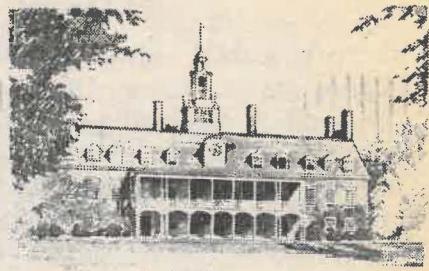


# The Commons

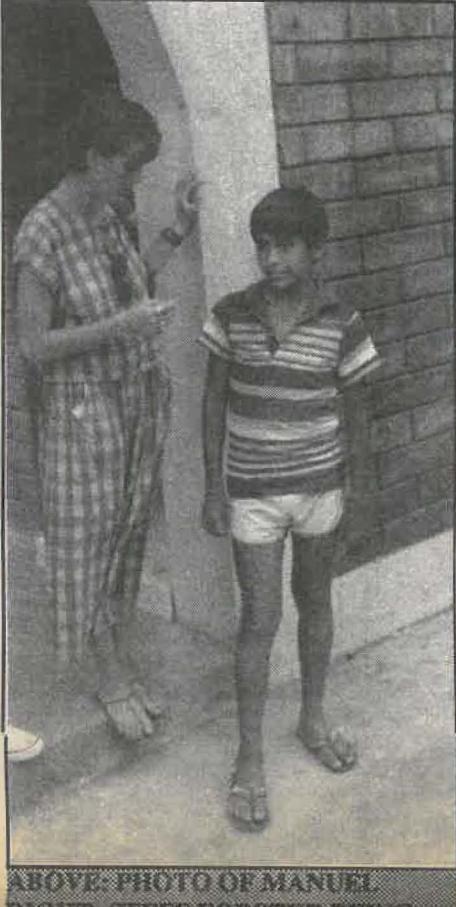
VOL. 1, NO. 10

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201



## THE COMMON MAN(UEL)



ABOVE: PHOTO OF MANUEL  
RIGHT: STEFF FORSTER BEING  
AUCTIONED AT STOKES HOUSE



By MR. & MRS. STOKES

Man has always been a slave. Whether it be Allentown, PA. where blue collar workers don't make enough to clean the dirt from their shirts, or Bennington, VT., where friends of the editor are recruited once a week to make a newspaper. The common man gives much of his paycheck to poor people he never meets. We Bennington students give love to a child in Central America.

Recently, Stokes House sponsored a slave auction; wherein students "sold" themselves to raise money for Manuel, a child in Ecuador. Manuel is a high school student who needs five hundred dollars annually for his education. Stokes took on the task three years ago when Dave Pecan, former Housechair and Gibbs

Saunders, cheerleader in Residence, organized the first slave auction. Bennington stalwarts will remember the sale of a terrified freshman to an angry mob of moneythrowers led by Spencer Cox and Michael Robinson. The fall of 1987 found the house sponsoring "Mudwrestling", where one ton of mud was the best answer for a liquor free cafe. "Mud for Manuel" displayed such delights as The Cooper Brothers vs. The Schatz Sisters(AKA The Windy City Showdown) and, in a show of brute force, Rafe won the presidential primary between Tim Halpern and Clark Perks. Both fundraisers were wildly successful.

Since half of those that were here don't remember, and half of those that are here weren't there, Stokes held another auction. Just when you thought it was safe to be

conservative, it happened again last Thursday night. And, though people complained it was a show of moral depravity, there was less space at the auction than around the keg at a Friday night party. Don Schneider was auctioneer, and thirty students were prize bait(for the right price). First on the block was Beach Bum Steff Forster, whose lovely rob quickly gave way to a beautiful body. The crowd went wild. She was the night's best bargain at \$28. Joel Fitzpatrick sold to the Schatz sisters for \$110. The crowd went wild. Rapper extroidinaire Kevy kev the Kev Krakower sold for \$75(His pen went for \$5). The crowd went wild. And, without a thought leveled toward journalistic merit, Gregory Novak went to an enthusiastic fan for a price to low to mention on television(call Uncle Steve for

details). The crowd fell silent as cellist Michael Severens plucked his wood to the tune of \$170. The ill effects of alcohol were on full display as Spencer Cox bared his soul for \$69, and Marc Dubrow showed his family jewels for \$70. The crowd was upset, so intermission seemed timely.

Lest you think the crowd was angry, or had seen enough, the floorboards again cried mercy as the unruly mob crammed Stokes' livingroom for the auction's second half. Daisy was feminine, yet transparent, as she offered the crowd "anything French." Don Schneider, always a patron of diplomatic relations, paid \$120 for the April White in mourning black. Reknowned Superhero, Don Seibert, "Tung sooo Doed" a concrete

See MANUEL page 2

## FUTURE PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS

By RICK LORD & PETER VOELKNER

No matter from which direction one approaches the main gate of Bennington College, one takes a left turn in, or so it would seem from the political tone here. The distress of the Bennington Liberals continues to grow as the Bush regime begins to take form.

The announcement of Bush's expected appointments to the White House Chief of Staff is not far away. And none other than the fiscal Conservative, John H. Sununu heads the list. Little is known of the New Hampshire Governor or how he will affect the posture of Bush's White House staff. Sununu, a forty-nine year old engineer of Cuban descent who first took office in 1983, takes

responsibility for pulling his state's economy out of a \$44 million deficit. Now with Sununu in his second term, the New Hampshire boasts one of the Nation's healthiest economies with unemployment figures consistently well below the national averages. Earlier this week, there were rumors that Craig L. Fuller might take the position of Chief of Staff under Bush. Members of Bush's inner circle favored Fuller over Sununu due to Fuller's experience as the Vice President's Chief of Staff since 1985. Many regard Sununu as a curious choice as he is viewed as an outsider among the Washington political elite. It is believed that Sununu was chosen

largely for his crucial role in Bush's victory in the New Hampshire Primary following a demoralizing defeat in Iowa. This victory was vital in creating the momentum which grew towards Bush's capture of the Republican nomination. All rumors were silenced and hope for Fuller appeared slight as Bush met privately with Sununu early this week. His appointment seems more than likely.

In regard to other recent appointments, Bush confirmed expectations in the naming of James Baker III to the position of Secretary of State. Baker resigned from his position under Reagan earlier this summer to run Bush's presidential

campaign. Nicholas Brady will remain in his post as Secretary of Treasury. The appointments and speculations to Bush's cabinet and staff thus far seem to pack heavy economic and budgetary experience. They may reflect upon Bush's concern towards our nation's economy over these next years. In response to continuing questions about how Bush intends to control and reduce the national deficit without further taxation, Bush was quoted by the New York Times in saying "Just watch what we do." Optimism towards Bush's working well with a democratic Congress remain. All Bennington eyes will no doubt be watching.

## HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE CLASS REGISTRATION PROCESS?

It is a total disgrace that we follow the "1st come, 1st served" principle in registering for classes. There is a need for a limit as to the number of people in a class, but I feel we need to come up with a creative, different way of doing this- submitting a piece of writing, having an interview or something. The present system only causes crowding and competition at the teachers' offices. Would there be a way of measuring "seriousness of purpose" to taking a class?

I think the registration process is terrible. I would like to see advanced/intermediate courses registered on a different day from introductory courses to cut down on lines. I also think that seniors should have first priority for advanced courses as other students can take them the next time that they're offered.

It's terrible! Having to line up for class at 7:00 a.m. is stupid and unreasonable. I missed getting two classes I'd really wanted simply because I couldn't wait all day in a hallway. This is unfair; I'm sure many students missed classes to register for next term- obviously a ridiculous thing to have to do.

I've had to schedule classes I find uninteresting, even a waste of my time, because they're the only courses I can fit into my week. Also, last minute course changes are truly a drag. They sometimes can completely obliterate a student's workable schedule.

I chose Bennington because it's small and personal, among other qualities. As a freshman lining up outside a professor's door who's probably never seen me before, I feel like a number, an impersonal burden on a teacher who's sick of turning away eager learners. There's got to be another way.

I think the registration process is terrible. Why can't Bennington have all the professors in one certain place at a specific time? Sure it'd be crowded, but at least we wouldn't have to run from place to place to get signatures.

Although it is necessary to have small classes in order to have more individual attention in each class, it is frustrating, to say the least, when one has to wait on line for half an hour, possibly missing the chance to get into another class, only to be turned down due to over-registration. The process becomes cut-throat, (not too much of an exaggeration) and at times, very disappointing.

I find it unfair when people register before the designated day. This may blow the chance for someone to take, say, a class of Maura's, when this person did wait.

Also, and this may be the p.o. and not someone else, but there seemed to be a lot of freshmen who had no clue what they were supposed to do for registration. Or if they knew, they didn't know what day it was, and only found out when they saw everybody else running around!

I think we should not be required to register for all four classes the semester before- people just end up signing up for things they don't want and then changing everything the next semester- it's unnecessary confusion, time, and paperwork for everyone and also I think it does not promote as much experimentation with classes at the beginning of the semester, which I think has always been in the true tradition of Bennington- to sit in on classes and then decide- know what it is you are getting into; don't just blindly sign up for a teacher, a course title, a paragraph description.

Also, I feel very strongly that the fee for late registration is wrong- not only does it contribute to this lack of experimentation with classes, but in a school with such a wide disparity of economic backgrounds of the students, it allows some students to buy themselves time, while others are completely at the mercy of this final date.

I suggest that perhaps we could at least sign up for only three classes the semester before and the late fee would be only at the end of two weeks into the semester for which we are registering. If I haven't made myself clear, I would be more than happy to discuss this further- I feel very strongly that the current system is not in the proper style and concept of Bennington.

Max Putnam (D515)

November 9th; a Wednesday. Registration? today? Man, I completely forgot! It's a good thing I'm not planning on taking any lit. courses because it's already noon and the lines in the barn have become a claustrophobic's nightmare by now. I can see all those bodies pushing towards a distant door that will then lead them to a better understanding of self and psyche. I think I'll stay in VAPA and paint. Do you think any straying administrator would notice a sole learner who has not yet properly asked to be taught? The only problem would be that people catch on fast here. Before you'd know it everyone would want to learn without standing in line. People would show up to any class and then we would be living in one modded learning machine! In that case, here's to registration!

First come, first served is good policy but it is difficult to have to choose between which classes you want the most because the teachers start registration at the same times- no matter how early you get up in the morning you can only be in one line. They should register at different times to allow people more options.

Yo, Superb Writers,  
What the hell is going on with the Freshman Lit. classes? Few of us get our first choice including me, and I'm not taking fuckin' poetry, no way! Why can't some of these classes- Intro to Fiction- be enlarged? Why can't we be interviewed and have the morons weeded out?  
Sincerely,  
A Flannery O'Connor disciple

## OUR FAVORITE FRESHMEN ?

By ETHAN FRAN

I have a few words to say as a Freshman to Our Favorite Freshmen by Karl and Kara Sovietunion which appeared in the November 10th edition of The Commons.

First, I extend my congratulations to Sarah (no last name mentioned), Ann Bitner, Courtney Baker, and Leslie McBurney of Swan House, Crystal and Noah (no last names given for either) of Noyes House, David Rein, Marlo (yet again no last name), and Satie (have you noticed a pattern?) of Dewey, Welling, and Woolley Houses respectively for being the recipients of this paramount distinction from Karl and Kara; they are, no doubt, overjoyed. As they rest on their laurels, their peers, the dejected Freshmen, wail and gnash their teeth as their efforts to foster camaraderie with the lofty, fickle upperclassmen come to no avail.

In truth, I've seen more than a few of my friends vexed by last week's article. Karl and Kara have taken unfair advantage of the license permitted to all writers for The Commons and are playing the overly-fragile egos of the community against each other.

In this article, the Freshmen are isolated from "the more admirable" portion of the student population and are subject to the scrutiny of

two upperclassmen using cowardly (and uninventive) pseudonyms as if to say, "We, Karl and Kara, represent the undivided opinions of all upperclassmen and you are subject to our approval." Who are two people to judge so many others on behalf of even greater numbers and more importantly, who are these people? I wonder to myself, have I met them? Have they met, for instance, the foreign Freshmen who have overcome great obstacles to gain acceptance amongst us?

In their closing paragraph, the authors admonish us for struggling to impress them. We are instructed to be ourselves, relax, and to release our frustrations constructively; they love us nonetheless. This remark is a disclaimer thinly-veiled as an apology. It really says, "tough luck, guys!" At least, that is the sentiment the reader is left with as the exalted are drawn aloft leaving confusion and discontent in their wake.

Ours is a supposedly noncompetitive environment and should not be so easily thrown into disarray by the self-centered. Karl and Kara feel their thoughts important enough to be shared with the multitudes, but not so much so as to attach their true names to them. Mr. and Mrs. Sovietunion, I, speaking for this year's Freshman class (if I may take that liberty) do not hesitate in voicing disapproval personally!

## MANUEL

*Continued from page 1*

block as he was bought by fellow slave Michael Severens (Our legal experts are investigating the matter of interslave commerce). Shawn Paper had the time of his life and was purchased for biblical reasons by Marlo (We understand that Shawn later paid her back). The Navy was pleased that it finally done some good for someone, somewhere. The dynamic duo, Clark and Dan, in a rare display of current fashion, offered to do "light carpentry" for the highest bidder (with Facilities approval of course). The two were bought by the three, as Gioia, Robyn and Lori spent \$160 to find out "which is which." Todd Bakarian was bought for \$110 by fellow Armenian Tracy Gulbenkian, for reasons of red velour. The voluptuous Carla Klein was scintillatingly titillating, and went for \$120 to Julian, from McCollough. The lucky young lad was British and loaded. He would go on to be the evening's high spender with his purchase of slave masters Tracy Gulbenkian and Sarah Schatz. The two were sold for \$332.50, much to the dismay of Clark Perks, who tried to outbid Julian by using his GTI as "ready credit", but was no match against Julian's Jaguar.

It was appropriate that Tracy and Sarah drew the highest bid. The two worked long and hard on the auction, and the fruits of their success are evident: Stokes house raised \$1820.50. This is enough to educate Manuel for his remaining two years and still have money left for another charity of the house's

choice. There is business from the auction still at hand: Not all of the money has been collected. In a show of good faith, the House did not demand payment the night of the auction. But, slaves will not assume bondage positions until payment is made. The entire affair has been run on good faith and trust. If you owe money, please pay. Soon. The "hows" have all been fun, but let's not forget the "whys": MANUEL. A child's future is at stake. We take this very seriously and so should you.

Yours in Bondage,  
Stokes House.

## The Commons

*Where Wednesday Night is  
Synonymous with Thursday  
Morning*

Ilena Andrews, Satie Airame, Joe Berger and his roommate, Jessica Blake, Pamela Coady, Adam Cohen, Theo Feld, Ethan Fran, Anna Gaskell, Tim Halpern, Litzie Hudgens, Molly Jenkinson, Ann Kalill, Tracy Katsky, Jennifer Lehrer, Jin Soo Lim, Rick Lord, Gregory Noveck, Dan O'Day, Clark Perks, Tim Pitzer, Thomas Spenser Sibley, Emily Singer, Peter Voelkner, Julien Young.



## REVIEW: JACK MOORE MEMORIAL CONCERT

By MONIQUE JENKINSON

The memorial concert for dancer/choreographer/artist, Jack Moore on Saturday night celebrated the dance of life. The colors, sounds, and words that filled the night glowed with a rosy serenity. It was not only a showcase for Mr. Moore's treasury of choreography, but also a reunion of alumni and a gathering of faculty.

The opening piece, Snow Shadow Garden (performed by Erin Martin to music by Debussy and Tomita and poetry by Kitagawa Fu Yuhato and Ellinore Wylie), introduced Moore's subtle style, a Japanese-inspired balance between unadorned aesthetic beauty and quavering emotion. A Collage of Excerpts #1 united four varied pieces, all performed in kimonos which Moore created. Most notable

of these dances were the cathartic "Butterfly Rd/Lavender Wing," (performed by Ron Dabney) and the ethereal "Songs" (performed by Carol McDowell to music by Iglesias and Weill). Two of the Three Tangos broke from the Japanese tradition, while one was performed, interestingly and humorously, (by David Hurwitz) in a kimono. Faculty member, Barbara Roan lit the stage with her remarkable presence in the third tango. A Collage of Excerpts #2, performed in collaboration with Bill Dixon, presented four of Moore's more brooding, abstract dances. In "Tea Dust at 5:43 pm", Barbara Roan again exhibited brilliance with a mixture of subdued elegance and Kabuki drama. "Fire" NETSUKE (performed by Meg Cottam) and "Autumn's Chant" (performed by

Richard Shaw) were also captivating. La Japonaise (premiered by Rika Burnham) had a slightly apocalyptic feeling, beautifully gripping.

The dancers were interspersed with verbal dedication to Mr. Moore. "Remembrances" read by Susan Sgorbati, served as slices of a brilliant life and glimpses of a wonderful man for those of us who never knew Jack Moore. Phebe Chao and Barbara Roan offered a light, humorous dedication. Ben Belitt's tribute, consisting of a reading of his poem, "Dancer Piece", was particularly moving. Kathryn Posin's absorbing speech made me feel as if I knew Jack Moore, and that I could sympathize with those who were fortunate enough to be involved with such a fine artist.

## THE BOTTOM LINE

By TIM PITZER

**Q.** I have heard that there is going to be a lottery for Sophomores. Are we going to get another chance at a Single? Also, what is the deal with Housing? How screwed-up is that place?

—Anxious in Stokes

Dear Anxious,

The Bottom Line talked with Linda in Housing. If you have problems with roommates, or questions about your status, feel free to make an appointment with her or just drop in; she is extremely easy to talk to and is eager to mitigate all of the housing problem that seem to be plaguing students this year.

As for the Fall Lottery, it is all a vicious lie. There is actually not going to be a second lottery drawing. Linda was heard that information a couple of weeks ago. All upper-class (that is, non-first year) students will retain the lottery number that they (or their roommate) drew last spring.

As for the odds of getting a Single, that is a very sticky problem. Many factors enter into the picture: Term in school, House priority, etc. If in doubt, go to Housing - it is in Student Services, across from the Bookstore.

After talking to Linda for twenty minutes, there are a few points that students should know. Housing is not the cause of the "overcrowding" problem; and contrary to popular opinion, Admissions isn't either. The number of new students is not the problem; it is the high rate of returning students. A higher percentage than expected decided to come back to Bennington in the fall.

There are more personal problems with housing than any one article can deal with. But many of them stem from the house, itself. No branch of Student Services, not even Housing, that can change any facet of Campus houses. If the members of a house decide that it should be a cat house, that's it, it is a cat house. The only people who can change it back are living in that house. If there are problems to the contrary, The Bottom Line will investigate.

If any student feels that he or she has been dealt with unfairly in regards to housing, talk to the members of the Housing Committee. Whenever Linda is faced with a dilemma that cannot be easily handle she takes it to them. They are:

Jovita Moore, Rafe Churchill, Anne Scott, P.J. Morgan, Gabriella Leff

## REGIONAL STUDENT PROGRAM

CONTACT: Kenneth M. Connolly  
Program Coordinator, R.S.P.  
Micheal E.N. Genovese  
Director, Student Services

New England residents pursue graduated degrees in high-demand fields while saving thousands of dollars in tuition

Do you want to join the 70,000 students who have participated in the New England Regional Student Program, and save nearly \$2,200 in college tuition?

The least expensive graduate degree is to be found at public colleges and universities in a student's home state. Right?

Well, not quite. The New England Regional Student Program allows New England residents to pay the special reduced tuition rates at public colleges and universities anywhere in the six states as long as the program of graduate study that the student is interested in is not offered by any public institutions in his or her own state.

Through RSP, public colleges and universities in Connecticut,

## HERE WE ARE

Here We Are, by Dorothy Parker will be presented Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights in the downstairs Cafe. It is an independent production directed by Gregory Noveck and featuring Laura Gross and DJ Hager. Costume Design by Tavi Schloss, Set Design by Laura Maxey, and Stage-managed by Jeff Williams. It is a short, light-hearted one-act play about a nervous couple on the beginnings of their honeymoon. Performances start at 8pm. Come enjoy the show and support your fellow students.

Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont offer students from out of state, but within New England, the chance to earn graduate degrees for the same tuition that in-state students pay, plus 25%.

Students and their families have saved up to \$2,200 per year in college costs because of RSP, according to the New England Board of Higher Education, the program's sponsor.

While the students are saving, they're preparing for careers that will be in high demand when they graduate — fields like genetics, management and business, oceanography, dental science, education, human services and public health.

In the six New England states, all public colleges and universities are part of the program. Together, they offer more than 1,100 programs to out-of-state students at low cost.

In addition, graduates who apply to a state college as an RSP student receive admissions preference over other out-of-state applicants. Admissions preference is not provided for applicants to state universities.

Applying for RSP status is simple; students just check the appropriate box on college admissions applications. Or if there's no box, the student should note clearly on the application that he or she is applying through the Regional Student Program.

Students interested in RSP should consult their graduate counselor or the "Apple Book," the New England Board of Higher Education's listing of participating colleges and fields of study they offer.

Students also may learn more about the program by writing the New England Board of Higher Education, 45 Temple Place, Boston, MA 02111, or calling (617) 357-9620.

#####

The New England Board of Higher Education is a congressionally authorized independent agency formed in 1956 by New England governors and state legislatures to foster cooperation and the efficient use of resources among the more than 260 colleges and universities in the six-state region. NEBHE, a nonprofit agency, is funded by the six states, as well as private foundations and New England corporations.

# HEAD TO HEAD

By Emily, the Liberal  
To Tim, the Egotistical Manipulator

So Tim, now that your candidate won, what is really going to happen? I mean, take abortion for instance. Don't you feel that the right to decide belongs to the mother? It IS her body. Bush feels that the death penalty should be given to anyone who aborts a baby. How would men like it as Bush said "Any man who has sex and knows he has AIDS will have his dick cut off!" Isn't that almost the same thing? It is our choice, and we realize that the consequences are high and choose to take the risk. Why shouldn't woman have the right to choose? And if you say that they are two different situations, you might as well say that men and women have different rights! In the workplace, it is common knowledge that almost any woman who has exactly the same title, responsibilities, and spend the same amount of time at the company, will be paid less than a man of the same qualifications.

Now, male chauvinist pig, is that fair? And don't say that life is not fair, because when it comes to salary we should all be treated equally. And while I'm on the topic of jobs, why should men be hired over women in any situation?

The old saying that women are fragile is a thing of the past. Look how many women are lifting weights. In my opinion, there is no job out there that a man and a woman can't be equally paid for. Who says a man can't change a diaper and a woman can't fix a car?

By Tim the Conservative  
To Emily, the Infantile Harlot

You say E.R.A., I say Ha, Ha, Ha! In the first place, most women out there want a man to take care of them; the others are liars. Come on, Emily, admit it. The idea of eating Bon-Bons all day while watching "Days of Our Lives" appeals to you, doesn't it.

It doesn't bother me to say that there is probably a woman (somewhere) who can do something better than I can. My problem lies with the notion that employers are encouraged to hire women over men to fill a quota. I say hire the person best suited for the job; if he happens to be a she, by all means, put her on the payroll. But really, what are the odds?

As for Emily's idea that women are no longer "fragile" because some of the fairer sex has decided to pump iron, does not mean that the entire gender has somehow changed basic physiology. Men are built stronger; our muscles build to greater bulk than women's and no amount of E.R.A. conventions can change that.

Society has certain demands. As long as all of these demands are met, things run smoothly. Since women have entered the workplace, two major problems have developed. First, the home demand is not being met. Second, there are fewer jobs for the better qualified to fill. As long as we do not sacrifice our society for the benefit of a few self-righteous Emilys, we'll all be fine. Until then, you liberals should all stay in Fantasy-land, while the conservatives fix reality.

## STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

By EMILY SINGER

**1) Revised Student Constitution:** A new copy was handed out by Patrick and Gioia. Council voted on a motion for there to be a need for 50% of the student body to vote in order for an election to be valid. This new revision will be discussed at a special council session Thursday.

**2) Rec. Committee:** Todd Bakerien said that Rec Committee was in the process of locating a new sound system. They have spent \$250.00 so far this term. Whatever money is left over will go towards microphones. The money for Dressed to Get Laid was also discussed. It was decided that Canfield must submit receipts before they can get paid back. It was also suggested that next term they hire a CWS worker to run the sound system to keep it from getting damaged.

**3) Film Society:** Tommy Gunn admitted that the publicizing of films has been lacking. He is in the process of printing a list and putting it in everyone's box. A consultant is coming in to check out the sound system which desperately needs repair. Tommy is also printing an itemized list with the cost of each film for Student Council.

**4) Greg vs. Band:** There have apparently been some problems with sharing the cafe. After some discussion and arguing, the band agreed to be nice and let Greg use the space for his play.

That's all this week. Stop by next Tuesday (or any Tuesday) at 6:00 pm in the Green Dining Room. It's really a lot of FUN!

## THANKSGIVING: A LAME TURKEY

By THEO FELD

I always enjoyed having a small vacation for the sake of Thanksgiving. It was the concept of Thanksgiving that I was confused about. I knew what I had to be thankful for, but I never understood what the Pilgrims had to do with it. I hardly imagine that the Pilgrims had a lovey-dovey relationship with the Indians. You know how you're taught as a little kid that Thanksgiving holiday originated from this so-called historical feast that the Indians shared with the Pilgrims. I don't believe this happened. If it did, the feast became exaggerated to something more important than it started as. Now I feel it is nothing more than a designated excuse to pig-out. I feel weird if someone wants to say a prayer of thanks. Why should I be thankful on this particular day? I don't identify with the Pilgrims by any stretch of the imagination no matter how boring my wardrobe may seem. And if I should be thankful for something, everyday should be Thanksgiving.

## 24 HOUR NURSE

By THEO FELD

Last week I was cursed with this mysterious eye infection. Although I had been to the infirmary twice that day, it still seemed to linger on. That night I tried every method in the book to get some shut-eye. Finally around 2:00 am, I woke up my roommate to call security and see if anything could be done so I could sleep. It seemed that any amount of light irritated my eyes. I had tried to call security but the light from the bathroom hurt my eyes to such excruciating pain that I could not manage to dial the numbers myself.

Anyhow, enough boring details of my illness. The security man came, and that is where the second part of the nightmare began. He arrived promptly and he was well meaning. He began to flash his huge, evil luminescent light in my eyes even though I begged him not to. Although I could not see him, he reminded me of a bad guest star on a bad rerun of the bad Waltons series. My only option was to go to the emergency room or continue on in half sleep. I chose to die in the comfort of my uncomfortable platform bed.

The next day, the kind nurse irrigated my eye and then put on this uncool patch. But that's Okay, I wasn't cool without the patch, so why should I push it. That day my eye got better.

I realized through this experience that the campus has a dire need for a 24 hour nurse. There are so many instances that require medical care that do not need to be shipped to the emergency room. The emergency room in Vermont probably consists of an old wagon that was cut into an operating table and the doctor is probably also the town grocer, barber, and whore. Anyway back to the point. I think we should have a nurse who can treat bad allergy reactions, dispense medications and sleeping pills or just remove a splinter. After all, everyone knows that the real action happens after midnight. Don't you agree?



## VAIL VILLAGE INN

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## AHHHHH!!!! (aka WHATEVER)

By A BEAUTIFUL ELOQUENT GIRL

Ears open; Mind Shut...

People talking, talking  
talking

But never really saying  
a word.

Dribble, drabble, Blah! Blah! Blah!  
Get your shit together.  
Painted smiles sharpen  
daggers...

laughing behind thin walls.

Open up, shut yourself off; equals;  
Shut up!

Infantile, immature, invalid  
emotions...

Attract, hate, repel, love  
Happy medium? never.  
And what if there were?  
And what if there was?

Oh...keep it to yourself or I will  
snatch it away...

You! You! You!-Me! Me! Me!  
Whatever, whatever.

Who cares? Really. Nobody.  
But yourself.

deal with it.

So there.

BENNINGTON  
CINEMA 1 - 2 - 3

Route 67A, Bennington, Vt. 442-8179

TOM HANKS & SALLY FIELD  
PUNCHLINE  
7:00 & 9:15

THE ACCUSED

7:00 & 9:10

CHILD'S PLAY

7:05 & 9:10 S&S MAT 2:05

J2 RATTLE&HUM S&S MAT 2:05

# CANFIELD: WHERE THE DRESS TO GET LAID ENDS, THE BEER BEGINS

By ANN KALILL



Canfield House is most commonly noted for its annual DRESSED TO GET LAID PARTY. However, there is more to the house than just that. Many freshmen occupy Canfield house which contains approximately thirty-three to thirty-five students and, according to one house chair, if it weren't for the freshmen, no studying would take place. The house is best described by this chair, Polly Mitchell, and her faithful side-kick Laura, who takes the place of the often absent Diana Bertoldo who happens to be the other House chair.

AK: Ann Kalill  
PM: Polly Mitchell  
L: Laura



AK: It's been said that the people in Canfield are really "close" this term, do you think that's true?

PM: Well, I think it's true to the extent that everyone gets along . . . for the most part.

AK: Do you do anything collectively as a house?

PM: (Laughing) Yeah, drink.

L: That's about it.

AK: You've had a lot of parties this term, more than Kilpatrick, why is that?

L: Kilpatrick isn't supposed to have that many parties.

PM: We probably haven't had as many as we should have, but the ones we've had have been pretty lame. We should have more. Because the only houses that are supposed to have parties are Canfield, Dewey, and Booth.

AK: Why does Canfield hold the Dressed to Get Laid Party every year?

PM: Tradition.

L: The people who invented it lived in Canfield House. I actually know one of the guys who invented it. I could be a star because of it . . . (everyone laughs) My friend's uncle invented it, I babysat for his kids.

AK: Do you think that Dressed to Get Laid was successful this year?

L: Tame.

PM: No, it was pretty mellow this year. We kind of wanted to thank the people that threw the red dye all over the house, we appreciate that.

AK: Was it Townies?

PM: No, it was people at this school. We know who they are. They're going to go in front of a firing squad.

AK: What was the party like this year?

PM: The Dressed to Get Laid Party?

AK: Yeah.

PM: I don't know, I was in my room serving beer the whole time. Umm . . . I don't know, I thought it was pretty calm . . .

L: Someone did a lot of screwing. PM: I don't know. There weren't a lot of off campus people causing trouble, there were some Williams guys that security escorted out. But that was about it.

AK: When was the best Dressed to Get Laid Party that you remember?

PM: It's pretty loud. There's a few people who insist on quiet hours, and I think it's only because they're Seniors that we have them.

AK: You do have quiet hours?

PM: Yeah, Eleven to eleven on weekdays. There are none on the weekends. But the only people who requested them are the Seniors. After they leave, I don't think that we'll have them anymore.

L: But nobody listens to them anyway.

AK: It's been said that your parties haven't been very good this year.

L: It's the truth!

AK: Why do you think that's the case?

PM: I think they're good for people who need to live in them. I used to live in one. Sometimes I wish I still did.

AK: What are the people in your house like?

PM: I think they're all cool.

L: Yeah, Pete never comes to house meetings, but we like him a lot.

AK: If someone didn't know anything about this school, how would you describe Canfield?

PM: That's a hard question.

L: It used to be the pot smokin' house, but now it's the beer drinkin' house.

PM: I think I'd say that it's beer eight days a week, Twenty - five hours a day . . . and it can be a lot of fun.



PM: It's that way for all the parties. This has been the worst term for parties since I've been here.

AK: Do you know why that might be?

PM: I don't know. The only party that I've heard anybody say anything good about is Booth's Halloween Party, and I wasn't there, so I don't know.

AK: Have you had a lot of house damage this term?

L: We beat Booth!

AK: Did you really?

PM: Yeah.

L: We're printing tee-shirts.

## POEM

Her breath taking rapture of  
Beelzebub beauty  
mirrors into hope chest  
hallucinations  
that melt into my rubber euphoria  
with my plasticine pictures  
and molded medicine spoons.  
Her aesthetic elasticism  
give or take future  
seems much more permanent than  
mine.

JENNIFER LEHRER



AK: Do you think that it's fair of the administration to decide that Booth can't have anymore parties this term because of damage?

L: I think on some level, yeah you don't want the house to get damaged. But on the other level, they have to pay.

PM: Yeah, but then, on the hand, it gives them all the more reason to come over to other people's houses and trash them.

AK: What do you think of Booth and Dewey Houses, as party houses?

PM: Well, I don't think that anyone has had good parties. As far as people that live there - well, I don't have anything against anyone who lives in either house.

AK: What do you think of the quiet houses?



What is it about television that is so fascinating? I find myself saying, "Oh, I'll only watch a half an hour" and I spend two hours in front of the TV. This isn't research for an article. It's an escapist fixation. Millions of people escape to their television. I'm sorry to report that I wish I had found something else this Saturday evening.

It began innocently enough, I was curious about Dirty Dancing; I'd seen the movie, heard the songs, read the ads for the concert tours. Why a series? The film had a complete ending and was cute and entertaining. Money breeds creativity. In the case of Dirty Dancing, the series, it breeds stupidity. McLean Stevenson was wonderful on MASH - his biggest career mistake was leaving MASH. Here he delivers lines as if he were

drunk, which appears brilliant when compared to the pretty(?) boy no-talents of Patrick Cassidy. And the girl, Melora Hardin (I'll be blunt), she's no good either.

Basically, Dirty Dancing is poorly written, badly directed, and the dancing looks as if it were taught to the actors by a person with no feet. In the episode, I suffered though Red Button's name was dropped a lot. Red's a comedien who was supposed to perform at the resort. Baby and Johnny have a heart to heart talk and they kiss.

**Spoiler's Warning:** I reveal Baby's Big Secret of Life-It's not about virginity-she was kicked out of girl scouts for not turning in all her cookie money. Do you get the idea of what we're dealing with here? This show will be gone by New Year's.

Raising Miranda followed at 8:30. This was a 'cute show' about a flabby mother who left for Arizona and abandoned her teenage daughter and husband. I'm really tired of seeing 19 year olds pass for 15 year olds. The show had some interesting, sort of funny, elements. Harmless.

I saw Golden Girls. It was okay. Estelle Getty is incredible. Everyone else takes situation comedies way too seriously. In 22 minutes they establish a problem, solve it, and if you're Cosby, do ten minutes of mush and mugging - they spend a half million per episode to produce this stuff. It's scary. Onward...

Empty Nest. I like Richard Mulligan-he's an incredible, rubber-faced talented actor. Yet, he finds himself shining through bad scripts and bad acting. I like Susan Harris: she created Soup which was an incredible show. What went wrong with Empty Nest? Maybe I caught the wrong night. One of the Golden Girls spent fifteen minutes all over Mulligan (who's the most eligible widower in Miami?) and his daughters - Diana Manoff (who?) and Kristy McNichol (the 70's are over) worry about his morality. It pondered and dragged. It was television.

I saw Dear John. Everyone what-am-I-doing-here look on their face? Judd Hirsch was okay. Weak script and sad performances.

**Death Watch:**  
Dick VanDyke: New Year's  
Incredible Sunday X-mas  
Mary Tyler Moore: New  
Year's  
Dirty Dancing: New Year's  
Raising Miranda: New  
Year's

Remember-That's Incredible. You didn't watch it then-it's back, John Davidson's hair-piece and all only as Incredible Sunday. Catch it before it dies.

Poor, poor Mario Van Peebles - "Sonny Spoon" was cancelled after a mere six weeks. "Something is Out There" bit the dust after three. Let that be a lesson - Science fiction does not work on a small, blue screen. "Star Trek" and "Doctor Who" are the exceptions.

Oh yeah. Saturday Night Live ROCKS this year. Dana "Church Lady" Carvey is hysterical. The political humor had bite and the edge (other critics have said that) is back to the show. Personally, the cast and writers have finally hit their stride. Although Dennis Miller sickens me - he's too damn smug for his own good. This Week: TRACY CHAPMAN is the musical guest. Catch it before it loses its touch. QUERY: Television really is important to our lives. Why? Cheap, available, entertainment. Sort of sad, isn't it?

## DIETING UNDER STRESS

This diet is designed to help you cope with the stress that builds up during the day.

### BREAKFAST

#### LUNCH

1/2 grapefruit  
4 oz. Lean Broiled Chicken Breast  
1 Slice Whole Wheat Toast: dry  
1 cup Steamed Spinach  
8 oz. Skim Milk  
1 cup Herb Tea

1 Oreo Cookie

### MID AFTERNOON SNACK

#### DINNER

Rest of Oreos in the package  
2 Loaves Garlic Bread with Cheese

2 pints Rocky Road Ice Cream  
Large Sausage, Mushroom &  
1 jar Hot Fudge Sauce  
Cheese Pizza  
Nuts, Cherries, Whipped Cream  
4 cans or 1 large Pitcher Beer

3 milkyway or Snickers Bars

### LATE EVENING NEWS

ENTIRE Frozen Cheesecake Eaten  
Directly from Freezer

### RULES FOR THIS DIET

1. If you eat something and no one sees you eat it, it has no calories
2. If you drink a diet soda with a candy bear, the calories in the candy bar are cancelled out by the diet soda.
3. Cookie pieces contain no calories. The process of breaking causes calorie leakage.
4. Food used for medicinal purposes NEVER count. For example: toast, hot chocolate, brandy, and Sara Lee Cheesecake
5. Movie related foods do not have additional calories because they are part of the entire entertainment package and not part of one's personal fuel... such as Milk Duds, Buttered Popcorn, Tootsie Rolls, etc..
6. Foods that have the same color have the same number of calories. Examples are spinach and pistachio ice cream, mushrooms and white chocolate. NOTE: Chocolate is a universal color and may be substituted for any other color.
7. Things licked off of knives and spoons have no calories if you are in the process of preparing something.
8. If you fatten up everyone else around you, then you look thinner.

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## REIGN OF ERRORS

By THOMAS SPENCER SIBLEY

Coming into a school which boasts of individual freedom with an expectation of the promise being fulfilled, I was of course shocked to learn that our constitution had been withdrawn and disciplinary procedures were henceforth to be handled by the administration. The vociferous reply to the widespread student body dissent has echoingly been "community-community"! So therefore I would like to spend a few of our hopefully well spent minutes together, explaining the extent to which I think the term is being distorted. Whenever a bannister railing is broken it's considered a personal effrontery to the Bennington community envisioned through barn windows. A student breaking the railing is not threatening the architectural structure but rather the administration's grip. They excuse this overt concern with vandalism as being directly related to its retroactive effect upon morale. Students might become depressed or perhaps apathetic while in fact the absent railing might remind the student of what a good time he had the night before. The true basis beneath having windows fixed the morning after, walls repainted hastily, and inspections is one fixed in the financial community, the trustees and merry vacationers. I sometimes wonder when the food is placed in front of my face whether my stomach would be more properly furnished if skiers were spending their yuppie dollars in my digestive tract. Now shifting from the edible courses

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## PHOTO OPINION: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CAMPUS HOUSING?



Noah Zark - "I don't know."



Ben Zell - "It hurts."



Daisy White - "I live in the COOLEST house and we have the best suite!"



Amanda Spooner - "I think it's terrible- I got put into Franklin and I just got kinda pissed off."



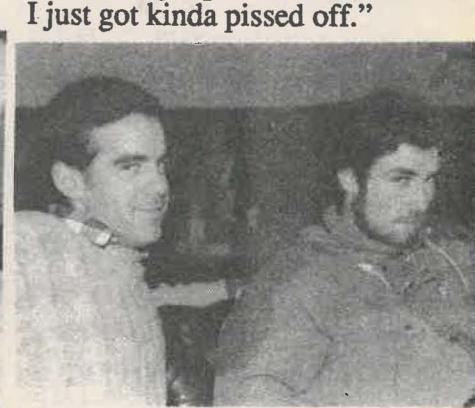
Bill Debrow - "I think it is our great fortune to be blessed with such fine grains and vegetables; only you know who that could be back before then. Which hazards? Either hot or cold; or the Lord will spew you forth from his mouth."



Madeline Kromelow - "A lot of people get fucked over by Housing. They're not hip to peoples needs."



A Member of Booth House - "Living in Booth House you know what it's like to be the bottom of the barrel. No Respect!"



Joel Fitzpatrick and Jonny Battal - "Housing used to be set up in terms of political control. It was like a family with pride. The spirit has been lost, there's no more rivalry." What? "Mary Ellen is a trust buster."

## ALEPH

By JOSEPH MUELLER

There is fraternity here in this place. I can feel it though I am sitting away from the crowd at the bar and at the other tables. I am in one of the dimmer corners of this place nursing a pint because I am now broke. The corner gives me camouflage. The darkness makes me invisible. Ha. Not really, but it does make me less obtrusive. I like it this way. It allows me to observe without being interrupted. There is a timeless quality about this corner; this situation I am in. Time passes right by, no, through me, as it falls in sheets over the shoulders of the others. This is a space in which I can step back from things and sort it all out.

Some people I recognize are playing pool. I nod to them. They do not notice me. The viscous black liquid in my glass has become tepid. That's okay too.

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I am looking at these people doing things, buying drinks. I hear them laughing, talking. Current events, love affairs, the willfulness of inebriated decision. I am interested in some of these things. In others I am not. I am aware of them all. I see my mother ( although I know she is five-hundred miles away.) I see my living room at home.

Understand, I am not lapsing into the vision of memory. These things are here with me, now. The image of my living room does not displace that of this pub I am sitting in. I perceive them both in the same space simultaneously.

I am speaking to my mother in my living room at home. I am sitting in this pub with my hand around an empty glass. I see the hospital room in which I was born. I see myself being born. At the same time I see the barmaid pouring beer. I see a man in Harrisburg, PA.. test driving an A-model Ford. I see his wife admonishing him to be careful. I hear the drop of coins on the bar. I see Lee Harvey Oswald buying Camel cigarettes in a Dallas drugstore as John Kennedy is shot. I feel the stickiness of the table my hands are resting on. Though there are no windows, I see a yellow Toyota pass a man in a grey coat. He is buying today's newspaper. My shoelace is untied. There is a woman carrying a parasol. She is walking along a dust road in Australia. My eyes blink. My third grade teacher pulls my ear for interrupting a lesson. The pool players applaud a good shot which I perceived five minutes ago. I watch myself hide in a pantry. I am four years old. My shirt itches me as I sit at this sticky table.

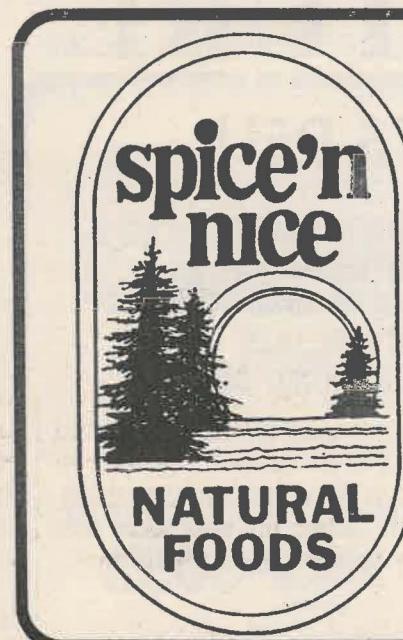
I see the headlines of the paper a man is reading five years from now. My grandson is born and smiles. My family mourns at my funeral. My cousin swims off the coast of a tropical island eight years ago. A library is built where my grave once was. I ask my father if we can go camping. A woman in this bar looks at me. I buy a new car and pay by check. A man robs a bank and escapes on a horse. A clock says 11:00. A calendar reads November 11, 1956. Another says June 15, 2001. They both picture long legged women leaning over the hoods of sport cars. Ten minutes from now I see the barmaid of this place come to my table with a pint.

I am sitting in this pub. I see myself sitting here. I see people in a restaurant I will go to watch me write this. Water pours from a faucet marked "cold". A goat is roasted over a fire at the base of a looming, snow-capped mountain. I am in a car accident. A man with cardboard tied

to his threadbare shoes jumps a train. An Englishman reads Dickens in a hammock covered with mosquito netting. A woman showers while a man knots his tie. Richard Nixon is in a bathroom fumbling with his pants zipper. A dog wanders through an alley in Los Angeles. A poet sticks his middle finger up at a full moon. A policeman in Nigeria drinks a cup of iced coffee on a hot night. A child is awed by her first sight of a Macy's escalator.

I am aware of all of these things in minute detail, at the same time, in the same space. I can see the people playing pool here. I feel the emptiness of my pockets. I hear the opening of a refrigerator door. I can perceive all of these events in this space, in this time. This is Aleph. I am Aleph.

The barmaid walks to my table with a full pint and does not ask me to pay.



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# GOTHIC CUBISM

By THOMAS SPENCER SIBLEY

Today a conversation emerged between Ian and me about my fascination with death. He looked at my cubist crossbow, stained in light wood highlights, the stock resembling a kandinsky shape, and the textural interaction between the metal bow and wooden body. Just Kidding Around asked me why I was devoting my efforts to a weapon. I mentioned the parallelogram scope I was planning and then read him something I had written a half an hour before I found the bow, which may or may not possess an armor piercing capacity.

What people don't realize when they think I'm a little too preoccupied with weapons, death, and mass bloodshed, is that I by admitting my leanings toward the macabre, am being true to myself. It keeps me healthy to play with weapons and ponder mutilation. My curiosity is appeased and I see that violence can be contained by the realm conceptual. In Japan comic books are sold depicting rape,

murder, and other best page-confined disreputable human interaction while they have one of the lowest rates of these activities. The Japanese are disciplined as I am with respect to common sense, so it might be argued that it is as inherent of their culture as it is of my character. It's merely that I can handle my imagination and it's too bad that some people's bourgeois conditioning has made them too intolerant and non-understanding to accept that. They're inevitably worse than I am, a precision killing machine.

After reading this I noticed that Ian fully understood where I was coming from, even if he didn't particularly want to go there. While still in the communicative mood, I explained a sculpture which hung on my wall. A griffin with his mouth roaring vengefully, supported by the noblest of chests, its flank haunched and resting impatiently inside a box surrounded by geometric shapes. Sharp pieces adorn the structure

along with a black dagger and ruger. Almost entirely black it is contrasted by a bladed pistol-handle colored piece of wood. The brown in conjunction with the rest creates the appeal of a finely crafted German gun and that's nothing to be scoffed at. Especially when one considers the aesthetics of the Third Reich's popularity. A great fraction of the party were initially allured by the look of the uniforms.

On my wall beneath the World War One propaganda posters, utilizing the same idealistic glorification of force, is a geometrically intricate linear explanation of a nation's culminating war effort. I've titled it the "War Rat". Even though it's normally regarded as a revolting rodent, it takes on a beauty in this representation. I think of the drawing's lines, which only remind others of a Star Wars blueprint, as conceptual and philosophical cylinders sharpened and piercing the populaces.

Brains. The attempted contradictions of physical dimension conjure a tragic eloquence which is nevertheless captivating. Looking a bit like a war-

oriented heraldic beast, it beseeches the viewer, through the greediness it affets in his eyes, to engage in its fury and encompass the entirety of the emotion, or at least the drawing. This transaction of predatory thirst, from the symbolic to the undefined intrinsic, is as incomprehensible to me in its magnitude as what man for reasons of race, ideology, greed, religion, and blithering stupidity, has subjected himself to throughout the ages. It's so simple to thrive upon the legends of brute strength against brute strength, strategy upon strategy, grueling accounts of heinous crimes, and vivid imaginary depictions. It's not possible to nobly reenact them, but try to understand what happened in the less glorious incidents and not suppress the natural inclinations of curiosities, you might prescribe to. Such restraints are linked to frustration factors always in the presence of real-life violence. Considering and exploring these questions, attempting progress, and beginning to explain the aforementioned components of human nature is much better than moping around in tyedye T-shirts, not eating meat, and whining insufferably.

## GAGGING ON GREGORY

By SUE DEYMME

Greg had a rehearsal today for his play "Here we are." He also ate some corn beef and cabbage in the dining halls and played with his hair 36 times. Tuesday, he wore a black Bennington t-shirt, his boots and jeans. Greg also went to the bathroom twice, once in the morning and once in the middle of class. The toilet was quoted as saying, "Wow. Thanks a lot for not peeing on the seat and being rude to others." What a considerate guy.

At Dress to get you know what, Greg wore a funky suit coat and boxers. He speaker danced with some crazy chick. At one point, Greg's coat opened and we saw his hairy, but seemingly muscular chest. Greg dances with such skill, he must have taken a class or two.

Greg is a drama and a literature major. That must keep him very busy. How does he find the time to write about everyone, so well. Greg always seems to mention the same people in his column, and most of them are upperclassmen drama majors. There must be easier ways to get cast. Yet for a smart guy his column makes him sound like a superfluous brown-noser.

Questions about "Gabbing": Sources? Are the serials real? Primarily, WHO CARES? Gossip, fundamentally is much more fun to listen to rather than to read.



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# GABBING WITH GREGORY

Gee, I wonder what I can write about this week. There didn't seem to be much going on recently... What's that? What about Dressed to Get Laid and The Slave Auction? Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Alright we can talk about that. But first here's some basic information:

**Here We Are**, by Dorothy Parker opens tonight in the downstairs Cafe at 8 pm. It's an independent drama production featuring Laura Gross and DJ Hager. Go see it, it should be fun. The House of Bernarda Alba opened triumphantly last weekend and featured a number of solid performances by the cast: Carla Klein was stellar in her portrayal of Bernarda and Nika Futterman gave an incredible performance in her Bennington debut. The entire cast was supportive and a credit to the amount of work that went into the show. Kudos to Director Michael Robinson for pulling off an amazing feat.

**Quote of the Week:** "What do you mean I can't use four-letter words in my column. Nobody was that disgusted!!" (You can guess the nature of the complaint).

"No one knows about her reputation"

**The Stokes Slave Auction:** Well, Stokes house was packed to the brim last week, as people came prepared to give their all in support of Manuel, once of Ecuador, now of Beverly Hills. Don Schneider has finally found his true calling, as an auctioneer and many people were finally able to possess the men and women of their dreams last Thursday night. The first person to go on the block was Sultry Stephie Forster, who after a heated battle between Karate-Master Don Seibert and Joe of McCullough fame, was finally awarded to Joe for \$36. The Dewey Hump was next. Rachel Schatz fetched \$50 with Brooks paying the purser. Sarah Miller showed her navel and after strong competition from Clark Perks, Miles Lally took her home for \$70. Gioia Conell was another prize hotly contested for, who was finally bought by Michael Blum for \$85, nearly popping out of his G-string in the process. Elissa Hillman fetched \$30 for the chauffeur services offered, the reward going to Will Speck. Auctioneer Don appropriated Lusty Lang Walsh for himself, for \$25. Joel Fitzpatrick went for the highly inflated price of \$170 to the Schatz Sisters (Three of them incidentally, younger sister Jenny being up for the weekend). Kevvy Kev presented a new rap

about his pen "all the girls in Dewey think my pen is super-duper/Bust it Kev" and brought in \$70 from Mario. Yours truly managed to stir up \$20 of interest (thank you Kathryn). Michael Blum and his now infamous G-String, went for a fairly inconspicuous price to somebody. The notorious event of the evening occurred when Mark Dubrow, dressed as a wild man, had the balls to show his penis. I don't remember how much he was finally sold for, being busy scampering out of the room at that point. Catty Carla Klein brought in over \$170 to help poor Manuel, the spoils going to that British kid Julian (more on him later). Amy Christopher went for \$130 to Jackie Fernandes, and Shawn Paper was snapped up for \$160 by that snazzy girl Mario (Kevvy and Shawn? Together? Hmmm...). A Battle was in the offing when the multitudinously talented Michael Severens walked up on the block, cello in hand. After a bidding war with against Tracy Gilbenkian, the bidding was finally held at \$175, when he was finally sold to Wendy Rosenfield and Elissa Jane Hillman. What will they do with such a prize? Heh heh heh. Spencer Cox was sold for the incredibly appropriate price of \$69 to Laura Senie, wedding announcements will be made soon. Clark Perks and Dan O'Day sold themselves as a team and went for \$170 to Lori Zepp, Robynne Kingham, and Gioia. And Finally, the big one, Sexy Sarah Schatz and Bodacious Tracy Gilbenkian were on the block as a pair. The biddin was fierce. Every libido in the room was working in overdrive. People were thinking about selling their cars and dipping into trust-funds. Finally among the scattered remains of dashed hopes, a victor emerged: None other than that British Kid Julian. For the whopping sum of \$380. That about wraps that up. Last this office heard, Manuel was thinking of taking over IBM. Dress to Get Laid: Well, there was sex in the air Friday night. The guys were ready. The girls were ready. Lord knows Williams was. Canfield was the place to be. From the Hall of Porn upstairs, to the Cloud Nine suite downstairs, the house rocked. In case you're wondering, the ingredients of a Sit on my Face are: Bailey's, Kahlua, and Frangelico. Well, down to the nitty-gritty. Who was Looking HOT? Well to start off, G-string Gioia made many a fantasy come true that night as did Kel-I mean-Erik Deurell. Even Sarah Miller was a little confused by Erik's

metamorphosis into the Blue-eyed Philly Homeboy. Mike Danson showed his true nature that night, and Spencer was in fishnets. Getting down and dirty together were Peter Davis and Liz Zimmie (Did they go home together?). A few Catholic schoolgirls were in attendance, dropping their barriers (and other things), right Michelle, Erin, and Sally? Adrienne made her first appearance at a Party this year. Congrats. Josh Kirsh was noticed noticing in his usual corner of the living room. I am here to attest that Eleanor's breasts are as nice as her navel, and of course Tanya was in attendance for all to see. Margo of the long lovely legs was looking mighty sexy in that white frilly negligée she was wearing, and thanks for the bong-hit. Brooks came as one of the Village People complete with leathers, and Pretty Polly was seen in a slinky black dress on the dance floor. Katie Stone and Mandy were looking particularly hot that night. I swear, Victoria's Secret must love us. Schuyler came as a Chippendale's dancer and by all accounts was quite touchy-feely (Naughty-Naughty). Patrick came shirtless and out of the closet, sorry girls. Diva did something which she won't tell me about, and Brian Reagan and Don Seibert came as the Bennington Swim team. I heard that Don got some action. Sarah Schatz, as the pictures show, was looking too hot to touch in her tin-foil bikini, although quite a few tried. Clark came shirtless with "Sex is Politics" scrawled across his chest, and Robynne was looking quite erotic in her little get-up. More Faculty in Attendance: David Groupé, David Beach, Ray Dooley, and Therese. Gillian was very nice in a black lacy shift, and Shawn Paper looked cute in his Smart Food jammies. Jeff Williams was forced to readjust himself at one point, and what were Chapin and Dan doing? Ian Bell looked like a cross between John Travolta and John Belushi in his polyester outfit, and all the girls were entranced by Adam Cohen's roaming hands and witticisms. Does anyone know if Ellen got any action? And finally, Debbie was off on a camping trip last weekend and thus was notable to be a party to the party.

Well, that's it for this week, enjoy the pictures in the paper and remember that whoever threw the condoms full of red dye is an asshole (and that's not a four-letter word!).

## HOROSCOPES

By je ne sais pas

This week everyone should search for their own sense of adventure; be it travel, romance, intellectual or material. Get out there and live life to the fullest you can push it to. While you are off campus, experiment with something new. Try a change of pace, habit or attitude. You'll be better for it. There is something exciting in the air; capture it for yourself.

**ARIES** [3/21 - 4/19] ; Ruled by MARS : You still exude rd; shed sensuality every energetic step you take. Won't you look around for new playmates?

They're out there, just beyond your busy hands. Focus outwards, but not too aggressively or angrily. Smile openly and spread some of you around. It is hard, but learn to let go of all those hurts you carry around like so much gunpowder.

**TAURUS** [4/20 - 5/20] ; Ruled by VENUS : Adventure! For the vacation, go somewhere totally alien. Travel across aqua waters or into summerlike southern regions. Have fun. Your ability to retain your sanity in almost any situation will serve you well. Watch out for small children and big food, but leap full heartedly into the experience no matter what is asked of you. You will benefit from it all.

**GEMINI** [5/21 - 6/20] ; Ruled by MERCURY : Scary, isn't it. Life, love etc. I mean. Well, shake your soft hair, open your bright eyes and put on some opalescent silk thing and let go. Pamper yourself and let go of all that stress you have been wearing. You have been covered in barbed wire for too long; rip it off and release the pent-up emotions you have stored recently. Perhaps you should chance that conversation with that someone you have been watching. It's up to you, but I'd suggest giving it a try.

**CANCER** [6/21 - 7/22] ; Ruled by MOON : Something that means a lot to you is coming into its own. Your obsession will culminate into the fulfillment of a dream. Rejoice. Those closest to you will share the energy and the pleasure in your success. Reach out and bask in the warmth; don't freak out. Adorn yourself in the living green of real love.

**LEO** [7/23 - 8/22] ; Ruled by SUN : Hey! Have you done that paper/artwork/treatise/performance yet? Well...Do It! Your royal attitude and charming manners won't get it done on their own. Once you have done it, or have gotten one of your admiring subjects to do it for you, treat yourself to something nice. Go someplace warm and get a golden tan or just romp in the decaying leaves with a possible lover. Expand your horizons and relax.

See HOROSCOPES page 10

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BY G.B. TRUDEAU



## HOROSCOPES

*Continued from page 9*

**VIRGO** [8/23 - 9/22] ; Ruled by MERCURY/VULCAN : Blush blush, you pinkened women and men. Its alright, everyone has fantasies and you should indulge in yours a little over vacation. Splurge on that opera ticket and bring someone with you. Go out to dinner with another classy human being. Read all those novels that have been plaguing your mind as you dredged through Hobbes and Descartes. Decorate yourself in something soft and clean and essentially lovely.

**LIBRA** [9/23 - 10/22] ; Ruled by VENUS : Look up at that blue sky. Feel the wind whip your hair into frenzied patterns. Relish the natural things around you. Make love to nature. Stop looking for balance in someone else; even your own scales first.

**SCORPIO** [10/23 - 11/21] ; Ruled by PLUTO : It would be great if you would stop rejecting those who love you. You know who I am talking about; those devoted friends who are biting their fingernails over your ignorance. Some of you are also showing colours other than your natural deep burgundy; you are glowing blue. You will be covered in black and blue if you do not waken up and acknowledge your friends. Try doing things for them for once and stop taking them for granted.

**SAGITTARIUS** [11/22 - 12/21] ; Ruled by JUPITER : Your creative endeavors will come to fruition soon. Your tequila sunset orangy colour will show through everything you do. You are energy, little sunshines, big daisies. Purr at anyone you are attracted to, just to see what they will do. Why not, you're naturally impulsive anyways. Just remember—smile smile smile

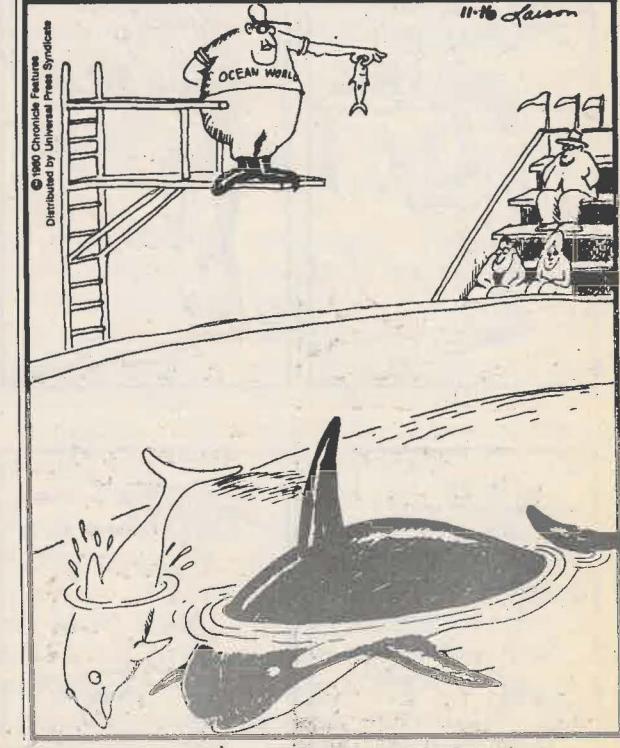
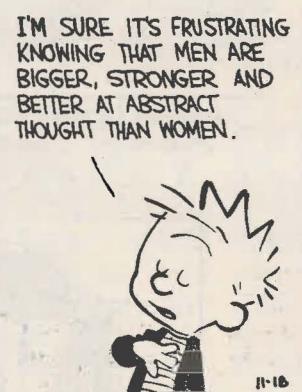
**CAPRICORN** [12/22 - 1/19] ; Ruled by SATURN : While you are walking through the brown crinkled leaves, think of your last lover. Then, once you walk into your warm home call them up and re-ignite the fire. Set yourself up nicely for a warm winter. You do like things under control, so get it together and get in touch. Not much else, but if you do reach that old paramour your life will brighten and shine like copper.

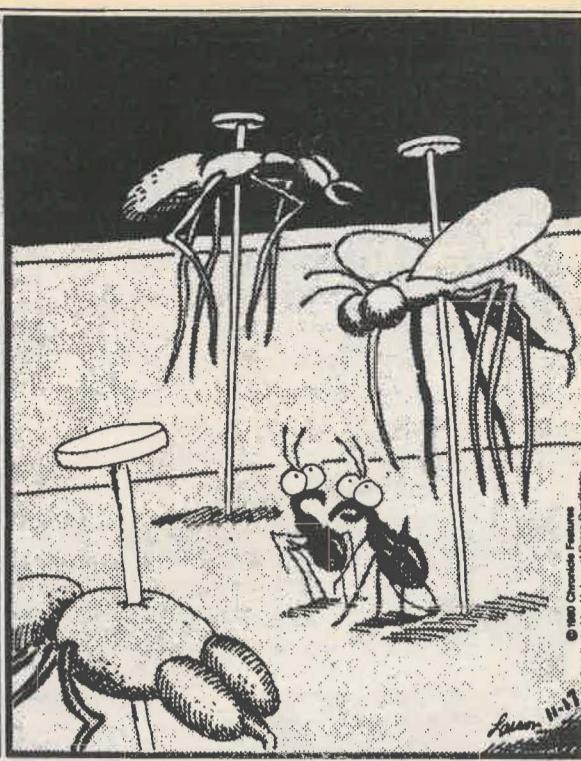
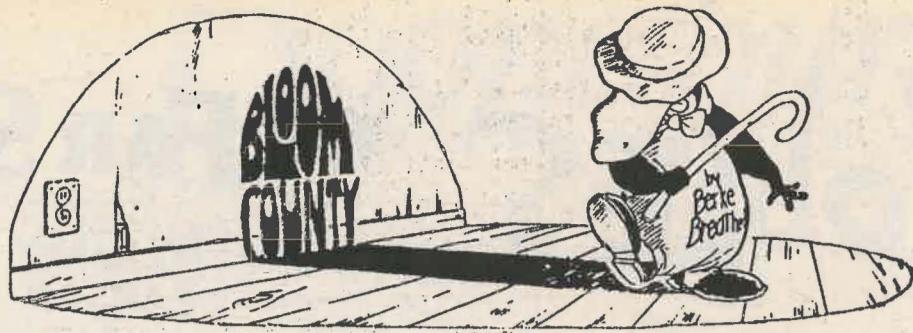
**AQUARIUS** [1/20 - 2/18] ; Ruled by URANUS : Your attention span may be short but when you are focused, you have such clear vision. Stop wearing all that black and aim your mental weapon at something constructive. Solve the problem of world peace; again, but this time write it down. Fix up your home life with one of those cool intellectual looks. Hell, fix the world while you're at it but please gather people around you who will put all your ideas to action.

**PISCES** [2/19 - 3/20] ; Ruled by NEPTUNE : Little crystal clear fish; keep your gills clean. Beware of any of those self-destructive habits you have acquired. People love you and worry even if you can take care of yourself. On a cheerier note, some performance will go well. Your warmth warms all in the cast; just watch out for their feet.

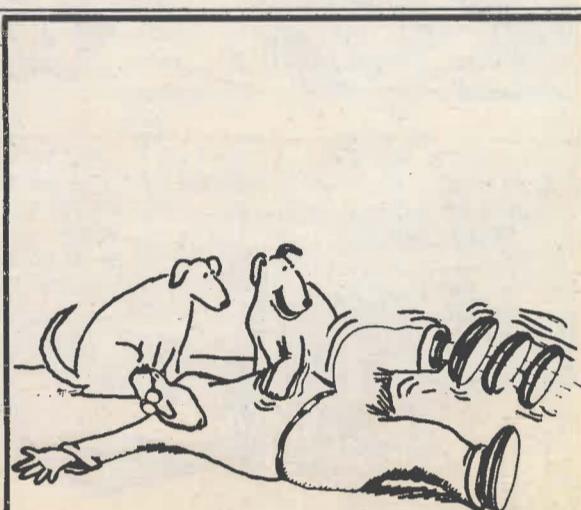
# calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATTERSON



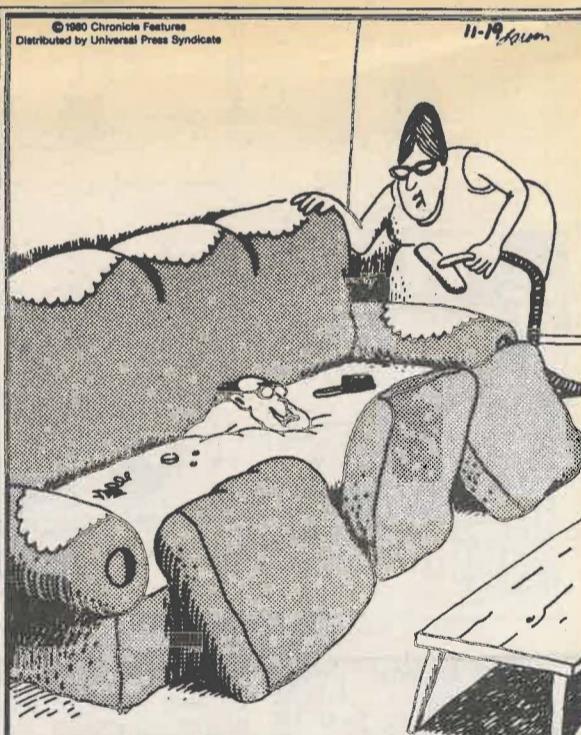


"Gad, I hate walking through this place at night."



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11-18 Larson



"Andrew! So that's where you've been! And good heavens! . . . There's my old hairbrush, too!"

