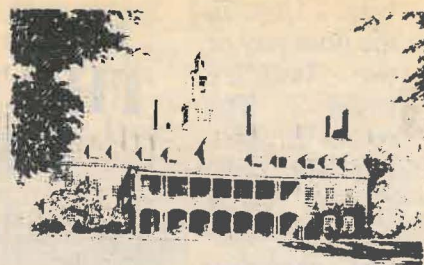


The Commons



VOL. 1, NO. 3

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

WHY DID HE DO IT ???



"It was time for a change!", said Noah Loesberg of his previously very long hair. When asked how long it had taken him to grow his hair to its former length, Loesberg replied, "Basically since 9th grade."

And what did others say about Noah's new look?

"He looks like Charles Manson," said the stunned Jennifer Baxendale.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

By CLARK PERKS

Student Council met on Tuesday September 27 to undertake its most monumental, mundane task, the hammering out of the Student Council Budget.

The Student Council Budget is a monster that every council and its President face with the most abject terror, but this year, it wasn't so bad.

This was made possible by a document called The Procedure for the Allocation for the Student Council Budget, a mind-bogglingly boring piece of work, which I, per-

sonally, do not understand because it contains a great deal of math.

But it works great.

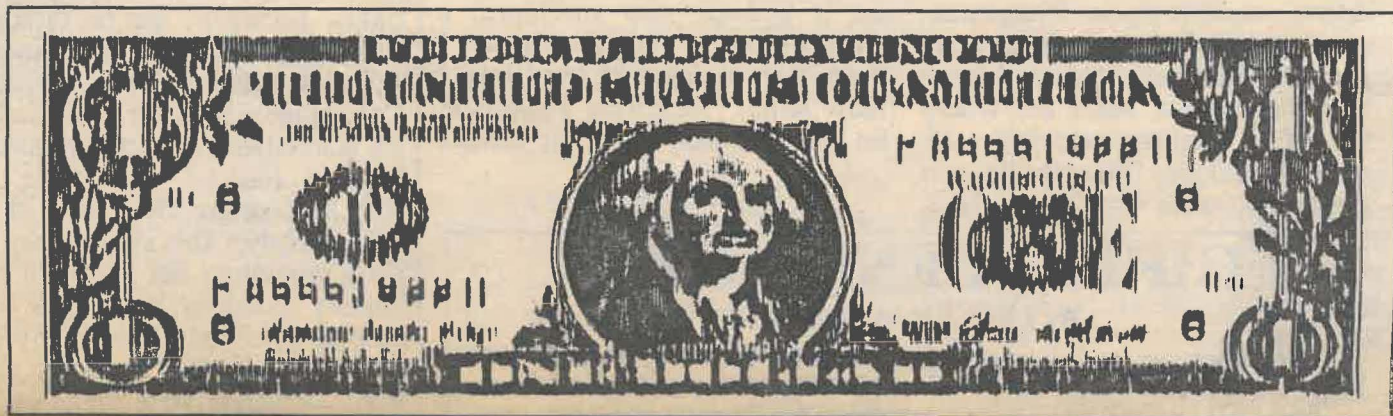
And all the credit goes to Sarah Miller and Erik Deurell, our former President and Vice President, and also the Constitutional Advisory Committee, which formulated the procedure last term.

The Procedure for the Allocation for the Student Council Budget (TPFTAOTSCB) worked like a charm last term, so this term it became the first legal amendment to our newly affirmed Student

Constitution. Tuesday, before the Student Council Meeting, so that everything would be kosher, the Budgetary Procedure in the Constitution was changed to the TPFTAOTSCB by vote of two hundred and twenty to six.

Hmm....What else can I say to make a potentially boring, but newsworthy story, seem interesting. (By the way, this isn't easy for me and I'm not enjoying it because it's exactly 3:00 in the morning.)

See BUDGET page 2



BUSH AND DUKAKIS: Keeping My Options Open, Thank You Very Much

By MARK PENNINGTON

September 26, 1988—Bennington, Vermont— Last night, I got off to a late start. Getting back to the apartment, a little behind schedule, I was forced into a tough decision. It really was the only way to handle such a crucial situation. I knew what I had to do and I did it. So into the toaster-oven they went; four of the finest frozen slices of pizza. They had been sitting on the counter getting cold after my roommate had originally fired them up for me, expecting my return a bit sooner. It really didn't matter that I was a bit late, I had accomplished my mission, we were now ready to embark on this evening's assignment. Welcome.....

Armed with two six-packs of a hardy imported stout and a pint of New York Super Fudge Chunk, I was now spiritually at peace, waiting

for the fiesta to begin. I opened my first dark beer and as if the cosmos had heard my calling the candidates took the stage. George Bush and Michael Dukakis met at the middle, shaking hands, and smiling as most opponents do before any sporting event. I'm glad that they weren't going to play a game of one-on-one, Bush certainly had the advantage height-wise, although I've never seen Dukakis's three-point shot; (at least not before the debate).

I must admit that before seeing the debate I was bias in my view, I thought both candidates were idiots. Don't laugh or get annoyed, neither candidate had impressed me thus far. I had seen both Dukakis and Bush make their acceptance speeches. Vomiting has become a favorite hobby of mine in the interim. Dukakis was wishy-washy at the

Donkey convention, period. He reminded me of pancakes without syrup. Yes, very bland. As for Bush at the Elephant Lodge last month, anybody who paraphrases Clint Eastwood at an acceptance speech, and does so incorrectly, you've just got to wonder about this person's ability in such an important position. (Go ahead Bush, Make my twenty-four hour time period!). At this point, I would like to say hello to Debbie from Canfield. I promised that I would do that regardless of my topic. Hey Deb, we'll work you in later. Now back to business.

After last night, I finally came away with an idea of who I think is better qualified for the job in D. C. Unfortunately, the network that I was watching at the time, did not agree with me. I thought about this for a while and here is my synopsis.

Dukakis looked relaxed, keeping a strong gaze at the camera when talking. He appeared to be very well prepared to discuss the issues and conducted himself in a professional manner, for the most part. However, looks can be deceiving, the final test will be actually doing the job, not talking about it. Now let's focus on Bush's appearance. I must admit that I thought Bush did a much better job than I thought he would. Putting that aside, Bush looked like he really wasn't prepared for this debate. He never looked into the camera, and he appeared to be on the defensive for most of the evening. O.K., so much for looks.

It seemed that Bush was lost in his own malaise in addressing some of the issues. He said he is pro-adop-

See BUSH AND DUKAKIS page 3

MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There are moments in everyday life when it seems like there's nothing to fear. You might be sitting on the roof of a building somewhere, looking out over a small field for instance. In the distance the trees are a bouquet of mustard, mud, rust, and tangerine. The ground between is a crisp expanse of midget evergreens, crushed mugwort, clusters of vest daisies straining to live in the cold, and huge splashes of goldenrod. Perhaps off to one side is a lawn, not yet yellowed by the impending frost, and past that a small lake, edged by cattails and rippled by a chilly breeze.



...places like this really exist.

I don't recall if Autumn has always had this effect on me or if it's just certain moments that make me feel like everything's gonna be alright. Sometimes things can be real quiet and still. I can exhale and feel all of the scary things inside me spill out into the air, then, as if they were a swarm of frightened butterflies, they stutter about my head for a moment...and then they're gone.

As I get a little older, these quiet times seem more rare. Maybe not 'more rare'; perhaps I just appreciate them more and experience them less. When I was a child my mother took

A weekly column

me to the park a lot. We were very poor back then, and the only entertainment we could afford was sitting around trying to find faces in the scribbles I made on a piece of paper, or we would go to the park. We would stroll past the sandboxes, the monkeybars, and the slide, until we came to a thing we called the wheel. It was a huge wooden platform fit into the ground with a network of metal bars on it. It spun. My mother would place me on the wheel and spin me around faster and faster. I would look into her eyes and giggle, and the whole world would turn into

See MOMENTS page 2

It always starts the same way. I am in the doorway of the laundry room. The room is dark but the machines glow with an ethereal phosphorescence. My arms are heavy and I realize that it is because I am carrying bags of dirty laundry that are weighing me down like stone. I drag them through the entrance and into the washing machine room. The walls

THE NIGHTMARE THE REALITY THE LAUNDRY ROOM

By AMINA SHARMA



flicker with the light of reflected water. I feel that I am drowning. A horrible wrenching scream interrupts my trance and like some bad B-movie my eyes center on its source. It's a machine, rocking back and forth, writhing as water spurts out of its pipes. It utters another scream before my wide-eyed gaze and then is motionless. I know that I shouldn't, but I can't help myself. I drop my bags and walk over there, slowly lifting the lid, as if opening up some viper's pit in Hell,

and see the dank, dark water, stagnantly reeking in the machine. Even as I shudder and drop the lid I hear another ear-ringing squeal behind me and wake up to find that it is my own voice.

So I knew that it was inevitable, that sometime this term I would have to visit the laundry room, once again. But this time, this time,

I thought, Things Would Be Different. For they had raised the price of the machines, and I felt, somewhere in the pit of my stomach, that that had to mean a change. Of what sort I didn't know, but I let my mind wander - perhaps new machines, a cleaner room, or even ventilation! I mustn't get too excited, but I was, I must admit, somewhat expectant. So one weekday night, it always

See LAUNDRY page 3

GIFTED BENNINGTON

By LESLEY MCBURNEY

"So, where are you going to college?"

"Bennington. It's great school out in Vermont with all these phenomenal programs and—"

"Oh, Bennington! Isn't that the most expensive school in the COUNTRY?"

Well...yes. It also has a grotesquely high rate of sexually transmitted diseases, but I wouldn't exactly want to print that fact on my college sweatshirt.

Frustrating. When I revealed to somebody that I was going to attend Bennington College in the fall, a majority of the reactions I received stressed the higher than average financial ticket required for attendance. "THE MOST EXPENSIVE SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY." A blindly dubbed label for such a uniquely gifted school.

I feel that it would be difficult to believe that one could get their money's worth here unless one actually experiences the incredible spectrum of Bennington. Obviously, the facilities and opportunities offered here are acknowledged, by both faculty and student body, as exceptional. Teaching and counseling is personal and can, in most cases, bend to meet the needs of the students. The unusually small enrollment of Bennington logically boosts up the financial burden of attending the school, but the advantages which are reaped out of that minute ratio covers so many valuable aspects of education.

I predict, for I am but a naive Freshman, that a student who goes through Bennington will learn of his own potential. Although insanity may reign along the way, it seems more valuable in life to know who you are and be a bit wacked, than to

not know what lies behind the eyes in the mirror and tread upon the safest, most traditional path (but you'd probably have a nicer car that way).

Anyway, enough sincere babbling. I have only been here less than a month and I am writing potentially brochure-bound stuff here. I am fully aware of the fact that I will probably despise this place and feel the desire to do something like smear cat vomit on one of those executive leather couches in the Commons sometime during my stay here at Camp Bennington.

Under all these patriotic points about how groovy Bennington is, the most "gifted" aspect of this school, I feel, is the people. My only hesitation in coming here was my fear that I could be confronted with a student body body of egotistical and unopen personalities who would have a problem with just simply hanging out. To the contrary, I was bombarded with good people. Incredibly interesting and gifted people. I can apply that statement to all those I see before my eyes. I see sincerity - sincerity and purpose. Sure, everybody is an asshole sometimes, but people here are sincere assholes. No smiley face bullshit.

A friend of mine, Sam, expressed this place as a continuous Monet painting, the people being the colors on the canvas of earth.

Well, America's values tell me that I should "summarize" my main points of this piece in the concluding paragraph. I whipped this out in about thirty minutes and what I really want to do now is smoke a cigarette and listen to "Crazy Moon Lover." So I will. Have a good day and be sure to take some time to explore something or someone new.

KNOWING IS HALF THE BATTLE!

By DAN O'DAY

I am impressed with the amount of propaganda put out by certain administrators in response to the "great deal of misinformation with regard to the Student Constitution". There are some telling points in all three of these galleys - besides demonstrating that no one in the barn has read The Elements of Style. The writers claim superior knowledge and yet seem to totally miss the nature of the complaint. Let's try to clarify what is really at issue. In the new handbook, without The Constitution, student government is exactly whatever the administrators want it to be. So next term we could find Student Council a body that consisted of five students and five administrators. Students might cry about The Constitution and the administrators would reply 'what Constitution?'

For those of you who do not believe this could happen, consider the facts. First three years ago in the handbook there was a list of student rights regarding judicial procedure. The next year it was gone. No longer can a student claim what Thomas Jefferson called our inalienable rights. Then there was the infamous Winter Committee which proposed a change in the structure of Judicial Committee. However, this committee ignored the rights of the students because Judicial Committee can only be changed by a vote of the student body. This change was initially temporary but has been continually extended term after term despite objections from many students. After many arbitrary decisions, demands were made on the administration to correct the problem. They agreed to form two more committees which decided to change Judicial and at least to put provisions in the handbook to protect against arbitrary decisions. The administrators only agreed to change one word and then went back on that agreement without cause. Those who would recommend a committee to work out this problem, keep this in mind. The final straw was removing The Student Constitution from The Student Handbook. Why did they do it? Their response has been that if it is in the handbook they are legally bound to it, and they do not want to be. In effect they are saying "we want the freedom to do what we please how we please." It is like buying a car and instead of getting a warranty in writing getting one verbally from the salesman. And when you ask why it is not in writing he reply's, "I've had to many legal problems because of written warranties." Do you say, "Oh, Sorry I wouldn't want to have to hold you to it." I know I wouldn't except a deal like that and I hope the students won't either!

What is particularly disturbing is how terribly obvious the administration is being. The letter from Administrative Review Committee was a direct threat - CHANGE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OR ELSE WE WILL IGNORE YOU! I'm glad that the vast majority of people laugh or get irate when they read these letters, but I wonder if the less informed swallow some of this sickening double talk. If they do ingest some of this poison we must offer an antidote and the best antidote is knowledge.

MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

a bright, noisy, blur. "Do you know what?" she would say as she watched me spin around. "This is what mommy feels like since daddy left ...to my ears, at that time, sounded like fun.

Bennington feels like the wheel to me sometimes. There are those moments when I think the only thing keeping me at this place is the tight grip that I keep on the metal framework of my chair. The night might be a little chilly, I'll be at a party, and suddenly it turns into a scene from Night of The Living Dead. Flesh-eating ghouls clawing at each other, tearing at the last piece of meat...the last cup of liquid amnesia. Then I suddenly find myself on a rooftop over a field near VAPA. Everything is quiet. I exhale and everything inside me drops to the ground. This is what it feels like since David left mom. The hand of god strikes out some augmented chord on a piano in Jennings, and the sun bursts out of the East. The field, laid out at my feet, is flooded with a pale greyness. The clouds build, slowly, until everything is soaked with a rich golden luxuriousness. "Do you see anything wrong with this place?" I ask myself.

"No." I answer.

"Do you know why, David?"

"No."

"Because right now...at this moment...there isn't."

BUDGET

Continued from page 1

Okay, I'll say the important stuff now (and I'll leave out all the boring little details, and, believe me, there are a lot of them!). Our budget for this term was \$14,949.44 (\$14,250.00 plus \$699.47 left from last term). Wreck Committee received \$3,500.00, mostly for a new sound system; Film Society received \$5,775.00 (which they don't know what they're going to do with); The rag got \$1,544.08 (with special thanks to Franklin); Silo received \$2,100.00; The Slush Fund received \$715.19; and THE FUND received \$468.75. The bikes received \$0.00. This brought us in \$846.45 under budget, which now gives us \$1,561.64 in the Slush Fund for people to request money from for the rest of the term.

The budget was ratified unanimously bringing budget-hell to a close in what I believe is a record of fifteen days.

Thank you and good night.

The Commons

SINCE 1988

STAFF - Satie Airame, Ilana Andrews, St. Elmo, Tim Halpern, Ann Kalill, Robynne Kingham, Lesley McBurney, John McKawwa, Andres Nader, Greg Noveck, Dan O'Day, David Pecan, Mark Pennington, Clark Perks, Dan Rein, Amina Sharma, Jonathan Staufer, and The Dewey Hump

BUSH AND DUKAKIS

Continued from page 1

tion/anti-abortion. That's a "nice" idea at first, but it is taking the decision away from the individual and their circumstances. When Dukakis asked what the penalties would be for doctors who perform illegal abortions or women who get them done illegally he said that he hadn't worked out all of the specifics. It sounds as if he's got some more thinking to do. I couldn't take either candidate seriously in regard to the federal deficit. It was Carter and the Democrats who sent inflation through the ceiling and it was the Reagan-Bush administration who sent the national debt into the trillion's-(1.3 to be exact). I felt that Dukakis lost some points when he blundered on the issue of capitol punishment, stating that he's against capitol punishment but he's tough on crime. That was a poor choice of wording.

On military issues, Bush remained supportive of spending way too much money. He's still backing the Star Wars plan, which to my knowledge, can not work. This coupled with his wishful thinking about Reaganomics looks very bad. It smells funny, doesn't it? On top of that, he blundered numerous times trying to rationalize his overspending point of view, misquoting the names of various missile programs. I don't know about you, but I don't feel comfortable with a man who is going to spit out whatever comes to mind when addressing the issue of highly advanced and extremely expensive weapon systems, by actually misnaming programs that he says he does support but in actuality, doesn't support, or so he says. He just came across as a trigger happy, weapon hoarding, impractical weenie. He made me feel as if he would invest millions of dollars into a military program that would try to upgrade the amount of fire-power in your ordinary water pistol, if there was a chance that later on he could trade those water pistols in for some hostages and maybe a trip for two to the Bahamas.

On the military issues, Dukakis looked like he was more practical. Many people have said that if Dukakis were elected he would destroy our military and let us fall behind the Soviets. I didn't feel that way last night. He plainly said that the military budget is ridiculous and there should be some cut-backs. However, he also mentioned various programs that he does support and stated that he had no intention of making this country weak, but that there had to be some changes made in how we are going to make this country strong; spending money foolishly was not one of them.

On the whole, I walked away from this debate, knowing the candidates a little better. Dukakis is a better choice from what was shown. He was in control of himself and how he dealt with the issues. It really looked like Bush was winging it on some of those questions. O.K., I admit it, last night I was impressed by Dukakis. You have to understand that this feeling came as a result of comparing Dukakis' performance against Bush's performance during the debate. In no-way does this make my decision final come November. Like I said, I liked neither candidate

going into this debate, but within this forum Dukakis looked much better than Bush. That is my opinion about the two candidates in relation to a specific event—this past debate. One can not let isolated 'impressive' performances make one's decision for oneself. Their is another debate scheduled for mid-October and there is a debate between the candidates running mates, Senator Lloyd Bentson (D), and Senator Dan Quayle (R)—(if you can call him that).

Just to set the record straight, there is nothing that could persuade me to vote for George Bush at this point. This view does not stem out of narrowness, but rather a survival instinct. What has he done thus far? He was a mediocre congressman from Texas, and eventually had to move because he couldn't cut it. His college English professor was quoted as saying, "George Bush has never had an original thought in his entire life." Dem' dare' is fightin' words. He was the head of the C.I.A. I think that that point is self-explanatory. He was Nixon's gopher during the Watergate years. He ran for president in 1980 and when he was offered the V.P.-(Very Passive), he took it. O.K., no big deal, but he accepted it from the man that was his opponent in the race after he had tried to make Reagan look bad. I guess even then George knew that Reagan looked better than he did. Now he's trying to jump on the "winning" team again. And just look at that team, will ya'. We've got coach Ronnie and their ace 'quarter-sack', Dan Quayle. I mean does anyone know that when Dan Quayle was asked who was the leading political figure against drugs on a major news show, he said he didn't know. Too bad George Bush didn't have a chance to tell Dan that it was he. Wait there is still more. When Quayle was asked to describe his agricultural programs about his own state, he said that they weren't important. Well Dan, if you were the senator of a more industrial state you might get away with that, but your state depends on it's agriculture and the policies that govern those issues. Oh, and one more thing. If anyone had a wife like Barbara Bush I would hope that they would have the common decency to keep her out of public view as much as possible. Maybe take her out for a walk to get some fresh air or perhaps, urinate on a hydrant to get rid of the monotony. Bush even said that when he practices debating at home with his wife she falls asleep. Now either the woman is thick and she can't hear how outrageous some of the things that George says are, or this woman knows when to turn the other cheek and sleep on it. You might say that some of this is taking cheap shots and that it is opinionated. Well, you're right. So what!!—Shit Happens, to coin a phrase! I look at it this way. So far, neither candidate has threatened to take away a citizen's right to take cheap shots when expressing their opinion. It still is a "free" country on some level, right Deb? Besides, both candidates have been using this constitutional right on a regular basis. What's good for the goose, is also good for the one hand that claps.

I hope things are clear. I will not

Lick Bush in '88'. That leaves me with a few options. I can vote for Governor Dukakis. I can vote for some unknown candidate. I can abstain my vote. As to what I will do for my vote, I will wait to make my decision until the time is ripe. However, I must take the time to thank the Guinness Co. and the Ben and Jerry Co. Without the manufactures of such fine spirits and cream, I'm not sure I would have been as prepared to deal with life's current responsibilities. "I wedge allegiance in this rag to the divided states of

"What'll it be, eh?"—
Responses: Box #501

FOOD FOR REAL; an
announcement

By ANDRES NADER

Few of us realize the role food plays in our lives. Scientific research has shown that the contents of your food greatly affect your academic performance as well as your emotional state. Just what you eat is not the only thing that matters: the way in which your food is prepared, presented and the way in which you eat are also relevant.

Many of us complain about the food provided by the Dining Halls. There is a committee that wants to hear your suggestions: it is the Food Committee. We WANT to give SERIOUS THOUGHT to upgrading the quality of food on campus.

Therefore, whether your breakfast consists of a glass of Diet Coke or an Umeboshi plum, whether you eat kosher or like ham-and-cheese sandwiches, whether your favorite dish is sushi or lasagna, whether you are a vegan or bacon and eggs are your staple food, WE WANT TO HEAR YOUR SUGGESTIONS. Please leave them in my box, 541, or Michael Severens's box, 584.

Thank you.

LAUNDRY

Continued from page 2

seems to be a weekday night, I shouldered my bag of laundry and hefted it on over to Commons. The smell hit me before the room did. That same musty, chemical smell - a combination of Borax bleach and dirty water. I stood in the doorway staring at the same cement floor, mustard machines, and once donut-now -detergent vending box. Memories flooded my mind. How often I would take my clothes out of the cold water wash steaming hot. The time I watched a student take someone else's clothes out of the dryer. Watched as she carelessly tossed them onto the washing machine behind her and his underwear fell into the muddy brown water on the floor. How I was always, joyfully, surprised if my clothes came out of the dryer actually dry. The same, vacuous graffiti that seemed to be recycled every term. I knew then that I couldn't face the room tonight, and I backed out slowly, resisting the urge to run. It was only when the cool night air rushed into my lungs that I could move with any speed, and even then I could not erase the sound of tinny laughter that seemed to fill my ears.

MAILROOM

By ANN KALILL

One of the most unimportant yet annoying things at Bennington occurs in the Post Office. Even with the realization that the employees are catering to approximately seven hundred people (including faculty) getting mail, especially packages, can be such an effort.

Since the beginning of this year, there have been three times in which I was expecting a package. Checking my box frequently through the course of the day, I decided that the package had not yet been received. This turned out not to be the case.

Around three or four o'clock I noticed a pink post card clinging to the bottom of my box, and since the good, old post office closes at three, I had to wait until lunch the next day. This was due to the fact that the office doesn't open until ten o'clock - and, well, many of us have morning classes.

It may seem like a ridiculous thing to complain about, but it is my belief that they could get the cards in the boxes earlier. I do realize that there are more pressing matters to attend to in this college, however, expectant mail, especially packages, are often needed promptly; for a lost day may lead to stale cookies.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Complaints about the mailroom were voiced in Council on Tuesday night. I went to the mailroom on Wednesday, September 28, to discuss these complaints, which were similar to those voiced above, with the mailroom personnel.

One problem with the mailroom has been that until Wednesday of last week, it was understaffed. Now those vacancies in the mailroom have been filled. Since it is early in the term, peoples' boxes have been changing right and left as frazzled students drop out and hesitant students arrive. I myself have had my box changed three times due to my formerly less than certain enrollment status. (It's now Box 502.)

One more cause for the tardiness of some packages is that packages shipped UPS, for some odd reason, go to Maintenance and don't get taken up to the mailroom until late afternoon. All other package delivery services deliver straight to the mailroom.

Therefore, the delivery of mail at our tiny college should be running much smoother from now on. Remember, one of the most important things that one can do to receive mail on time is to PUT YOUR *@#%&^ BOX NUMBER on all mail. God bless the US Postal Service.

The Fresh Alternative
SUBWAY
Sandwiches & Salads

(802) 447-2100



227 NORTH STREET
BENNINGTON, VT.

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION VS. INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

By SATIE AIRAME

The following is an address I delivered on June 10, 1988 at my graduation commencement in an attempt to gradually broaden the minds of the conservative people of my rural, Californian town. It must be noted that the "young people" that have taken an active role in loosening barriers against international cooperation mentioned in the last paragraph exist in two particular persons from my secondary school. Both on Associated Student Body, these young people actively addressed the present president and the Soviet leader Gorbachev. One, in particular, had meetings arranged with Gorbachev and assisted in a plan for peace, printed and given to both leaders. It is with this in mind, among other items, that I confronted my audience.

Hello. I would like to begin this address with a few thoughts on the American Revolution. For many western people, now detached completely from even locational ties, the Revolutionary War conjures up courage to fight for freedom and other patriotic ideals. Paul Revere's ride to save American freedom is a famous story of patriotism that refreshes the passionate excitement which we imagine of war. One again can here the thundering of old Bess' hooves as she gallops toward the Widow Matthews, Paul astride, shouting, "Faster, faster!"...but, then he had a thought, a vision really. He saw 50 million people preventing 60 million people from doing what they wanted. He saw the other 60 million preventing the 50 million from doing what they wanted. He saw 40,000 skinny children working and 50,000 fat children on the beaches in the sun. He saw interminable lines of peaked people, waiting. They were in lines to get all manner of licenses, to pay more and more taxes...sickly people standing in lines under smoky skies, with 50 billion wheeled vehicles backed up on long, wide, black strips of road - and he said, "Whoa, Bess. We're going back to the stable."

I borrowed this from the humorist James Thurber. He wrote it in 1924. Perhaps if the rebels of the revolution had known that their fighting for a free country would eventually lead to complications, they may have fought less vigorously. Thurber's prediction of a frustrated, unbalanced, overpopulated mass of blacktop may have caused the thirteen colonial states to withdraw their plan of escape. Thurber's pathetically and accurately predicted future, never envisioned by the "founding fathers", has become the world that we know today, however, in his ghastly prediction, Thurber omitted one thing: international competition.

It was brought to my attention several months ago while I viewed a NOVA television show that international competition is being emphasized rather than more positive cooperation. The show I was watching involved a search in the scientific world for the superconductor. A superconductor, which is a hypothesized substance that can transport

energy with no loss to resistance, if discovered, would revolutionize much of the mechanical world we now use. It could have positive effects on medicine, communication, and the developing field of computers.

I was pleasantly surprised at the number of specialized scientists researching this field, however I was shocked by the manner in which they did so. To begin with, this important research is called a "Race for the Superconductor". The main teams competing in this "race" were from Japan and America. As the show proceeded, both sides had an opportunity to speak on their progress. After weeks of working in the laboratory, testing materials from 17 to 20 hours every day - sleeping, eating, living locked up in a TOP SECRET lab, the scientists ventured out to display their results. The American team, it seems, had taken a gigantic step, but so had the Japanese. The same step. The teams had worked separately in order to gain national standing; the scientists had their thoughts only on securing first place for their country.

I could not help noticing that while the American team from AT&T was in a frenzied struggle to beat the Japanese team, three of the five members on the American team were Japanese.

Though the question of whether or not the two teams might collaborate on this important issue crossed my mind several times during the film, no one on either team even suggested a cooperative move.

The lack of cooperation in such a pressing matter that could benefit the world, startled me.

It is true that there once was a time when loyalty to the family clan or to the village was a necessary measure for survival. Many things have changed since that time and now, for survival, one must reassess the old ideal of loyalty and pride in a social group.

I am told that we live in a modern world, an advanced age, where machines labor and humans invent. In an American, public high school, I have been taught that all people are equal and that those less fortunate should be helped. This is an age when international cooperation should be an accepted process while the search for technological advances continues. If international cooperation for world improvement is brushed aside to leave only selfish room for national egoism, the truly "advanced" state of affairs today must be questioned.

Today the media has had a tremendous effect upon private lives. In the past, one might have only been concerned with the news of the town, slipping through life, unaware of the rest of the world. With advanced television and radio communication, international news appears all over the globe moments after it actually takes place. With this relatively new awareness, patterns of thought toward other nations must undergo a drastic change. No longer are the problems of other nations vague and removed from private citizens in America. If a larger and more appro-

priate perspective of the world is taken, one will discover that the elusive "they" of the other nations becomes the "we" of the world.

The numbers of people in the world have also forced cooperation among large bodies of people. No longer can a person consider only himself. As Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "The right to swing my fist ends where your nose begins."

Cooperation between nations is not only an issue of morality of this decade; it is also a necessity. Though I am removed from it here in the country (Yosemite National Park, California) pollution is a world crisis. A few months ago I spent some time in Southern California, near Los Angeles, where the sky is no longer a beautiful blue during the day. Instead, a hazy, which smog settles over LA and the coastal hills are no longer in view. The night sky isn't starry. It isn't even mysteriously purple. It is heavy with reddish-brown clouds that drift in circles like a low ceiling. Air pollution is not a problem confined to Southern California. It is a global disaster that seems impossible to conquer at the moment.

AIDS, the acquired immunodeficiency syndrome, is another global problem requiring immediate cooperation among nations. This fatal and far-reaching disease has been publicly discussed since 1982 when it began its rampage, weakening and killing thousands of people. Panic reactions to the disease have even prompted a suggestion to lock up those affected, so the problem will be set aside, however, it won't just disappear and a sensible move would be to cooperate with other concerned countries in an effort to end the AIDS virus.

The most distressing and necessary move for cooperation involves lives of all the inhabitants of this world. Nuclear war. A fear of this possible disaster hovers on many peoples' minds. There is no glory in nuclear war. There is no winner. To freeze in fear and do nothing, to ignore the possibility of such a war is no solution.

There is no doubt now, that international cooperation is a necessity for the well-being of the world. Primary steps have been taken that present more optimistic outlooks. Soviet leader, Gorbachev, and our President Reagan have made an effort to discuss pressing matters requiring cooperation at several summit meetings. Through exchange programs, young people have taken an active role in loosening the barriers against international cooperation. Perhaps in a task force for technological advancement, like the search for the superconductor, nations may join together and cooperate, rather than struggle to compete for a monopoly on improvement. It is time now. We must begin to live, not only as citizens of the United States, but also as citizens of this precious world.

GABBING WITH GREGORY By GREGORY NOVECK

Welcome one and all to the first official Bennington College gossip column. Considering the amount of enthusiasm displayed whenever people talk about each other here it's quite surprising that there hasn't been a real juicy gossip column in existence for years. You're thinking "What could I read in this article that I haven't heard already in the dining halls?" Well, maybe not much. Consider this column a reaffirmation of rumors, a purging of the natural exaggeration that occurs. No, that all the introductions are over, let's get down to the nitty gritty:

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "I can't go out with her, I'm allergic to cats." (?)

Canfield hosted its Jetsons party Friday night which by all accounts turned pretty weird for all involved. One poor soul, Paul by name, slipped and hurt his head; he is quite alright and he welcomes everyone's good wishes. I'm sure we all hope to see him on the party scene again soon.

It seems that a lot of damage was caused at the party. This is uncommon anti-Bennington as well as antisocial. Let's just hope that nothing like this happens at future parties. Houses throw parties for the specific reason of making sure that everyone gets the chance to get loose and let all hang out.

I know that I can say with a fair amount of certainty that there was some definite lovemaking going on in the past week. Who's zooming? Who, I'm not at liberty to say, but you'll look around and see who's blushing as they're reading this. You'll get a pretty fair idea. A hearty congratulations goes out to all of you out there who were cast in *The Time of Your Life*. Don Schneider, Valerie Marcus, and Shawn Paper are just a few of the veterans cast in the ambitious production. Making their Bennington College debut are newcomers Lesley McBurney and Kai Stone. This Joel Martin production is sure to be the hit of the fall season.

Some people have been asking me what kind of smut I intend to talk about. What about the food we've been in the dining halls? It strongly resembles an anorexic's wet dream but on to more pleasing subjects. Anyone interested in hiring a Madonna impersonator should leave a note in Elissa Hillman's box. Parents' Day is coming soon, so please remember to remove all bongos and birth control devices from your rooms. The soccer team appears to have a strong lineup this season despite the loss of seniors Joel McManus et al. Newcomers Alex Dave, Will, and Wild Guy will give to the soccer team beer fund.

On another note, there seems to be a new lingo or Bennington dialect making its rounds around campus and inserting itself into people's vocabulary. A brief rundown:

- Point Blank: usage "Point blank, the Giants won."

- Bottom Line: usage "The bottom line is, he's got a nice ass."

- Can I Tell You: usage "Can I tell you how cool I am?"

- Fuckin' Yah: usage "We're going to the Dead show. Fuckin' Yah!!"

- Over The Top: I'm still not sure what this one means, ask Steve McKinney, he'll tell you.

Well, until next time that's about all I have. Have a good week and remember, if you didn't read it here it's because I didn't want to get sued.

CHATTER . . .

By JONATHAN STAUFER

Missed y'all last week. It was Dan's fault...

Hope you're all enjoying the War of the Galleys. Don't feel bad if you're getting confused about who did what to whom for how many chocolate chip cookies: Everyone is. To clear things up a little bit, here is the history of the conflict to date:

1. The Winter Committee of 1987 changed the Constitution to have a three faculty, three student Judicial Committee. This revision did not go to a student-wide vote, the only Constitutional way to amend the Constitution.

2. This really didn't matter, because the Administration didn't bother to print the Constitution in the '88-'89 Handbook.

3. The Council fired the first galley, stating it would go back to the seven-student Judicial such that the committee would be Constitutional.

4. Liz Coleman returned fire on very expensive type-bond paper, accusing the Council of not informing the students as the new Judicial (three faculty, three students) had been approved by the Trustees.

5. Administration fired again, this time through a galley co-signed by the Dean of Faculty, Dean of Studies, and the Vice President for Finance and Administration. This galley stated that three students needed to be elected to Judicial or a pending case would have to be heard by Administrative Review. The message of this galley was somewhat ambiguous as seven students had already been elected, so a few people took the message to be threatening that until there were only three people on the Judicial, no cases would be referred to them.

6. And finally, on Wednesday, a galley appeared from the Dean of Faculty and the Dean of Studies responding openly to a closed (except that The Commons printed a copy) letter from Gioa Connell to Liz Coleman...

Now we know what happened to the forest past the End of the World (it's gone, by the way). What is the problem people? We are literally throwing fuel (in the form of paper) on the fire! Let's not cloud the issue with smoke from that fire, all we want is OUR Constitution printed in OUR Handbook, it really IS quite simple. Can we not spare some trees by chatting?...

Further along the lines of environmentalism, we have in this issue a letter from Greenpeace about the killing of whales, READ IT and send money if you give a...

Personally, I have decided that the Japanese are a barbaric little people and that we ought to drop another bomb on them to teach them a lesson. As for dealing with the other two bastards involved in the latest massacre, Iceland and Norway: "May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your pubic hairs, and may the Gulf Stream turn to ice." The letter from Greenpeace advises us not to buy Burger King's Whaler sandwich, odd, as anyone who ever did is dead anyway. If you want to show your outrage publicly, a group of students in Phebe's "Melville" course are hosting a "Moby Dick, or the Whale" book-burning party this week, partly to show their outrage, but mostly to get out of having to write a paper for Monday...

Noah, formerly known as "Long-haired Noah," will now be referred to as "Short-haired Noah": He's shaved his head. When asked if this could be taken as a sign of a new militancy among the ranks of Dead Heads, Noah replied, "I'm not a Dead Head..."

Rumor has it that Stephen Szoradi is/is not doinking Rachel Schatz...

Who won the Olympics?...

SANDBOXES AND SEX

By DAN REIN

I was young when I first noticed the childhood competition to which we are all exposed. My first real experience with it was in my elementary school sandbox. You realize that the sandbox provided my friends and me with hours of uninterrupted activity. I could spend days in the box without noticing the existence of anything besides the sand and a feeling of contentment.

One day I set out to create a Lunar Landscape. This landscape would allow me to tap my inherent dome and crater building talents. I studied the space available to me, planning the intricate arrangement of craters, towers, domes, and roads. I worked diligently for two days, shaping and reshaping the moon-scape. I enlisted some of my friends to help me with the towers and to neaten up areas destroyed by the elements. Watching me creation take shape gave me an immeasurable sense of worth and value. I felt as if the ideas from my mind had been directly transplanted into the sandbox.

Before I could finish, a boy named Peter raced through my city and destroyed it. I screamed at Peter but all he could say was, "Mine's better, mine's better." Peter's castle wasn't better. It was a shrunken, lopsided, mass of dried sand and I hated it almost as much as I hated Peter.

At that point my frustration and anger were directed at Peter, but now I see that these feelings were misplaced. Peter could not hope to build a magnificent castle because he was too preoccupied with the work others were doing. He engulfed himself in envy and frustration even though he may have been capable of creating a beautiful sand sculpture of his own. Peter wanted his castle to be better and greater than anyone else's but he could not understand the concept of creating something for its own value.

As in the sandbox - as in a highschool relationship. I was going with a girl named Biz once, and I thought I had found the answer to all my problems. I was only sixteen so

THE FIRST WHALE WAS KILLED TODAY

By CAMPBELL PLOWDEN

That sad line just came across my desk in a Greenpeace dispatch.

The first whale was killed today — in a new round of slaughter that threatens to wipe out the last of these magnificent creatures.

How can this still be happening? What can you do about it?

Let me bring you up to date.

The International Whaling Commission (IWC) banned all commercial whaling beginning in 1986. And "commercial" whaling did stop — until they found another name for it.

Iceland informed the IWC it intended to kill hundreds of endangered fin and sei whales for "scientific" reasons. The IWC found that the "research" didn't meet scientific standards, and asked Iceland to halt their program. But Iceland went ahead anyway. And their "science" is a sham!

Greenpeace recently discovered 196 tons of frozen whalemeat from Iceland in a shipment bound for Japan. (Just like the 140 tons of Icelandic whalemeat Greenpeace discovered last year...falsely labeled "seafood".) So far, Iceland has sold about \$14 million worth of whalemeat to Japan.

Greenpeace needs your help to stop this sham before it's too late.

Because just as Greenpeace warned, one country's flaunting of the ban against whaling has been a signal for others to follow.

Japan also exploited the "research" loophole in IWC regulations by slaughtering several hundred minke whales near Antarctica earlier this year. Their factory-ship fleet is now getting ready to go back and take even more.

And now Norway. One of the last nations to abandon commercial whaling, Norway recently joined the "research" whalers. Defying an IWC vote against their plan, Norway began harpooning whales from a depleted North Atlantic population in August.

This year, more than a thousand minke, fin, sei, and sperm whales could be butchered for commercial gain, despite the ban on commercial whaling.

If the wanton killing of these depleted herds continues, it could mean the end of the whales forever.

We must stop this from happening. And we will. But we need your help.

You see, the IWC has no enforcement powers. The whaling ban depends upon the cooperation of member nation — or on laws such as the Pelly Amendment in the US which can impose severe economic

sanctions against countries which violate the moratorium.

But to date, the US has applied only the weakest sanctions against the whalers.

Greenpeace has gone to court with other conservation groups to demand enforcement of US laws against nations violating the whaling ban. But lawsuits can take a long time. So we're also taking more direct action...

...with an Icelandic fish boycott, for starters. By convincing major consumers to stop buying Icelandic fish, we can exert enough economic pressure on Iceland to stop killing whales.

Greenpeace has already staged successful boycott rallies in over a hundred cities worldwide. We've convinced major companies and more than a dozen school districts to stop handling Icelandic fish. And now we're urging two of Iceland's largest US customers — Burger King (which uses Icelandic fish in its "Whaler" sandwich) and Long John Silver's — to follow suit.

We have chained ourselves to cranes on an Icelandic freighter bringing fish into the US.

And if necessary, we will take to the high seas again to stop the whalers on the scene.

As always, we must call upon dedicated Greenpeace supporters around the world to back up our efforts. We can't do it without you.

That's why I'm asking you to do these three things right away:

*Send the enclosed postcards to the chief executives at Pillsbury and

Jerrico — parent companies of Burger King and Long John Silver's —

urging them to drop Icelandic fish products from their menus;

*Write us for a School Action Kit to help us convince the schools in your area not to purchase Icelandic fish for their cafeterias;

*Send as generous a contribution as you can to Greenpeace today, to

support our worldwide campaign to stop this new round of killing.

With your help, we can stop the slaughter. Please help today.

PS Norway just went back to the whale-killing grounds a few weeks ago. We must act fast to stop them - and to let other countries know the cost of resuming whaling. It's critical that you act today.

I suppose it was just a strong form of puppy love, but at the time I honestly did love her. She was beautiful and charming and I could tell her all those little things I always found so difficult to express to other people like my parents or my friends. I told her about my conflicts with my sister and the learning disabilities I had struggled with as a child and she understood. She didn't try to convince me of the irrelevance of my problems, as others had done, but instead she listened and helped me to work them out. We put in a lot of effort and built ourselves a relationship based on trust and respect; the

type of thing I had always imagined but had never truly realized with anyone but her. I think it's been said that all good things must come to an end and my "Golden Relationship" with Biz is no exception. However, to this day I regret the way the relationship ended.

Nadia was gorgeous but not much else. She was incapable of holding a relationship, bad at conversation, frivolous and mean. I was studying at the library on night when she approached me, and being in the

See SANDBOX page 7

COMMONS NEWSPAPER

By ROBYNNE KINGHAM

When the budget proposals went to the houses to be voted on, many comments arose about The Commons. Some people called it "mildly entertaining" and others thought it was too "Student Government oriented". Others, however, complained that there was no diversity in subject matter. In general, there were many complaints.

Before The Commons came into existence people complained that they had no way of airing their views.

What I would like to know is:

Why are people complaining about the contents of the paper and yet few people are submitting material for print?

At this point, there is no editing. Anything that is submitted is printed. There are still tons of room after all material is printed, so "filler" material is required.

If you think that the paper needs this or that, or if you'd simply like to let people know how you feel about it, write a letter and put it in Box 502. SUBMIT MATERIAL! Volunteer to help in any area of interest. The Commons needs the students to make it work, to shape it.

Deadlines for submissions are:

Tuesday 9:00pm for that Friday issue.

For anyone interested in working on the staff, there will be a meeting on Sunday, October 2 at 5 pm downstairs in Commons.

The last thing this school needs is complaints without efforts to correct what is felt to be "wrong".

BIG BROTHER



IS WATCHING YOU

AFTER RECEIVING HUNDREDS OF ENTRIES, THE EDITORS OF THIS SECTION HAVE SELECTED
IAN BELL AND SARAH G. SCHATZ AS

BENNINGTON BACHELOR AND BACHELORETTE OF THE WEEK

NAME: Ian Bell
BIRTHDATE: Unknown
HEIGHT: 6' 1"
WEIGHT: 6' 1"
CHEST: 42"
FAVORITE
FOOD: cham
ACTOR: Gary
Coleman
ACTRESS: Eve
Plumb
NOVELIST: Dr.
Seuss
HERO: Billy Barty
MOVIE: Be-
dazzled
BAND: HolyMo-
dalRounders
BOOK: We Like
Kindergarten
VACATION: Any
dude ranch that
requires you to
wear western
clothes
HOBBIES: Hand-
painted plaster of
paris Nativity
scenes; Bingo;
Franklin Women
P E R F E C T
WOMAN: Koko
Taylor



NAME: Sarah G. Schatz
BIRTHDATE: 5/15/65
HEIGHT: 5' 2"
WEIGHT: 95#
MEASUREMENTS: 36-23-32
FAVORITE
FOOD: Anything messy
ACTOR: Rutger Hauer
NOVELIST: Hemingway
HERO: Golda Maier
MOVIE: That's Entertainment Pt.II
BAND: Steve Miller Band
VACATION: Anywhere in the great
corn belt
HOBBIES: Shark fishing; The Bi-
atholon; Jai A'Lai; Ornithology
PERFECT MAN: "I'll let you know
when I find him . . ."



SANDBOX

Continued from page 5

sixth month of my relationship with Biz, I expected that Nadia was going to ask for the math assignment. Instead she told me that she loved me and had been watching me for weeks. Nadia said that she had to have me, that she saw amazing qualities in me, that if I gave her a chance she would never question me and she would always be there for me.

I slept with her the first chance I had, partly because it was winter term and partly because she was so beautiful, but mostly, I slept with her because I believed the things she told me. Biz found out of course and we broke up, but with Nadia in my mind, I was hardly affected. I raced back to tell her about my recent liberation but Nadia only smiled politely, and told me that she was "Sorry about last night but lets not let it happen again."

I later heard that Nadia never really liked me, she just couldn't stand to see a couple survive. Of course I must accept some of the blame myself but it seems as if Nadia went out of her way to destroy my relationship because she had never been able to hold a relationship of her own. Much like Peter had destroyed my sandcastle, Nadia destroyed the most important relationship of my life merely because she was jealous. I don't think that she could handle a commitment and because of that, she could not stand to see anyone who could. If Nadia had put in the time and the effort she could have learned to have a relationship, but I guess that was just too difficult for her to understand. Like Peter, she found it easier to destroy another person's creation than to work and create something of her own.

Now that I'm at Bennington, I'm finding many of the same fears and apprehensions that were created by my experiences with Peter and Nadia as well as all the other bastards who in some way seemed to get off on other peoples misfortune. As a freshmen I am driven by the desire to build something within this community over the next four years, but at the same time I am fearful of those inevitable people who will try to hold me back. Even worse, I am afraid of what I might do to myself during some period of momentary depression or social uncertainty. The first few weeks here have been filled with emotions ranging from intense happiness or downright anger to mildly content but completely confused. I can't say I understand it here, in fact it will be quite a while before I figure this place out (if I ever will). However, I am glad to be here, not just because the campus is beautiful or that I feel my classes are especially strong, but simply because I have the feeling that this is the type of place where a sand castle can survive.

THE PERKS INTERVIEW: PART II (Part Human)

By TIM HALPERN

Im sure that this past week you've all been wondering just who Bill Morgan is. The Vice-president in charge of Finance and Ad... Ad what? Adverbs, Adlibs, Adhoc? Your answer is below, as your President takes on Williams College, JFK, and renowned dogmatists.

-ministration.

TH: Would you say that Bennington students have shown, in the past, a difficulty in organizing and governing themselves?

CP: It's a vicious circle, Tim. I don't know where it started. What I said before, about its being encouraged by the administration? I kind of want to modify that statement. 'Cause it's not really all their fault. Somewhere along the line, and I don't know which came first, things started being taken away from us. Or maybe a better way of saying it is we gave things away. It has to do with responsibility. For example, getting back to the fact that we're not allowed to repair our own house damage. Back in Bennington's history, if you punched a hole in the wall you could repair it yourself. End of problem. But somewhere along the line, we just stopped caring: we didn't want to repair it anymore or we repaired it really shittily. Finally, the administration said "You're not being responsible. You're not taking care of it. So we're not going to give you the right to take care of it anymore". It was their right to do that. And other things happen where we give up more areas of responsibility and they take control of them.

TH: So what you're saying is that we're giving up things and if that's so, that it's the students' problem and not the administration's?

CP: Yes it is. But it's both of our problems really. Because the problem is we have to get it back from them.

TH: How can we do that?

CP: By taking some responsibilities for our lives here at Bennington.

TH: Do you see a lot of irresponsibility in the way students govern themselves.

CP: I have in the past. Such as the changes that were made to the Constitution, illegally, by the Winter Committee of 1987. Specifically, the membership of Judicial was changed from seven members, all students, to six members, half faculty-half students. That change should have been proposed as an amendment to the Constitution and voted on in a student-wide election. Instead, some administrators and some students came up with the idea, and went to the Trustees and simply asked them to implement it. That's how it was done.

TH: Is there anyway

to reverse that?

CP: Yes, we're working on that in Council.

TH: Who makes policy in this school with regards to students, Clark, administration or trustees?

CP: The administration does. The trustees have given them the power to make most of the decisions.

TH: Are the trustees in the position to change things?

CP: Legally yes, morally no.

TH: What do you mean by "morally no"?

CP: I mean, legally they own the school, they can do what they want, but morally, I don't think they have a right to do that. For example, I don't think it would be right for them to institute a standardized curriculum. That's not morally right. It would go against everything Bennington stands for.

TH: If you had to pinpoint the source of the administrative troubles students are having now, where would it be?

CP: I'd say ourselves.

TH: So most of our problems are internal?

CP: Yes.

TH: Has the character of the student body changed since you've been here?

CP: That's a tough question. I don't think so. I think the place has changed more than the students have, and the students have just slowly accepted that. I think we're still getting the same kind of students coming in as we used to. I'm not sure that the rumor that Admissions is looking for a new kind of Bennington student is true, 'cause Bennington has an image that I don't believe it's lost yet.

TH: Do you think we're in danger of losing that image?

CP: I think it's possible, yes.

TH: Is there anything negative about that image?

CP: Well, of course there's the image as its perceived in the Brett Ellis novels and the like. It's an image that may be negative or not negative. For example: some of the things that go on here that I think are amazing and that I appreciate, you know, your average, conservative-Republican-parent-type, would probably look less appreciatively on. They might think it was weird. But I think weird is good.

TH: Are you weird?

CP: Yes. I am weird.

TH: Have you met with Liz Coleman this year?

CP: No, I have not.

TH: Why not?

CP: She hasn't invited me to.

TH: Is that out of the ordinary?

CP: I believe so.

TH: Does that bother you?

CP: Yes it does. I think it shows a great disrespect for our student government.

TH: Have you ever met with Liz Coleman?

CP: Uh huh.

TH: What happened at the meeting?

CP: Well, last year, I wanted to discuss some things with her that I felt were important. And when I spoke to her, I was polite and asked her some questions. What it boiled down to was this, I was trying to ask her some questions and she responded by saying that she refused to get into a debate with me. She then made a statement to which my roommate, who was there with me, said: "But that's a dogmatic statement." to which she replied: "You're absolutely right it's a dogmatic statement." And, of course, you can't argue with a dogmatic statement. Then she said:

"Look. If a student comes in here with something I think is important, with something I think is of concern that the school should have, I'll give them all the time in the world. But you two, I have no time for."

At that point, she kicked us out of her office. By the way it's interesting to note that Liz has an embroidered pillow on her book shelf which reads: "Isn't life easy when you know you're always right?"

TH: Does she have time for you now?

CP: I don't know. I haven't asked.

TH: Will you ask?

CP: Of course. At some point soon we're going to have to deal with the administration of the school.

TH: Why haven't you yet?

CP: Because I haven't felt the need to. I haven't had the need to. See, we've tried to communicate a lot with the administration in the past, and it's basically gotten us nowhere.

TH: How do you believe the administration perceives the student body?

CP: I think that they don't think we're responsible enough to have as much control over our lives here at Bennington as we should.

TH: Is there any truth to that?

See INTERVIEW page 8

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INTERVIEW

Continued from page 7

CP: Of course there is. As I've said, it's been a vicious circle between the administration and us. We started being irresponsible with something, and they stepped in and took control of it. With Judicial, for example. Back in the mists of time, a few years ago, Judicial became a joke. And, instead of making Judicial not a joke, and making students take it seriously, they put faculty on Judicial. They treated the symptom and not the problem.

TH: What is the problem?

CP: The problem was that students weren't taking Judicial seriously.

TH: But what is the problem now? They're still, in your eyes, treating the symptoms. Correct?

CP: Right.

TH: So, for example, what was the answer for the Judicial problem then, and what is it now?

CP: The answer would have been to make us take it more seriously. And to be more responsible.

TH: How can the administration ask the students to take things more seriously? Is that an administrative role?

CP: No, not really. That's for us to do ourselves. We have to take ourselves seriously.

TH: So, isn't what you're saying that before the administration can take us seriously, we have to take ourselves seriously?

CP: Absolutely.

TH: Do you see that happening now?

CP: I see it starting, yes.

TH: Has it ever started before?

CP: Not on any large scale that I've seen, since I've been here.

TH: It seems we've seen this a lot over the past two years. How can we avoid this?

CP: We've got to carry through. That's the only thing. We've got to make decisions and carry them through. We can't talk about them forever. I mean, we have to talk about things, of course. But, we've gotta come to a decision. Every time we meet, we have to come to a decision, and then go with that decision.

TH: Who is going to carry through?

CP: The Student Government.

TH: (At this point, Clark seems bored and picks up a magazine) Clark, we're not done yet.

CP: I'm reading "Interview" magazine and being interviewed. Kind of an interesting paradox, huh? It's like standing in front of a mirror with a mirror. Or pointing a video camera at a television monitor.

TH: Clark, if you could talk to each

student individually, what would you say to them?

CP: I'd say "Bennington is supposed to be a place where amazing things happen. I haven't seen too many amazing things happen, outside of people's own individual work. I haven't seen anything amazing happen with us as a group. And I want to see that. I want to see something different happen." You know, last year I was leafing through a newspaper, and I came upon an article about how a student body went in and took over their administration building, because the administration was being unreasonable on a certain point. And the students took over the building and threw out all the administrators. And I was like, "That's amazing." And you know where that happened? Williams College! The one that we make fun of for being so conservative and being so, like, "yuppie-from-hellish". But that doesn't happen here. It used to happen here. It happened maybe ten years ago, maybe more. Maybe more like twenty years ago. But it never happens here today.

TH: Clark, is that an option at this point?

CP: Yes.

TH: Something you would consider?

CP: Definitely. Protest is the fundamental building block of any social system.

TH: Of any "social system"?

CP: (At this point, Clark gets up and yells) PROTEST IS NECESSARY! Who said that? Somebody really famous said that. I think it was JFK who said "God bless people who protest! Bless those that question the government and point out the government's problems. Because without them, government would become something really horrible.", or something like that.

TH: Clark, is the Bennington College Student Body apathetic?

CP: As a whole, yes. But I think that can change. Here's the thing, though, I don't think our apathy is our own fault.

TH: Whose fault is it?

CP: It's the fault of everyone who complains about apathy.

TH: Which is who?

CP: Which is basically everyone.

TH: So then, it is our fault.

CP: Well it is, and it isn't. I mean if some of these people who complain about apathy lead the way and did something, then the people would follow and they wouldn't be apathetic. But no one does anything. And that's what, this year, our student government is trying to do. We're trying to lead the way and to do something.. Actually do something. Then I believe that the student body won't be apathetic.

TH: Clark, why do many students skip Coffee Hours in their houses?

CP: Because amazing things don't happen.

TH: How do you actually get people excited?

CP: By doing things. By doing amazing things.

TH: So you're basically saying that Bennington College is an amazing place?

CP: Is an amazing place? I believe it has great potential to be amazing. I've seen enough amazement that I'm still here. But I believe we can do a lot more amazing things.

TH: Do you think there are cliques at Bennington College?

CP: There are, but they're not cliques in the sense that there are cliques in most other places. Do you know what I mean? I mean there are groups of friends here but everyone is basically willing to let you into their group of friends. They're not cliques where everyone is excluded. I wouldn't say they're cliques, because cliques, I think, I mean I don't have a dictionary handy, but I think clique implies that you know it's a group of people who don't associate with other people and don't let anyone else into their group. I don't think that is the case here.

TH: Is Liz Coleman a bad administrator? What is good about Liz Coleman?

CP: She's gotten us a lot of money.

TH: Is that good? Do we need money?

CP: We need money but I don't think we should sacrifice needing money for selling out our ideals.

TH: Are we selling out? Is Bennington College selling out?

CP: It feels that way.

TH: What can we do to stop this?

CP: What can we do to stop this? All the things that I've said before: taking some responsibility, doing some things.

TH: If you could say something to the administration, right now, what would it be?

CP: If I could say something to the administration right now, what would it be?

TH: Yeah.

CP: This is what I'd say. "Listen to us."

TH: What are we saying?

CP: We're saying that we want to take some responsibility for ourselves.

TH: What can we do to show the administration that we're ready to take responsibility?

CP: Take responsibility.

TH: It will be a long process.

CP: I don't think it will take that long.

TH: How would you characterize the performance of you two predecessors?

CP: I wasn't entirely happy with them.

TH: What is the role of the Vice President, Don Seibert, in your administration?

CP: We all have the same role. Know what I mean?

TH: Can you two work together?

CP: Of course.

TH: Is there anything more you want to say to your student body?

CP: Yes, Let's have a lot of fun this term and raise a little hell

I'M PREGNANT WITH SATAN'S BABY

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY . . .

By CLARK PERKS

It's a bird, it's a plane it's . . . Mir!! Mir?

Yes Mir. What is Mir you ask? It's the Russian space station, half the size of our Skylab space station which fell from the sky in 1979 causing much distress to Chicken Little.

Mir was launched February 20, 1986 and has the distinction of being the only satellite orbiting the earth that is constantly inhabited. When Soviet cosmonaut Colonel Yuri Romanenko returned to earth last Spring he had spent a record breaking 326 days aboard the space station.

If the United States were still in the grip of the 1950's "Red scare", Mir would be a cause of widespread hysteria. Why? Because six times every day, there are at least two Russians flying through space, only a scant 180 miles above our heads. They could, if they wanted, fire weapons at us, drop bombs (with great accuracy) on us, or perhaps most scary of all, simply watch us, with cameras capable of reading a newspaper from space. Not to worry though, Mir in Russian means "Peace".

What did I mean by "Look! Up in the sky!"? Well, not only can they see us, but we can see them, quite clearly in fact. You might have to wait a week or two, but every single person in the continental United States, can go out on a clear night, look up into the heavens and watch Mir streak across the sky at 18,000 miles per hour. "But where do I look for the dang thing?", you ask. That's simple. You merely have to dial the National Space Society "Mir Watch Hotline", (202) 546-6010, from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Eastern time.

The Mir Watch was established in June of 1987 and has been helping people find the Mir ever since. You simply give them your location and they will calculate the correct viewing times for your area and tell you where to look for it in the sky.

"It looks like a bright white light moving very fast," said Aleta Jackson, a chapter administrator for the National Space Society, also known as the "Mir Watch Lady." "You will see it clearly for about four minutes," Jackson said. With the aid of an powerful computer program, Jackson can predict to within two minutes when Mir will pass over your area.

"I usually tell people to go outside 15 minutes beforehand though," she said. "Most people who call have never seen a satellite before. There are some things they have to do if they're going to see it. They're eyes have to become adapted to the dark, they should simply observe the sky for about 15 minutes and they have to be told how to distinguish it from planes, other satellites and other heavenly bodies such as the planet Venus."

Here in Bennington, we are in a very good position to see Mir, better than most of the rest of the United States. "Because you are in a high latitude, you will be able to see it longer and more frequently than most people," Jackson said. Our high latitude also puts in good position to see not just Mir but other satellites as well. "On any given night if you watch the sky you'll see

a satellite, probably within 15 or 20 minutes. In Vermont you'll see a great deal of polar orbiting satellites." Other satellites can pose a problem though if your trying to pick out Mir. "Sometimes people will call up saying they've had a sighting of the Mir but in fact they've seen some other satellite."

Though we are in a prime location for Mir watching, don't leap to your phones just yet. Like the moon, once a month Mir isn't visible for a few days. "Mir orbits the earth 15 times a day at an inclination to the equator of 51'. It orbits the United States six times per day. There are many factors that decide whether you'll see it or not. It depends on if your in darkness or light and if it is in the earth's shadow it will not be visible, like the moon. It goes from north to south in the sky and then it works it's way back up again. Right now it's too far south."

How does she predict where and when it will pass over a certain place? "Every week I receive the ground track maps for the Mir from NORAD (North American Air Defense) I punch in the data from those into the program and it crunches the numbers. Then all you have to do is plug in the location and it tells me the exact time and place." Oh, sounds simple.

Now just what exactly are those Russians doing up there? "Mainly, they're gaining an enormous amount of information about long term human habitation in space. The Russians now have 10 times the experience in space that we have." 10 times? "10 times. We have 2000 hours in space to they're 20,000 hours." Well, time in space that's all well in good, but they're not doing to much up they're are they? We still have the edge in the space race don't we? "No, we don't. The Russians are doing a lot of things up there. They are 10 years more advanced than we are in space. Aboard Mir they are doing research in materials processing, making pure crystals and metal alloys and the like. They are producing pure pharmaceuticals, which is a technology that we developed by the way. With their telescopes they can see further into the universe that we can with our telescopes here on earth. They can also do ground observation." Remember, Mir passes over every square inch of the United States, if they wanted to spy on us from the Mir it would be very easy for them to do it. "During a test of our SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative, better known as "Star Wars") system, which consisted launching a Minuteman missile and then destroying aero-thermally (exploding something close to it), the Mir changed position and went silent."

This fact, that the Russians are far a head of us in the space race, was one of the main reasons for the establishment of the National Space Society, which sprung last year from a merger between the National Space Institute, founded in 1976, and the L5 Society also founded in 1976. The National Space Society is a non-profit educational society, based out of Washington, DC but is not part of the government in any way. It is similar to groups such as the Sierra Club. It is funded by donations and

memberships. A membership is \$30 per year, \$18 per year for students. With that membership you receive 12 issues of their magazine *Space World*. You also receive notices of seminars, discounts on merchandise. The society sponsors special tours like a trip they sponsored to Peru to see Halley's Comet. You also gain access to VIP areas for watching the space shuttle and similar events.

"Or goal is to raise consciousness about our space program and what trouble it is in now," said Jackson. "Everyone in the space program is paranoid and uncomfortable. When I worked for the space program I once had my entire division wiped out in one day because of budget cuts. Though every single bit of the space program amounts to only .7% of the Federal budget, Congress has seen fit to cut the budget for our space program. They do this even with the knowledge that for every \$1 we spend on the space program we get \$7 to \$14 dollars back. Many of the things we take for granted today would not be possible without the space program. Automatic, 24 hour bank tellers, where you put your card in and get money, would not have been possible if it wasn't for the space program. The fact that you can call any airline and make a reservation on a flight and get your seat number and your ticket and that information instantly goes to every airport in the world, that computer program was a NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) program. But that won't continue if we keep going the way we're headed. We are starved for resources." The National Space Society can be reached by calling (202) 543-1900.

Blue breath.

She is curled on the floor-

Turquoise eagles blend with the prussian sky above.

I am almost lonely now with a sweet lemon day-

As my love sleeps dreaming on the floor.

Its a secret time.

Laid over on sheltered space.

Blue breath seeks out her friends.

In the moment I look at her-

Turquoise eagles fly from the edges of my hands.

Not even alone.

She and I gather touches in our resting souls.

Here I am.

No tears, no blood.

By JOHN MCKAWWA

HOROSCOPES

By ST. ELMO

Follow your heart's desire. Work is just starting to pile up, so let off some steam. And if you get tired of letting off steam, be a vegetable. This is a really balanced time. Watch your diet, though. Everyone around here is getting kind of piggy. Burn it off, have fun!

LIBRA-Get off campus this week. Go somewhere really icky. Bring back a lot of souvenir crap, dump it all in the middle of your floor, and be thankful that you're here. Just think, big pencils, vinyl change purses, t-shirts with plastic iron-ons, communicable diseases...I know, I know. It doesn't sound too bad, but there are good things here, too.

SCORPIO-Bathe a lot this week. Last week you picked up some pretty funky germs! Think anarchy! Think explosives. Hey, it's in the stars! Boom! You can still make the peace; just use different methods. Get explosive in bed - don't fall into a rut. Don't get too intellectual. Just remember - BOOM!

SAGITARIUS-Crude and rude-that's you! Maybe it's good, maybe bad. Anyhow, everything you touch will get pretty twisted. Take advantage of it-how about doing something about those speed bumps? Hot-wire a car, hot-wire your lover, hot-wire the dining hall food. **TWIST AND SHOUT!**

CAPRICORN-Get out of bed. Stop being boring! You don't need very much sleep anyway. Stay up with the cats and make friends with them. Pitch a tent in a loud house if you're not there already. Get really wet at every party - beer, tequila, spit, any ideas?

AQUARIUS-Link up with a Scorpio because you've got the shadows on your side. You can really keep a secret, so pursue some deep, dark, secret place. Sure, whoever you have sex with might not know it's you, but they'll really know what's going on!

PISCES-Climb a tree, climb Commons, climb the walls, you're really humming this week. You could probably get about two weeks ahead in your work if you really wanted to. Abstain from sex - you're probably going to cause cardiac arrest in whoever you're with. Attempt the impossible - try to see everyone's belly button.

ARIES-Read a lot of books, or comics, or fashion magazines, or girlie magazines, whatever. You may even find what you're looking for in a fortune cookie - Go Chinese! Anybody got a Karma Sutra? Cancers are really aerobic this week, just lie back and take it in!

TAURUS-You're crafty - pair off with another Taurus or have a Taurus party and lose control! Splurge on that gadget you really want. It'll be so fun and last you through lots of friends, car rides, let alone all night closet sessions with you, it, and all the people you can fit in the closet!

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

THE COMMONS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1988

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9

GEMINI-Be brilliant - you may have your own cult by next week. Just think, all your future worshippers are hanging on your every word right now. This makes this "Cheap Labor Week". No more wasted time doing housework! No more begging on Saturday night!

CANCER-Ever tried contortionism? Or at least gymnastics? You're totally aerobic - audit a dance class. At least you'll meet some beautiful dancers. Study in some out-of-the-way place, quiet hours are not for you. Try to get a rebate on brains. Yours are sliding out of your ears!

LEO-So last week you were rockin', but now you've gone too far. Really, you're pretty annoying. Stay quiet and do something useful-dull your senses. Try some hero worship-down on your knees! Get together with a Gemini and experiment with leather. It's not just for cows anymore.

VIRGO-Love, love, love, October 4 and all week!

ALBUM REVIEW

By ILENA ANDREWS

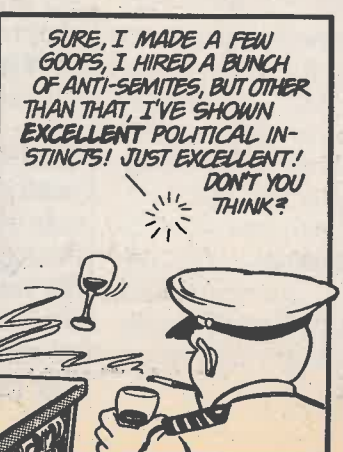
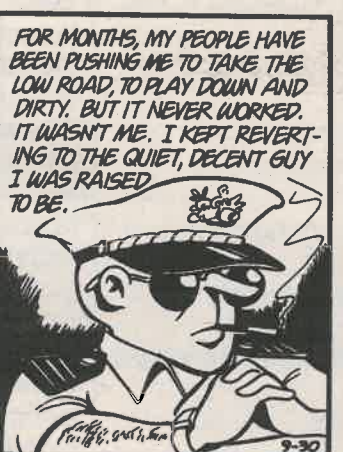
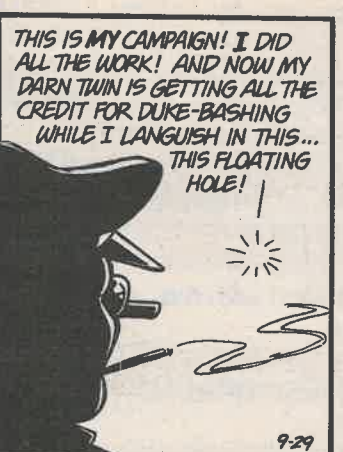
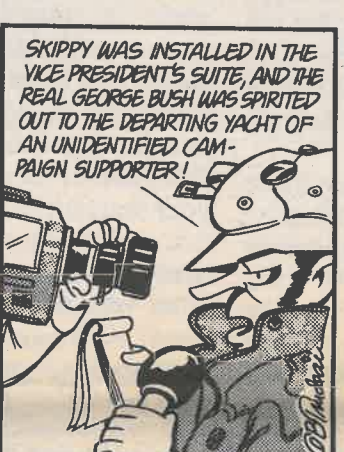
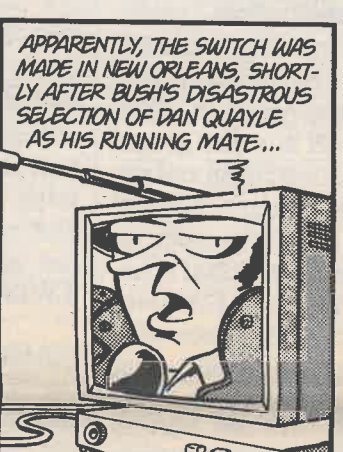
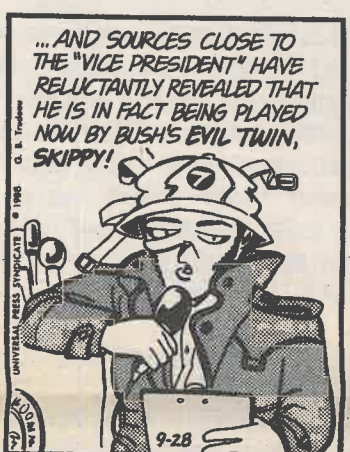
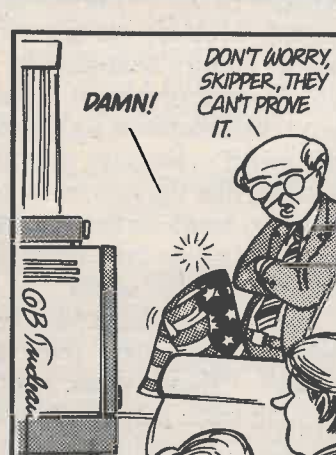
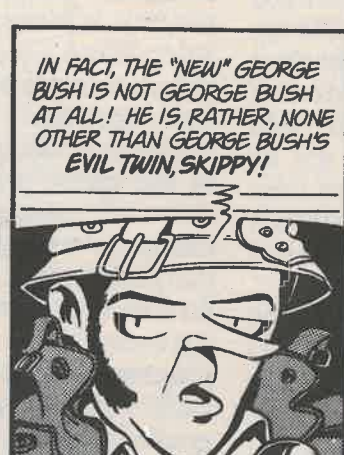
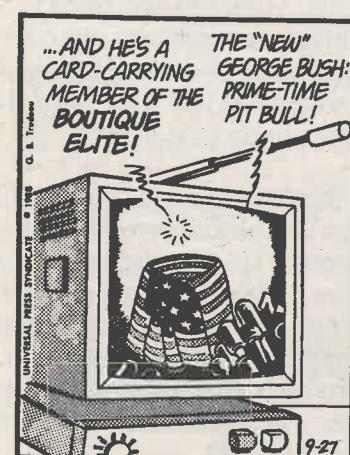
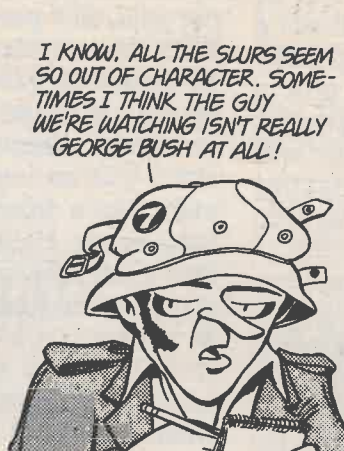
UB40's new album *Dance with the Devil* is really good. This can not be said about many albums that have been released lately. It does justice to itself and the albums that have preceded it (*Labor of Love*, *Geoffry Morgan*, and *Rat in the Kitchen*- to name a few).

The first tune *Dance with the Devil* sets the upbeat and definitely funky mood of the whole album. It is an instrumental with a great solo on the trombone by guest artist Henry Tenyue. Speaking of guest artists-*Chrissie Hynde* sings duet on an old favorite reggae tune called *Breakfast in Bed*. It was originally done by *Lorna Bennett*. It stays true to the original, yet brings in new life to one of my favorite songs.

The last song on side one *I Would Do For You* is a sentimental song about a man gets to talking with his friends not realizing he should be at his girlfriends house. In his effort to get there he misses the bus and ends up walking to her house. The rest of the song is him telling her how much he loves her and that he would do whatever she wanted him to do to make up for it.

On side two is a song titled *Contaminated Minds* about how not everyone has the luxury of choice. The moral being don't abuse that privilege. *Music so Nice* is a too happy song about dancing all night to the song that you always want to hear twice. This one song that is a bit dull and shallow. Not to despair the album end with a reprise of *Dance with the Devil*.

Listening to the whole album puts you in a reggae mood mon!! I recommend it to all UB40 fans, and the fans to be if you so decide to buy this album.

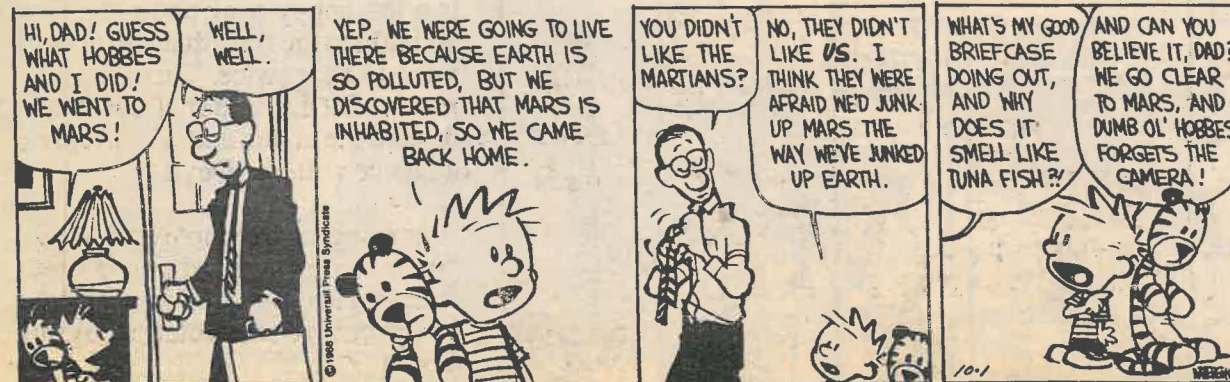


calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATTERSON

THE FAR SIDE

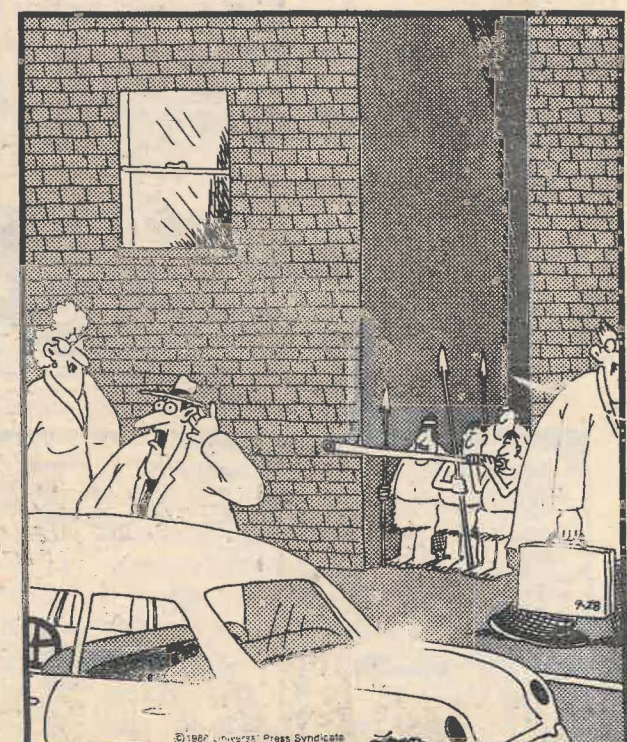
by GARY LARSON



Sucker fish at home



Awkward moments in the ant world



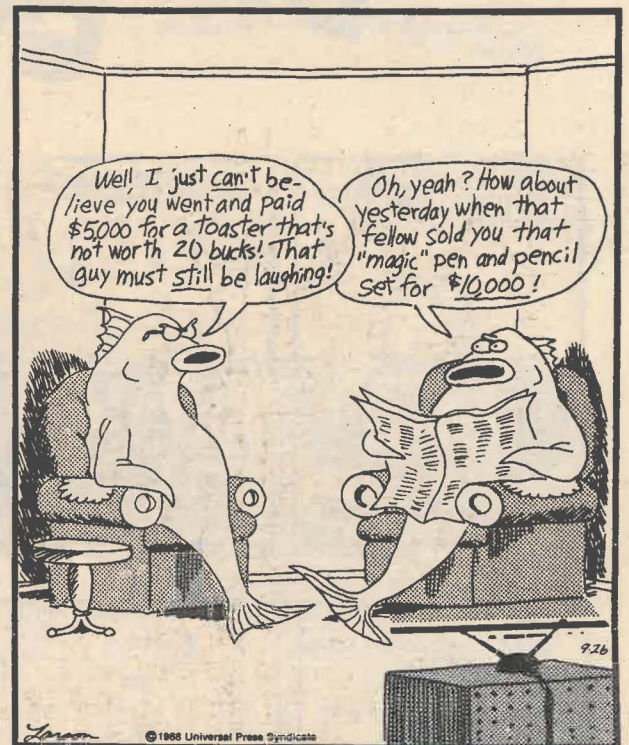
Pyromies on vacation

calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATTERSON

THE FAR Side

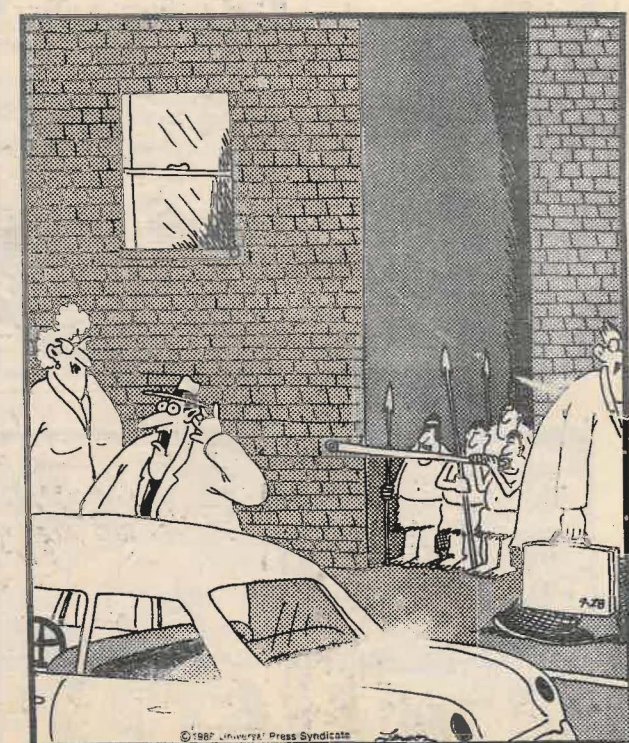
by GARY LARSON



Sucker fish at home



Awkward moments in the ant world



Enemies on vacation

THUS, "DR. OLIVER'S CAT SWEAT SCALP TONIC CO." WAS FORMED...

THERE WAS, NATURALLY, THE PRODUCTION DEPT...

SALES AND MARKETING...

AND, OF COURSE, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT.

97% GAIN ON GRID FOUR.

YA GOT THE "NORELCO" HANDY, RIGHT?

7-26

© 1998 JEFF SMITH

WORD SPREAD QUICKLY ABOUT OLIVER'S MIRACLE CAT SWEAT SCALP TREATMENT...

OOF..

10¢

9-27

1988 Washington Post Co.

OPEN!

Open

Dr. Oliver's BALDNESS CURE 10¢

RUUMMBLE

..THIS NATURALLY PUT PRESSURE ON PRODUCTION.

THE OZONE LAYER! THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT!! DANNY QUAYLE: LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD! C'MON!!

BALL SWEAT

I'VE GOT YOUR SHARE OF THE FIRST WEEK'S PROFITS.

MINUS UTILITIES, LABOR, CATERING, RAW MATERIALS, GAS, BUG SPRAY, BONUSES AND "EXTRANEIOUS OVERHEAD" LEAVING YOU...

A DIME.

I UNDERSTAND HOLLYWOOD WORKS ALONG THESE LINES.

9-29

Chitranjan

IT WAS A WEEK LATER WHEN ONE OF THE MOST AVID CONSUMERS OF THE MIRACLE CAT SWEAT SCALP TONIC FINALLY NOTICED.

ACK ACK ACK ACK ACK ACK ACK

THERE WERE SLIGHT BUT SOCIALLY INCONVENIENT SIDE EFFECTS.

OLIVER WENDEL JONES??

© 1988 MCA/Universal Pict. Co.

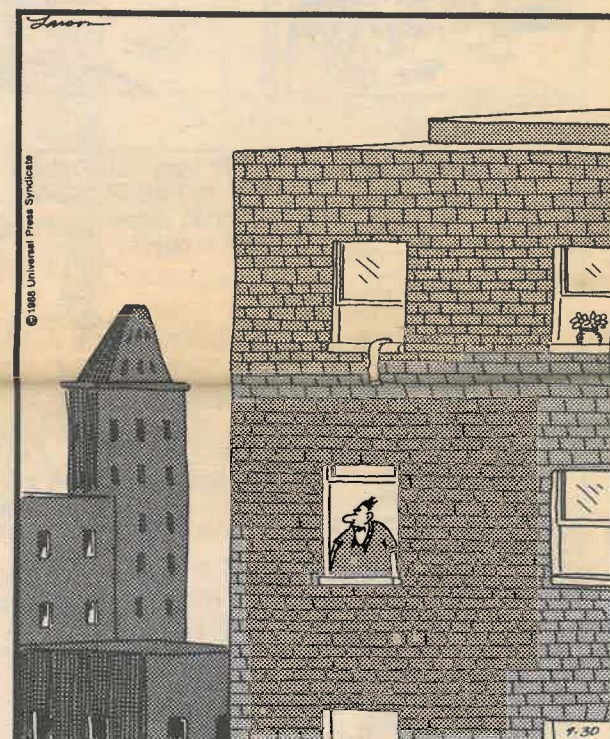
PANEL 1: A man in a suit asks a woman behind a counter for a bottle of "Dr. Oliver's SCALP" (10¢). She replies, "CAN'T. IT'S A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE."

PANEL 2: The man offers "HERE'S A BUCK!". She replies, "SIR... IT'S ILLEGAL."

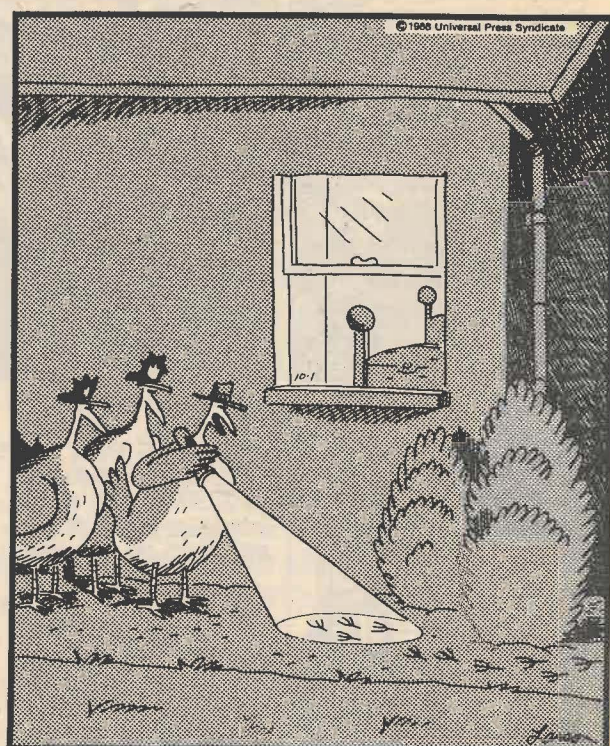
PANEL 3: The man offers "FIVE BUCKS!". She replies, "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... YOU'D BE BREAKING A CONGRESSIONALLY MANDATED U.S. LAW... OBVIOUSLY UNTHINKABLE."

PANEL 4: The man offers "TEN GRAND!!". She replies, "DOES IT SAY 'TEN CENTS' ON THE SIGN OR AM I LOOPY?". The sign clearly says "10¢".

"You and Fred have such a lovely web, Edna — and I love what you've done with those fly wings."



On a clear day, Eugene rose and looked around him and, regrettably, saw who he was.



**"Aha! The murderer's footprints!
'Course, we all leave tracks like this."**