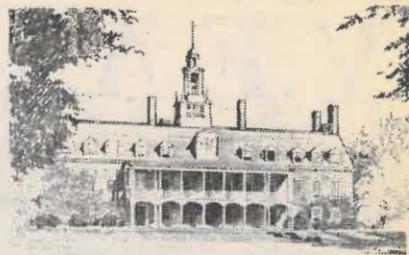


# The Commons



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BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

## A QUESTION OF VEAL

By BERTIL OSTLINGER

### BINGO - THERE GOES YOUR CONGRUENCY!

South Africa is the only nation in the world that currently has a constitution that explicitly states that various forms of segregation shall be enforced on just about every level of society. This has been going on for years and years, but the general public in the United States doesn't seem to be overly concerned about the situation; at the most, it seems to be willing to go as far as to say, "Gee, I'm really sorry, I hope things will get better."

There is, however, an almost overwhelming concern shown with regard to the well-being of animals.

The vast majority of pigs, cows, chickens, and so forth, will in this country and elsewhere meet their destinies as food on our dinner tables, reshaped into hamburgers, knockwursts, chicken sandwiches - and as veal cutlets...

Veal is a hot topic these days. Over the past few years, many people have grown disturbed and upset at what is being done to calves (and other animals, too, for that matter) in order that those of us who for various reasons have decided not to go vegetarian may have something to eat. Not only are the calves kept in cage-like compartments, and not only do they not get to see the sunlight, but their fodder is infested with all kinds of antibiotics. These are indeed toxic to the calves - and to us humans, too - but they make the calves grow at rates 10 to 15 % faster than the natural one.

There is no question about the fact that this is a cause for alarm. But, is this a greater cause for alarm than any situation where human rights are ignored, neglected, infringed upon, or violated? My answer to this question is "no" - I refuse to let animal rights take precedence over human rights.

As an indirect result of this

opinion, I believe, I was recently asked to leave the table where I was having dinner, as veal was on my plate. The person who suggested this probably did not intend to make it sound thus, when she said, "Maybe you shouldn't sit with us when you eat veal." Whether or not this was meant facetiously is hard to determine - and facetiously certainly doesn't show up in print all the time - and most likely, she did not expect me to take this literally either, but I left the table.

The issue here is not the rudeness that was so blatantly manifested on this particular occasion. No, what is the issue is this: If we are so concerned about the well-being of other animals (surely humans are animals, too), then how come we seem so unwilling and unable to show the same type of magnitude of concern for our fellow man or woman - whether it is black South Africans, women all over the world, or Native Americans?

I think it's very easy to single out an issue such as animal rights, as it involves very little concrete reaction from the objects of our concern. The concerned can manifest their concern in whatever way they want to, and have it remain that way. It really doesn't require much else - and besides, when talking about animal rights, what do we actually mean by that? Are they really anything other than human rights applied to other animals? For even though we seem to be able to master just about anything these days, we still have not devised a way that would enable us to communicate with other animals. So, frankly, do we really know that the concern we claim to show is the kind of concern that is needed?

Furthermore, if we select calves as the recipients of this concern, ought we not show the same concern for chicken? And what about all our shoes, coats, and other leather products - how many non-human animals are sacrificed annually for those purposes?

The ramifications of this

See VEAL page 2

## "BREAKING UP"

By TIM HALPERN

We've been together a long time. But it's the last two weeks of the term. I have a lot of work and I think.... we just need some space. This is very painful for me, Sleep. I'd like us to be freinds but when we're together..... I want you so....we can never "just talk". Every time we talk we wind up in bed. I love you, I always will. I wanna spend time with you, Sleep, it's just.... Oh God, I'm sorry.

This isn't coming out right. Listen, Sleep, why can't we just cool it for while? Let's try it. No, there's no one else. I just don't have time for a relationship....Of course it'll be hard! Oh God, I miss you too. We've had such good times. The late September nights we'd go driving together and you'd almost get us killed. Those early October mornings when you'd sneak into my Lit class, breath down the back of my neck and then leave. Remember when I got really drunk at Glen's and we went into his parents room? He was so pissed. I'm sorry Sleep. I don't mean to be doing this.

You know you're really terrible in the morning. You're stubborn and selfish, Sleep. You never let me get up... You always want more. But you've always been there for me. Shit this is hard. So....how have you been? I haven't seen you around. Oh yeah, we're not supposed to be "seeing each other." So....who you been hanging out with? I saw you with Jen in the all night study. What the hell were you doing with her? Yeah I know we don't have a commitment, Sleep, but she's a girl! What the hell? All right, All right. I'm sorry. Me? Just been doing my work. No, gimme a break, there's no one else. You're the only one, it's just that.. Christmas? You wanna get together at Christmas? It's a possibility. But I still have to find a job, so I'll be pretty busy. New Year's? I'm busy on New Year's, Sleep. All night. Sorry. NO, I told you I'm not with ANYBODY right now. Look, I made other plans, I'm sorry sleep. Look, with all the work

I have, I guess what I'm really trying to say is I need some time. Nervous? I seem nervous? You're right sleep. I am nervous. I'm not used to being without you. I really liked having you around. I'm sorry, sleep, I didn't mean that. I mean, I did mean that it's just....Look, we gotta try. I've got four papers due in a week. And you're the one who said you wanted to see other people, which certainly is the case. I haven't seen you lately. I know I don't have time for you, Sleep! You think that makes it any easier? I don't know... I'm sorry.. really sorry. I'm not handling this well....I'm babbling.... I'm not handling this well. I've been thinking alot about you too. I do miss you. A lot. God I look like shit. Did I ever look this bad when you were around?

You know what I miss Sleep? When we'd read together. God that was the best. I never remembered much, but it was so soothing to have you around. Jeez, remember how you used to bitch cause I drooled on the pillow? I never meant to wake us up. I'm sorry. Remember how we went to the opera with my grandmother. Of course she likes you, Sleep. She just doesn't like you with me. Yeah, well, we've been together a long time. Listen....Uh....I gotta right this paper and I still have to read a whole... Oh God Sleep! Please don't touch me there.. ....I love you so much it makes my eyelids burn...Please stop... Of course I want you, but if we're calling it quits then I don't think it's right.

So....This is it? The last hurrah? I don't know "how long". Until my work's done. At least a couple a weeks. Then we'll see. I don't know about Christmas yet. I might go to Italy, Sleep. If I do, I'm gonna have jet lag and that'll really fuck things up for us. Oh yeah, there is no "us" anymore. Well...uh..I'm gonna try and work now. So..That's it. Can you stop by later? Why do you want to stop by? Sure, I guess that'll be fine. We'll just "talk".

## MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There are moments in everyday life when all of the color fades, like in a watercolor left out in the rain. All of the vibrant oranges, the rusty reds, the misty pinks, and the ruddy browns - everything runs downward and ends in mulchy puddles at the feet of all the trees. Even the clouds are effected by this invisible rain; they cease to be clouds, becoming a bit more like the mist of Japanese landscapes. The clouds all blend together and hang just a little ways above the rim of the valley.

I think it's going to snow soon. I never know for sure, though. My sense of weather is not very



developed. I can't look into the haze, like the old weather-beaten men that cluster in Percey's cafe, and say when the snow is coming...and when it's not. I envy people with that kind of skill. To them the Spring is the way the birds are acting in the woods. The Fall is how hard it was to wrench last night's potatoes out of the garden, and the Winter-that's how rosy the children's cheeks are as they wait for the school bus. Rain is a pain in your knees...or fingers.

You can tell men with that kind of insight from a long ways off; sometimes you have to get up close to be sure though. They tend to laugh

## A weekly column

more with their eyes than with their throats - or their bellies. They walk like they just got out of a hot bath. They like to hold babies, and they love to look at girls. Their faces have deep grooves in them, like road maps in braille. They have no room in their hearts for the foolishness of young men, but they always have room at the table for them. They act skittish about people thanking them, for anything.

I was once sitting with an old man, having coffee, listening to his Navy stories. It was cold outside and

See MOMENTS page 2

# VEAL

Continued from page 1



dichotomy are immense, and take us to extremes. People in our society are ostracized for a wide range of reasons; from indulging in pornographic materials to their religious beliefs, and from the length of their hair to the poverty they live in. Veal eaters would just make another addition to that list that seems to be aimed at creating the perfect, omniscient human being who always does everything right.

And, if you by now don't know the truth of what I am telling you, let me then just add that I don't like to see men harmed, I don't want to see women harmed, and I don't like to see animals harmed. What is being questioned here, is not the rights of non-human animals. What we are doing to them, and what we are doing to the Earth, is terrible and hardly justified. But, I really don't think we should talk about animal rights until we learn how to apply human rights to our own lives and in our interactions with others. Once we do that, the rest will follow automatically.

It is this lack of congruence that I find a little bit difficult to deal with.

# MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

I'd forgotten my scarf; I was happy to have a hot cup of something to drink. He told me all about how he used to gamble and drink - moonshine, sometimes. He said that he quit the bottle when he got married. I was amazed. If anything could cause me to get drunk all the time it would be getting married. He told me that he had been with his wife for forty years.

"Are you still in love with her?" I asked. I could feel my hand pulsate with the warmth of the cup I held between them.

"Yes," he said, "I'm crazy about her." His face was still. He didn't make many expressions. His hair was like hazelnut shells and silver. He had no teeth, or false ones, and always ran his tongue across his bare gums. When he smiled he was as handsome as my grandfather.

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Yeah," he said, scratching his head, "I ain't got nuthin' to hide from ya." He squinted a bit.

"Can you still..." I paused, embarrassed to ask, but I needed to know. I had to know what I should expect in the future.

"Are you able..." and my voice

Whether the school has gotten "too" conservative is only a matter of taste. However, it is reasonably safe to say that there is most certainly a trend toward conservatism. It is unrealistic to think that our school can avert the general conservative trend that has washed over the entire nation.

Bennington College has, for a long time, been a cornerstone of experimental education, where Bohemians (or Bohemians at heart) could pursue their interests. The face of the student body has changed, in step with students across the nation. There seems to be a much bigger population of full-tuition students at Bennington College - in attitude as well as statistics. Although there is a reaction of young, wealthy collegians to tone down their financial advantages, there is also the reaction to take full advantage of their fortunes and perhaps flaunt them. I can't decide whether or not this is good or bad - the best thing I think is to avoid moralizing about it. However, I have noticed that recent terms have brought us more BMWs, Mercedes, Audis, Corvettes, etc....

Being wealthy does not necessarily mean being conservative, but I feel that in this case it does. There are often times that I overhear students complaining about having to be in school because of Mom and Dad's insistence. This disinterest in studies has given birth to the Bennington Student who wants to be spoon-fed. Bennington College was created for students who didn't need to or want to be spoon-fed, for students who were motivated to learn by their own passion for knowledge. It's very disconcerting.

Many of these things have to do with the \$\$ thing, and Admissions is no longer Financial Aid-Blind. The notion of using \$\$ as a point of

trailed off with a question in my throat. I was hoping that the gleam in my eye could convey what I was afraid to.

We finished our coffee and he brought out some brandy for us. I told him I couldn't have any because I was trying to quit. He gave me some anyway, without a second thought. Sometimes his hearing is bad. I drank it. It burned my throat and set my stomach on fire. It had a wretched taste of burnt cork and iodine. It was good.

When I got up to leave he had me pause a moment to take some of the date bread his daughter had baked. "Just between you and me," he said in a gentle whisper, "what I used to do all night long, it takes me all night long to do!"

He winked and nudged my bicep. I smiled broadly and thanked him for the afternoon. My neck tensed up as it hit the dry, cold air outside. The watery haze that was over the valley had given way to gray mush that hung just as ominously. "It's gonna snow," he called over my shoulder.

"I guess so," I said, stepping out onto the pavement and floating into the perfumed wake of the blonde that had just passed by.

## EDITORIAL QUESTION: Is Bennington becoming too conservative?

consideration in admission to Bennington College is a financial necessity for the school, however, a ridiculous superimposition onto Bennington's progressive ideals. We are about to embark on another multi-million dollar project, the addition to the library, which will put our school under even more financial stress, as if the \$3 million debt for VAPA is not heavy enough.

The school has definitely dragged itself into the '80s. I can tell by the new Admissions policies and new Studnet Services attitudes, etc. The school is no longer running on common sense. Apparently, that doesn't work anymore. But it seems to be formulating a new methodology by way of beauracatic walls—A SURE SIGN OF CONSERVATISM, beauracacy, that is...

I don't think that this school is conservative. There are only too many "false controversials". Wearing torn jackets, shouting "fuck" and coloring one's hair pink or green doesn't mean that someone's being open-minded and thinking freely - Not conservative - Too much false interpretation of controversialism.

### YES - BREAK THE CORPORATION

It was radical of Booth to host Monday night's impromptu Birthday Party, even though they're "not supposed to". That's the kind of spontaneity and attitude towards conservative authority we should see more of. Way to go guys !!!

I see this school becoming very cliché'. While there are many creative and innovative people here, it seems many have fallen into a trap of behaving in a very trite way. It is not original to jump around a dance floor in a spasm because you fell the music pulling you through the space. I don't see people approaching their field of art in a mature and disciplined manner. There is not enough variety. So in that way, YES this school is becoming too conservative.

Are you talking about students or the construction of the school's philosophy?

I don't really think so, but even if it were becoming "too conservative", that wouldn't be something that would bother me. I came to Bennington knowing that it is a liberal-minded school. But in my mind, "liberal-minded" connotes the acceptance of all creeds and if a "conservative"

coalition happened to form itself at Bennington, I wouldn't oppose it in any way. The only occurrence that would bother me is if a majority of the students here became "conservative", and that only because I would feel outnumbered and thus, uncomfortable.

### Editor's Note:

*Being a freshman, it is impossible for me to make a judgment on whether or not this institution is becoming "too conservative". I have no problems with feeling comfortable on this campus and I don't see a "war" of sorts between a liberal and a conservative mass. I have experienced however, in the brief time I have been here, that Bennington is a haven, it is a world away from the world, where liberated minds and individualistic souls drift about in bliss or turmoil depending on the latest issue. I also know that many liberal actions are accepted and taken for granted, perhaps overlooked when posing the question "Is Bennington becoming too conservative?" For instance, it is my intention of changing roommates next term for the singular reason that my future roommate and I dislike the same things; this, apparently, an ideal - no problems with those little, peevish habits that might otherwise ruin a perfectly "regular" roommate relationship.*

*It is not an unusual or liberal idea until the gender of both of the roommates is specified. Coed living is a liberal idea. I have no moral problem with it and this college does not either. Most people I have addressed on the subject find the move a bit odd, but no large shock. I have faced no ostracism from anything connected to Bennington with this proposed living arrangement.*

*It must be observed that at almost any other college in the United States, this arrangement would cause ostracism from at least a portion of the faculty, administration, and student body. Coed living arrangements for freshmen college students are not easily accepted in much of America's modern society. Because I have met with so little surprise and such freedom on this subject, I am inclined to believe that though Bennington may appear more conservative as each new class enters, the fundamental structure of Benningtonian morals is liberal. Somewhere under the definition of "liberal" fits the idea that gender should be subordinate to a certain asexual soul....*

## The Commons

NEWSPAPERS NEVER SLEEP

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# LETTER

Dear Editor,

I would like to apologize about the article I wrote titled "Our Favorite Freshman." It was meant only to give praise to the freshman that I do know, and to encourage the others to keep up the good work. I think that all the new freshman, who are not so new anymore, are wonderful. I know Karl feels the same way. I want to congratulate Ethan Fran for bringing this to my attention in such a well written article.

Sincerely,  
Kara Sovietunion

P.S. I'm sorry I am too cowardly not to use my uninventive pseudonym again.




**227 NORTH STREET  
BENNINGTON, VT.**

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# HEAD TO HEAD

By Emily, the Liberal  
To Tim, the Penis from Hell

By Tim, the Conservative  
To Emily, the Vomitous Mass

Listen, even us Liberals can be American. What about a universal draft? Why should the draft be open only to pig-headed males like yourself. It is fair, useful and patriotic for anyone who is physically and mentally able, to be drafted into the service. As I said before, there is nothing that says women cannot do anything men cannot do. And what about gays? Why should they be treated any differently? That is what us Liberals call "discrimination," whether it is sexual, racial, or political. It is all the same, and we should all be initiated into to all the same things. To Hell with chivalry, if that is what it costs! It would rather open the door myself or pay half the check, because then I won't owe assholes like yourself anything.

Being allowed to fight for your country is saying that you believe in America (although I'm not sure right now with Bush as our President-Elect). Do YOU believe in America, Tim? Would YOU fight for our country if we were at war? Hell, I know I would, and I'm not a man, and I'm not a conservative, and I am sure as Hell proud to be an American! How many countries do you know of that have combination Car-Wash and Laundromats?

### Editorial Note:

*A distinction must be made between Tim Ptizer, of the light-hearted Head to Head and The Bottom Line, and Tim Halpern, a periodical guest writer. They are not the same person. In fact, they are two incredibly different people.*

This is what I was afraid of when I first was asked to do this: Feather headed Liberals with about as much realism as an ice cube. Is it me, or have other people noticed that the length of a newspaper article varies proportionately with the strength of the authors arguments? Emily, I found your pseudo-patriotism amusing. One week, you are ready to flee to Canada, now you offer to march into battle waving Old Glory and humming America the Beautiful.

As for the "substance" of your article, you may as well admit that you have no idea what to say. The fact that women are not included in the draft does not seem to bother anyone but you. Personally, I cannot see a bunch of ladies on the battlefield (complete with aprons and clevers) breaking their fingernails. It is a biological fact that men and women are different: You probably have never had an opportunity to discover this for yourself. Because of this difference, men (as I have said before) are built stronger. One reader wrote in that women have stronger upper-thigh muscles. O.K., but women need those for birthing children.

Emily, if you really want to join the army when a war strikes, please do. Ask if you can be in front. In fact, take all of your Liberal friends with you. But think about this: If EVERY able bodied person were drafted, who would be left to run the country? Old men and children (of course that alternative is better than any liberal). I know that practicality probably does not ring a bell with you, but politicians are not the stupid stereotypes that people imagine. They are put in office because the people want them to be there. The electoral college does the real voting, but the Supreme Court demands that they vote the way each state demands. Think on it.

Oh, and Emily, next week, I would appreciate a fully lucid argument. You are getting too easy.

## "GOD IS DEAD?"



non-religious attitude which is often present at this college? When so many of our fellow students are Jewish (almost HALF), shouldn't they be excused from classes to attend religious services? These questions are important, and should be answered.

Many people believe, as I do, that religion is part of a person. Art is part of a person, too. It was clearly stated by Irish author Edna O'Brein that artists *can* be religious when she said "Good writing is always religious. Joyce was religious. He may have been profane, but he was religious. Beckett is religious. Dostoevsky. Tolstoy. That's really the only kind of writing I'm interested in. The rest? The best of it is very skillful writing, but isn't missing something"(Claffey, *The Boston Globe*).

O'Brein, in a sense, is correct. I really don't want to be controversial, however, many great artists (by that I mean visual, literary, and performing artists) have been influenced by religion. Often works of art that become eternal have been inspired by a religious drive. It is clear that artists can be religious, but by no means do they have to. It is not necessary for an artist wishing to "conform" to the definition of "artist" to repel religion such as the apparently repelling force between religion and politics in the American division of the Church and State.

The argument is not whether or not someone is atheist. The question that haunts me is this: "Do people say that they are atheists just to be 'cool', to be different?" I know that some people may truly be atheists, but it seems as though I've come across too many people in this college who label themselves "atheist". What do students really believe? This is impossible for me to define; it may be impossible for each individual to personally define. The difficulty of being confident with a label and definition may be a moral question too bothersome, too integral for an individual to address and therefore, the label "atheist" is borrowed to clothe the naked portion of the human spirit.

I have always been taught that there are two things one does not publicly discuss: politics and religion. I was deeply startled however, when I read on the blackboard in one of my classes, "GOD IS DEAD?" Recalling past experience here, I began to wonder whether or not it is "cool" to be atheist at Bennington College.

This is rather difficult for me to write, as I would like to keep my personal beliefs out of the article. I am almost directly opposite of atheist, but, in placing aside my own religious beliefs, I observe a large number of people that classify themselves as atheist.

It became especially clear to me that God has a questionable existence in the minds of students in this college when I saw the previously mentioned "GOD IS DEAD?" scrawled on the chalkboard. What does that mean? How can God be dead? It seems to me that the student meant that God is dead, nonexistent in the minds of many Bennington students.

I know quite a few people who consider themselves to be somewhat religious. My friend Gina Bakhshian-Khan is an example because of her Catholic and partly Middle Eastern heritage. There are also a great many Jewish students here. I remember when one asked if she could be excused from a dance class to go to Temple on one of the biggest holy days of the year. The instructor responded "We're artists here, we're not religious." In other words, "No."

Is the faculty to blame for the



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# CHILD'S PLAY: Horror if you want it

By MODERN MOVIEGOERS  
ANONYMOUS

Over the Thanksgiving break, I saw the movie "Child's Play." It is accepted movie-reviewing etiquette to insult all horror movies, but being a Bennington student, I feel that I can hold my head up high and say, "I love horror movies!" And Child's Play was no exception.

It began quite simply: a wanted murderer is trapped within a toy store. The detective who corners the felon, Chris Saradon (that's the actor, not the character) fatally wounds the bad guy. With his dying breaths, the murderer calls forth some Voodoo power and puts his spirit within the body of a doll. O.K., the idea is not creative, or even very good, but for \$4.50, it is great for cheap thrills.

The doll is purchased by a single-parent mother with a low income. Her son wants one of these Cabbage-Patch-Kids of the 90's (ironically called "Good Guys"), and she can only afford to buy one from a street bum who found the toy within the burned-out warehouse. The doll has a tape player within and talks, but this one can swear.

Of course, no one believes the poor little boy when he tells everyone that the doll can communicate quite well, and that it is responsible for the murder of his aunt. After another killing, and a very funny attempted murder of Saradon's character, the boy is locked up, and the detective and the

boy's mother quest for the murderous doll.

Their search lead them to the home of a Voodoo shaman who was earlier visited by the Doll of Death. Mr. Voodoo is found lying on the floor, his limbs twisted and chest bleeding, and he tells that the only way that the doll can re-enter a human existence is by the transference of his soul into the boy. The race to save Little Billy is on. They win, and the doll becomes toast.

Firstly, Chris Saradon is very good at what he does: **Fright Night** and the **Princess Bride** are two of my favorites. But, the little boy (his name escapes me) was fantastic, too. He actually made the most dramatic moments work (he cried and looked frightened without appearing affected) and stole the show from the other actors; barring the puppet, of course.

As far as horror goes, this is pretty good. And unless you have some irrational fear of dolls with Satanic grins, see it. Remember, at Bennington, all experience is enriching!

In the home movie scene, there are some good flicks. For a truly scary movie, with "big-name" actors, rent **Ghost Story**. If you are into technical wonders, **Who Framed Roger Rabbit** is still on top. For an all around great movie, my favorite (of all time) is **Amadeus**. You don't have to like "the classics" to appreciate a good movie!



## THE FUTURE

PHOTO BY RAOUL BADMAN

## MOVIE REVIEW: High Spirits

By SATIE AIRAME'

**High Spirits**, starring Peter O'Toole, Daryl Hannah, and Steve Guttenberg, is a light film on romance between Americans and eighteenth century ghosts. "I'm an American. You're a ghost. It would never work out."

Peter O'Toole plays an Irishman, born and bred of the castle Plunkett. As the castle is a heavy burden and funds are not sufficient, he attempts to raise revenue to support the castle by opening it up to the public as a hotel. To ensure attraction of guests, he proclaims the castle to be haunted.

The movie begins with a group of American guests, among them, Daryl Hannah, as Sharon, and Steve Guttenberg, as Jack. A ghost scientist, his wife and children, a promiscuous damsel, and a religious brother make up the rest of the company.

The first night, the guests are all disillusioned with the pretense of Plunkett as a haunted castle and they discover the poorly done ghostly effects launched by the Irishman and his fellow villagers. Threatening to check out, the Americans leave the villagers in tears as they [the villagers] realize the fate of their beloved Plunkett.

However, the actual ghosts of the castle observe the proceedings and decide to play a role in the

villagers and in the guests lives. From this moment, the castle is turned upside-down with supernatural action. A legendary murder in Plunkett of Mary, the young bride of Martin, the murderer is reenacted night after night for the protagonist couple, Jack and Sharon. When the ghosts involve themselves in the Americans lives, and Jack finds himself in love with Mary, **High Spirits** takes off.

Peter O'Toole works well in his comic role, portraying a more believable character than either that of Steve Guttenberg or Daryl Hannah. The Irishman has a spicy streak of creativity and sentimentality common to the human race. His lack of business sense and his stereotypical drinking character draw together a magical, bumbling, good-hearted bloak.

As Jack, Steve Guttenberg creates a comic character torn between his horrid, human wife and a beautiful, refreshing ghost. Though this character holds an integral place in **High Spirits**, he is not exceedingly believable and must be appreciated with the idea that it is "all in fun."

Daryl Hannah plays yet another pretty, innocent, blond girl. Her character is inventive on the part of the author, however, she is becoming too stereotyped into a

fairy tale princess. Her next career move should be toward a role as an average working woman that can't afford to be clothed in Bill Blass. Mary is a sweet addition to **High Spirits** and the character meets the demand put upon it by the story, but the Hannah stereotype is expected and therefore this actress does not rekindle the innocence and angelic beauty of her character, only she presents a rehash of the **Splash**-like mermaid.

Special effects are done in a marvelous manner: Cars fly, antiques move, and ghosts have no substance. Attempts at frightening an audience are dimmed by the comic tone of the entire movie. The closing scene involves, as all comedies, a uniting of lovers and a suggestion of procreation, and the ending is rather sappy and catered to all sentimental and traditional American viewers.

Out of five stars, I give **High Spirits** a two and three-quarters. Two go for the refreshing storyline and I suppose three-quarters can be given for the rather unique effects done both in the film and with the actual camera angles. I suggest this movie only if one is interested in relaxing, not using his intellect, and coming away with the feeling of having eaten a grand portion at a very normal meal.

## PLAYS

By COURTNEY BAKER

FM:

Cast:

Constance Lindell- Diana Adams  
May Ford- Jenna Moskowitz  
Suzanne Lachette- Amy Williams  
Buford Bullough -Jonath Sherman

A classroom in the heartland Alabama is changed beyond alteration by a smug, self-satisfied domineering drunk - an intolerant arbitrary bully - a superficial narrow-minded, short-sighted besotted, provincial bigget - a self-indulgent, flatulent, eye-sore of a man; odious and repellent - repulsive, buffoon who writes like mother fucker.

Directed by Kevin Boy Krakower

Presented at 8:00 PM on December 4, 5, and 6 in VAPA D206.

**GRACELAND**

What does Elvis mean to you? Bev and Rootie will tell us their opinion at the opening of the Graceland Estate.

Cast:

Bev - Rio Hernandez  
Rootie - Alexis Goodwin  
Lights - Steven Hiyis  
Directed by Genny Persons.

Presented at 8:00 PM on December 4, 5, and 6 in VAPA D-206.



## THANKSGIVING BREAK

By DAEMON CONDIE

I suspect that there are as many different visions of Thanksgiving as there are people who dream about the holiday, but I am not presumptuous enough to attempt to speak for anyone but myself.

I don't remember holidays much before my thirteenth birthday; the year my mother remarried. The solitude she and I had shared, however unwillingly, was suddenly gone, landing us in the midst of an immediate family (parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and cousins) of (literally) fifty people. Since then, holidays, Thanksgiving in particular (because it has always been celebrated on my family's farm), have been associated in my mind with people: parents, young children, babies, and with animals: dogs, horses, cattle; huge tribal scenes with my father as the patriarchal figure.

This year, my freshman year of college, was my first time as a visitor to our family holiday. When all the relatives who had only come for the celebration left, I would go with them. It may have been my awareness of myself as an outsider that let me see everything more clearly than in past years.

That Thursday morning, up early because of the eagerness of the children, it seemed that I had joined the ranks of the adults - had become one of the women in the kitchen - fixing breakfast for everyone, moving in a rhythmic pattern among the members of my family, serving them. As the day wore on, it seemed as though I was holding a kaleidoscope - somehow watching myself; now I was one of the adults, now I was a young girl out riding over the fields, laughing with the excitement and danger of the speed of her horse. I was trying to change my role with the kaleidoscope; my family and my parents were trying to let me. It was the change that made my time at home so hard.

This is what I'll remember best about Thanksgiving this year: when all of our family crowded into the to bless the food - everyone in a circle around a table heaped high with offerings - and my parents stood together to say the prayer, I didn't hold their hands, but I stood beside them. And I was thankful for them letting me be: myself.

## THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LIKE- NESS

By PROFESSOR  
NOWITAL

(the First in a series of in-depth,  
psychosemantic studies)

After reading this article, listen closely to what your friends say, and count the number of times they say "like." It gets quite annoying after a while.

In his book *Myths to Live By*, Joseph Campbell compares the usage of this word by college students to schiznophobia and LSD trips. "Moreover, many [college students] are unable even to communicate, every thought being so charged for them with feeling that in rational speech there is no name for it. An astonishing number cannot bring forth even a simple declarative sentence, but, interrupting every attempted phrase with the irrelevant syllable "Like," they are reduced to mute signs and feeling-loaded silences, pleading for appreciation [emphasis mine].

I tend to doubt that, like, all of America's youth are afflicted with either LSD flashbacks, or a mental illness. But the fact is, we all use the word "like" all the time. Why? Well, let's look at some examples and analyze them.

"I'll meet you at, like, 2:00." This means that if the person is a little late, he is not guilty of truancy. This common usage covers our proverbial bases; we are not actually giving any specifics. "My article will be, like, 200 words." With this little insertion, we are never lying.

"My Dad is, like, loaded!" Although in appearances this is a simile, here the word "like" is just taking up space in the sentence. Out of some fear of having dead space in conversation, or destroying the rhythm or timing in speaking, "like" is necessary. Some people use "man," or more commonly "ah, um" to fill the vacancies of dialogue.

"Steph is like a paramecium." Actually, this is correct.

How to overcome. Perhaps a little Pavlovian negative reinforcement would be effective. Since the national Smoke-out met with such resounding success, I suggest that we have a national "Like-out." Whenever you hear the word "like" used in an incorrect context, yell "You drugged out schizophrenic!" If that doesn't work, see a Freudian psychiatrist.



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## INTERVIEW WITH GUNNAR

The man with the musical playhouse, my visit with him was untraditional and refreshing. Gunnar Schonbeck is a true Music Man with the twinkle of a leprechaun in his eyes. For the meeting, I had in mind the traditional interview, he turned it into a discussion.

He asked me the first question. "How do you feel about Bennington?" I responded, and a conversation was sparked. He spoke, in an explanatory and sincere manner, about the system, faculty, student body, registration, and even music. He seemed to hold a very fresh view of Bennington and the "vast possibilities" the school presents, reflecting on the various expansive projects of students in the past.

When asked what he feels should be changed about the system of Bennington, Gunnar responded with a smile and told me that he wouldn't want to drastically "change" anything, "I don't think it needs any change at all, I think it needs to be exercised." He emphasized the importance of interrelation between the students, the faculty and the administration of Bennington. "I would like to see more faculty and administration participation in classes." Gunnar says that this could bring "a better understanding of each

other... to know what each other are doing."

Gunnar himself has certainly striven for a wider subjective view in this sense. He has taken classes here at Bennington in Chinese; "... It took two and a half hours of reparation for the class... I could feel the frustration of the student.", Dance; he asked himself, "What motivates a student to do this?", a class under Fromm, and a French class under Wallace Fowley.

I found this refreshing. But wait, this man is said to be a musical genius. "All right," I said, "Why is music so important to you?" He responded with a simple and life-enjoying smile... "It is just a part of my life... do you like to breathe?" Ah, Gunnar.

We moved onto a bit of concrete question/answer conversation: Gunnar played violin at the age of six. He was in his family orchestra. His study has been for the most part private and he loves the clarinet with a passion.

Gunnar has spent forty-three years here at Bennington and shows no regrets or tiredness. He feels it is important to "keep that fire going... and for me, it is still moving, not crystalizing... I haven't any future plans not to be here."

Are your friends at other schools having a little trouble pulling out the pen and writing you letters? We were experiencing this, until we wrote The "FORM LETTER". This letter, in various forms, has been sent to our friends in schools all across the East Coast and the Midwest. The results have been promising enough for us to wish to share it with you. Feel free to cut this out and send it to your friends.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_

How are you? I am \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_wonderful because I get a rush from writing from you  
 \_\_\_\_\_tired from dodging  
 \_\_\_\_\_a prof that still expects me to hand in a very overdue paper  
 \_\_\_\_\_the damned cabs found in a large city like \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_the infamous drunk cowboys and wild horses of \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_my text books  
 \_\_\_\_\_happy for no definable reason  
 \_\_\_\_\_sad for no definable reason  
 \_\_\_\_\_shocked that you are so desperate for mail that you would stoop to such a level as to write something like this  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

\_\_\_\_\_, I miss you  
 \_\_\_\_\_terribly  
 \_\_\_\_\_beyond what could be written in a form letter such as this  
 \_\_\_\_\_because our cleaning service has not been doing the toilets  
 \_\_\_\_\_for no definable reason  
 \_\_\_\_\_not at all  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

School is okay, I suppose. I  
 \_\_\_\_\_finished  
 \_\_\_\_\_haven't quite completed  
 \_\_\_\_\_haven't begun  
 \_\_\_\_\_a major assignment (please describe:)

for \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in name of prof for whom you have a major assignment), and yes, I realize that this will have a profound impact on my life after I leave this place. For this reason I am  
 \_\_\_\_\_pleased that it is completed  
 \_\_\_\_\_concerned that it is not yet done  
 \_\_\_\_\_pulling my hair out in fright and worry, and by the way am very glad that you are practically writing this letter for me because to tell you the truth, \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in name of person to whom this letter is being sent):  
 \_\_\_\_\_I just don't have the time to sit around and gab.  
 \_\_\_\_\_I have better things to do than to write to some twit out in Vermont.  
 \_\_\_\_\_I am too lazy to write to you and I feel guilty.  
 \_\_\_\_\_no one could tell you what you want to hear better than you.

Recently I went (include time and date and names of accomplices) to  
 \_\_\_\_\_a restaurant  
 \_\_\_\_\_a class  
 \_\_\_\_\_a bar  
 \_\_\_\_\_a class, then a bar  
 \_\_\_\_\_bed  
 \_\_\_\_\_a museum  
 \_\_\_\_\_a rock concert  
 \_\_\_\_\_a classical concert  
 \_\_\_\_\_a high windy plateau  
 \_\_\_\_\_an amusement park  
 \_\_\_\_\_a ghost town (Bodie, CA)  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

and had a \_\_\_\_\_ time. But I wish you were with me. It would have been  
 \_\_\_\_\_better to have been with someone I know  
 \_\_\_\_\_very awkward because \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_interesting to see your reaction to \_\_\_\_\_

Oh! I ran into \_\_\_\_\_ today, and they asked about you. I said that you are \_\_\_\_\_. I hope that wasn't too presumptuous of me.

What's going on at Bennington? The hot issue here is still the election. You know, it'd be great to go to a school where people are so unaffected by such trivialities-I envy you! What are your views about the outcome of the race? Everyone at \_\_\_\_\_ (name of school) seemed to be very pro-\_\_\_\_\_. As

you could guess, Wednesday morning our student body was:

\_\_\_\_\_disappointed  
 \_\_\_\_\_outraged  
 \_\_\_\_\_ecstatic  
 \_\_\_\_\_undecided  
 \_\_\_\_\_apathetic, as usual  
 \_\_\_\_\_hung over  
 \_\_\_\_\_wearing black  
 \_\_\_\_\_wearing red, white, and blue  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

I, of course, was  
 \_\_\_\_\_disappointed  
 \_\_\_\_\_outraged  
 \_\_\_\_\_ecstatic  
 \_\_\_\_\_undecided  
 \_\_\_\_\_apathetic as usual  
 \_\_\_\_\_hung over  
 \_\_\_\_\_wearing black  
 \_\_\_\_\_wearing red, white, and blue  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

Hey, guess what I did today—I cleaned up my side of our room!! I found  
 \_\_\_\_\_Where The Wild Things Are

\_\_\_\_\_a dead rodent  
 \_\_\_\_\_a broken television set  
 \_\_\_\_\_a love letter from \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_an old Dear John/Jane (circle one or both) letter  
 \_\_\_\_\_a new Dear John/Jane (circle one or both) letter  
 \_\_\_\_\_this letter & your address (this is why I am writing to you, \_\_\_\_\_!!)  
 \_\_\_\_\_a first edition copy of Gone With The Wind  
 \_\_\_\_\_a pair of handcuffs  
 \_\_\_\_\_eternal bliss  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

(did you realize that there is very little  
 \_\_\_\_\_punctuation  
 \_\_\_\_\_originality  
 \_\_\_\_\_neither  
 \_\_\_\_\_both  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 in this letter?)

But I know you don't mind, because you are so happy to hear from me.

I realize that this letter cannot take up the entire issue of Commons this week, so I'll let you go on to read other fascinating articles.

Much  
 \_\_\_\_\_love  
 \_\_\_\_\_animosity  
 \_\_\_\_\_nausea  
 \_\_\_\_\_excitement  
 \_\_\_\_\_sympathy  
 \_\_\_\_\_bewilderment  
 \_\_\_\_\_all of the above  
 \_\_\_\_\_other (please describe:)

(sign your name here: \_\_\_\_\_)

PS: \_\_\_\_\_

PPS: Write back soon!

PPPS: Enclosed is a REAL letter that I felt obligated to write you after sending this one.

PPPPS:  
 Here, I drew you a picture to make you smile:  
 What do you think?

FOLD HERE

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

# FISHERMAN'S BLUES

By JULIAN YOUNG

She glowed quietly amid the cartoon bubble babble of the pub, the light that seemed to flow from her blinded my eyes to the rest of the weekend world that rain-streaked Friday night. She worked at the magazine, in the advertising department- I'd never really noticed her before, but here I was, two casual five-thirty drinks later, falling madly in love. She was really very beautiful, in a kind of innocently knowing way. Red hair, long and lustrous, emerald eyes, and a smile that took your heart by storm. High cheekbones, warm red mouth, and the rest, as sweet and graceful a body as you'd like. Even in the very act of sitting at the bar she elevated me and the whole surroundings, such was the grace she bestowed upon the world. We talked, her words dancing before me like a faery ring upon the hill. Strange, I know, but it was love. Too soon, time was called, we went our separate ways home. But as I strolled through the drizzle to the tube my heart waltzed like a drunken Matilda on Saturday night.

We took the car down to Wales,

and for the hell of it pitched our tent in the heart of the Black Mountains. We picknicked in a forest glade, by a hillside stream, in the first new flush of Spring. The music of the chinkling, trickling, clear water merged with her voice into one airy nature melody. I looked at her, at her beauty, as she reclined upon the grass. Almost drinkable, I thought. That day, the wide blue sky, the rolling hills, the green grass, and the leaf and tree of the forest, the birdsong, the breeze, and her, were as one all-enveloping, total sensual symphony. That night, we shared a small red tent beneath the stars, and the old, old Gods looked down, and smiled.

On the little dock on Skye, we stood, and waited for the ferryboatman to come and fetch us, the wintry wind blowing our ears a cold cherry-red. We breathed the sharp, icy cold in and out as we stared at the sea and the tides of evening rolled in. Her warmth amid the cramping coolness was like a candle in the snow. I pulled her close, and waves crashed inside me. The boat

pulled into the dock, and after a suitable interval we hopped aboard. The dark greyness of the water seemed strangely attractive and repulsive-I half wanted to jump in, dragging her with me, -to answer the call of the ocean, and be swallowed whole. Thunder rumbled distantly. As did our stomachs.

The city streets, stuffed with the shopping stormtroops of Christmas, watched by winking festive lights, coursing with the determined energy of a world hell bent on celebration, were a cheering sight against the blue-black bible sky. I almost skipped down the pavement, humming "When Will We Be Married" as the ring burnt a hole in my pocket. The rattle of change in the ringing tills became church bells in my mind, I couldn't wait a minute more, I wanted to wed her right then and there. I hailed a cab, damn the expense, but soon regretted it, as we were swiftly jammed in by the traffic. Home again, she opened the door, soft and warm and smiling still, I almost asked, but the time was not yet.



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# SEVEN SUCCESSFUL EXCUSES

By THOMAS SPENCER SIBLEY

So far I've lost two ID's and frequently up the linoleum stairs, it has not accompanied my fateful trek. What stands between myself and the delectable gourmet offerings is a person usually dressed in white and invariably adamant about ascertaining my number. Therefore during these occasions I have been left to my devices and deflected with a shield of originality, many a starvationary crisis. With relatively simple excuses it has been possible to surpass the persistent meal coach whom I know later at home after clicking his or her stopwatch over six hundred times, will be telepathically rooting for the different items on the evening's menu racing up my throat. Normally an excuse isn't necessary but if you find the prospect of being herded like human cattle into stock cars bound for Auschwitz, somewhat superfluous in that your stomach will soon be a gas chamber anyway, the contrived interaction could make the entire process a little less ridiculously absurd by making it more so. Or perhaps aside from bucolically flatulent, Fascist rituals, you're just a tad bit pre-dinner stoned, throw them one of these or one of your own. In no time your passcard will become as unnecessary as the food line itself, and you can promptly dig in to a meal most of us would rather pass.

1. "My ID spontaneously combusted." Note: remember not to say that the explosion was the result of some sort of laminated guilt it may have felt at least symbolically for subjecting its bearer to a merciless digestive onslaught.

2. "I just recently included the picture in my modeling portfolio and if an agency becomes interested, I am hoping to have a few shots taken at the top of the stairs with my favorite kitchen person."

3. "It's at a convention of badly angled photographs."

4. "I have Alzheimer's and used it as a bookmark. I can't remember which book it was, but distinctly remember it having pages and being a good read."

5. "I left it on my radiator and it melted." Note: be sure to complementary compare its present condition to the snack bar cheese melts. Invite the kitchen person to your room all the while stressing that the configured plastic coating has rendered your number illegible. Without hesitation, he will shrug off your invitation and usher you in with a shruggingly similar gesture.

6. "My dog ate it." Note: not cliché in this context. While conceptualizing the possibility, their thoughts may reminiscently shift in the direction of their own pets. In a mood of good-natured sentimental spirits they will most definitely grant passage. It is more likely that they will perceive the comment as the haughty and confused ramblings of a cocky asshole. However they will still inquire as to the breed.

7. If you and your friend should happen to be without the Nazi key of admission, simultaneously inform the authority figure for a day that your ID's are off mating somewhere. Note: promise to hand over the offspring before the plastic sealed juvenile delinquents aid or abet the theft of a precious platefull.

# TRAVEL

By SATIE AIRAME' OREGON



It seems travel is good for everything. If one lives with a major percentage of the world's different cultures, then one obtains a more complete, more realistic view of one's own self. Travel disentangles a person from his domestic problems so he can view them in perspective. Travel causes the odd, but infamous phenomenon of the "heart growing fonder" with distance. "Home" obtains a special identity to a traveler. Other cultures can be understood more completely if an "alien" lives in these cultures, thus eventually bringing about a shift from the elusive "they" of the other countries to the "we" of the world.

Travel in one's own country is also important, especially in a country as large as the US. Of the fifty states in the United States of America, I am quite fond of California. As a native of the state, perhaps my domestic insight will

encourage prospective voyageurs to spend a holiday in the Golden State.

The capitol city of California is Sacramento. Not outstandingly known for anything other than its political center, Sacramento is near the famous birth place of the Gold Rush of 1849, Sutter's Fort. Much of California is "Gold Territory" and the central valleys and the Sierra Nevadas house many historic mining towns, ie. Mariposa (Mother of the Counties), Hornitos (famous for Jaquin Murietta's underground tunnel), Columbia (site of the old Columbia Hotel and stagecoach), Jamestown (famed for the currently running railroad), and on an even smaller scale, interesting, mining boom-town ruins such as those at Agua Fria and at the partially restored ghost town, Bodie.

TO BE CONTINUED  
NEXT WEEK

# OBTAINING THE IMPOSSIBLE:

By SLEEPING SLYVIA

I have noticed that there seems to be an exhaustion epidemic on this campus so I have decided to write an article with helpful hints to aid this pestilence.

The first sleeping aid I had discovered quite accidentally. In my early, naive days of being a freshman (i.e. 2 months ago), I mistakenly ate the cafeteria fish; forty-five minutes later I was passed out on my bed, instructing my roommate how to draw up my will.

The second sleeping aid requires a television. The reception up here could put Bob Goldwait in a coma. If the reception does not tire you, I suggest these three shows: *Mission Impossible*, *Star Trek*, and the *Rockford Files*. *Star Trek* is totally boring to those of us who find enough entertainment on Earth. The kooky music in *Mission Impossible* has lulled me to sleep from my prepubescent days (and I don't mean now to those who are confused). And with a name like *Rockford Files*, what do you expect?

To use the third aid, you have to be an official member of the "I was the Never Cool Club." Sorry to

# SLEEP

offend the knowledgeable cool Karl and Karla. If you decide to be a member, you probably already have a copy of the uncool but nonetheless loved tape of "The Carpenters Greatest Hits" I guarantee that by listening to both sides back and forth a good nights sleep will be close at hand. If that doesn't work, repeat the songs "Top of the World", "Yesterday Oncemore", and from the days of Sesame Street, "Sing a Song."

If you are a non-member, try my next suggestion. If you are 99.9% of the people I have talked to, you probably have some FWT work to do. It is so tedious, I would rather be from HELL than do it. With this thought in mind, you are sleeping . . .

OK, you are up, you have tried my other suggestions. Well, don't worry. I have some more on the way. This suggestion is kind of violent, but Freud said that fantasies are important. Shoot that neighbor, who may be a nice guy, but seems to be practicing the Tango on your head.

If you found that slightly unrealistic, I understand. Conservatism is poisoning all aspects of our beloved Bohemian campus. If you have ample access to a telephone, try calling that boring relative that you really can't stand. This type of relative always have fool-proof methods of boring you.

If your relative was not home, try cleaning your room. Do you really feel like facing the soccer-size hairballs that have been growing like fungus in your room? I did not think so. Now, doesn't a nap sound nice?

My next suggestion involves the group U2. Save a couple of songs, and all that is left is enough pompousity to fill Winston Churchill's tomb. They are so full of themselves that you will be forced to either listen or be listless. Personally, I choose listless.

Finally, try reading that book that you put off to read at breakfast before class. What is pre-Jackie Collins literature for? A couple of tons of wherefores, therefores, hithers and thithers, thus, thee, hences and howevers, and everybody will be asking wherefore art thou? And thou will be asleep because you followed these suggestions.

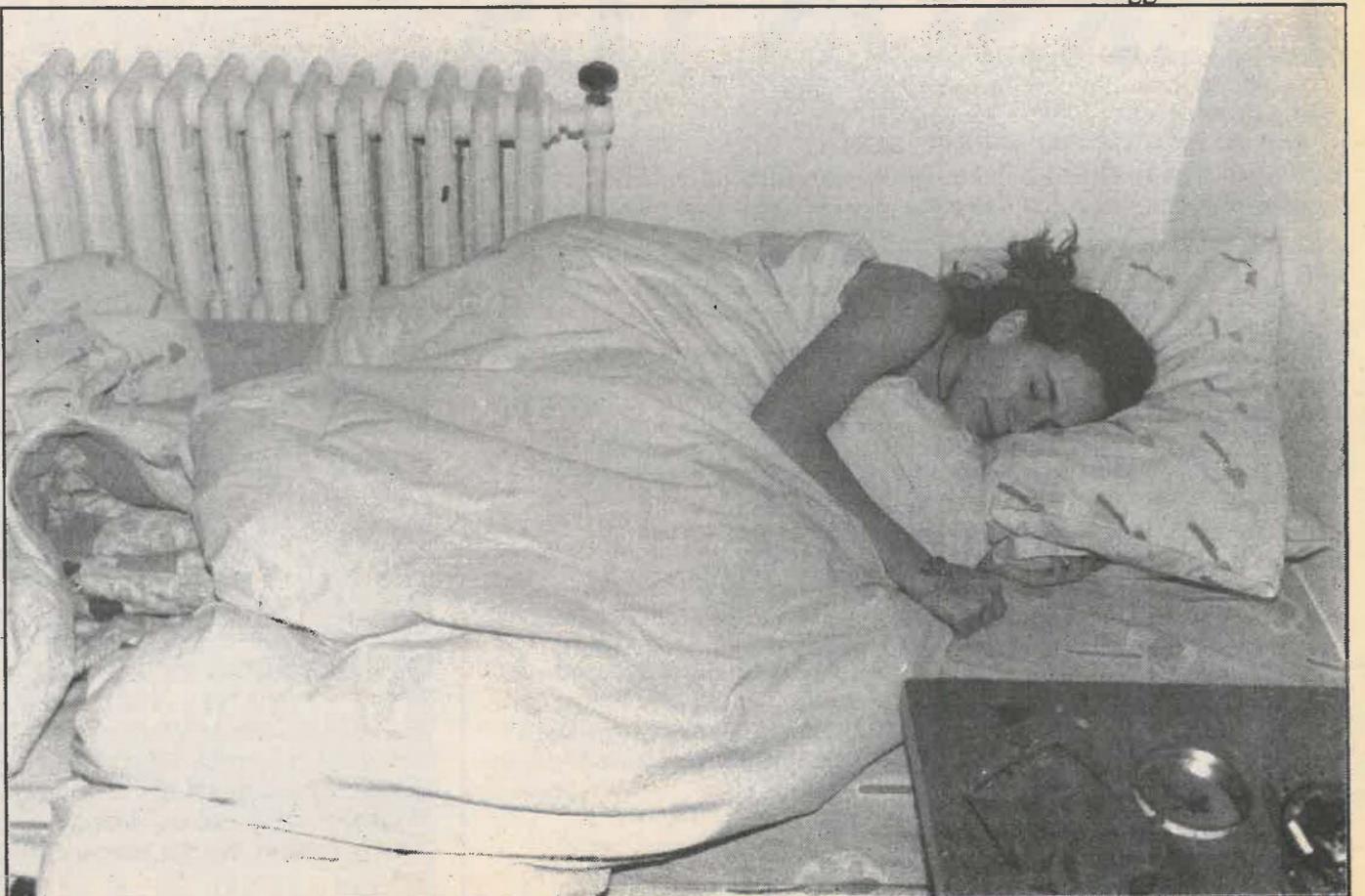


PHOTO BY ANNA GASKELL

# PHOTO OPINION

By ANNA GASKELL

## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR LIBRARY?



GINA FIORE: "There are not enough books. I've already read them all."



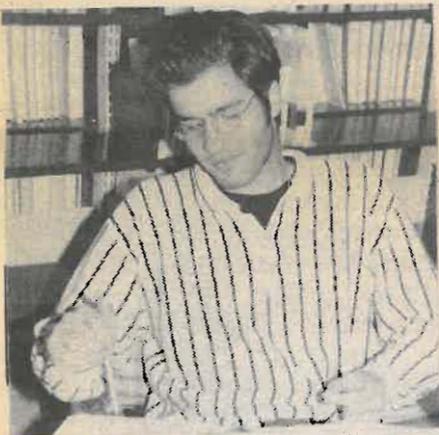
PHILIP WEBER: "I think it's really fuckin' loud!"



MICHEL CARLUCCIO: "I like the Swedish Greek that works at the reference desk."



LARISSA MARANGONI: "It needs more books. It needs more organization. It needs more variation and more art books. Also, I like that cute Greek Swede."



ORFEO FIORETOS: "It has more than you think it does."



JOHN & JANE DOE: "We come here to hide out."

# PERSONALS

I am an **attractive, sincere** science major seeking female companionship. I am 5'10", have chestnut hair, look great in a bathing suit, and will achieve **fame and fortune** after med school. My dream woman is athletic, intelligent, has a good sense of humor and more than a passing interest in tennis (or at least is stacked). The objective is matrimony and child bearing, or at least a cheap one night stand. Submit resume and photo to: BOX D-530, and ask for Brian.

LOST: My sense of youthful idealism. Please contact Box D-502



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White Space  
NOTHING HERE

This past week, George Schultz denied PLO Chairman, Yasser Arafat, a visa to enter the United States. Arafat had planned to attend the United Nations discussion on the creation of a Palestinian State.

## "THE UNITED STATES' NEW U.N. VETO"

By RICHARD C. SANDER JR.

As host of the United Nations, the US is obliged to grant a visa to any leader who wishes to address to the international organization. Schultz denied the visa by stating that the PLO leader "knows of, condones, and lends support to acts of terrorism" which would make him a security threat, and therefore an exception to the rule. However, it is Schultz's personal "abhorrence" of terrorism, and submission to American - Jewish National groups that leads him, not his consideration of national security.

This action prompted international reaction ranging from mild disdain to sharp criticism. The State of Israel was the only country the supported the decision. Even the United States' closest allies, Britain, France and W. Germany, shunned the denial.

Domestic support came from 51 members of the Senate, and President Reagan. Among domestic adversaries was almost the entire US foreign policy staff. Defense Secretary Carlucci, NSA advisor Powell, and even Schultz's Middle Eastern affairs staff opposed him.

The United Nations was to begin debate on the Palestinian issues, one of which was the Palestine National Council's declaration of an independent state. Arafat is recognized by every nation, and especially by Palestinians themselves, as the chief representative of Palestinian interests. If Palestine is to be discussed, it is agreed that Arafat is to be the representative.

Firstly, as the host nation, we should admit any legitimate leader who wishes to speak before the

United Nations. The US is attempting to implement a veto, which would censor a certain group. Issues discussing this group's claims would be illegitimate if that group's chosen leader is denied admittance. Similarly, after World War I, Germany was excluded from the Peace talks. This is thought to be partly responsible for the course of events that lead to WW II. Denying a group a voice, and therefore participation does not lead to productive talks. Very simply, it is not our UN. We do not have the right to deny a group because of our nation's prejudice. The UN was founded to allow nations to communicate, not impede or prevent them. Objectively, under no circumstances should this be tolerated or thought proper.

Arafat was admitted to speak

before the UN in 1974. Last month he applied for a visa in Tunisia. He went through all the proper diplomatic channels. He expected no official opposition.

So what happens to the PLO in the upcoming discussion? Aside from the above theory, what will happen in actuality? The US has broken International Law by denying the visa, something they have no right to do no matter whom the figure. The US has disallowed the participation of the organization which is to be discussed. The former is wrong by itself. However, let us examine possible the repercussions of the latter.

The US is setting policy, not the UN. Arafat is being denied a platform, which he legally deserves, to address the International Community, in effect this is one man's decision.

The United Nations was created to increase verbal participation and communication. Not only the Arab world, but the International community in general disapproves of the United States' action. Participation is being denied the most important player. And that is what causes problems. Terrorism is used mainly to attract attention, I feel that addressing the UN is a constructive way of getting that attention. That too is being denied. To ban his very necessary participation, we deny the group

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# GABBING WITH GREGORY

By GREGORY NOVECK



So, wassup? Did everyone have a good Turkey Day? I know that I was well-stuffed. Well, as we progress to the latter part of the term, there are many things which are slowly coming to pass. Such as? I haven't got a clue. However there are some interesting things to report from last week, so let's get on with it, shall we?

**Quote of the week:** "What do you mean there are only three weeks left? Damn, I'd better get that paper in."

**Basic Stuff:** The bet between Shawn Paper and Michael Severens is still on, is anyone keeping score?... Set designer extraordinaire Chris Fox is on his way to Paris for the weekend to look at an apartment... Wonderfully alcoholic in New York over Thanksgiving were Wild Guy, Charles, Emily, Andrea and somewhere off in the corner availing himself of some female was Thom... Thom is now rivalling Shawn Paper for the title of Big Bennington Stud (BBS)... Other contenders for this award are Clark Perks, Kelly Quain, Erik Deurell (but only when dressed as Kelly), Seth McBride and Patrick of Leigh fame, the winner will be awarded the venereal disease of their choice and a free bottle of penicillin... Bill Dixon just returned from a triumphant and raging time in Vienna, and the ladies were sorry to

## CHARGE

By ILENA ANDREWS

The smoke-filled nightclub is empty except for a few people. A beautiful woman is sitting alone under the red lights at a small round table with a white table cloth. Tacky pink carnations in blue vases are at every table. The red light above enhances the grey interior and gives the place a melancholy feeling. The smoke from her cigarette slithers

see him go... Debbie, Nika, Mark and Jeremy have returned from the Dominican Republic where they spent the break, all looking tan and content, if a trifle tired... Elisa Hillman was seen smoking a cigarette on 64th street and enjoying that special Thanksgiving glow... Wendy Rosenfield looks healthy and rested, if a little hungry after her stay at a spa in Florida... Josh Kirsh, Mike Bibbo and Curt Catallo were observed carousing in Las Vegas; at one point, Mike was up \$3200, and Adrienne was in New York looking at furs, then he blew it all... Oh!! I almost forgot! the big item before I left for Thanksgiving was Liz Zimmie and Mark Dubrow, whether this is still true, I don't know... Rumor and personal observation have it that Jonathan Sherman has a new interest, none other than Shawn Paper's daughter... People are starting to find out what FWT job they've gotten, some of the cooler ones: Jen Lehrer will be at Rush Records, romancing the man of her dreams, and Sam Smith will be at Christie's of London... The Sawtelle party was interesting to say the least, basically being a lot of people I don't know slam-dancing to old Ramones... Don Schneider is sleeping with the Virginia Slims lady and his car was rear-ended... Speaking of Don, according to the man himself, a tasteful porn flick was made in his room last Saturday night starring Brooks Ashmanksas, Julie Watson, Alixe Bailey, and Kaleb Quenk and co-starring Marlo Seltzer, Kevin Krakower, Johnnyboy Sherman, Laura Senie, and Donny behind the camera got some action himself (soon to be released on Essex Video)... And finally, Schuyler Melby gave a beautiful gift to a sweet young thang...

**Personals:** "J.K. can I get my panties back, I forgot them after I split"

"Mary, Mary, Why ya buggin'?"

**Obituary:** Schuyler Mark Melby died a couple weeks ago. His death was celebrated with a wake held in McCullough. He was chiefly noted for his Freddy Krueger impersonations, his Chippendales body and the fact that he went to high school with Carla Klein. He will be missed.

Well, that's it for this week. I hope everyone has a good week and that you don't stress out too much over life and everything. Good luck on all your papers and projects.

upward and intertwines itself with the indeterminate haze above.

She sits motionless pondering her life. She thinks about all the hard times she has been through. She asks herself, "Does this have to go on? Can I change my life?" She looks around the club at all the people drowning their sorrows over their drinks. It is as if they are having a one way conversation between themselves and the glass in front of them. She thinks back to her high

school years....

"Jane Mc Phearson will you please show the class problem number three on the board?" Jane stands up and walks briskly to the front of the room. It had taken her a long time to get this algebra problem correct, but she did it. She smiled her sweet smile as she left the board to go back to her seat. "Beautiful work Jane," remarked the teacher. Jane sat proudly at her desk for the rest of the class. The bell rang and the class rushes the door like the high school football team. Jane leaves with the rest of them. The hallway is crowded with bodies at their lockers. A mass of bags and backpacks with students lugging them move about the hallway. Jane flows through the people like water going around rocks. Finally she reaches the door.

A cool autumn breeze brushes against her face as she walks out of the door. She ran down the stone steps and out onto the sidewalk. The wind blew the leaves into dancing spirals. She dreaded going home to her family. They care more for her younger sister than they do for her. They would not appreciate how well she did in algebra if she told them. At least she has her aunt Mary who supports everything she does. Her parents got divorced last year and her new step father did not get along with her. With this thought she enters into her house....

Jane awoke from her thoughts only to see more people drinking for the wrong reasons. She became thankful for all the good things that had happened to her. She may have had to work her way through college because her parents did not support her, but she did it. She then re-evaluated the reason she came to the bar—her unemployment and lack of social life. She knew she had overcome more difficult obstacles before. She looked around the room again at all the sad people making no attempt to better their lives, and decided to leave the nightclub. Jane walked out the nightclub door with new hope. She wanted to be the architect she always wanted to be. She knew she worked on problem number three for an hour for a reason. She thought about what her aunt Mary would say. Aunt Mary would say in her soft yet firm voice, "No, this does not have to go on. Yes, you can change your life."

Two years later the nightclub became a new place. Jane now works for a prestigious architectural firm, so made enough money to buy the night club and to re-build it. Not to mention she had help from her new loving husband. She put in wood floors for dancing, and painted the walls dark pink. The latest modern art can be seen on the walls and on display all over the club. She designed a coroner of it the same as it was before to remind herself of the decision she made two years ago to take control of her life and to do what she wants to do. She knew now that nobody else is going to do it for her. She laughs to herself as she looks at the smoke from her cigarette floating upward.

# HOROSCOPES AFTER VACATION

By ST. MA'I

This is a week of communication, travel, and putting plans into action. Be flexible but stick to your ideals. Pleasure and freedom are just around the corner. Conflicts may present themselves but people should be able to work through them easily this week.

**ARIES** (3/21 - 4/19)

There are many people out there who admire you, respect your energy and drive. Many more would simply love the opportunity to get to know you. They may be intimidated by your occasional arrogant air or the frown on your face. Try relaxing your face and your barriers some, remain open to possibilities. You attract people, but be selective in the ones you are attracted to. Too often you take on detrimental relationships. This is a week to expand out and find the positive person in you.

**TAURUS** (4/20 - 5/20)

Productivity is in the chilling air: This is a week for finished papers and evenings full of literary fulfillment. Drink warm things, read some sensual poetry and let your mind wander. Dreams of family quarrels being resolved will become realities if given time. A relationship with a capricorn of the opposite sex will continue to grow despite the physical separation. Relax, Taurus, and think of Dublin.

**GEMINI** (5/21 - 6/20)

This is a week full of confrontations; be they with professors, friends, or people you are attracted to. Muster up the courage to talk to these people or you will probably be confronting yourself. Besides, you have the power of charm behind you and self-confidence somewhere. It is doubtful that this will be an easy week, but a beneficial one none the less. Let yourself really free this weekend if you have made it through these conversations. Celebrate with roses.

**CANCER** (6/21 - 7/22)

Perhaps a gathering with some good friends is in order this weekend. Plan out the continuation of an important project. Open your eyes to the respect others feel for you and respect yourself. You are full of good ideas that are very effective if you carry them to their full potential. Keep up the energy and creative drive; lots of people around you take notice of it. You have the potential to change things just by fulfilling your dreams.

**LEO** (7/23 - 8/22)

It's nice to have you on campus; your charisma, your smile, you. You heat up the largest room, just with your presence, this week (as always!). Somehow, people begin to sweat at the mere smell of you. Maybe it's the lust for summer and the sun, but more likely it's your personality. This week might hold great ideas for artwork or insights on a theatrical piece you're doing. It's a week for being creative, any way you want.

**VIRGO** (8/23 - 9/22)

A long-standing obstacle *en route* your happiness manifests itself physically this week; Get beyond it and joy could be yours. You work very hard; take some time out to rest or you might get frazzled. No one around you

See HORCOPES page 10

# Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU



## HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9

likes to see your cool countenance frayed in any way so be sure to take care of yourself. Allow yourself to fantasize about that mysterious attraction, especially if they are a Taurus or a Scorpio.

### LIBRA (9/23 - 10/22)

Go out and pursue that special person you have wanted for awhile. Initiate a meeting and then convince them into another. And another. This could be the beginning of something real, tangible, and secure - if you want it to be. Make sure you're compatible with this person once you've really met them because this could be the beginning of something serious. You've had enough of seriously sour affairs, haven't you? This one is more than likely sweet.

### SCORPIO (10/23 - 11/21)

People might approach you this week with honest feelings they've been suppressing for a while. Get in touch with your own thoughts and feelings and communicate. It's time to clear the air, there's a lot of good in change. If the people you need to express yourself to do not approach you, seek them out. Secrets become you, but not when they are allowing relationships to stagnate.

### SAGITTARIUS (11/23 - 12/21)

Happy Birthday, you bouncy beautiful you! Lots of rejuvenation of spirits this week for you fiery ones who have been feeling the flames wax and wane recently. Your good friends are not going to let you wander off into lethargy or depression. They'll try to keep you occupied and entertained this week. Let people energize you and relax in their love.

### CAPRICORN (12/22 - 1/19)

Get motivated, babe. This is not a threat, it's a strong suggestion. I know, I know. Vacation's really close, you had a tense Thanksgiving and that class is so dull; but Love - do it. Do whatever it is, as long as it's productive and positive. If you really resist that paper, do something better as long as you do something. Pull it together, you can.

### AQUARIUS (1/20 - 2/18)

This is a week for you to do something with all of those dreams/ideas you have stashed in your head. Put your dreams into action. You never know what powerful imagery you could come up with if you only got it together. Your fantasy/futuristic approach to life is beautiful, but a drag if you don't let anyone share it with you.

### PISCES (2/19 - 3/20)

Friends of yours may have a confrontation this week; stay sympathetic to both of them, but STAY OUT OF IT!!! You have a strong tendency to mediate, to smooth things between those you love. This is not a good time to try this. Your friends are more than likely mature enough to deal with their conflicts on their own. They'll love you for your ability to be detached and uncomplicated in the face of turmoil. Peace will ensue without your help.



# calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATTERSON

# THE FAR SIDE

by GARY LARSON

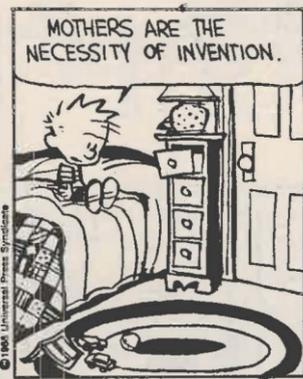
WHO MADE THIS MESS OUT HERE?!



IT WAS A HORRIBLE LITTLE VENUSIAN WHO MATERIALIZED IN THE KITCHEN! HE TOOK OUT SOME DIABOLICAL HIGH-FREQUENCY DEVICE, POINTED IT AT VARIOUS OBJECTS, AND...



MOTHERS ARE THE NECESSITY OF INVENTION.



I'M HO-OME!



11-28 Larson

"Hold still, Carl! ... Don't ... move ... an ... inch!"



CALVIN, WHERE ARE YOU? GET OUT HERE!



COME ON, CALVIN, I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS!



I *MEAN* IT, CALVIN! COME OUT AND TAKE YOUR BATH! *NOW!*



SOONER OR LATER SHE'S GOING TO HAVE TO QUESTION WHETHER THIS IS REALLY WORTH THE TROUBLE.



I WISH IT WOULD SNOW EIGHT FEET IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES SO THEY'D HAVE TO CLOSE SCHOOL..



C'MON, SNOW! SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW!



SO CLOSE... AND YET SO FAR.



Good morning, Mr. Johnson.

11-29 Larson

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DO YOU THINK GOD LETS YOU PLEA BARGAIN?

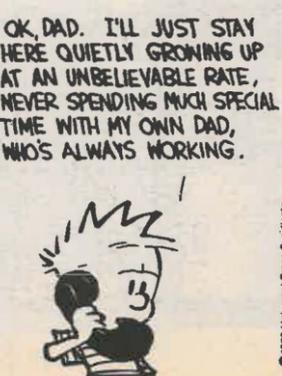
I'D WORRY MORE ABOUT YOUR MOM.



HELLO? HI, DAD! IT'S ME, CALVIN. WILL YOU TELL ME A STORY?



CALVIN, I'M AT WORK! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TELL YOU A STORY NOW! I'M VERY BUSY! GET OFF THE PHONE. I'M EXPECTING IMPORTANT CALLS.



OK, DAD. I'LL JUST STAY HERE QUIETLY GROWING UP AT AN UNBELIEVABLE RATE, NEVER SPENDING MUCH SPECIAL TIME WITH MY OWN DAD, WHO'S ALWAYS WORKING.



RIGHT, RIGHT. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE HYDRAULIC PUMP (Fig. 1), THE WHEEL SHAFT FLANGE (Fig. 2), AND THE EVIL PATENT INFRINGEMENT.

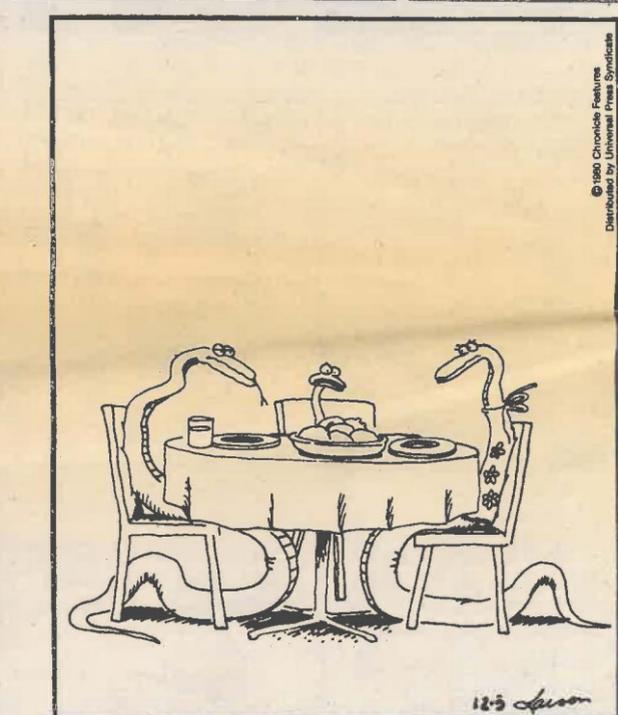
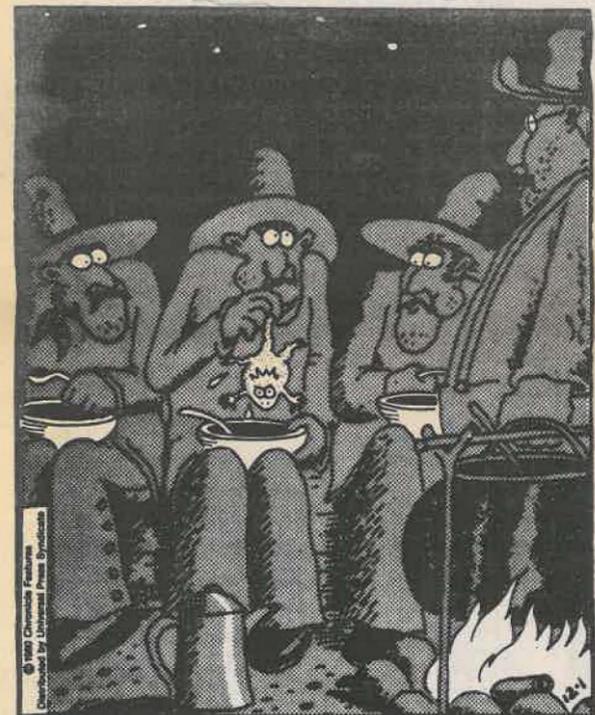
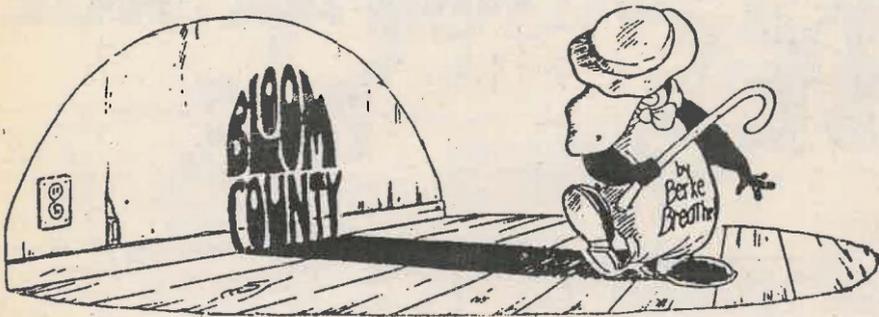
I WANT A GOOD STORY.



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11-30 Larson

"Yoo-hoo! Oh, yoo-hoo! ... I think I'm getting a blister."



"Well, I'll be! Eggbeater must have missed that one."

"Big Bob says he's getting tired of you saying he doesn't really exist."

"Oh, brother! ... Not hamsters again!"

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