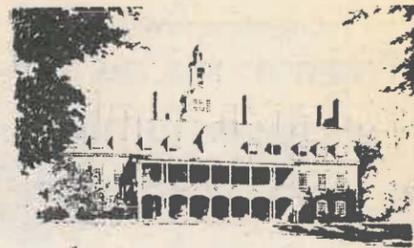


The Commons



VOL. 1, NO. 1

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

EMERGENCY STUDENT BODY MEETING

By CLARK PERKS

On Wednesday, September 21, there was an emergency Student Body meeting at 9:00pm in Tishman. This was the first "Community Meeting"-type gathering this term and it seemed to be a success.

Tishman was packed, with an estimated 200+ people in attendance. Student Council decided to call the emergency meeting at Tuesday night's Council meeting. Council, though tired from working on the Budget for almost two hours, came

to life again when the Student Constitution was brought up. Reaction from the Houses over Council's recent decision to reinstate the Constitution was mixed. Council decided to hold an emergency Student Body Meeting the next day to gain student support for Council's decision.

Council decided to gain that support in the form of a petition. The petition read as follows:

See *PETITION* page 2



DENY YOUR RIGHTS !

By DAN O'DAY

How many of you are aware that the college will not connect someone to your phone unless they know your extension? And how many of you know your own extension? Of course they might put someone through if they know what house and floor you live on. However, if you say, had someone's wallet and needed to return it to them, you might think it would be reasonable to assume security would tell you where they live. It's not! That's right, even if you had someone's wallet with their drivers license and social security card you could not get in touch with them. I know this because it happened to Clark Perks our Student Council President (I'm actually assuming anyone who would read this article knows this, I'm just adding it for effect). The person who owns the wallet was rather irate about this - I know I would be. I also know of a student who could not open a checking account because the bank could not verify his phone number.

I called security to ask them why they had instituted this new policy. I was told they had received a memo from Jane Abersold, dean of studies, (I deliberately did not capitalize that title) telling them not to connect people without an extension. So I called Jane's office. She wasn't in and her secretary thought I must have been mistaken, since a memo like that would be issued by student services. Naturally I called student services and someone there said it came from a memo issued by Jane Abersold and Joan Goodrich, director of financial aid. Oh! Now I knew what was up; I just had to talk to Joan. Security are the only people who know more than Joan Goodrich about what is going on here - as for Liz, she hasn't got a clue. I went to the barn to see when I could get to see her. I was waiting for her secretary when she came in, so I asked her "why the new policy?" She said that this is the way they interpret the Buckley amendment (a federal law),

that has been around since the 70's. She claimed that it had always been policy and the memo was a reminder . . . not a change.

Oh well, that makes it all better! Bennington has always been known as a strict upholder of the law - just look at the drug policy. It's at times like this that I worry, because anyone in security or the barn can find out where I live, or what my number is, and they are the people I least want to know! Notice that what is really going on here is a controlling of information that is causing a breakdown of student to student communications. I find it hard to believe that this is coincidental. But there is a solution! Under this amendment we have the right to sign away this right (which you will have to do for anyone who needs your transcripts) and we should. This way, if you want to hide you can, but if you're expecting a call for a FWT job I suggest you exercise your right to deny your rights!

RETRACTION

By ROBYNNE KINGHAM

I would like to start out by apologizing for causing unintended trouble to anyone by printing my article "WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STUDENT CONSTITUTION?" in last week's paper. It is to my knowledge that what I said about Nick "the security guard" had negative repercussions, not only to Nick personally, but also to security. It is only right to explain.

I saw a video tape of this incident, but it was staged for a student's video project, with proper authorization. I was trying to relay the good relationship between the Security Department and the students. It obviously did not come across that way.

I especially feel sorry that it was Nick that had to take the pressure for such a mistake, because, even though I don't know him well, I can't think of a single person who has had anything negative to say about him.

MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

Most moments in everyday life are fraught with symbols; some of them are more noticeable than others. It all depends on how sensitive you are. I don't mean symbols like, for instance, latent Republicanism, or the Oedipus complex, or even something as universal as the resurrected King motif. These images do poke up their heads everyday- but those aren't the symbols that I mean.

There are certain symbols that bore a hole right to the back of my



brain and paralyze me. Hot-pointed - perfect in their onslaught. I could be in a conversation with a woman. We each have a lot in common and are getting along really well... then she mentions that she was a cheerleader in high school. I stare into her eyes and see the face of every popular girl who led cheers in my school back home. I am flooded with memories of shyness, ineptitude, and become overly conscience of how overweight I am, and how much

A weekly column

I bite my nails. I am reminded of how inferior I feel, deep down inside, to anyone who ever went to Summer camp, got asked out to the prom, or had the fortune to get braces when they were in Junior high (Still to this day nothing excites me more than a pair of braces). Suddenly I am no longer talking to a person but a "Cheerleader", a symbol of staunch American perfectionism, and I begin to communicate to her with all the

See *MOMENTS* page 2

PETITION

Continued from page 1"PETITION FOR THE REIN-
STATEMENT OF THE STU-
DENT CONSTITUTION

We, the undersigned, wish to express our displeasure over the voiding of the Student Constitution by the clause in this year's Student Handbook on page 61 which states in the second paragraph:

"The following Rules and Regulations, and all other provisions of this Handbook, supersede any previous Rules and Regulations and provisions. To the extent that any rule, regulation, or provision conflicts in any respect with a student document, such as the Student Constitution, the Handbook shall prevail."

The above clause in effect invalidates the student body's right to self government which is a fundamental principle of this college as well as a long standing attribute of this institution. We demand that the Student Constitution be reinstated as the document which governs student life on this campus and guides the operations of the student government and, in addition, that the right to amend and revise the Constitution be left to the student body and its representatives in Student Council.

Leading the meeting was Student Council, Don Seibert the Vice-president, Joel Fitzpatrick, and myself. I gave a brief speech saying

MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

articulation of a twelve year old after his first sniff of Freon. I don't know, maybe I'm just too sensitive.

There are other times, like when I shake the hand of a man with a very strong grip and suddenly I freeze. There's something about shaking hands I have never been comfortable with. It's not the action's archaic origin that disturbs me; I think it's something about the squeezing - the test of strength - that I just can't win. A husky guy will grab my hand: "How ya doin'?" he says, and all my muscles go limp. He feels this and looks into my eyes as if I were one of the original cast for La Cage Aux Folles.

Even times when I am in a position of authority there is always the chance that I could be emotionally paralyzed. I once spent the Summer as a councilor for a Teen Tour company. My job was to make sure that none of the fifteen year old boys and girls got hurt, or did anything "bad" during the two months they spent

what we were doing and why. I read the petition and asked people to sign it. A few questions were asked and answered, but Council had decided that the petition should be signed first before people started getting bored and wandering off. Anyone that has any further questions can ask me personally (Ext. 203 or box 502) or any member of Council.

There was a great fear of this meeting becoming another "bitch session" in which everyone complains but nothing gets done. Council's main objective was that some action come out of this meeting, i.e. that the petition be signed. There were 15 copies of the petition and people were to sign by their Houses. A majority of the people in attendance signed the petition. House Reps. will be taking the petition door to door to get as many signatures as possible by today.

In the first paragraph I stated that I thought this meeting went well. I made this statement for two reasons: 1) Something got done, a petition was signed, 2) That Tishman was packed which I find amazing since a galley stating that the meeting was to be held didn't go out until dinner time. That Tishman was packed on such short notice I find as proof that we're finally beating back the apathy at this place and that you all do care. I thank and applaud you all.

Any comments please contact me.

travelling throughout the country. The very last night of the first tour we all stayed in a motel in the Carolinas. The tour director informed me that there would be no curfew, since it was the last night, and that we should go easy on the kids and let them have a little fun.

It was about three o'clock in the morning, long after the costume party we had for the kids was over, and I was making my rounds. I knocked on a door and walked into a darkened room. There, glistening with sweat in the pale translucent light of the moon, was a very attractive and shapely fifteen year old girl, her toga stripped to her waist. She, and a boy who was in my group, were interlocked in passionate foreplay, kneeling on the bed. I was too stunned to do a thing. I just stood there and gawked at them. The boy, who was a full eight inches shorter than the girl, stopped kissing her neck long enough to look at me with disgust and scream "Get the hell out, ya god damn pervert!"

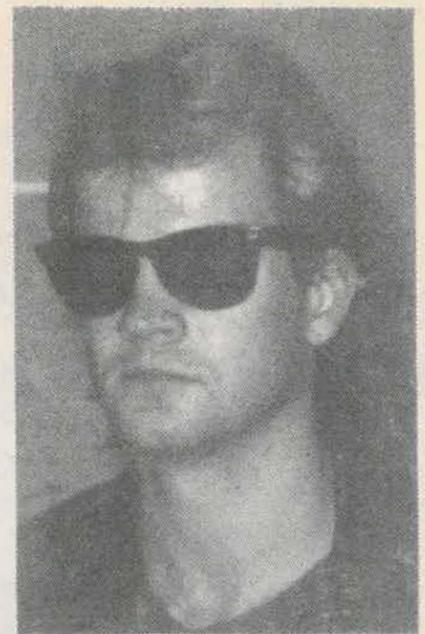
I backed out of the room like I

WHO IS YOUR PRESIDENT ?

By TIM HALPERN

Clark Perks was an easy subject. He is comfortable with himself, and what's going on around him as generated by his Presidency. Not everyone will agree with his point of view, but one cannot doubt the seriousness of his convictions. Controversy has followed him during his first two years at Bennington, but this might be a welcome change from the pacifity and mediocrity that Council leadership has suffered from in previous years. Clark's goals seem simple enough. He wants to "do something", but that will be difficult without an active student body to support him. Clark thinks that the student body is generally apathetic. Here's the test: Are you aware of the fact that you do not currently have **ANY rights as a student, because Student Services left your Constitution out of the Handbook? Did you know that two years ago the administration ignored the Student Body and your Constitution in reconstructing Judicial without following the proper amendment procedure?** The policy is still in effect. You should be outraged! Clark and Student Council are. They're willing to fight, but they need your help. Learn about your President, Clark Perks, in the following interview.

had just realized I was watching my mother and father 'do it'. Moments later I was back in my own room, seeing the dull lights of Fayetteville diffuse through the bottom of a scotch glass. I hadn't been romantically involved with a woman all Summer. I felt like one of the geeks who used to be in my school's ham radio club, watching the quarterback walk off with the cheerleader I secretly loved. I didn't really care about either of those kids, but the scene paralyzed me just the same. Something inside me was touched by the image and set on fire. It wasn't jealousy, or raw sexual lust, it was my heart beating out responses to the silent, brutal symbolism of our times. Two young people, their togas about their waists, touching each other in a way I understood ... approved of ... and feared deeply. The whole thing was like a scene from a movie, a verse from a song, or the highlight of one of my lowliest fantasies. The thing that lashed it all together was the quiet realization that in reality I was a participant in none of it. I hunkered down over a glass of Dewar's White Label, like it was a ham radio or my only friend, and wrote a letter to a girl far away ... trying to use words that were new ... and chosen very, very carefully.



Tim Halpern: Clark, what is your favorite number?

Clark Perks: Five. Because I used to watch "Speed Racer", when I was a kid and I liked the "Mach 5", Speed Racer's car that could jump over canyons.

TH: What is your favorite color?

CP: Blue. Specifically the kind of blue that's ; like, mixed with green. Sort of turquoise aquamarine type blue.

TH: How old were you when you lost your virginity?

CP: Seventeen. I was at my girlfriend's house.

TH: Do you still have her phone number?

CP: No, but I could find out.

TH: Clark, how does it feel to be the President of Student Council?

CP: It feels very similar to how it feels when I wasn't President.

TH: Which is what?

CP: Like a human being.

TH: How do you reconcile the fact that your image is that of an anarchist?

CP: Well, Tim It's like this: What I strive for in my life is a reconciliation of opposites. It's the Yin and Yang, know what I mean? In every human being there is good and evil. There is beauty and ugliness. On the one hand, I want to be an anarchist but on the other hand, I want to be President. It's like being able to read Shakespeare and appreciate and understand it, and then being able to read "Garfield" and then being able to appreciate and understand it. You know what I mean? It's being able to

get something out of everything. It's a very Zen like philosophy. It's being able to contemplate the infinite.

TH: So, then you're saying that the two compliment one another?

CP: Being an anarchist helps in being President in that I'm not scared to do things that a politician would be afraid to do. I'm not concerned with my political image.

TH: Why do you live off campus?

CP: Why do I live off campus?

TH: Yes.

CP: Because I'm not allowed to have college housing.

TH: Why aren't you allowed to have campus housing?

CP: Because of a disciplinary action that came down on me last term.

TH: What was the decision based on and how does it affect you and the Presidency?

CP: That's a funny Question. -It's too complicated to answer.

TH: How does living off campus affect your being President?

CP: It doesn't really.

TH: Do you feel out of touch with the students at all?

CP: No.

TH: Do you worry about the state of community at Bennington College?

CP: Absolutely. I believe it's careening out of control towards oblivion.

TH: What exactly does that mean?

CP: Bennington means student freedom. Student freedom academically and also student freedom to have some sort of control over our life here at Bennington. And that's slipping away, you know? There's a trend towards the yuppyish and the conservative that's sweeping the United States. The fact that Dan Quayle might become our next Vice-president and conceivably become our President. That's happening in Bennington. We don't have things here that we used to have and we loose things every single term that we're here.

TH: What's been lost since you've been here?

See PRESIDENT page 4



APPEAL

The Appleton Rum Company, the oldest established business in Jamaica, is launching an appeal to support the efforts of the Government of Jamaica and other private and public agencies in bringing relief to the victims of Hurricane Gilbert.

- On Monday, September 12, 1988, the island of Jamaica was devastated by the most powerful Caribbean hurricane in recorded history.
- The Jamaican population of 2.4 million people experienced a tragic loss of life and catastrophic property damage. The Prime Minister of Jamaica estimates that one quarter of the population has been rendered homeless.
- There is an urgent need for funds to provide relief to these victims in the form of food, clothing and shelter.
- This appeal is for contributions to the Pan American Development Foundation (PADF), a private, non-profit organization. Contributions will be used to provide disaster relief for Jamaican victims of Hurricane Gilbert.

Tax deductible contributions can be sent,
by check or money order to:
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1889 F Street N.W.
Washington D.C. 20006
Tel. 202-458-3972



MILWAUKEE DIED

LAST NIGHT

By TRACY GULBENKIAN

Milwaukee died last night. It was not a great death, it was not a painful, tragic death. The city just died. As though 8.2 million pints of Old Milwaukee slipped into Lake Michigan along with 1.2 million people of little or no consequence. And the only person who noticed was Aunt Edith in Juacho who had been calling at every meal on the meal for the past seven days. She finally filed a "missing cities" report with the Juacho Sheriffs office only to be told it was not in their jurisdiction.

This was in late July and I was in town for an ADA (Athletic Dealers Association) show. (Yes, there is such a thing as the ADA and no, it is not an association of coke dealers who like to lift weights). But why I was there was not important. What was important was that the Hyatt Hotel where I was staying had a restaurant that revolved on the top. It enabled one to see the city in 40 minutes and 35 seconds. That's how long a full rotation took. Upon checking into the Hyatt, this seemed the next logical step. So we saw Milwaukee from the fiftieth floor, over a bowl of onion soup with little or no onion but a hell of a lot of Wisconsin Cheddar. I should explain right now that "we" was my father and I. I don't do convention shows in a strange city alone. Which is not to say that while spinning around in this restaurant fifty floors up I found anything strange about Milwaukee, (except maybe the lack of traffic). So after our meal, we hit the pavement looking for, something strange, or interesting, or at least something "Milwaukeean". We walked by the Milwaukee Journal, where the presses were not running. I know this because there were Eight 15' x 15' windows, allowing the public to view the printing presses. A large clock towering behind the Milwaukee Journal building had stopped at 12:10.

This was indeed a beautiful city with no garbage, no litter, no traffic and no people. No kidding. At first glance, this seemed utopia, a city that lacked the garbage of N.Y., the tacky glintz of L.A., and the lovely yuppies of Boston. But after another twenty blocks or so, we found ourselves desperately searching for human life. The search for human life quickly became the search for any sort of life form. When I suggested

we hit downtown where all the action was, my father informed me, with a crack in his voice, that yes, we were downtown. Salvation came around the next corner. A few people were scampering in and out of a huge glass complex. With renewed vigor, my father and I went forth. To this day I'm not sure (and neither is he) if we actually did scream when we opened those big glass doors. The feeling was similar to the scene in the movie *Coma*, when you see all those bodies raw and suspended- hooked up to some life support system. We had found the people of Milwaukee. A few passers by stared openly at us. (That is why I think I might have actually screamed). The rest of them hurried by on their way to Laura Ashley or Banana Republic. We had entered a shopping mall in hell. Twelve year old girls had painted their faces bright shopping mall colors to match their pink and yellow Haf- Haf activewear. A painted pregnant woman kept smacking a runny-nosed, knee-high, Haf-Haf boy who wanted a cookie. When another set of parents literally dragged their kid on his knees down the escalator, it was too much. We ran for five blocks.

The next two weeks were spent working from 6:00 in the morning to around 7:00 at night trying to sell bathing suits to athletic dealers. During this time, my father and I walked past the Milwaukee Journal at 7:30 on our way back to the hotel, at 9:30 on our way out to dinner, at 2:00 on our way back to the hotel after the bars closed, and at 5:30 on our way to the show. I have yet to figure out when the damn presses run. It is easy to say there is no news to print in Milwaukee.

On the way to the airport, "For Lease" signs were followed by "For Rent", "For Sale", and finally, "Foreclosure" signs. It was at this point I decided something was really wrong. My father dropped his original theory that everyone was out to lunch in Milwaukee because the clock said 12:10. What was missing? This is a question that drove both of us to the brink of insanity. Until finally, two weeks later, I was driven four thousand miles into that barren wasteland between New York and L.A. in search of the an-

PRESIDENT

Continued from page 2

CP: Since I've been here, certain things that have been lost are;

1. Our right to judge ourselves.
2. Our right to govern ourselves.
3. Our right to take responsibility and repair house damage we cause.
4. Our right to access information at the Barn.
5. The ability to call up student services over the summer and find out your friends phone number that you just didn't get in that last, mad rush towards the end of the term.

TH: That's scary.

CP: Extremely scary.

TH: Do you think that the nature of the college fosters a lack of community by encourages students to "Do their own ting" ?

CP: Getting back to the reconciliation of opposites, there's also a fine line to walk between individuality and getting together for a common cause. You know what I mean? On the one hand, we should all be doing our own thing, but all of our "own thing" should be pointing towards a similar goal. We're all here, I think, for the same reasons. And so we can all be individuals, but be part of "one thing". The college is a single thing, a single idea made up of individuals.

TH: Do you know what that idea is?

CP: The idea is being different : Having control of your life and not going the same way as the rest of the cattle in the world.

TH: Has the Character of the college changed since you've been here, and, if so, what direction do you see it moving in?

CP: I think it's moving more towards the safe, towards the conservative, towards the un-Bennington.

TH: Would you say that is encouraged by anything or anyone in particular?

CP: I believe it's being encouraged by the administration.

TH: Who makes up the "administration" ?

CP: If you say "administration", you're talking about Liz Coleman; Joan Goodrich; Ron Cohen, Dean of Faculty; Jane Abersold, Dean of studies; and Bill Morgan, the Vice-president in charge of finance ad-

I JUST LIKE BEING HERE

By CLIFTON E. BRYAN

Can't really say I know what's going to come out in this article, but I'm putting my fingers in motion just the same. My name is Clifton Bryan and I'm a transfer sophomore from Clemson University in South Carolina. That's not where I'm from though. I'm from North Carolina, but would you know the difference? I've found that my accent kinda gives it away, that I'm from the south, that is. Hard to fool people that I'm from New Jersey, but why would I want to do that?

I saw Bennington only for a few hours when I visited last winter, and it was under ice at the time. But now that I'm here, I think that it's just like I imagined it would be. And that's beautiful. Simply beautiful. Spontaneously beautiful. It's so hard for me to walk across the Commons lawn without sprawling out all over the ground just to feel the air move over me and listen to some funky tune emerging from Booth or Dewey. But maybe I shouldn't compliment, because that's not what newspapers are for, huh? Possibly I should criticize the new "Speed Bumps Ahead" signs. Or maybe the fact that Commons' clock has been stuck at 11:50 since I've been here, but that's not saying much.

You know, I sat in on the Student Council meeting tonight, and I did find that quite interesting. After seeing how things operate, it became apparent to me that even I have a voice at this college. Obviously, since this is only my third week here and I'm already published in the college paper. Does this sound queer? It probably does, but I was used to being 1 in 13,000 at Clemson, where I was known by my social security number. I do feel quite lucky to be able to put my two cents on why I feel the Student Constitution should be honored by the administration, and to study what I want to study and not some outlined curriculum full of requirements, and to spontaneously stand at the End of the World, happy in the moment because I know that it really doesn't matter what I wear tomorrow.

I just like being here. (and please don't ruin my pretty illusion.)

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ALL NIGHT STUDY

By CLARK PERKS

I suppose you've all been wondering what the deal is with the all night study area. Well, I managed to get some answers, though those answers raise some question's.

The controversy around the all night study area revolves around two points. One, is that the upstairs Cafe, which is where the all night study area is now, is just a fucked place to have it. Two, is that the Cafe is supposed to be strictly student space, for students to use as they see fit. So far this term it appears that the second point is the real problem.

Is the second point true? Yes and no. In the spring of 1987 I was on Facilities Committee, the Committee that deals with space allocation on campus. Facilities Committee was made up of faculty and two students. The only faculty I remember were Patrick Beale and Danny Michealson, who was the Chair.

Now in Facilities Committee we voted unanimously, to practically carve in stone, that the Cafe was strictly to be student space! So it's all ours, right? Not exactly, because as it turns out that Facilities Committee doesn't have any real power, they can only make suggestions to the President of the College, Liz Coleman.

I talked to John Swan, Head of the Library and got some further clarification.

"It had to be moved to make way for books, there was no question about that. We've been running 20% over capacity for a number of years and now we're 30% over capacity!"

People have complained that even the Cafe all night study area hasn't been open.

"It should be open from 10:00 at night for smokers and non-smokers. I've sent memos to security and called them. I call them again."

Wasn't there any other place it could be moved?

"We explored *every* option. We tried to have it Dickens Lounge but that's only for science student's with keys. The student's have to have an all night study area, I've always said that the student's will take over the Barn at night if they don't have one and eventually they will burn the barn down."

Whose responsibility was this?

"Officially it falls under the Dean of Studies office and Facilities Committee."

Thanks John. I then talked to Patrick, since he was on Facilities Committee, to find out what was going on.

"One principle requirement of an all night study area is a smoking room. The real difficulty is the smoking problem. Because of the smoking regulations we can't use a classroom as an all night study area. We tried looking at classrooms or studios of which there aren't really very many of them. We were up against the wall."

I thought we decided in Facilities Committee that the Cafe was to be student space?

"Well, I spoke with Sarah [Miller, former President of Student Council] and Eric [Deurell, former Vice-president] near the end of last term. They said they'd discuss it in Council but they never did. At the end of the term Sarah and Eric said go ahead and do it."

Thanks Patrick. Well, that's the story people, what do you think?

MY VIEW OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

(A somewhat biased point of view)

By GREGORY NOVACK

I was standing on the dance floor of Booth last Friday night, and I looked up at the speaker and saw someone strutting their stuff on it. "Hmmm," I thought, "Claire's in France and Polly and Heather are busy headbanging on the other side of the room; who could it be?" I got closer and realized that the young lady responding to Sean Paper's ministrations was a freshman. That's when it first occurred to me that this year's group of freshmen are really groovin'.

Earlier in the week, I met Debbie, a very nice, wonderful and beautiful person (she requested that I say that). At first, before I came up for orientation, I was apprehensive that the admissions office had messed up and accepted a bunch of

dweebs, but I am proud to report that Peter Richardson's last job was well done.

Of course, some new students are shy and a little reserved, and others still haven't overcome their fear of the dining halls. But, in the words of this dude in some book I read, "This too shall pass".

What has struck me very strongly is the drive these people have brought with them to our little hippy-trippy community. Every statement is made with extreme conviction. Whether they have any clue as to what their major is or not, they have no problem making that known to you. "I'm a math/food sculpture major dude." "I've got no clue. I guess I'll be a Lit. major."



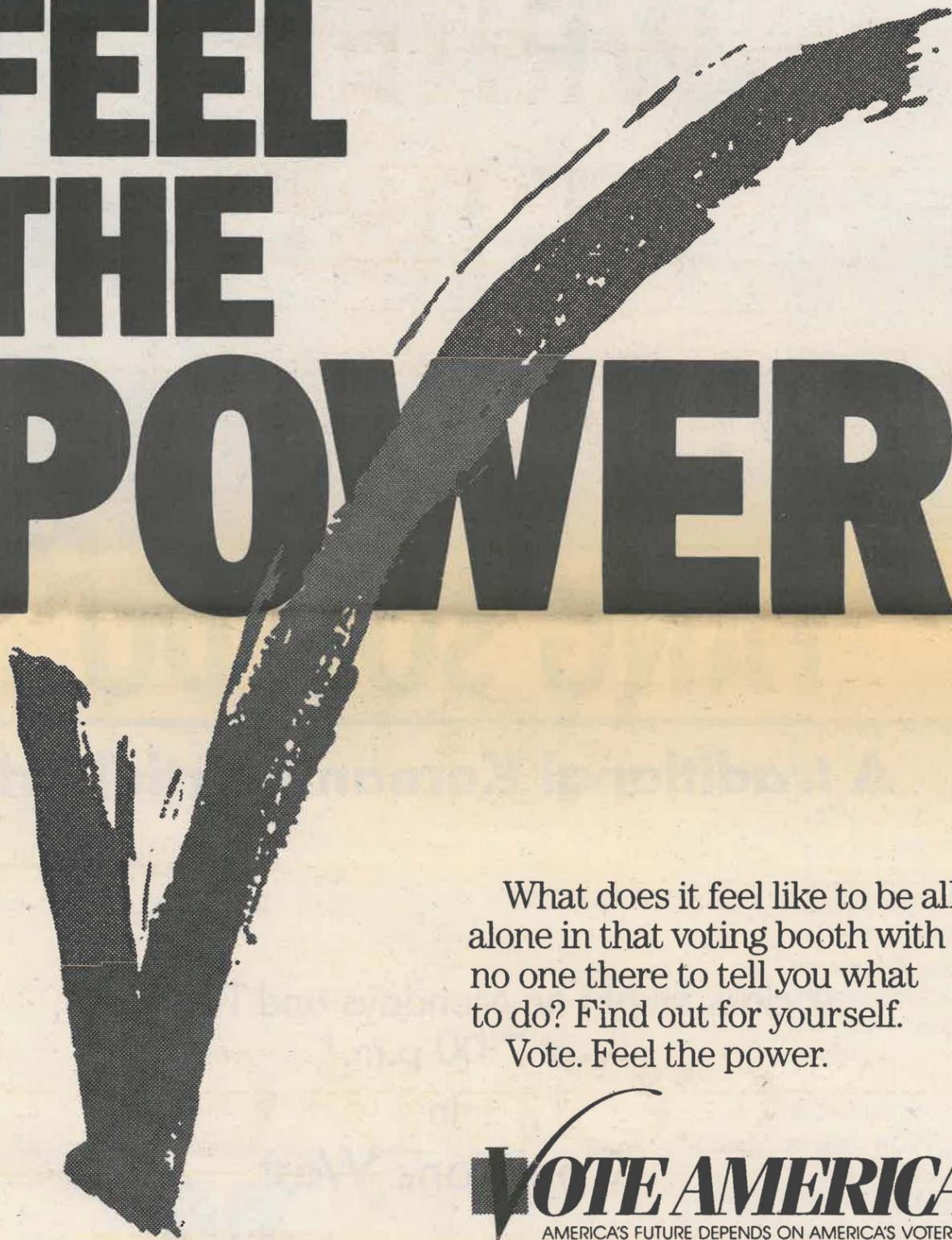
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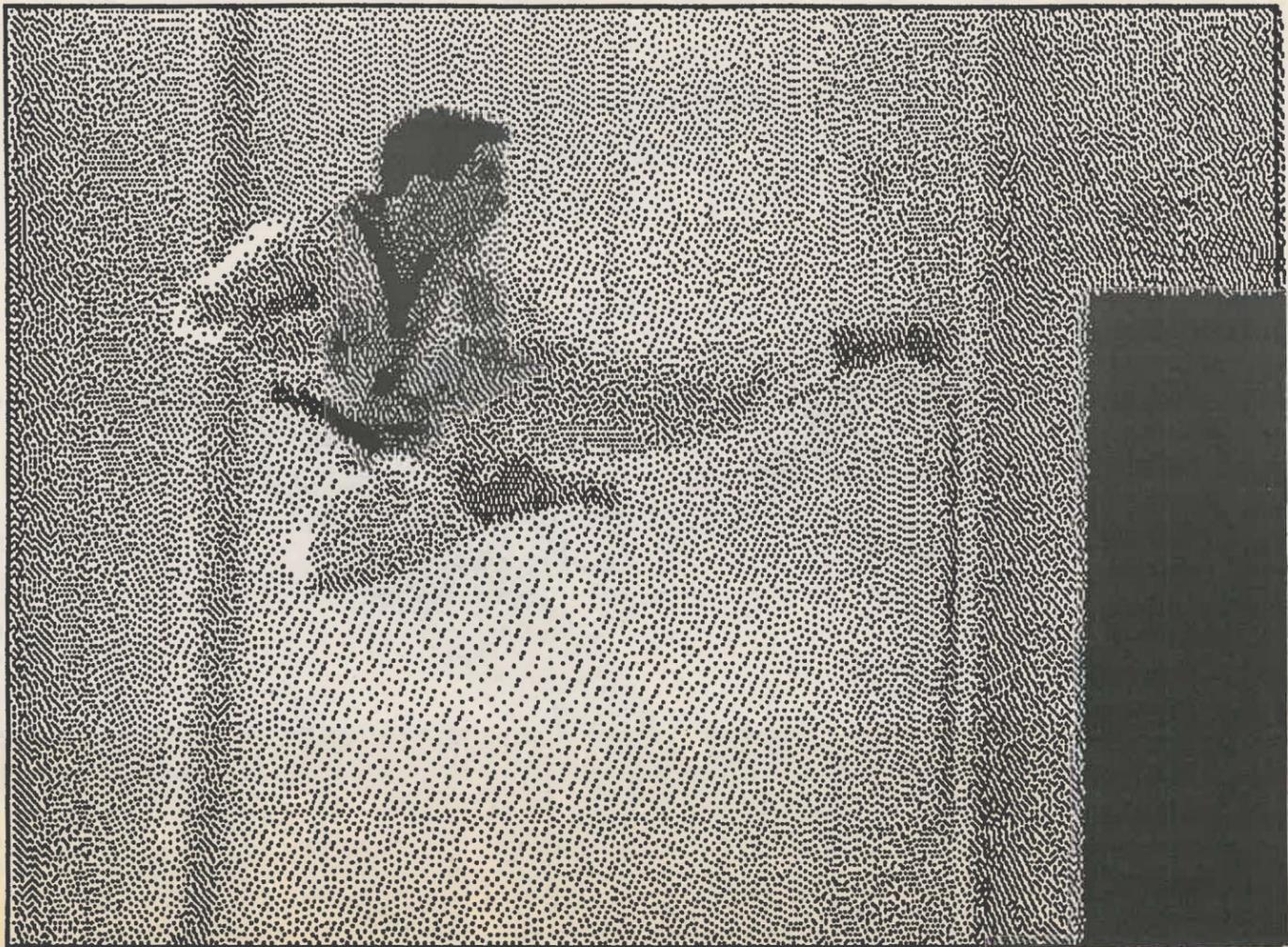
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sign by
Curium



HOROSCOPES

By ST. ELMO

Dewey House
Bennington College
Bennington, VT 05201

September 21, 1988

Liz Coleman
President, Bennington College
Bennington College
Bennington, VT 05201

Dear Liz Coleman:

I am writing to express my concern and bafflement about the invalidation of the Student Constitution. The Student Handbook clearly states that it supersedes the Constitution, and that in any case of conflicts with the Constitution, the Handbook "shall" prevail. Please see page 61 of the Handbook. Yet also on page 61, the Handbook states that:

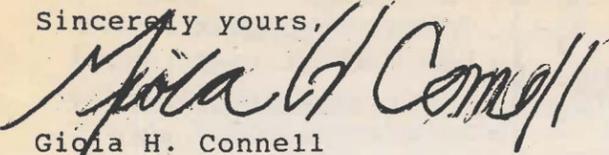
"To be engaged, to be disciplined, to be responsible is to possess self-knowledge, or to be educated."

Ms. Coleman, I believe in the above quote with all my soul. It is the very reason that I came to Bennington College. Each day here, in my academic studies, I am engaged, I manage to possess self-discipline, and I am gloriously, wondrously able to be responsible for my own academic life. If I do not learn anything in my classes, it is my own fault. If I fail, it is through my own lack of effort, but if I succeed, my triumph is doubled for not only have I learned, I have learned how to learn. That is the reason that I love Bennington, and believe in this kind of education.

To invalidate the Student Constitution is to negate the students' ability to be responsible for themselves. I realize that the Trustees hold the ultimate legal responsibility for the school. But if we, the students, are not permitted to be engaged, to be self-disciplined, to be responsible in the area of student government then we learn nothing. If we are not truly responsible for ourselves, there is no way we can learn about responsibility. And if we are not responsible for ourselves and our community there is no way we can possess self-knowledge, or knowledge about our community. For these reasons, I urge you to help us re-instate a Student Constitution that gives the students true power to govern themselves.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,


Gioia H. Connell

cc: Clark Perks, Commons Notice Board, Mr. & Mrs. Karl Connell

This week may seem boring, but we're just getting into Libra, which is chock full of candy and ice cream life might just straighten itself out, if you keep a balance on things - well, I'll leave it up to your parents. Next week you'll be so glad this week happens!

LIBRA- Confront your mother and your pet dog. And since there are so many animals on campus, it should be an exiting week. Love rebounds - look out! People are farting all over the place- stay out of their bad wind! Go to parties, get out and bowl, be lots of fun.

SCORPIO- This is a good time to use TONS of condoms, sponges, jams, jellies, butter, etc. Experiment a bit- they taste good!! Having problems sleeping at night - start counting sheep, but don't get too intimate with them. Be a peacemaker. Don't join a cult, wait until you find the best one at the most affordable price.

SAGITARIUS- Billions, we're talking millions, of revelations for you this week. Don't think too much- you might get depressed. Don't talk to too many people- you might depress them. Have sex outside with nature- and tell more good friends to come along for the ride. A great time will be had by all- I promise.

CAPRICORN- Serious, romantic fantasies will make you eat more- stop it! You don't need the excess weight! Think about something more risky. Like dancing naked in the rain with your younger cousin. If someone asks you to "take a walk", don't go - it might cost you a lot of money.

AQUARIUS- Hey Aquarius, start a protest! ROCK against something really HARD! Get political- and intimate. Look for Gemini's well off campus for your happiness, and total party of the century. Money is not too tight to mention! Go ahead, BLOW IT ALL!!!

PISCES- The spirit world is in your home. Start meditating and talk to your favorite classical heros. Choose high fidelity everything. Go swimming and don't forget to eat as much as you can before you go in- you don't want to get hungry- and bring a few friends.

See HOROSCOPES page 10



VAIL VILLAGE INN

Village Inn Plaza Condominiums

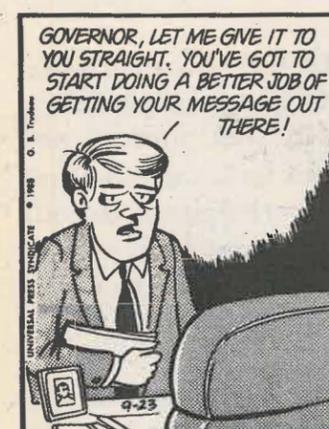
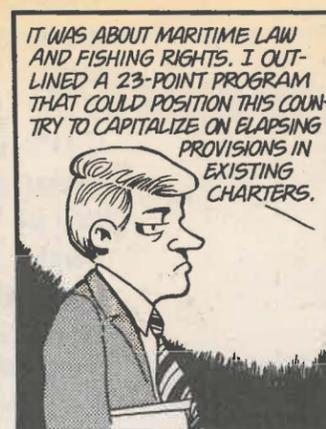
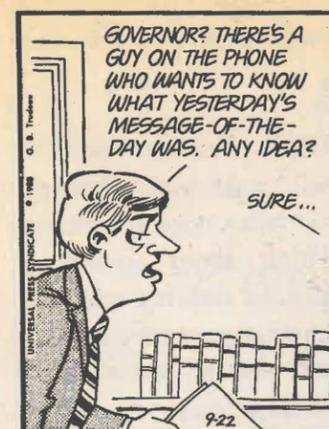
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Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9



ARIES- Get off the playing field and get in front of a mirror. You can do everything there, dance, play games, soccer, polo, get physical! Please be gentle though- this week is "Be really gentle week". The truth is in your heart- don't listen to anyone else.

TAURUS- Be totally artistic this week. Paint your lover plaid, or stripes, or Whatever you want. Be careful with clothes- lend them to all your friends, okay? Do something new- take a walk to the end of the world. Don't think too hard- get your lover to whip and chain you if you sense you are going off the deep end. Things are looking up. Smile.

GEMINI- Write notes and letters to your favorite on-campus Aquarius. They are so much HOTTER than you could ever imagine- so don't miss the chance to get close and friendly. Please don't be promiscuous- you'll just be boning a cold one. Find someone who wants to appreciate all of you. They're out there waiting- I can sense it!

CANCER- Stop complaining BOZO! Your turn will come soon enough. Besides, you're all starting to get me down!! You know life is a grand parade- so open up your eyes. Keep your academics at whatever level you feel comfortable. If someone makes a pass at you this week, go for it! Be a Pigno, better still, be the hog you always wanted to be.

LEO- You are totally rockin' and you know it!

VIRGO- Find someone who will teach you a lesson- stop being such a wimp- get ahold of your life and go back to the library right now!! Phone your loved one on the Paris program, they miss you so hard and you know this. Smoke a few more butts, drink a few more beers, and laugh a bit louder. Concentrate on your bodily fluids- they want more attention.

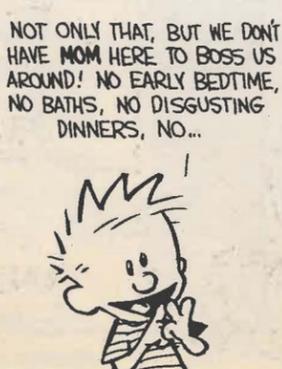
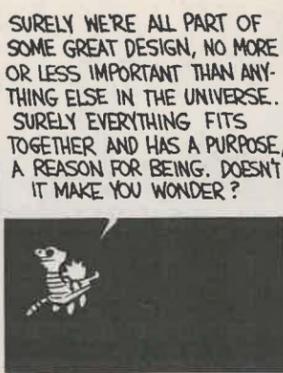
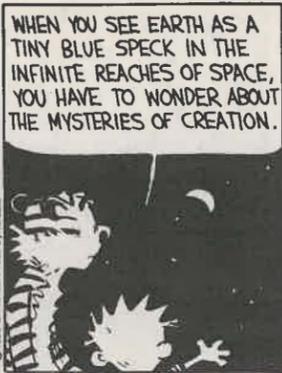
ELVIS MADE ME HAVE A VIRGIN BIRTH

calvin and Hobbes

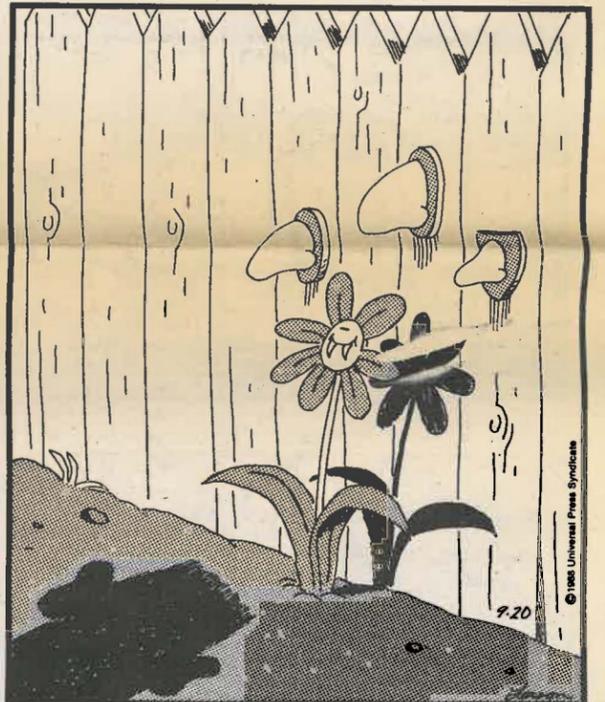
by BILL WATTERSON

THE FAR Side

by GARY LARSON



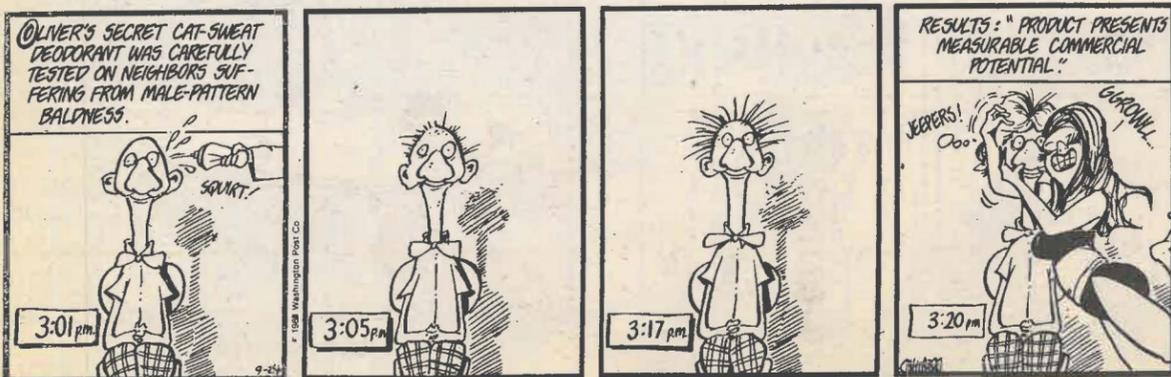
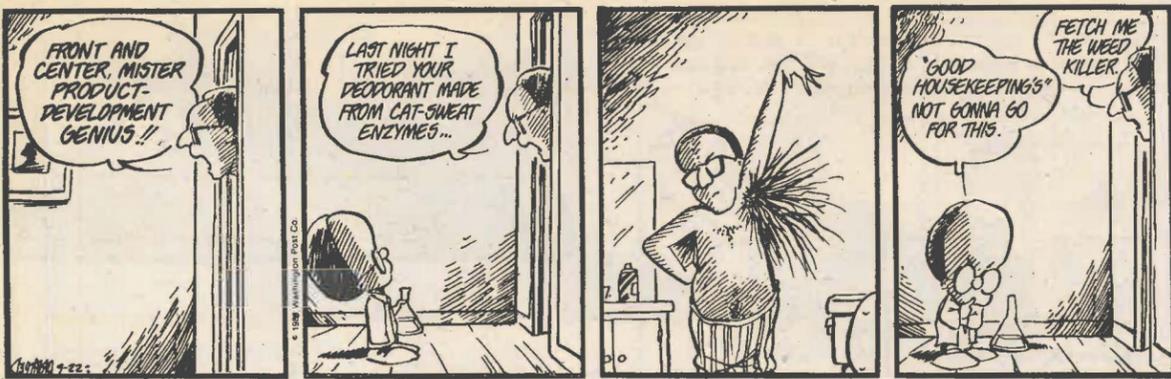
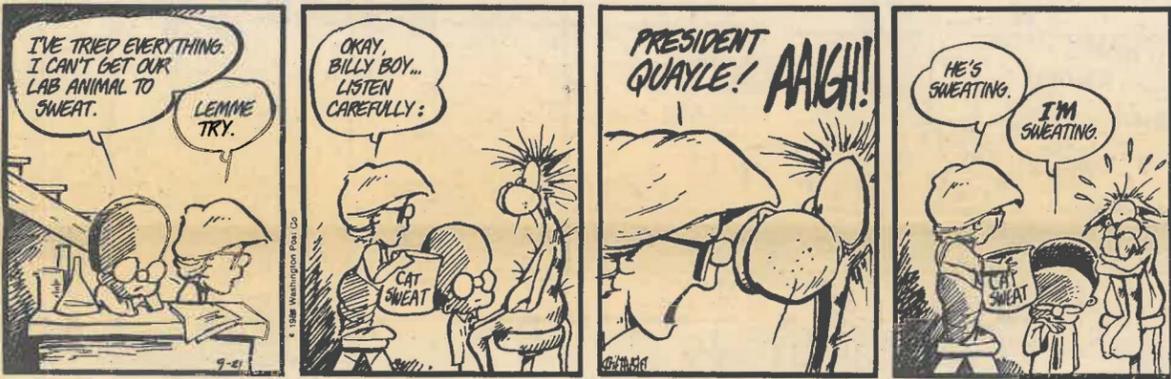
"Oh, good heavens, no, Gladys — not for me. ... I ate my young just an hour ago."



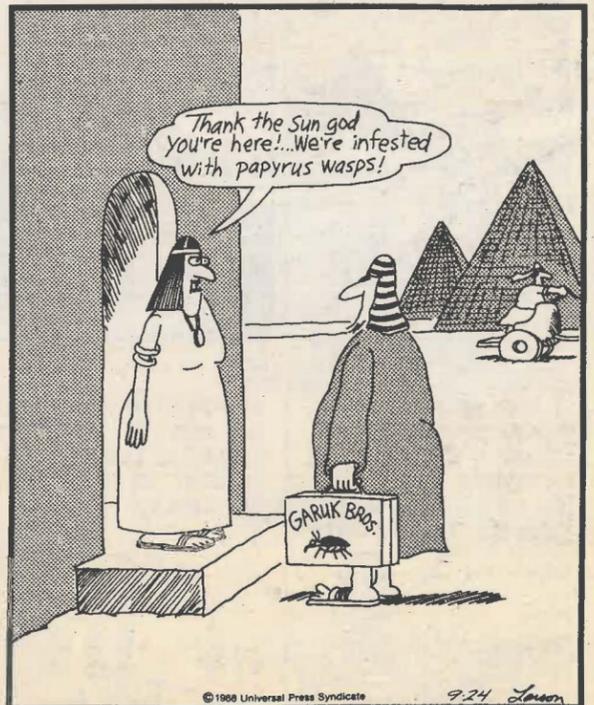
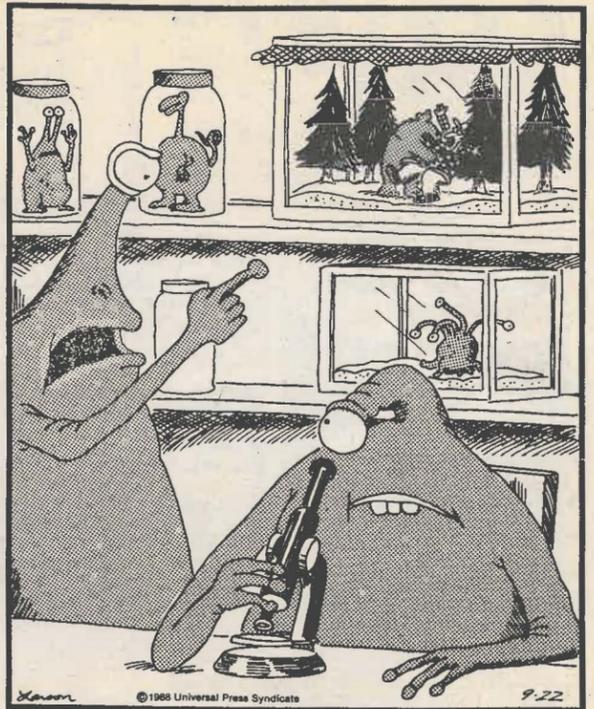
The Potatoheads in Brazil

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



Ancient exterminators