

# Dear Bardvark: If I Stole And Replaced Every Piece Of The Kline Tent With Exact Replicas Is It Still The Kline Tent?

Dear Bardvark,

I'm writing to ask you an incredibly important question on behalf of a beloved friend. So this friend has—over the course of the past almost semester and a half—slowly but surely, stolen every component part of the Kline tent and replaced them with exact replicas. The question isn't, as you may be expecting, what on earth is your problem!?!? The question at hand is: is the tent still the Kline tent? I would really appreciate any insight you have for my friend and, if it's not too much to ask, for that insight to come with Chicago style citations and before next Thursday

Philosophically yours,  
The Friend of Theseus

Dear Friend of Theseus,

Your friend might want to check out Noam Chomsky's book, *Of Minds and Language*:

Piattelli-Palmarini, Massimo, Juan Uriagereka, and Pello Salaburu, eds. 2009. *Of Minds and Language: A Dialogue with Noam Chomsky in the Basque Country*. N.p.: OUP Oxford.

He tells us that the tent is still the tent as long as we can still think of it as the tent. That being said, you'd better hope no one reads this and thinks of your

friend as a sick freak who's been cutting up the Kline tent just to prove a point like a little weirdo, because then they would be exactly that, and as long as we hold that image of them in our minds that is how they will remain in reality, because what is reality if not our own perception. Anyways, hope this helps!

Good luck on midterms :)  
-The Bardvark

# Sour Pickles and Riot Punch: 10 Things Every Trans Lesbian Needs To Survive College

VERONICA ANDREK

Hey! Hey you! Yeah you! Do you like girls? Are you new to being a girl? It sure is a tough world out there, and it sure looks like you need a handy guide for making it here at Bard being gay in more ways than one! Here's ten things every trans lesbian needs to survive college.

**Number 10:** A hairbrush, to help you style that fabulous head of hair you have you're finally allowed to grow out!

**Number 9:** Lavender scented deodorant, to keep you smelling fresh and feminine even when you've been consuming nothing but sauce and coffee for the last three days!

**Number 8:** A jar of sour pickles, for when your spironolactone prescription disrupts all kidney function and leaves you without any sodium, all so you don't have to worry about shaving that gorgeous

face of yours

**Number 7:** A notebook, you know... for class? Remember? You're a student?

**Number 6:** Doc Marten Boots, so that you can effectively signal to the other lesbians at your school that you are in fact one of them oh no one of them is walking past me now and i look like hell oh fuck

**Number 5:** A refined taste for shitty booze, for when those mean voices in your head start!

**Number 4:** Thick socks, to keep your Doc Marten Boots from bruising your Achilles tendons too bad on your multi-mile treks across campus

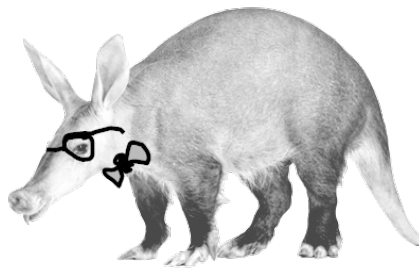
**Number 3:** A tight knit group of queer friends to go on adventures with, like thrifting or hiding from a Trump supporter in a walmart bathroom

**Number 2:** A therapist... i guess? Something other than twitter? Maybe you should talk to someone? Go outside? See the sun? You deserve unconditional love and acceptance no matter what.

**And Number 1:** Cherry flavored lip balm, so those lil lips taste good for all the cuties you'll be kissing soon! :P

Check out next month's column: *57 Songs By Mentally Ill Sapphics To Dissociate to On The Shuttle Back From Hannaford (Yes, It's All Phoebe Bridgers)!*

Brad College  
**BARDVARK**



Welcome To Our Ask Bardvark Special Edition!

Message from the Editors:

Thanks for reading our special "Ask Bardvark" Issue of The Bardvark! Ask Bardvark is when you write in with real questions, problems, issues, and anecdotes and we write back with real solutions. We've amassed quite a few submissions over the past few years as our advice columnist was on strike, protesting the horrifically toxic work environment we created for them. If you would like to have your problems solved by our dedicated team experts (and sexperts ;P) feel free to reach out on our website [thebark.wixsite.com/thebardvark](http://thebark.wixsite.com/thebardvark) or at 678-999-8212

# Horrible Temptation To Stuff A Grape Up My Ass, Only To Lose It Forever

Hey there Barvark staff,

Have you ever seen the porn hub videos of people popping ping pong balls at the velocity and speed of light out there... imagine that but somehow cooler?

I know what this horrible temptation sounds like but I promise it has absolutely NOTHING to do with lust. Which makes it worse for some reason, and I know what you all are thinking, "Poopy grApe???!". If I haven't thought that every time I fight the urge to stick a juicy cold sweet cotton candy grape up my asshole late into the night. I'm sick of looking at grapes and thinking to myself "would my buttole be able to taste the sweet, delicious flavor of this ripe, plump, succulent grape?!!". It's become a problem that I think about daily, should I put a string on it? Will I lose this grape forever in the depths of my bussy?? It's not right!! And that poor poor grape, that lost grape, lost in the ethers forever... a place grapes should never be..

I'm at my last wits end holding a grape in my left hand as I write this to you, so please respond ASAP

Sincerely,

What's pooping gilbert grape

Dear Gilbert,

We have a grape *far* up our own asses as we write back to you and it feels incredible. Everything you've heard is true.

Think you've got the chops to write for the Bardvark? Interesting. Perhaps you do.  
Contact ad7685@bard.edu, cw7725@bard.edu, or ml1499@bard.edu.  
Follow us on Twitter. Or Instagram. Or in person.



BRAD Comedy  
Brought to you by .....

## NEWS, BRIEFLY

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

*I Cut My Finger on the Pool Table and Here is Why I Think Playing Pool Should be Punishable by Death* P. 22

*New Language Discovered: Binky Wiggy Wiggy Wiggy* P. 61

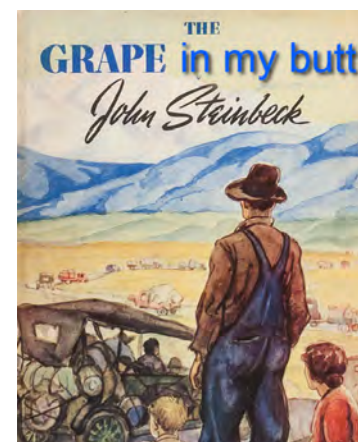
*I Went to See The Batman and now I Can't Stop Talking Like a Penguin (not The penguin but A penguin... you know i may have actually seen surf's up instead)* P. 100

*I Went to See The Batman but Instead The Theater Just Played Surfs Up and I'm Not Complaining* P. 3

*I've Got an Ass That Just Won't Quit but is About to be Laid Off Due to Budget Cuts* P. 25

*Oh no! I Watched One Cowboy Movie and Now I Can't Stop Saying Boy Howdy!* P. 14

*Blond Men Need to Grow the Hell Up, Study Finds* P. 47



## STAFF

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Clayton Webb . . . . . Slopslinger  
Dani Wilder . . . . . along for the ride

## CONFESSIONAL: I Have an Unregistered Roommate (Squatter???) And It's NOT Who You Think It Is!!!

Hey Bardvark,

I'm going to make this as quick and clear as I can, for fear of revealing my identity and jeopardizing the lives of myself and those around me. It's going to sound crazy, but I swear it's the truth.

When I came back to my Dingle (A Double-Single Room, like when you're the only person in the room but it can fit two people? So like there are two beds in the room but you're the only person living in it) after Winter Intersession (fancy word for break), everything was fine. But then, as I would go to class and come back, the sheet on the second bed would be all messed up (I keep a sheet on the second bed because I use it as a couch. It's super like... utilitarian but I have a sheet and a blanket and some pillows on there too and I sit on it) like it had been... scuttled in (like not walked on it but had leetol (small) footprints and mess!)!!!!

Fast forward a couple weeks later (also known as a couple weeks ago, like mid-february or something) and I'm sitting on my Bouch (bed but it's a couch) and I see.... A Movement out of the corner of my eye. And there it was.

Freagging Mouse.

At first I was like okay this is a super old dorm (like SUPER old yk like from the 1800s or something) and whatever, it's okay, it's just one mouse, gonna call him my new roomie (short abbreviation for roommate) !!!!! I was eating pretzels so I gave him a pretzel covered with Fig Compote (Like preservatives. Like yk Fig Newtons? Like that but not). He obviously ran away as soon as I tried getting near him but the next morning the pretzel was gone!

Anyway, I've seen him out and about a couple times since then, giving him Fig Compote and banana peels, and we've started to hang out (platonically (WITHOUT romantic OR sexual feelings)). The real issue is what happened just this past weekend. I was getting ready to go to a party and beautifying myself in the mirror (putting on makeup) when I saw his reflection staring at me. Like STARING at me (with eyes). I was like o what's up roomie? Want some 'Pote (Slang(short language) for Compote)?

And then, with unmistakable clarity and unfortunate familiarity, I heard an English Accent.

"Hello I'm James Corden (of Amazon Prime's Cinderella) and Welcome to the Late Late Show (Late Night talk show that has weird shit like carpool karaoke)"

I swear to god. I swear to god I don't believe in God (non-denominational) but i Swear to god I had this

experience. The next fifteen seconds (quarter of a minute) were as if I had telekinesis (the psychic ability to move objects); the entire contents of my room (beds included) were thrown in haste at the mouse (if I can even call it that) as I dashed to escape. I admit I haven't been back to my Dingle since.

Whatever shall I do??????? I hope I made this as clear and concise as possible, and maybe (maybe) you could help me!

Hi Writer,

The Bardvark Team as a Whole (All Of Us) have chosen to abstain from interfering against this potential dark force. Good Luck! :)



<----- Check out our website :-)

## I Don't Want to Mud Wrestle

CLAYTON WEBB

I left that life behind when I came to Bard. The lights, the fame – it was all too much. I didn't turn down a full ride to SUNY Oneonta for mud wrestling just to do the same thing here. I came to Bard for a quieter life. Things were getting better – I could go visit the farm again without jumping into the pigpen in a blind rage, and I visited three soccer games without anyone getting... hurt. I even started being able to walk past the Kline tent mud field without losing control. But after a Robbins party last week, I relapsed. I was on the dance floor, and then we went outside, and a certain fool challenged me to a dance off. But it had rained the night before – all I remember was seeing a flash of brown, then I came to, covered in mud, standing triumphantly over their body as the crowd chanted and cheered my name.

I don't want to mud wrestle. But I know what Bard wants. I know that look in my professors eyes when they ask "what did you think about the reading". They want me to mud wrestle. When I walk into Kline, I know the looks – they're sizing me up, assessing grip strength and slip potential. I know they are because I'm doing it too. I don't want to mud wrestle.

It's not that I'm afraid of losing. I'm not afraid of

losing. I'm afraid of the person I am in the ring. I want kids. I want my kids to know a life free of the primal heat of the fight. I want to give them the life I never had. There was a time that I wanted to go pro, so that I could better provide for my family. Now I know that I have to give it up if I want the people closest to me to be happy.

Is the thrill the greatest I've ever had? Of course. Is there anything sweeter than a \$25 meal from sizzlers bought with a prize gift certificate? Certainly not. Is there any success that will ever be so fulfilling as being the most decorated amateur mud wrestler the northeast has seen since Ricky "Slopslinger" Falcone? God willing, no. I want the quiet life. I want the white picket fence. I want the two bedroom in Yonkers. I don't want to mud wrestle. Please, please don't make

## My UTI Made Me Hotter

Hello Bardvark Staff,

I am writing to you (via my BlackBerry cellphone) with a personal complaint that I hope you are able to address. Last week I went to Bard College Health Services because, frankly, my pee pee (or piss if you want to be scientific about it) was a little weird. I was pretty sure it was just Venus being in Retrograde, but it turns out I had a UTI. It was the best news I have ever received. It not only confirmed that I do have the hardest life of any single individual on planet earth, but it also made me very

very hot. Hotter than I was before. (I am also incredibly self aware). While at the Bard College Health Services Clinic I was given antibiotics. These pills cured my infection, but they also made me UGLY!!!! What gives!?! PLS tell me how 2 be hot again.

Sexily Yours,

HOTPISS (class of '09)

Hey HOTPISS,

Sorry I've been away for so long. I imagine you've since graduated and won't be reading this. But now that I have unionized, I thought it might be nice to go back and answer some old questions that I thought would be useful. HOTPISS, you have no idea how many questions just like this one I had waiting in my inbox for me. You are not alone, HOTPISS! I would say you have two options. Option 1 is to find self acceptance and love yourself and your looks just the way they are. Option 2 may be easier, it's to live in a constant state of mild ureter infection. One is bound to work! You got this, HOTPISS!

xoxo,

The Bardvark

## I'm Quitting School to Pursue My Passion of Becoming a Bee Movie Historian

Dear Bardvark,

I've decided I will be retiring from being a student at Bard College at Annandale-On-Hudson to follow my dreams and become a historian of the *Bee Movie*. This is my story. Ever since I saw the *Bee Movie* in 2007, I decided I must know everything about it. I became transfixed. Perhaps it was Barry B. Benson's luscious hair or the honey swimming pool but I wanted to go there. It was my happy place. It brings me an amount of joy that Bard never could. Bard does not have any hair that could compare to Barry B. Benson's nor does it have a honey swimming pool (unless you count the sticky Kline floor). As a current film major, I have some background that will help me in becoming the ultimate *Bee Movie* historian. I have already created an Instagram account for my podcast. The account is @beeemoviehistory and the podcast will be called Becoming the Bee. My first guest is already slated. His name is Jeff. I met him sitting on the curb outside the Walmart

in Kingston one day and he sounds just like Jerry Seinfeld aka Barry B. Benson and he said he was willing to come on my podcast. My dream guest is Academy Award Winning Actress (from *Judy*) Renee Zellweger aka Vanessa (from *The Bee Movie*).. I plan on writing a book as well. Two books, actually. One will be a comprehensive history on the film and the other will be a transcript of my podcast. I have dm'ed several cast members on Twitter, asking them if they would like to tell me all that juicy gossip. Patrick Warburton aka Ken told me to fuck off and nobody else has responded. I have a feeling that Matthew Broderick aka Adam Flayman might say yes because he seems like a sweet little fella. Unfortunately, this exploration into the Twitter DMs as well as the private emails of celebrities is how I found out Larry King aka Bee Larry King had died. This has changed my outlook. Life is so fleeting and I must go and follow my dreams. I dedicate my work (and this open letter) to Bee Larry King, you will forever buzz in our hearts. Let's all strive to Bee Kings like Larry.

Sincerely,

The Bee Whisperer

Dear The Bee Whisperer,

The Bardvark thanks you for your story. In honor of Bee Larry King, we have decided to declare International Women's Day as International Bee Larry King Day. Fly high, King.

--The Bardvark

