read to me as a child at my fundamentalist Christian bible school, it was stressed that the only way to have sex is with a

frog, and to not even try it with another person. It's your classic tale of rags-to-riches.

Well it turns out that whoever came up with that story is a liar and a sick piece of shit. Since August, I, along with a small, tight knit group of like-minded, enlightened individuals, have spent every possible evening at the Parliament of Reality from 8:00 PM to 2:30 AM. Our meetings, secret because of our group's exclusivity not because we are ashamed, consist of catching frogs, waiting for the EXPECTED and POLITE offer of head: the signature, demure ribbit, the determined hops up the arm,

the whispered croak of, "I'm gonna make you feel things you'll never forget," and the following nightly parade of the lucky few and their frogs from the pond to their respective dorms. But alas; I have never been a part of that lucky few.

Is it the way I look? The way I act or talk? Is it the way I present myself to the world? What aspect of myself makes the frogs combative and disinterested whenever I pick them up, even when they were just pleasantly giving head to someone else just before? When the Bardvark reached out to the rest of my nightly crew, member Nay Meiseles said that they were getting sucked off by a frog just last week, and they didn't even kiss with tongue. I use tongue EVERY TIME. Look, I'm a simple man. I don't need anything special, just a little slimy guy who can help me out in exchange for a few kisses now and then, so that, through divine powers, he may be transformed into a human so that we can spend the rest of our lives together. Is that too much to ask?

Throughout this process I have learned many things. The first being the minute and easily, EASILY missed details that distinguish a living frog from a dead

one, and the most recent being how many times one can contract a bacterial staph infection in the nose and throat until it becomes chronic. What I have not learned, however, is the silky smooth sensation of frog throat on my downstairs mix-up. I wish many things... that the frogs were more forgiving, that they were less critical of my faults, that their stress response was not urination. But most of all I wish that God gave us some other option, literally any other option, to lock down a beau. But alas, he did not.

P.S. To everyone thinking that I would give the frogs head in return, I DO NOT. That would be WEIRD and GROSS. I wouldn't even know where to start. After they turn human, we are in uncharted waters in terms of reciprocating head, but pre transformation? Hard no. Unless they have huge tits or a six pack or are packing more than 7" or something, or can move their hips like Doja Cat. Obviously situations like those would require special consideration, as I'm sure we can all agree.

STAFF	
Veronica Andrek	<i>Needs Pepto!</i>
Tess Cogen	<i>IRL wiki how illustration</i>
Annie Dodson	<i>cowboy</i>
Clare Herzog.. . . .	<i>Ridin' the Bullet</i>
Zoe Kaperonis	<i>Injecting</i>
Maya Lavender.	<i>Ms. PacMan's Gf</i>
Matt	<i>His Last Name is Francoeur!</i>
Tom Victor . . .	<i>Annie's Quebecois Friend, for some reason</i>
Clayton Webb	<i>Frogcel</i>

New Shuttle Driver Discovers Bus Stop at the Bottom of the Hudson River

CLARE HERZOG

With the semester fully underway and student activities in full swing, a hot topic of conversation at the Kline dinner table has arisen: Why’s the shuttle always so late? Well, theydies and themtlemen, after interviewing our new shuttle drivers, we’ve got answers!

“Bard Transportation wants to give the best experience to travelling students, and that means giving them the best views,” said Shuttle Driver Mikhail Gorbachev, “What with Bard being on the Hudson River, possibly the cleanest and most beautiful river in the Northern Hemisphere, we decided to take the administration’s beliefs in learning through experience to heart and give the students what they want.”

We surveyed some Bard Drivers who have gotten first VIP glances at the spot to see if it’s worth the hype, and reviews were overwhelmingly positive. According to those questioned, the biggest perks are as follows:

- Fastest WiFi on Campus
- Comfortable moving (and sleeping) space
- Best alternative to going abroad
- A shockingly easy place to meet alums



”Built like a brick shithouse but aluminum”

11 Questions to Ask Your New Therapist

ANNIE DODSON AND THOMAS VICTOR

So, you did it! You finally found the perfect new therapist. But wait— before you decide that they’re the one, you need to call them and ask them these questions.

1. How do you feel about gay people?
2. Are you mean?
3. Do you know magic?
 - A. If no, why not?
 - B. This is called the French drop. It’s a basic sleight of h
 - C. How did you like my trick?
 1. Do you mean it?
4. Just circling back on gay people?
5. Ass or boobs?
 - A. Elaborate with examples
 - B. My ass or my boobs?
6. Biggest regret?
7. Jaguar vs cheetah who wins?
8. What shape is the Earth, to you?
9. How will i die?
10. Is he cheating?
11. Exactly how far in the future can you see?

If they answered all of your questions, congratulations— you have a new therapist!

Fart of Darkness: An Odyssey Into the Existential Terror of Shitting

VERONICA ANDREK

My nightmare began one cool September evening while residing in my humble single dorm in New Robbins. It was a Friday, so naturally I began my weekend by playing video games well into the night. Outside my door, I could hear the jubilant sounds of raucous partying and mischief, but I paid no mind to it. That is until I felt that most ominous of sensations: a rumbling in my tummy. Being a student here at Bard College, my diet consists primarily of gallons of weak iced coffee, dried out pizza, hard liquor, and of course copious amounts of hot sauce on every meal to give me a vague reminder of how food is supposed to taste. In short, this was a gastrointestinal disaster waiting to happen. I checked the time, seeing it was only about 9 p.m., and decided to wait to use the bathroom. The thought of someone seeing me waddle in my pajamas to the

ciously wet floor, my flip flops unprepared for the concoction of pee pee and sink water that awaited them. Stepping gingerly across the tiles, cringing with each droplet splashing onto my exposed toes, I made my way into one of the stalls.

After my toilet inspection, I frantically gathered a fistful of TP to wipe off any abandoned pubic hair, but to little avail. Resigning in defeat, I lined the porcelain throne with toilet paper in a vain attempt to protect my supple bare flesh from coming in contact with this most disgusting of scenes. Once this phase of the ritual was complete, I slipped my shorts down and prepared for take off. And then someone opened the door to the bathroom.

Footsteps echoed throughout the bathroom, far too many to be simply washing one’s hands. No, this person was looking for something... Me? My intestines ached and bubbled

who the fuck just did that?”, I heard the stranger grumble. My throat tightened as I tried to hide my flip flop- clad feet from any prying eyes walking past. A cold sweat dripped down my neck. The mysterious figure who was complaining about the sounds of my body simply was not leaving, and my buttcheeks were beginning to grow tired.

I do not remember how long I sat there waiting for them to leave. The pins and needles in my feet and thighs were overwhelming, but the details escape me. I must have blacked out from fear, because I have no idea when the intruder left or how I survived my Journals From 2 Real Students (TRAGIC!!!!)

"I live Next door to a dog and it's not all it's cracked up to be tth. I fucking hate the dog that lives next door to me (do not publish my name with this). I am going to fistfight the dog that lives next door to me. >:-)"

THE DOG DAYS ARE OVER THE DOG DAYS ARE DONE”—ME WHEN MY DOG DIES. :(

communal bathroom chilled me to my core.

I tried to persevere, but with each passing moment, the rumbling evolved into a deep gurgle. I was about to burst, but the voices in the hall grew louder. Shifting in my bed to try and distract myself, I continued playing my video games. Yet with each virtual gunshot and bomb blast and “kill confirmed!”, my mind could only return to the looming tragedy within my bowels. Finally my will broke, and I slipped on my flip flops and walked out the door, thus sealing my fate.

The hall was empty, and I breathed a sigh of relief. I cautiously walked down the corridor like it was my own personal road into Hell... but I was no Dante. The bathroom door squeaked as I cautiously pushed it, my eyes darting from sink to stall on the lookout for witnesses. The

loud enough for my neighbors down the hall to hear. There was no doubt in my mind that this stranger could hear my belly’s whale calls. My breathing grew shallow, uneven, panicked. My face dripped with terror sweat, every drop landing directly upon my bare thighs. My embarrassment had never been greater.

The faucet squeaked, and the water streaming into the sink bowl finally burst the floodgates that was my sphincter. My bowels unclenched, and in an instant a cacophony of sounds erupted from my ass. I relaxed, no longer holding back those most primal and unsettling of impulses. My whole body seemingly emptied itself into this bowl, and suddenly I was alive again. Such unbelievable orgasmic relief captured me in that moment, and then the full knowledge of my error suddenly occurred to me. My nightmare had truly begun.

“Oh geez, who

journey out of that stall to wash my hands, unlike many of my colleagues. No no, I could not allow even the slightest suspicion of me lacking proper hygiene practices, even if I was alone. Then I heard the bathroom door swing open and within seconds, I ran. The lights of the hall seemed so much crueller on my return journey than on my way in. Had this experience hardened me? Had I emerged from that stall a changed woman? I do not yet know, and hope I will never have to find out. I still don’t know who heard the sounds of my tummy crisis that cool September evening. Some nights I fear they are still there, just waiting to catch me.

Combining Movies with Similar Titles

BY MATT :)

We’ve seen crossovers of similar franchises all the time, like Godzilla vs. Kong, Avengers Endgame, Family Guy meets The Simpsons, and so many more. But picture this: what if we had crossovers of different franchises that just so happened to have similar titles? Here’s a few that I came up with. Film executives in the audience, take notes so you can steal my idea without giving me credit or compensation.

1. **Schoolhouse of Rock:** Jack Black stars as a substitute teacher vying for the attention of his unmotivated classroom. He has a new tactic in store for them: educational hard rock anthems.

2. **Rage Against the Rise of the Machines:** The famous nu metal band Rage Against the Machine fights back against Skynet and its Terminators with the power of socially conscious rap lyrics.

3. **Finding Dory’s Neverending Story:** It’s a restless night for Nemo and he can’t fall asleep. His des-

perate dad Marlin, running out of options, calls in Dory to tell his son a bedtime story. Due to her short-term memory loss, Dory makes it up as she goes along, resulting in a seemingly never ending story, much to Nemo’s delight and Marlin’s annoyance.

4. **Animal House on an Animal Farm:** In a time of tumultuous revolution, a ragtag group of bourgeoisie college frat boys defend themselves against communist farm animals with raunchy gags and wacky antics.

5. **How to Train Your Dragon Balls:** When Toothless and his female dragon companion attempt to conceive some baby dragons, they are confronted by Toothless’s infertility. Hiccup and friends travel the world searching for the seven Dragon Balls to summon Shenlong and wish for fertile “dragon balls” of Toothless’s own.

How I Convinced my Uncle to Get the Vaccine

ZOE KAPERONIS

Hey there all you cool cats and kittens. Do you have a stubborn relative that refuses to get the Covid vaccine? I sure did. Did. Because I was able to convince my uncle to get the vaccine. And here is how I did it:

Step 1: Make sure golf is on the tv, preferably something starring Tiger Woods.

Step 2: Join them on the couch but don’t sit too closely--don’t want to catch those icky covid germs!

Step 3: Ask them about their dog. They always love talking about their dog. And let’s be honest, you do too.

Step 4: Get the dog from the other room and bring it on the couch with you-- no dog is too big or too small!

Step 5: Spread some peanut butter on your relative’s cheek. I prefer crunchy but smooth is ok, I guess. Your uncle will be so entranced

by Tiger Woods he won’t even notice!

Step 6: Have the dog lick the peanut butter off their face. Mmmm delicious!

Step 7: While the dog is licking to their heart’s content, stick your mechanical lead pencil into the relative’s arm. Don’t forget to smile at them and make sure you wear gloves for sanitary reasons.

Step 8: They scream but reassure them it’s just a little pokey poke and dog is there for all the kisses.

Step 9: Little do they know, your pencil lead is full of Pfizer! How you get access to said pencil lead is something you must figure out on your own-- A magician never reveals their secrets!

Step 10: Repeat steps 1-9 in three weeks- - they’ll never see it coming! Congrats! You now have a vaccinated relative.

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