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The Liz Coleman Interview

BY SARAH ST. LIFER '10
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Sarah St. Lifer: Back in 2004, Editors Jim and Zubin asked why journalism had been neglected for so long. Do you still agree with your response that, "journalism is an arguable, disputable undergraduate major...I'm interested in journalism not in the way you're talking about it ... I'm interested in it as an issue. The media and the role of journalism and how to think about what it is." Journalism has changed since 2004, has your opinion about the field as a study changed as well?

Liz Coleman: I'm very excited that it's building. I think of it, and always have, as one of the great arts (the art of the journalist). Tocqueville, when he came to America, came as a journalist, and *Democracy in America*—which is considered one of the greatest works ever written about this country—was written by somebody who came as a journalist and acted as a journalist. And what that means is that he came to find out what mattered. He



Image Courtesy TED.com

didn't presume he knew. He was actually investigating the first penal system, but what he found himself doing was discovering America. Great journalism is the capacity to find out what matters and then to know how to go after it: not to know before you get there. The idea that journalism is a diminished version of the uses of intellect and imagination is, to me, a gross misunderstanding. Which is not to say that it isn't, like everything else, abused. Yes,

journalism can be crass, vulgar and stupid, but that is true of anything.

SSL: How closely linked ideologically are CAPA and the Democracy Project? What are the differences, besides the actual building?

LC: Really, CAPA is what the Democracy Project morphed into. It emerged in the conversations I was having with students and

faculty on a regular basis about how to think about what we were after in the Democracy Project, and CAPA became an even more compelling way of thinking about it. It's really the continuum. The issues that the Democracy Project was after are things that are more explicitly central in CAPA. The point wasn't to learn about democracy like another subject, it was to use the framework of democracy as a means to reconfigure ways of looking at an education and to give certain things much more importance. For example, the three questions for the Democracy Project remain the three central questions for CAPA: What kind of a world are we making? What kind of a world should we be making? What kind of a world can we be making? The framework is larger, different, but it is absolutely the same spirit, the same purpose, the same objectives.

SSL: I wanted to speak to you about the decisions not to rehire certain faculty members...

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Faculty Forum

BY HENRY LYON '11
NEWS EDITOR

"During the 2007-08 academic year, the faculty initiated a series of meetings, called Faculty Forum, designed to discuss a variety of issues of importance to the faculty." Without any policy on the table from administration, and a change coming in the curriculum, a forum there was needed for discussing the issues many faculty members were talking about in private. In order to make their conversations public and transparent, the Faculty Forum was created. "Faculty members of the Academic Policies Committee (APC) initiated the discussion [around the development of such a group]" says Robert Ransick, professor of Digital Arts. For many, the Faculty Forum was "a way to communicate" when communication was lacking. The Academic Policies Committee is composed of an elected faculty chair, six other elected faculty members, one elected faculty alternate, the president (ex officio), the provost and dean (ex officio), and the executive vice president for finance and administration (ex officio). The APC "reviews and makes recommendations concerning matters of academic policy—including long-term plan-

ning, academic programs, faculty leaves of absence, curriculum, and academic budgeting—to appropriate entities, including but not limited to the faculty, president, provost and dean, and executive vice-president."

While some of these projects, outlined as the activities of the APC—were not an open conversation for all faculty, but only elected representatives, some voices needed to be heard. The Faculty Forum is also democratic, but can act as an intermediary between the private conversations, and the representative body of fewer voices (APC), which can research and present ideas and possibilities that come from faculty in every corner of this campus. In outlining the Faculty Forum, its members wrote: "The function of the Faculty Forum is two-fold:

1). To provide a forum for open discussion of issues of concern to the faculty.

2) To provide a mechanism through which issues of concern may be brought to the attention of the administration and the greater college community.

Before the creation of this platform for discussion, there was not a need for such a group, policies and changes were presented by the administrative body, to the APC, who reviewed them, and brought them to the

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"SPAM"eMail

BY HÉLÈNE GAGNON '13

Just as Long Weekend was coming to a close, controversy seized the Bennington College Campus in the form of an email (what else, in this age of modernity?) sent out to all students, faculty, and staff, apparently from "Bennington College Senior Staff & Board of Trustees." The email opens with a declaration that "the New Liberal Arts is an unparalleled beacon to guide Academia, the United States, and the World." The email defines the ideology of the Liberal Arts as a pursuit of "Educating for Personal and Social Responsibility" reform initiative...We [the Senior Staff & Board of Trustees] grudgingly admit this mission is harmonious with our goals."

The author continues, "Our [the administration's] first attempt to hot-wire the College in 1993 resulted in a sustained period of abysmal attendance and discouraging press. It is not without irony we have entitled the CAPA council room 'The Symposium.'" The Symposium, for those unaware, was the 1993 decision by the Board of Trustees to initiate dramatic reform within the College—most notably, to introduce a new policy regarding faculty tenure known as the experimental contract system, resulting in ap-

proximately one third of the College faculty losing their positions. In 1996 a number of said faculty filed a lawsuit against the college, which was settled in 2000. The Board justified the firings in the Symposium Report, stating that the college was experiencing "a growing attachment to the status quo that, if unattended, is lethal to Bennington's purpose and pedagogy." The Symposium and its subsequent reorganization created uproar among students, faculty, and the media.

The email unashamedly criticizes the apparent distancing of the administration, saying that Bennington is a "difficult place in which to sustain sufficient bureaucratic remove. Without this distance, we are met by great challenge when it comes time to renovate the roster of campus personnel," going on to lament recent administrative decisions regarding the "squeez[ing] of union health benefits." The email concludes, "To effectively dispose of the despairing, indifferent body of the school as it was, we will be renaming the college. We hereby open a campus-wide contest in search of the best new nomenclature."

Though many were intrigued, bemused, and perhaps offended by the email's acerbic satire and harsh claims, what provoked a

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Race and Prejudice in America:

Judge Refuses to Marry Interracial Couple in 2009

By SAFIYA SINCLAIR '10
VOICES EDITOR

Two weeks ago in Louisiana, a justice of the peace named Keith Bardwell turned away an interracial couple seeking a marriage license, refusing to issue the document because of his "concern for any children the couple might have." Yes, the date is correct: 2009, not 1959. Bardwell based his "concern" on experience, saying, "it is [my] experience that most interracial marriages do not last long." Then in a statement so stunningly Jim Crow it made my head spin, Bardwell elaborates defensively to the Associated Press, "I'm not a racist. I just don't believe in mixing the races that way." Bardwell may need to recheck his definition of racist.

His defense of his actions continues even more unbelievably in this justification: "I have piles and piles of black friends. They come to my home, I marry them, they use my bathroom. I treat them just like everyone else." I'm sure Bardwell didn't realize subtle monstrosity behind the obvious prejudice in this statement—that it is usually only lifeless things, of course, which can be piled (and piled). I'm sure his black friends, whoever they are, appreciate his kindness. Why, they're even allowed to use his bathroom. What a guy!

Apparently Bardwell makes a habit of his actions, by a screening process—he initially asks everyone who calls about marriage if they are a mixed race couple, and if they are, he does not marry them. It was after years of observation, Bardwell claims, that he came to the conclusion that "most of black society does not readily accept offspring of interracial relationships, and neither does white society." In this almost laughable claim (laughable if it wasn't quite so sad), Bardwell veils his prejudice as concern for biracial children: "There is a problem with both groups accepting a child from such a marriage. I think those children suffer and I won't help put them through it." The joke, of course, is that President Barack Obama himself, who was elected by 52.9% of Americans, is "the offspring of an interracial relationship." As Bill Quigley, director of the Center for Constitutional Rights and Justice, said of Bardwell's "concern": "Perhaps he's worried the kids will grow up and be president."

"I try to treat everyone equally," Bardwell claims. Well not everyone. The engaged couple, Beth Humphrey, 30, and Terence McKay, 32, say they will be consulting the U.S. Justice Department about filing a discrimination complaint. The couple was dumbstruck that Bardwell could so brazenly break a law passed more than 40 years

ago, and make legal decisions based on his personal prejudice. "That was one thing that made this so unbelievable," Humphrey said. "It's not something you expect in this day and age."

Such outspoken prejudice is not expected in this day and age, but I also did not expect to come to an open-minded Liberal Arts college and have to field questions on whether I was capable of procuring a tan, or to hear someone laugh and express Schadenfreude at a Jewish student whose hair "fro'd up like a black girl" in the rain. I hear the 'n' word frequently thrown about at parties when rap songs come on, and for years I was confused interchangeably with three or four other black students. All astonishing events I did not encounter until I came to school in America. Maybe it is not to be expected in this day and age, but I cannot be too surprised that men like Bardwell openly express their prejudice.

When Richard and Mildred Loving got married in 1958 in Virginia, it was the same prejudice that ruled their union illegal, that barged into their home in the dead of night and arrested them for breaking the law. Mildred was black, Richard white and they had been childhood sweethearts. They were chased out of Virginia on penalty of imprisonment if they ever returned. They appealed this decision to the U.S.

Supreme Court in 1967 in the landmark case of *Loving v. Virginia*, and the law was overturned unanimously on June 12, 1967, declaring that "the freedom to marry has long been recognized as one of the vital personal rights essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by free men."

So any prejudicial statute should be in violation of the 14th Amendment's guarantees of equal protection and due process. Of Bardwell's actions, Louisiana's ACLU attorney Katie Schwartzmann expressed astonishment and disappointment, "to see this come up in 2009, [since] the Supreme Court ruled in 1967 that the government cannot tell people who they can and cannot marry." But it cannot be ignored that the government still does. As in 1967 when gays were not included in the universal "free men" who also have a "vital personal right" to the pursuit of happiness, those rights are still being subjugated. If heinous acts like Keith Bardwell's are turning back the trials of history an entire 40 years, how can we expect to move marriage legislation forward in a country where this judge remains unpunished, still presiding over the law in a courtroom?

Forty years after the Supreme Court's landmark decision on *Loving v. Virginia*, Mildred Loving spoke out about her support of everyone's right to marry whom-

ever he or she wished:

"My generation was bitterly divided over something that should have been so clear and right. The majority believed that what the judge said, that it was God's plan to keep people apart, and that government should discriminate against people in love."

Not a day goes by that I don't think of Richard and our love, our right to marry, and how much it meant to me to have that freedom to marry the person precious to me, even if others thought he was the 'wrong kind of person' for me to marry. I believe all Americans, no matter their race, no matter their sex, no matter their sexual orientation, should have that same freedom to marry. Government has no business imposing some people's religious beliefs over others. Especially if it denies people's civil rights.

I am still not a political person, but I am proud that Richard's and my name is on a court case that can help reinforce the love, the commitment, the fairness, and the family that so many people, black or white, young or old, gay or straight, seek in life. I support the freedom to marry for all. That's what *Loving*, and loving, are all about."

And that, I couldn't have said better myself.

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Write to us with any and all of your concerns.
We'll answer.
We'll keep it real.
We promise.

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Dear reader,

The BFP is a student-run, school-sponsored publication whose purpose is to inform, represent and entertain the members of Bennington College and the surrounding community about issues relevant to the diverse readership in as fair and accurate a manner as is possible by the staff.

News and opinion content in the BFP aims to be accurate, balanced, readable, relevant and significant to readers. With that, we welcome any feedback: criticism, praise or suggestions. Letters must be typed and signed by the author and submitted to contact@benningtonfreepress.com or in the editor's mailbox at Commons. All letters submitted to the staff of the BFP become property of the staff and will not be returned. Additionally, the BFP reserves the right to edit any letter submitted for length, grammar, punctuation and clarity.

Sincerely,
Sarah St. Lifer '10
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STRAIGHT TALK

By COLIN TAYLOR '11
STAFF WRITER

Pope Julius III once said, "Do you understand, my son, with what little understanding the world is ruled?" He got it right in the 16th century. Kind of makes you think about how weird our modern system is, and how much it must suck to be Obama right now. One guy is supposed to be in charge and fix all the problems of three hundred million people, run an economy which just posted a 1.6 trillion dollar debt (it was .6 trillion last year), manage multiple overseas conflicts, get dragged or guilt-tripped or morally obligated to get all up in the rest of the world's shit, all the while being constantly berated, second-guessed, criticized, and tormented by our fucking media. I hate our fucking media so fucking much. Those corporate fucking douchebags at CNN and Fox and *People Fucking Magazine* are absolutely killing any last integrity left in "journalism." You lost it in the Vietnam War so you fuckers could get your fucking ratings. Fuck you.

I got sidetracked. But anyway, as we all know by now, Mr. Barack Obama won the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts to get everyone to sit down, get a glass of water, maybe some Advil, and say, "Let's just talk about what happened." It was a largely controversial decision because other people apparently deserved it more, and because four Norwegian dudes don't represent the world, and he hasn't done enough, and blah blah blah. Barack Obama represents America's return to the world as a friendly guy and not that asshole who never listens to anyone at UN meetings but bends over for the Saudis in the champagne room. It's a symbolic thing. It's all about perception. What everyone needs to realize is that it doesn't matter what actually hap-

pens. It's just how we perceive it. And once you understand that, you can do anything.

Let's take a look at other people's fights that we stuck our guns into. Iraq, for all their "Oh we're ready to take our American training wheels off," is floundering; car bombs ripped through downtown Baghdad on Oct 25, killing 132 and wounding 500, only a couple of blocks away from where car bombs killed 120 in August. The parliamentary election is coming in January, which means no rest from the violence as those insurgent bastards continue to try to ruin the little progress their poor, fucked country has made.

The situation in Pakistan isn't

twenty years ago, and they fucking died.

I read this *Times* story earlier about these all-female ground units being much better received by the locals than our male Marines. One local guy was like, "If they send their men, they come to kill. If they send their women, they come to help." Makes sense, right? There is a way to win over the hearts and minds of the Afghans. But it certainly isn't going to happen if we use douchebag patronizing terms like hearts and minds. But I read just today that 14 Americans died in two separate helicopter crashes, one involving two helicopters colliding. Isn't technology great?

Holy shit. Did you read about

the South Korean dude who in 2004 was all like, "I DID HUMAN CLONING YES?" Turns out he's full of crap and is going to jail for being a big fat liar and thief.

Whoaaaaa.....

In China, apparently,

the individual bureaucrats who run provincial-level stuff get carried away. In the Hubei province, for example, employees of the state were ordered to buy 23,000 packs of the province's cigarette brand to "buoy the local economy." You were fined if you didn't smoke. Another city tried it with a local liquor, a rule ordering them to buy so much of this baiju stuff that it would be three bottles a day per person. I really wish my government ordered me to buy liquor and cigarettes. And then heavily subsidized it, or possibly gave it out for free.

Enjoy your freedom!

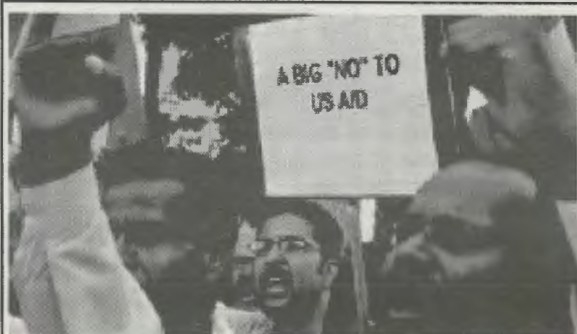


Photo of a protester my father took in Islamabad, Pakistan.

that much better. The 30,000 man offensive in South Waziristan is progressing, the most difficult deployment the Pakistani-American Freedom Army has attempted against the Evil Fucking Taliban Freedom Hater Hiding-In-The-Mountains-Like-A-Little-Bitch insurgents. The articles place an unusual significance on the fact that we're using helicopters against them, which makes me think. It's ironic in a weird way, and eerily reminiscent of the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. They came with their tanks and their guns and helicopters and the big scary Red Fucking Army and hurled themselves against the other side of those mountains

Critiques:
CritiquedBy MICHAEL ZIMMER '10
STAFF WRITER

During this spooktacular time of the year, the ghouls come out, the dead rise from their graves, and Bennington's visual art students go through the review process. After our brief Long Weekend, VAPA was covered in drawings, paintings, photos, installations, animations, videos, ceramics, and whatever else the kids call "art" these days. As the juniors stressed, I remembered my own review experience and reminded myself that I would be on the chopping block once again.

Reviews happen in the Fall of each year, the juniors shortly after long weekend and the seniors sometime before Thanksgiving. It is a requirement for all visual arts students, meaning they have stated visual arts as a focus on their Plan. Each student presents his or her respective visual art usually by hanging it, but also by submitting a DVD which the committee is expected to watch beforehand. The review committee is made up of three different visual arts faculty members. Unlike the Plan committees, which make sure to include at least one faculty member from your discipline, a visual art student won't necessarily be critiqued by a member of their discipline. This is due to scheduling difficulties, but allows students to get different perspectives on their work, as they should be interacting with faculty outside their discipline anyway. The committee has a discussion with the student, while a note-taker records important points in the discussion to aid the student in accessing the committee's comments.

For juniors, the process is a way of checking in. They present a broader view of their work and provide a list of classes previously taken to prove they are not confining themselves to one visual art so early in their career. While most pass their review, some are asked to re-review in the spring if the committee feels the student needs to show more work, has problems in presenting, or for some other reason. Failure, though uncommon, results in the student being unable to focus in visual arts for their Plan.

Seniors are expected to be much more sharpened and specific in their review. Often the work presented is a work in progress and gives an idea of what they will contribute to the Senior Show that happens in the Spring. Instead of a class list they provide a statement, offering an explanation of their work, what they've done, and where they're going. Re-reviews are often the result of an unfocused review, and failure means the student can't be involved in the Senior Show.

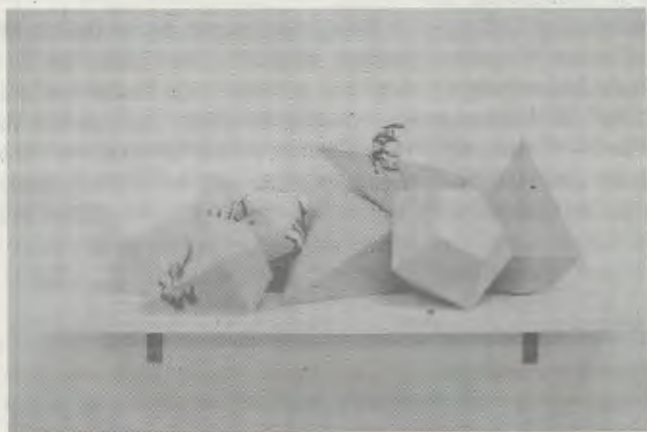
The review process is unique to the visual arts discipline, since it has no equivalent in the social sciences, language, or even the performing arts. While students are expected to present advanced work in those areas, there does not seem to be a culminating event that decides proficiency with a pass/fail. The stress of such an event can affect how the student views their review. If you talk to any faculty, they'll tell you it's simply an opportunity for feedback and the beginning of a discussion. You shouldn't feel it's the end of your visual arts career at Bennington and certainly not in the world. But at the same time, the reviews can have their problems.

The 20 minute time frame goes by so quickly, and for those with nerves of jello, the stress of the time limit alone can inhibit speaking your mind and responding properly to the committee's questions. It's easy to understand that scheduling something this large is an endeavor, but it's hard not to feel frustrated while on the receiving end. Luckily, the faculty is willing to continue the discussion if you feel so inclined.

Also, the range of disciplines being reviewed is healthy, but it can also cause problems. For example, a fellow student had to take time out of his twenty minutes to explain to a faculty member what animation was and how it worked. I'm not questioning the faculty's ability to look at work, but there are times when the process needs to be understood in order to be productive in such a short time span. I hear different iterations of this complaint every year, and it's a problem that may not easily be solved.

Despite minor setbacks like these every year, most students view the process as a positive experience. The review process could change, just as it has over the years. According to rumors, in the olden days the whole faculty reviewed each student, so one can only guess how more frenzied and stressful it was than our current method.

At the very least, students going through this process will learn something. While I have mixed feelings about how my junior review went, I did learn some interesting lessons. For example, while I see my drawing as a garden gnome, different eyes will see it as a member of the Klan. Also be sure you know your audience, because when that audience is full of mothers and you show them a cartoon of a baby being born, it gets a little, well, awkward. Part of the excitement of being a visual artist is being challenged by your audience and facing them with your answers.



Junior Reviews: Photo by Lea Hershkowitz '11 (above, left) Sculpture from Uniques Prints by Fennis Brown '11 (below, left) and water color by Stephanie van Ryzin '11 (above).

New England Checks in on B'ton

By MATTHEW NUNES '11

As I watched my friends cross the proverbial bridge this past spring at Bennington's 73rd commencement, a thought struck my mind; who the hell gave Bennington the authority to give out degrees? What does that fancy paper actually mean? I've got an inkjet printer – does that mean I can be a graduate of some fictional college? Obviously not. Obvs.

“The institution under review is asked to perform a self-study, in which the school reflects upon its academic, student, and financial goals”

Anyone who went to a public high school in New England may remember their school being visited by a team of mysterious people who called themselves NEASC (pronounced “knee-ask”). They may also remember fall SALT surveys and “bubblers”, but that's another story for another time.

NEASC stands for New England Association of Schools and Colleges. And specifically, in keeping with America's favorite pass-time of creating ridiculous acronyms, the CIHE, Commission on Institutions of Higher Education. Basically, this is the organization that decides whether that fancy sheet of paper means anything at all, or if it's just that – a fancy sheet of paper. But it's not like they throw darts at a board. Rather, there is a long process of institutional self-reflection and peer review, after which a decision is rendered. And even then, it's not necessarily black and white, degree versus fancy sheet of paper.

An accreditation agency (and NEASC is just that) is a private organization overseen by the Federal Government that essentially reviews how well a given institution is doing, what it says it will do, and judges if this merits the ability to distribute degrees or not. The institution under review is asked to perform a self-study, in which the school reflects upon its academic, student, and financial goals, and evaluates to what

extent it is meeting them. A committee composed of eight administrators and faculty from other schools around the country, and headed by the president of another institution, is then formed. The head of the committee performs an introductory visit to the campus a few months ahead of the final meeting, and then returns with the full committee for four days to review the self-study as well as various other documents. After this visit, a draft is formed, and based on its contents, accred-

“They committee will shut themselves in a room for this, and at the end will emerge bleary-eyed and exhausted”

itation is granted fully, partially, or not at all. Wait ten years, and then repeat. The College has been working on our self-study since the fall of 2007, headed by a Steering Committee composed of administrators from multiple offices, faculty, and myself. The Self-Study (which has been published online and is available in your common rooms and in your Online Tools on the Bennington

Website) is a 100-page document that...well...is reflective.

This past spring, we hosted Dr. Thomas Hochstettler (/hoe-stet-ler/), former president of Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, now Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs, at the American University of Sharjah, U.A.E. and head of our Review Committee. This fall, from the 1st through the 4th of November, Dr. Hochstettler will be returning, this time flanked by a full committee. He will meet with

administrators, students, faculty and staff, and will review not only our lengthy self-study and accompanying appendices but also nearly any other document he deems necessary. The com-

mittee will shut themselves in a room for this, and at the end will emerge bleary-eyed and exhausted, but will have produced a draft of the final review. In this they will outline their recommendation for accreditation as well as any suggestions and conditions. Then they'll depart, leaving a trail of well-leaved documents behind them. In the weeks that follow, they'll submit an official

version of the review draft from whence will be decided our fate. Then, and only then, can a Bennington Degree mean anything.

Be on the lookout for more information about this visit. There will be an open forum for students with the NEASC Committee on Monday, November 2nd in the UpCafe, and I urge you all to attend (they don't bite, I promise).

Thomas Hochstettler



Photo Courtesy of Lewis & Clark. Thomas Hochstettler won't bite.

Spam-a-lot

Continued from page 1 student reaction was the administration's response (or lack thereof) to the email. Less than an hour after the “Campus Contest” email was sent, the Bennington community received the following email from College Communications: “Please ignore the email dated October 19, 2009, re “Campus Contest.” This SPAM email was not sent by the senior staff or the Board of Trustees.” Alex Grimley '09 sent out a campus-wide email, notifying the student body of an email he had sent to the administration which read: “It didn't seem much like SPAM to me. Is the administration's only response to this intelligent critique of the hijacking of Bennington College going to be “Ignore it???” adding that the author of the email was “not alone” in their disapproval of the administration.

A second campus-wide email was sent out by Wyatt Kirby '10 stating that the “Campus Contest” email “struck at the heart of the matter. It is undeniable that the views of many students, faculty, and staff have been blatantly ignored in favor of an expanding student body, a diminishing faculty, and the detriment of both our learning and living environment...It is time for this school to become the place we so desperately believed it to be.”

The discussion was moved to the Bennington wiki by the initiative of Tim Kretchmer '10, which spurned a brief debate over whether or not the wiki was the appropriate location for the argument. Though the wiki has not been used as a forum for further conversation thus far, SEPC has recently begun addressing the “Campus Contest” email and its reception among students and faculty.

I have encountered several students who have expressed their concern about the administration distancing itself from the student body in recent years. “We don't know what's going on,” said one

student. “The Board of Trustees is behind everything. They're the nameless and the faceless.” Another student attested to the failure of the Symposium's aim to decentralize power, “If anything, power is growing even more centralized. Everybody says ‘I'm just following orders’” The Nurembergian associations serve only to further emphasize the contempt and disillusion amongst the student body, making it clear that students expect the administration to deliver a response at some point. Whether this will be a formal statement or an open forum for student-administration discourse (if any) is yet to be determined.

Yet student opinion seems to extend beyond a mere distrust of the administration, and suggest a greater skepticism regarding Bennington's philosophy and purpose as an institution. “We don't even know what our philosophy is anymore,” explained a student at breakfast in the dining

hall a few mornings ago. “You get here, and it's just another bureaucratic administration. I don't think the school should change its philosophy, but it should live up to it.” Someone else remarked that there was a pervasive apathy—or at least a lack of awareness—amongst the student body. “There are a handful of students who are really concerned...it's [those] students and faculty who perpetuate Bennington's philosophy, not the administration or Liz Coleman.”

As tensions mount, breeding polemic here at Bennington, we at the Bennington Free Press encourage contributions to the “Voices” page in the hopes that this publication can represent the full breadth of public opinion. As the “Campus Contest” author declares in the email's closing, “[This] is a moment of heroic change at the college, and its future is to be marked by you.” We shall see.

Faculty Forum

Continued from page 1

the faculty body. Without any policies regarding the New Initiative, the need to formalize the discussion on an open platform was realized.

All full-time and part-time faculty members are invited to take part in the meetings, and half, if not more of the entire faculty attend the Forum regularly. The meetings of the Faculty Forum are “chaired or co-chaired by faculty on a rotating and voluntary basis” according to the outlines of Faculty Forum. The outlines for the Faculty Forum also note that, “Periodically, [the] Faculty Forum may, on an ad hoc basis, form smaller groups that will act as liaisons to the administration and may engage in more in-depth discussion with the administration on behalf of the faculty. These groups will be responsible for reporting back to the Faculty Forum.” This being necessary because at

times, some, if not many faculty members are unable to participate in discussions because they must be in the classroom, or the topic of discussion is not in their range of interest. The discussions of the Faculty Forum primarily circulate around employee and retirement benefits, and the ever-important subject of the curriculum of the New Initiative.

The Faculty Forum is brought up a number of times in the Bennington College Self-Study for the New England Association of Schools and Colleges. It is written in the NEASC Self-Study that: “In response to issues raised by the Faculty Forum, the College revised the faculty contract, updated and expanded the faculty handbook, and discussed compensation issues with the board of trustees. These discussions and reviews of policy and procedures have resulted in a new level of engagement with and participation of the faculty in organization and governance.”

Before this investigation, some were led to believe there was a ‘faculty union’. But it has been found that there was no organization to negotiate a position or policy within the faculty while deliberating with administration. The use of the term union in such a context would be false. The Bennington Free Press' Editor-in-Chief recently asked college President Liz Coleman about the notion of a faculty union:

BFP: Is there a teacher's union, much like the dining hall workers have a union, especially with the vulnerability of the jobs of professors at Bennington? Do you know what their intentions are as a group? If not, what do you think the intentions would be?

LC: I can't speak for what the intentions would be, a hypothetical question like that, I just can't answer. So most faculty, at liberal arts colleges, like Bennington, are not unionized.

And the person who is interested in unionizing should probably find out more about how that works. It is a profession, there are some universities and colleges that have unionized faculty, but most don't. I certainly wouldn't be the person to speak for what the faculties intentions would be for that or anything else.

Being transparent about their conversations, intentions, and ideas, the faculty now has a clear voice in the discussions surrounding the issues that concern them, their benefits, their retirement, and the education of all Bennington College students. As Robert Ransick said: “The Forum brings engagement to the faculty body.”

“The Forum brings engagement to the faculty body”

The Man Behind the Food

Director of Dining Services Bill Scully opens up about renovations, student feedback, and the changing face of the Dining Hall

By ARIANA ERVIN '11
Staff Writer

Bill Scully has been the Director of Dining Services for a little more than a year. He inherited a Dining Hall in need of renovations, a fixed budget, and the task of trying to, as he describes it, "provide the best product in the most cost-efficient way."

So far, Scully has attempted to do this in a number of ways. He has revamped the Student Center Snack Bar, bringing in new management, new vendors, and creating a tighter and "more cohesive menu." In preparing for a larger student body, the Dining Hall underwent significant structural changes, mainly, as Scully describes it, "to get rid of the congestion."

Of course, the most significant change made to tackle congestion has been the Grab n' Go.

"One of the things we really wanted to address was figuring out how to get people in and out of the Dining Hall faster without spending a lot of money," says Scully. "Short of redesigning the kitchen, we didn't have a lot of options." The idea for the Grab n' Go was discussed last year, but decisions to finalize it weren't made until six weeks before the beginning of term. Since the Grab n' Go has been open, Scully says that, "wait times have been cut

down significantly." According to Scully's figures, approximately 150 people visit the Grab n' Go each day, and from his perspective, that makes it a success.

"It has accomplished exactly what I wanted it to accomplish. It's steady and predictable. It has cut down wait times significantly." Of course, the Grab n' Go has not been without problems, but Scully says the aim is always to address them in a way that benefits everyone involved. He says student feedback since the Grab n' Go opened has inspired some significant changes.

"We changed our salad option to have just a green salad, we are adding pretzels this week, we're working on finding an orange juice that doesn't suck. We have ordered regular and chocolate milk. In the beginning, we started with a model that students could either have fruit or a cookie, and changed it to both about a month ago."

Changes will continue at the Grab n' Go. Scully mentions the idea of eventually having a rotating menu, and says he is eager for feedback.

"Most people don't want criticism and I really want it. If people want to talk to me, I'm totally open to it."

And as Scully welcomes new ideas and feedback, he recognizes that the Grab n'

Go, is "probably six months away from being where we want it to be."

Sustainability and Looking Forward

"All of our milk is local," says Bill Scully, when asked about the Dining Halls attempts to bring sustainable, local food into the mix. The Dining Hall, like most colleges around the country, works primarily with a large food provider, in the case of Bennington, Performance Food Group (PFG). These companies provide all of the base products the Dining Hall needs, and in the quantities they need them in.

"You have to use a big distributor, everybody does. You need someone who can provide you all your basic needs." Those basic needs extend far and wide. PFG provides the Dining Hall not only with food, but also all food related supplies. Recently though, under the direction of Scully, the Dining Hall has attempted to make connections with local farmers. Because high insurance policies essentially "nudge small farmers from providing food to these large companies," it is up to colleges to work and interact directly with the small farms themselves. Scully has created a strong dialogue with one local farm, Happenstance.

Scully says they already, "get greens (whenever they have them) and gourds and pumpkins," from Happenstance, but would like to extend the relationship even further.

"I threw the idea out to Jamie (of Happenstance) that perhaps we could deal with them exclusively, and they could plant and grow anything we need. Of course, the menu will have to be largely designed around what's seasonally available." The prospect, though daunting, is an exciting one to both Scully and the student body. Scully has been working in conjunction with the newly formed Environmental Initiatives Committee and he says, "they have a few ideas," though he shies away from saying exactly what those are, since they are still in the talking phase and nothing is concrete.

Ultimately Scully says he is concerned with student satisfaction. He says there are limits to what can be accomplished, "but that as long as we can figure out the right next step, I have the support from the school to make that happen. There is always a way to make things better."

Liz

Continued From page 1

LC: What I can say is that I can not discuss personnel issues.

SSL: Ok, without discussing certain faculty members. Student reviews, SEPC, how much do students have a say in these matters?

LC: You know, it's not a formula. It's a complex judgment in which everything is part of what happens but you don't say 30 percent, 40 percent, 60 percent. Certain things emerge with particular importance with different people. It's a very dynamic process and that always involves a certain set of things that are involved with it and students know what they are: one of them is the SEPC report. And then there are many other things.

SSL: Do you think there is something wrong with student council? If yes, what needs to be done to fix it? How do you think the BFP can help?

LC: I don't think there's anything wrong or right with it. I think the much more interesting question is 'what do you want to do? And what's the best way to do it?' And I admire the fact that Bennington had the wit and the flexibility to say if we're getting what matters in other formats [HC's, BFP, etc.] Student Council per se, isn't the issue, the issue is given what we're doing, how we're working, is there any reason to have it? That's the question. It doesn't even necessarily need to be something called student council. Bennington has the advantage of not having to do things just because it's what everybody does. There

are all kinds of things Bennington doesn't do that are conventions. It doesn't have fraternities and sororities. [One] could ask why not? It doesn't have the athletic traditions that are so profoundly a part of the culture of many colleges—which is not to say we don't have our own spirited form—but it is certainly our own. These are not our sacred cows. The question is—is there some important thing, exciting thing, exhilarating thing that we're not doing? And then figure out how to do it; whether that be Student Council or something else.

SSL: During orientation, you asked the freshmen what they were most concerned about. What are you passionate about this very moment?

LC: That is a very good question and I am responsible for asking so I suppose I should be able to answer it. Most of all, tapping into the enormous power that education could have in this country. To transform what we're doing and how we're doing it in areas of immense importance and concern. That power and how to get that power unleashed—that's been my life and it's never been more urgent or more compelling to me. There are two reasons why it's so urgent and compelling: one is that the world really is in trouble, this country is desperately in trouble. If you watch the health debate, that seems to me in itself diagnostic about how this great democracy is thwarting the public will...[and the country] is unable to free itself from abuses of self-interest and special interest in an area of such fundamental decency and importance as sick people being taken care of. And that's only one issue. So, on one hand there's the world, and the seeming inca-

capacity of this great country to do anything except watch. And the other is the failure, in my opinion, of educational institutions to take any responsibility for that. Period. As if, 'that's the way things are, turn the channel,' as if we have no responsibility for the quality of public life. And in a democracy when educational institutions abandon their responsibility for the quality of our public life we are in deep trouble. So that's the cluster of things. But also in the middle of this personal passion is a sense I have of the enormous intrinsic energy of this place: its talent and its potential to now take another step in its history. To me, that is a natural evolution of a history that began by exploding the world of a liberal art education by bringing visual and performing arts into the thick of it, and now bringing the pressing issue of the world into the thick of it.

SSL: Yesterday, the Bennington College Community received an email. I would like to know:

1. Did you receive this email? 2. Do you have any response to its content?

LC: I'll tell you what amazes me. That email was sent out as if it was sent by me and the senior staff. And no one seems to think that that matters. And I'm astounded by that. I would ask people who responded how they would feel if something was sent out in their name that is mocking of their work and their efforts and meant to undermine what they cared about. And that's the part that puzzles me, frankly. That it's treated as if it's perfectly alright to do that. And it isn't perfectly alright to do that. That's the most crucial issue here: how it was presented. I got it, because I presume it was sent to everybody, but I also

got it as if I sent it. We're talking about very important issues here.

SSL: Do you have anything to say about the content?

LC: No. No, I don't. I'm ready to talk, as I think everybody knows, but not under these circumstances. If anybody wants to talk about these things, there are sessions that Duncan and I have been running about CAPA. People have been coming both because they are interested in terms of their own education, and because they are just interested. Anyone who thinks they can't talk to me about CAPA, doesn't want to talk to me about CAPA. I'm not going to talk when somebody who I don't know hides behind my name and the Senior Staff. There are matters of principle here. And that is an abuse, a terrible abuse, in my mind. And just to remind people, the issue of CAPA isn't about the politics of academia it's about the world and the question of the relationship of this college to the world. People can make whatever decisions they want, but it is not a subject that is owned by anybody. It's a very high stakes issue, an issue I'm not interested in fooling around with and toying with. I suppose I could have a sense of humor about it, but this one simply wasn't funny. I found it rather off-putting and frankly didn't pay a lot of attention to it because I'm not going to pay a lot of attention to things that are presented in my name that I didn't write.

SSL: After the email was sent, everyone received an email reading: "Please ignore the email dated October 19, 2009, re: 'Campus Contest.'" This SPAM email was not sent by the senior staff or the Board of Trustees." The word I want to highlight is "ignore."

The prankster surely had a powerful message; do you think that the administration has any right to declare it worthless?

LC: It said it came from us. You see it's different if it's addressed to the community by someone who signed their name. It said it was sent from the president... if you got an email that was sent from you, to everybody, what would you say? Spam is what that means and don't pay attention to it. It was sent under false pretenses. If somebody wants to talk about some of the issues, there are lots of ways to do that. Not hiding, and that really is hiding. Why can't they just speak in their own voice?

SSL: You have been here for two decades, what kind of school did you inherit as opposed to the kind of school you'll leave behind? And how much longer do you see yourself at Bennington?

LC: [giggles] can I plead the fifth? I have no idea [in response to the third question] and I inherited one of the greatest institutes in higher education in America. This is what I came to, not inherited, it's not mine. It's been exhilarating, exciting and at times extremely difficult. I would assume, it should be obvious, I love what I do. Bennington is Bennington, it's not a matter of anyone's vision of Bennington. It's a matter of trying to sustain that, nurture that, to let it flourish. And I don't think it has ever had a moment in its history that is more exciting and thrilling than this one. And I really mean that. This is a great moment in this college's history, and I think everyone knows it.

Album Reviews: Roofbuilders, Prodigies, & Conformists

BY WILL LULOFS '09
ALUMNI STAFF WRITER

LAKE - Let's Build A Roof



LAKE is, simply put, one of the most promising young bands making music right now. Last year's album, *Oh, The Places We'll Go*, was a charming, unfussy confection, free of all of the amateurish tricks that pass for twee these days, and full of inspired instrumental configurations and some beautiful vocal performances by the band's co-leaders and main songwriters, Eli Moore and Ashley Eriksson. *Let's Build A Roof* is a more subdued record that sees the band becoming more confident in orchestration and production, but taking some small steps backwards in the songwriting department. This is a huge generalization, of course—"Don't Give Up," the band's best single so far, is one

of the most genuinely joyful and sublime pop songs I've heard all year—but by and large there is more experimentation and less inspired melodicism here. Still, just as on their previous record, what makes LAKE so interesting is the way that they effortlessly weave together so many disparate textures—Memphis Soul horn sections, endearingly but awkwardly doubled guitar solos, and decades-old Casio-tones—into songs that are as charming as they are enduring. True, it's been only a year since I first heard LAKE, but so many of their songs have already taken residence in my head that I know they've become part of the permanent rotation. *Let's Build A Roof* may not be the small revelation that their previous effort was, but its high points—"Don't Give Up," "Madagascar," and "Remote Control Cars" among them—suggest that we still have a lot to look forward to.

★★★★½

Kurt Vile - Childish Prodigy



I was a latecomer to Kurt Vile, which in this increasingly hyperactive culture means I was a few months late, and perhaps because of this, I don't have the preference for his lo-fi output that a lot of "long-time" listeners seem to. In fact, I've listened to very little of it, and so I have very little to compare this record to. Regardless, I think this record is very good. Vile's voice is wiry and wary, calling to mind mid-period Lou Reed, and it is full of strange turns, rising when you'd think it would fall, and stretching words out for emphasis just when it seems like he might shorten things for the sake of punctuation. His tendency to slur his words combined with the reverb and delay slathered over most of the record render so many of the lyrics incomprehensible, but like so much music, the words seem beyond or at least peripheral to the point. My favorite tracks so far are the acidic-but-soothing "Blackberry Song" and the mournful "Overnite Religion," but everything here has its merits, wavering between the therapeutic and the abrasive. This record has a consistently warm, woolly sound, making the two extremes congeal nicely. Occasionally a song will hover on a single musical moment for so long that it seems a bit stubborn, but good

rock and roll is always a bit stubborn, and for anything to qualify as rock and roll these days is a high honor. ★★★★★

Doveman - The Conformist



Doveman's Thomas Bartlett is proving himself nothing if not consistent. His quiet, workmanlike steadiness on piano brings to mind Mark Kozelek's work over the past two decades with fingerstyle guitar. Both men create their melancholic worlds through stoic persistence, never letting grand gestures get in the way of more careful, measured moments of understatement. Both men also have voices that are hard to forget; Kozelek's is brash, sepia-toned and nasal, like a French horn, and Bartlett's is willowy, feminine, and so soft and restrained that it barely qualifies as singing. This can be distracting at first—very often Bartlett's whispering gets in the way of melody

and lyrics, and it's only human to expect a more throaty syllable or two once in a while—but eventually that distraction gives way to an acceptance that this sort of permanent state of restraint is what Doveman's music is all about. *The Conformist* has a few big name guests, including Norah Jones and that deep-voiced guy from The National, but their presence is never the focal point. In a strange way, nothing ever seems like a focal point on this record, from Bartlett's voice to the string arrangements, and yet this is not ambient music either; this is simply an album so devoted to a single kind of moment—that moment at four-thirty in the morning when you are so tired that you can't think, and everything takes on a uniform beauty—that in prolonging that moment, nothing seems quite real. Still, as God said in the Tony Wilson biopic *24 Hour Party People*, "It's good music to chill out to." ★★★★★



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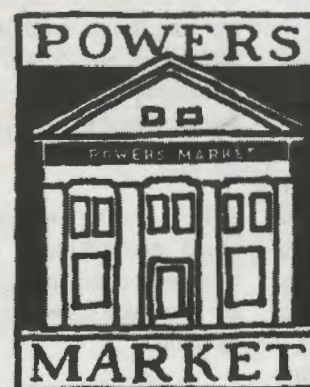
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Play With Your Food

By GRACE ELLIS '12

Julie Christmann will have worked in the salad room in the Dining Hall for two years as of this coming April. She came to Vermont from Quirindi, New South Wales, Australia 9 years ago with her 9-year-old son Robert to meet her husband here in the U.S. Her then 21-year-old daughter, Lisa, stayed behind in Australia. Julie has a son-in-law, also named Robert, who she thinks of as a son. When he was 12 he was a "street kid," and her daughter asked if they could have him over for dinner. Julie agreed, and when he came to dinner she found out that he was homeless, and she took him in. She put him through TAFE, an adult school, and he now has a degree in welding. Lisa and Robert were married this past April and have two children. They are still in Australia, as is her son Robert. Julie loves working in the dining hall, and considers her co-workers "Lovely people to work with," but there is more to Julie than just her job.

Julie has recently completed a piece of artwork entitled "Leftovers." She says: "I've never done art before— would have loved to, but I'm dead hopeless, lucky to draw a stick figure." But Julie has an artist's soul; she speaks of "pesto, the idea of the shapes it could make." She was inspired to make this piece after seeing a student work: "I just saw someone's sketchbook and thought, 'Oh my god, I could do that.' It just looked like a scribble to me, cause I don't know art. I like to look at it. That's it." Once she believed that she was capable of making art, she had only to look to her fingertips to find the perfect medium for her self-expression, "You work with food everyday," Julie says, "some days you just feel like getting it and throwing it against the wall, but I didn't throw it against the wall. I threw it on paper." Julie's art is comprised of the shapes that oil stains the paper in, and the different reds of different kind of tomatoes. It is an expression of color and of conflict. She works with perishable food— her art is impermanent.



Christmann and
"Leftovers."
Photo by Grace
Ellis '12

VALS Etiquette

By HUGH ELTON '12
ARTS EDITOR

I don't think this paper should be in the business of lecturing its readership on their manners. I think complain-y diatribes condemning students' behavior tend to only breed resentment, and are often best met with the ol' "Sorry, deal with it." Considering that, I'll start by apologizing for being hypocritical in that respect. Sorry. But I think the complain-y diatribe that follows is justified because its concern goes beyond just annoying me and ventures into making us all look bad in front of visitors.

This past week's Visual Arts Lecture Series was boring. Emmet Leader didn't have a flair for public speaking, and while his work had the potential to be interesting, the presentation of it did nothing to thrill me. That said, sitting through his lecture, (which was under an hour long including the Q&A), wasn't all that hard, and just like everyone else, I'm getting course credit to do it. But his lecture, and the similarly dull Lia Gangitano VALS last term, provoked an intermittent stream of bailing students too bored to see it through to the end. The back section of Tishman where I was sitting was more or less full at the beginning of the talk, but by the end, a staggered exodus had left it all but empty.

I'd imagine that Leader at least noticed that about a third of his audience had disappeared by the time he finished, even if he didn't hear the exit door closing every two minutes. I would further think that he may have been a bit offended by this and thought it rude that so many people would leave in the middle of his relatively short lecture. I was offended too, and I imagine I wasn't the only person in the audience who also found it rude. Leaving early violates very basic courtesy. When someone comes to give a talk, it's not much of a sacrifice to be courteous and see it through to the end. Walking out of a lecture is traditionally

something you do when you deeply disagree with the speaker's opinions, and it's an effective little "Fuck you" that demonstrates that they've offended you in some significant way. Actually, in most cases, it's a "Fuck you" no matter what. When you walk out because a speaker is boring you, it says "Fuck you, I'd rather be doing something else." When a lot of people do it, it indicates that for a lot of people, politeness isn't worth being bored for one hour on a weekday night.

That makes us look shitty. It's immature and it's embarrassing for the people who bother to stay behind and the people who arranged the visit. If you've got somewhere to be and really can't stay until the end, fine. That's normally acceptable because normally, there are only a few people in that situation and it doesn't amount to a distraction. But I can't imagine that there were fifty people at the lecture who were only able to stay for twenty minutes because of prior engagements, and I doubt that any boring VALS speakers come to that unlikely conclusion.

Not every VALS is going to be a winner. Signing up for it means being willing to maybe sit through a couple of boring lectures in a term, which shouldn't be a big deal. Sitting through boring stuff sometimes is not only part of being a student, but part of being an adult, and an unwillingness to do so demonstrates an unwillingness to be mature. So I will ask that the next time a VALS speaker is boring you, just stick it out. If that's a huge problem, maybe you could look them up ahead of time and see whether or not it seems interesting enough for you to sit through. But really, just stay for the whole thing, or at least until the Q&A. The pain will end as soon as the lecture does, and our school's image will remain intact.

Record Review: Lips Get Spooky

By JEREMY WINOGRAD '13
STAFF WRITER

My favorite online music writer once said this about Flaming Lips frontman Wayne Coyne: "If I couldn't have a member of my family or a close friend do it, you know, if I had to have a stranger tell me I was terminally ill and was going to die very soon, I'd want it to be Wayne Coyne."

That nicely sums up Coyne's life-affirming, almost Disney-level positivity on past hits, but with the way he and the band sound on their twelfth studio album, *Embryonic*, the bedside death chat might best be left to others. Clocking in at a sprawling 80 minutes, the album features the Lips' darkest, creepiest, most despondent sound to date. Though the band has always been known for crafting great melodies, *Embryonic* is almost entirely groove based—it is driven mainly by Michael Ivins' suddenly loud and throbbing basslines and keyboardist/drummer/guitarist Steven Drozd's army of keyboards and sound effects.

The Lips have made their entire career out of making left turns—the bubblegum pop interspersed with guitar noise and poppy lyrics that yielded their fluke mid-90's hit "She Don't Use Jelly" was abandoned for Brian Wilson-inspired orchestral arrangements and more serious lyrical content on 1999's *The Soft Bulletin*, which in turn was abandoned for electronic pop

on 2002's *Yoshimi Battles The Pink Robots*. So fans with a keen ear might have seen this latest shift coming. The band's previous album, 2006's *At War With The Mystics*, was their first misstep in years; it took the sugary songwriting and "wacky" computerized effects of *The Soft Bulletin* and *Yoshimi* to their logical extreme, and parts of the record fell outside the realm of good taste.

Basically, a change was needed, but the disorienting quality of this effort is surprising. *Embryonic* is a classic double album in the tradition of *Exile On Main St.* or *Wowee Zowee* in that its strength lies in the overarching statement it makes and the atmospheric coherence it exhibits rather than in its individual songs. But *Embryonic* pushes that theory to its limit by containing relatively few truly structured songs (in the sense that they owe more to, say, the ethereal jams of *Bitch's Brew* than to "Do You Realize?"). Coyne's vocals, though never strong, have always been fairly clear and up front in the mix. Here, they are treated with heavy reverb and mixed almost secondarily to the instrumentation, at times completely unrecognizable.

Though the material is certainly all here, it's true that on first listen it's very difficult to pick through the layers of sound to find the standout songs (pulsating rockers "Convinced Of The Hex," "See The Leaves," and "Silver Trembling

Continued On Page 11

Usdan Annexed

By SARAH ST. LIFER '10
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

It has come to the attention of the Visual Arts students of the senior class that half of the Usdan Gallery space in VAPA may remain a classroom during the annual senior show.

In September, students were surprised to find that four of the six partition walls for Usdan had been used as walls surrounding a smart classroom. An additional space in VAPA, the back crit room (B206), was converted into a classroom for literature, history and social sciences. Seniors concentrating in visual arts are concerned because the compromised space entails a new approach to the Senior Show.

In the past, a mandatory senior review determined if the student's work could be displayed in the Senior Show. If the classroom exists during the show, seniors have two options: either there will be two separate Senior Shows, or there will be a judiciary committee responsible for allotting the minimal space to students. These two options would make the visual arts discipline seem as though it were a conservatory, a place where students need to be seen before graduation.

The gallery is suffering—monitors must interrupt class discussions to access the tool room to close the gallery at 5 p.m.

and visitors are hesitant to discuss the work when there are so many present to overhear. Students studying in the Usdan classroom are distracted by installations, which should be interesting come next term when Marina Zurkow's media show is on display in March.

In May of 1969 Edward J. Bloustein, President of Bennington College at the time, wrote that, "[t]hose who planned Bennington College recognized as had few before them the educational significance of the visual and performing arts and included



Photo courtesy of the POD

them as full partners in the undergraduate liberal arts curriculum. This was one of Bennington's most radical innovations and to this day it is one of the chief sources of Bennington's unusual influence in education." Nothing has changed in 40 years; the visual arts at Bennington is still a significant strength and the senior work should be valued as it has since the opening of the Usdan Gallery.

Eating With Emily

By Emily Gray Tareila '10
STAFF WRITER

The Warm Up While It Cools Down Issue

Ok, so roll with my story: I was on my fav music blog, dippedindollars.com and reading the review one of my fav band's, Thao & The Get Down, Stay Down's, new album, Know Better, Learn Faster. Dipped in Dollars is headed up by two of my favorite people, Selome Samuel '09 and Owen Henry '10. Selome and I rocked out to Thao all of last year and think she is real dreamboat. Anyway, I was reading the review and remembered a meal that Selome and I made for Owen's 22nd birthday this summer with Tim, Alice and Anna. Owen wanted his favorite food, fajitas, and we had a pretty stellar (if not a little sloppy) night. Anyway, to get the full effect, Warm Up While It Cools Down while listening to Thao and the Get Down, Stay Down and make some yummy food together!

Remember, DIY means doing it together. Share, Converse, Convene.

In the Home and in the Hall:

Fajita:::Bonita!

The Home Version (serves four):

One large can of black beans
Four-six skinless chicken breasts (optional)
Three Bell Peppers (I prefer red, yellow and orange)
Two Vidalia onions
One lime or lime juice
Two Bay leaves
Chicken broth (if you're using chicken)
Greek-strained yogurt
Two medium-sized tomatoes
Two cloves garlic
Cilantro
One mango
Soft flour tortillas
For the seasoning: chili powder, cumin, paprika, red pepper flakes, onion powder, garlic powder.

Put your can of beans in a pot over medium-low heat with two bay leaves and a quarter cup of water, liberal amount of salt and leave to simmer for about fifty minutes (with the lid on!). While this is happening, cut your chicken breasts into long, thin slices, while also trimming off all of the snap back at 'ya parts.

Fill a skillet with about a quarter inch of chicken broth after your pan s nice and hot at a medium temperature. Add about a half of one sliced onion and your chicken. While this is simmering, turn often and add stock as needed. While you're waiting (and still being attentive to your chicken), slice your peppers and onions thin and long and then mince your garlic, cilantro, tomatoes and mango. Mix the tomatoes, mango, garlic and cilantro into a bowl and let sit.

After about ten minutes, add your peppers and the rest of the onion. Add your seasoning, a liberal amount of each spice and wait till chicken is browned.

Warm your tortillas in the oven and assemble as follows: a base of beans (remove bay leaves before serving), chicken + peppers combo on top, a big spoonful of the tomato mixture, with a dollop of the yogurt on top. Enjoy!

The Hall Version:

A half cup of black beans
A handful of onions
A handful of peppers
A nice amount of garlic
Four grape tomatoes
Sour cream
A tortilla

For the seasoning: chili powder, cumin, paprika, red pepper flakes, powdered garlic & onion

If you have time, I would suggest letting the black beans cook down in the wok with garlic, a bit of water and covering it with a plate. Even ten minutes make a big difference. After about ten minutes, cover the beans in a bowl and use the same wok to sauté some garlic, onions, sliced in half tomatoes and peppers in the wok with the seasoning. Warm the tortilla in the conveyer belt, add the beans, veggies and top with sour cream.

Bevvy of the Week: Hot Mocha Milkshake

Fill your mug:

One quarter full with coffee
One quarter full with milk
Add three scoops of ice cream (I like maple walnut, vanilla or coffee)

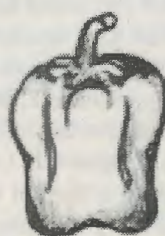
Whip this together with a fork

Add more ice cream as needed (some will melt-you want it thick!), top off with a little hot chocolate and then sprinkle on cinnamon and nutmeg.

Revamping Regulars: Those Chicken/Vegan Nuggets

Here's a pesto sandwich for those who are done with the BBQ sauce. This also works great with tuna salad (sub out shredded carrots for pickles)

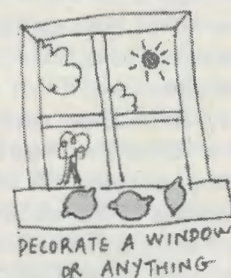
Cut two pieces of the brown bread and put them on the conveyer belt. While it's toasting, take a mug and make a 50/50 mixture of pesto and mayo. Grab your toast and while you're waiting in line for your nuggets and slathering on your pesto-mayo bread lube, chat it up with one of your buddies and ask him or her to sit with you! Slice four nuggets longways and spread 'em across your toast. On the other slice, place a thin layer of shredded carrots and then spinach. Top the chicken nugget side with a douse of hot sauce and then some cheese. Put in the panini maker and enjoy!



By faith f. griffiths '11
STAFF WRITER

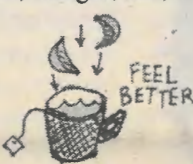


Lemons. Why do I love them so much?
Why do they appear in the majority of my creative work?
Why are they included in most everything that I bake?
Why do I sing about them?
This piece is dedicated to my favorite fruit,
And its purpose is for you to think about your favorite fruit.
Why is it your favorite?



When I was little I absolutely hated fruit. Many fruits I had never even tried, but I decided that I hated all fruits. My mom and dad were very worried that I wasn't getting the proper nutrition so they would try to trick me into eating fruit or drinking juice. Such as sneaking it into my food or giving me a sippy cup and telling me it was water. I always knew. Once, they locked me in the bathroom until I drank a cup of orange juice. For two and a half hours I sat stone still and did not touch it. They felt terrible and from that point on left me alone about it.

To this day, I have never tasted apricots, grapes, kiwi, pears, grapefruit, peaches, and probably a few others. I still have this strange block from my childhood that tells me that I don't like them. Don't worry though, because at my own pace I have started to overcome this and do enjoy apples, bananas, berries, oranges, and, of course,



Lemons.

I hope that you get to eat your favorite fruit today.

If you don't get the chance, you should

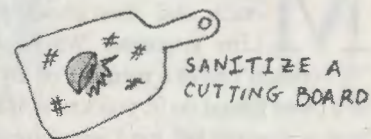
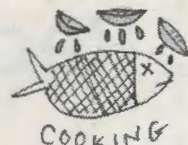
draw a picture of it.

I will probably draw ten pictures of lemons today.

Another reason that I like them so much is that you can do interesting things with lemons that maybe most people don't know about.

Like:

- Cleaning or sterilizing most things, like cutting boards and other kitchenware (rub with lemon juice and rinse)
- Squeezed into tea or boiled water, for your health and well-being
- Polishing metal ware (mix lemon juice and baking soda)
- Keeping fruit and vegetables from discoloring (if you're making fruit or vegetable salad)
- Of course, in baking (my favorite thing of the moment is making lemony apple pie. Add to the filling the zest and juice of one whole lemon)
- Curing acne (Well, I actually haven't tried personally but I have read that if you dab a little lemon juice onto your pimples they will VANISH!)
- Cooking, such as in stir-fries, salad-dressings, and squeezed over cooked fish



-I have also not tried this, but apparently if you dab some under your armpits - natural deodorant (let me know if you try that one)

-Decorating your room

-Falling In Love. It could happen.

What's your favorite fruit?

What uses does it have?

And again, why is it your favorite?

If you are interested, you should tell me.

I'd love to hear about it.

If not, I hope you at least think about it today. Perhaps you'll think about lemons too.

Salad Dressing of the Week: Honey Mustard

Whisk with a fork:

One half part olive oil
2 parts spicy brown mustard
2 parts honey
3 parts rice wine vinegar
Salt + pepper to taste

Recommended Reading: Smitten Kitchen

My new favorite blog, tied with 101cookbooks. I made Deb Perelman's Asparagus Shitake Risotto during Long Weekend and it was amazing. Beautiful photos, easy directions, and she even admits when recipes are duds. I love her! smittenkitchen.com

Know Your Protocol: SMTP

BY DEVIN GAFFNEY '10
WEB EDITOR

So, how have things been in the internet pipes you ask? Well, let me tell you a little Double-Stuf of love that's got me all hot and bothered: that Liz Coleman e-mail! Man, nothing gets me going more than a nice big usage of one of my favorite protocols.

I originally was going to just riff on how awesome the Simple Mail Transfer Protocol is originally outlined in RFC 821 by Jon Postel in 1982. That's right nutter butters: E-mail is way older than you think. (Real quick: an RFC is a "Request for Comments," basically someone would suggest a way to send data through the early pipes, and then consensus would be reached, and it was implicitly assumed everyone would follow it. It's pretty cool; go google the RFC's. Lots of good April fools ones.) But now, in light of all this tomfoolery with the venerable E-mail, there is something actually useful to talk about.

One of the simplest protocols, SMTP basically uses this architecture: you have a mail server on either end, let's say smtp.bennington.edu (which is ours) and smtp.example.com (can't think of another real one off the top of my head, because everyone locks theirs up from sniffing them out except Bennington). These are Domain Names for mail servers. When I send a correctly formatted message to one of these, let's say from smtp.example.com to smtp.bennington.edu, the SMTP server on Bennington's side sees my request, looks for

the user's mailbox that I specified, then once it finds it, dumps the e-mail into a file location that belongs to that user's account so that when the user logs in, they can see the message. The message in more advanced setups probably has some boolean statement like "read" so that if "read" is false, the mail is bolded and is "new" because you haven't "read" it yet.

If the username is invalid, however, it sends me that mailer daemon email, and it says it couldn't find the user. It then shows the receipt of what you sent, and then you gotta go back to the drawing boards and figure out that address. That's basically it in the simplest terms.

The coolest thing, the thing anyone will show you when you ask them to explain SMTP, is the big takeaway that shows how much kinder and simpler the internet was before all you chuds came along: SMTP has no security measures. None. Absolutely zilch. It was built with the assumption that you would send an e-mail through your account name, because obviously, only you want e-mail responses back not some bogus e-mail name. Let's go back to the bad user idea, where it sends you the mailer daemon email. That was a result of a legal user sending a message to an illegal (non-existent) user. The server handles it just fine. What if you flipped the situation? Say you set your email address as Liz_rolling_deep@Bennington.edu. Well, what would happen is this: the server would send your message along just fine. It wouldn't send a receipt of failure, because the message actually did go

through just fine; the only problem is that if someone were to reply to your email, it would never get to you, because that user account was never actually created as a legit email address. Its not tied to any location on disk, so anything sent to it will get a return of a mailer daemon error. Funny, huh? Try this at home: using terminal, go ahead and type in telnet smtp.bennington.edu 25. This specifies that we want to use the telnet method of connection, and open the connection to the smtp server on port 25 (which is the port that SMTP communicates through). You'll actually get onto the e-mail server. All you have to do is a series of perhaps the cutest command conventions ever (all the words are four letters or less): HELO establishes the opening of a connection in which you're going to send and e-mail. MAIL FROM: (username) specifies who you are (Liz_rolling_deep). RCPT TO: (username(s)) specifies who to send it to (everyone on campus). Then, you start the message by saying DATA. If you want a subject, your first line has to be Subject: (subject). Then, from there, all you do is write your email. Finish it off by pressing enter, then a period. Then it sends it out. That's it. No security because no one thought it would be used for bad things. Totally terrible assumption. You can even put bad domain names as the FROM. Like, for example, anybody_you_dont_like@incriminatingwebsite.com. Works just fine.

This flaw has since been addressed, and there are parent protocols that wrap SMTP so that this flaw isn't exploited. But in a raw SMTP environment, it still works just

fine. So much so that there are actually software packages out there that make it so you don't even have to do the nerd stuff to make it work, you just enter in the e-mail like you would on the regular, except you can change the reply_to name.

SMTP is a pretty cool thing, and you should definitely play with it. Jon Postel would be so proud of you all. Since long long ago, all sorts of other mail technologies have come along. POP (Post Office Protocol), IMAP (Internet Message Access Protocol) and ESMTP (Extended SMTP) all work just fine, wrap up SMTP in it, and also include an actual mailbox, but they don't have that old school charm. SMTP has made careers for people. Spam servers use that same hack to push out hundreds of thousands of e-mails a day, just to see if a few bites come in and they are able to make money. Even if 10 people respond to spam out of literally 100,000 users, it's still a good way to make money, so you can count on this going on for the rest of your life. Until they fix SMTP, of course, but they won't because they haven't in almost 30 years. So, go out and try it. It's the best protocol for talking to your friends, except perhaps AIM's OSCAR service, which I may or may not talk about in my next Know Your Protocol. Do you have any questions about how computers work? Any lingering thoughts? Send anything and everything over to MY SMTP account, dicedpeeledtomatoes@gmail.com, and I'll be sure to get your question resolved.

Carpetbagger

BY MATTHEW RUSSELL '10

Carpetbaggers, definition: Greedy, opportunistic Northerners who traveled south during the reconstruction era to pillage and plunder the homes of poor, unsuspecting Southern families. This long weekend, my fellow carpetbaggers and I Devin Gaffney '10, Roby Moulton '10 and Caldwell Akers '12 carpetbagged our way down to Nashville, TN, where we ate pulled-pork sandwiches and mac-and-cheese for three days straight. Here were some other highlights of the trip:

Running out of gas in Kentucky – Apparently if you don't fill your car with gas for nine hours you run out of it! We discovered this zesty fact as we crossed over the border from West Virginia to Kentucky and our engine began to stall. Luckily, we were rescued by a very charming, heavily-mulleted AAA employee who happened to be in the vicinity, and with whom Gaffney now shares an everlasting bond of friendship.

Akers's mom – Probably the sweetest lady south of the Mason-Dixon line, if not in the entire country. She provided us with some delicious, homemade Southern cuisine as well as endless Southern hospi-

ality. The next time you see Akers, please congratulate him on having such a delightful mother.

Kings of Leon – As soon as we stepped out of the car in Nashville we were immediately mistaken for the Southern Indie-pop group Kings of Leon. Upon further reflection, I do see some scary resemblances.

Rotier's Restaurant – We carpetbagged ourselves some of Dixieland's tastiest grilled-cheese burgers at this fine establishment. We also carpetbagged ourselves a beefy \$60 check!

Monotonix – A crazy Israeli band we saw in Nashville that poured beer and emptied garbage cans all over each other during the course of their show. After decking a rowdy audience member in the face, the lead singer reminded us of a lesson that no one should forget: "Never, never, never, never fuck with an Israeli!"

Homeless buskers on the streets of Nashville that we interviewed about the apocalypse – most of them are convinced that it's coming pretty soon.

The South is a pretty groovy place, and we learned that even filthy Yankees are welcomed there with open arms. Now that the Civil War is safely over, we highly recommend that y'all carpetbag your way down there too.

Weekend Interlopers: Friends or Foes?

BY HUGH ELTON '12
ARTS EDITOR

A couple of weeks ago, walking home from VAPA late on a Friday night, I came across a small group that I immediately knew was not Bennington students. They looked to be teens; certainly not adults. I could immediately tell they were from the area, but there was no doubt that they weren't students here, and they weren't hanging out with anyone I recognized to be students, so I knew they probably weren't signed in. They saw me coming and validated my suspicion that they weren't signed in by promptly splitting as I approached.

I've seen them again in similar circumstances, maybe not exactly the same crew, and not always on weekends even. I know a lot of other people have run into them too, and I've heard many express that they're not really down with the idea of outsiders coming on our campus to hang out.

I'm kind of split on the issue. I'll admit, my first reaction is often suspicious, and I wonder if they're up to any trouble. But I think the chances of them causing any real harm are pretty slim. Furthermore, I think it's best to avoid the bubble mentality that leads a lot of us to be distrustful and hostile towards any outsiders, or this paranoid idea that we, as college students, are some sort of unwelcome settlers and a target for

residents of the surrounding woodland area. I'd imagine Bennington can be a pretty boring place any given night of the week, and our campus, in addition to being a cool place to hang out, also has an abundance of delicious fermenting apples that have fallen off the trees which can provide a nice buzz if you eat enough of them.

So I'm inclined to think there's really no problem with the whole thing. I think

I think they're looking for about as much trouble with us as we are with them, i.e. none,

they're looking for about as much trouble with us as we are with them, i.e. none, and if we are tolerant and leave them be, they'll do the same. I've seen those "Shocking Home Videos" shows

where they look peaceful at first but then end up standing up on their hind legs and pummeling some poor woman with their front hooves, but I think those are rare instances as long as you don't get too close or threaten their young. In fact, I think deer are a majestic and integral part of the beautiful mountain setting of our school, and as I'm sure no one has a problem with them residing in the woods on our campus where they're safe from hunters and the like, I wonder, should we really care if they wander onto the part of the campus we inhabit? Building a productive, friendly relationship with the town of Bennington means being courteous and sociable to the deer, too, and I hope that we can all set any hostile impulses aside in order to keep them from feeling alienated and seeing humans as unfriendly.



Moulton, Akers and Gaffney share a laugh.

The Hallows: Jennings and Lila

In this series, Connie Panzariello and Lauren Bertin guide you through the hollows – those mysteriously obscure places on campus that you’ve heard of, you fear, and some how still revere. These journeys are where Bennington myths are born and where legends are made. You have been warned...

By LAUREN BERTIN '11 &
 CONNIE PANZARIELLO '12
 FEATURES EDITORS

We are all aware of the strange energy that exists on our campus. This energy exudes itself in our behavior, but mostly in our surroundings. Walk outside at night and you will often witness a thick fog covering the End of the World, although it might have been a perfectly sunny day outside. Or, take a look at the clouds because if you haven’t already caught on, they move in four different directions that correspond to the four winds that mysteriously converge over Commons. The Native Americans considered this land cursed, and refused to build anything on it. In true Bennington fashion, this warning was ignored (if the recession doesn’t phase us, an allegedly cursed Indian burial ground sure won’t).

Last weekend, the wind howled and the rain poured down Friday night as we made our way to...McDonalds. Yes, we were hungry for a late night snack, and at all costs avoiding our plans

to spend the whole night in Jennings for we have all heard the stories about Lila (or Mrs. Jennings to those who wish to remain on more respectful terms) surprising the unsuspecting on her grand staircase. Upon arrival, we settled in, ate our french fries and chicken nuggets, and then set to work on our version of ghost hunting-sitting and waiting in the lobby. Our friend Betsy had more serious intentions as she took out her video and digital cameras and began snapping and recording every space in sight. She told of her own personal experiences with Mrs. Jennings and how her own two feet were knocked out from under her after she had disrespected Mrs. Jennings with words we shall not repeat. Before we knew it, we were experiencing “cold spots” and seeing strange orbs in her photos and Betsy began asking Lila some questions (name, age, sign, the whole shebang...just kidding, we asked way more serious questions than that). Then the old wooden front door opened slowly, as if an answer to our ghostly inquiries was about to emerge and in stepped...

a friendly campus safety officer who proceeded to tell us some of his fellow safety officers’ personal encounters with the alleged spirit of Mrs. Jennings. He informed us of lights mysteriously turning back on, not once, but five or six times, after repeatedly being shut off when no one could be found in the entire mansion. He also informed us of an “old person’s smell” that exists in one of the hallways adjacent to the lobby (no offense, Mrs. Jennings).

While these campus safety stories sound similar to the ones that we encounter from our friends, Connie had in the past gained access to some alumni stories that were especially eerie. There is a tale of a group of students walking out of a practice room, only to see an elderly woman sitting in the lobby reading a newspaper late at night (Mrs. Jennings must really appreciate our new free NY Times subscription). Safety officers examined the house, but found that there was no one there who fit

that particular description. However, perhaps the more chilling story involved an alumni who was doing a movement experiment video by herself in one of the classrooms. She found her body being pushed off a chair by some unknown force and subsequently hit her head on the wall. She then turned and saw that if she had fallen an inch more to the left, she would have been “impaled” by a metal object sticking out of the floor (Is it possible that Mrs. Jennings just does not appreciate dance as much as she appreciates music?).

By two o’clock at night, feeling as though we would continue to have no luck at spotting Mrs. Jennings and running out of ghost stories (and french fries!), we decided it was time for sleep. Periodically throughout the night, each of us awoke to hear strange

sounds. At one specific point (4:30 AM!) we both awoke simultaneously to hear a faucet being turned on and foot steps padding upstairs. We couldn’t go back to bed right away, and we both refused to go investigate. We like to say it was because we were too tired (or even because all the fast food had made us couch potatoes), but the truth of the matter was that we were both fully aware that no one except for us was in the house. The only answer could be that it was our good friend Lila (or some really ambitious and stealthy music student). So this Halloween when you decide to do some amateur ghost hunting of your own, make sure you give our own Mrs. L.J. a shout out. Word to the wise: choose your music wisely; we’ve heard she is a rather harsh critic.



Sign In, How Astrology Can Change Your Life

By CONNIE PANZARIELLO
 FEATURES EDITOR

“What’s your sign?” In our cultural lexicon, it’s become a pick-up line, a way of getting a quick sense of someone’s personality and even an excuse for why someone’s chosen to be a little difficult that day (“Oh she’s an Aries...etc. etc.”). Although it often seems that horoscopes were invented by Cosmo as a way to tell women who their perfect mate is, astrology is a much deeper practice based on the planetary energy and movements. It can certainly tell you more than why you’re incompatible with a Scorpio (although, in my view, that’s definitely still worthwhile knowledge). Astrology is an ancient science/art based on one set of universal laws that permeate and unify all of the life force in the Cosmos. It dates back thousands of years to the ancient cultures like Egypt and Greece. Astrology was used by farmers to plant crops, by royalty to predict the sex of a child, when to go to war, or the best day for a coronation.

Recently, I sat down with professional Astrologer Lisa Verschoor-Smith to discuss how astrology can aid us in our development. In my time at the BFP, I’ve had the opportunity to sit down with a lot of people and question them about a variety of topics, but shortly after meeting Verschoor-Smith I realized that this interview would be a bit different than discussing financial matters or Education Forum. (Fun fact: She and I were born at the same relatively small hospital in White Plains, New York.

Coincidence? I think not.) Verschoor-Smith has been a practicing astrologer, as she refers to it, “this time around” since the mid 1980s. This was still a time when astrology was in a lull having had a huge resurgence in the 1960s. She came to it as a means of coping with a myriad of changes and deaths in her life and the injustice she saw in the world. It is Verschoor-Smith’s belief that all energy and life come from one Source. This primal life flow transfers between physical and non-physical existence. Her understanding of astrology led to



Photo provided by Verschoor-Smith

a broader understanding of the connections between all things. Thus, the macrocosm is revealed in the microcosm or “As above, so below.” She explained that she did not believe in death, but, time out for the soul to reflect and prepare for its next incarnation or journey. She has read thousands of charts and done astrological consulting for many prominent clients and celebrities and has used her skill as an astrologer to assist others in gaining a deeper understanding of their lives.

The birth or natal chart is the main tool that Verschoor-Smith uses to interpret what is occurring at the time of the reading in her clients life. She compares it to a blueprint or a type of GPS for life, as it connects the dots between where we have been to where we are going. Like a GPS, we also program our destination, as everything that happens is a choice that we make “inherently in our soul”.

According to Verschoor-Smith, learning about our birth chart can help us make more conscious choices, and validate the decisions that we have made and are going to make in the future. For example, if you are faced with a big decision, the chart can reveal where you are in turmoil, the nature of the choice and options for resolving it as well as a deeper level of understanding. Also of importance in the birth chart are twelve astrological houses, one for every sign in the zodiac. Each house means something different in the chart. The fourth, for instance, has to do with family and childhood. If you have the planet Pluto in this house, it signifies turmoil and difficulty in early childhood. It takes Pluto about 12-15 years to go through a house which is fairly slow compared with other planets like the Sun or the Moon. Verschoor-Smith believes that if society placed more value on astrology, and used the birth chart, a lot of good could be done for children who are currently struggling in school or in other areas of their life. “If a counselor had access to a child’s birth chart, they would be able to understand better how to help them. They

would be able to see that the child was having family problems, difficulty with communication or self-image and determine an adequate and informed way of handling him/her. Retrograde planets are also very significant in identifying triggers a child may experience. By utilizing the birth chart, the teachers and educators could support the growth and development of the child and formulate a personal plan to work with the afflictions.”

As for the more surface parts of astrology, we all know what our sun signs are, but most of us don’t know exactly what that entails. Our sun sign signifies what house the sun was in when we were born. Then, of equal importance, is the rising sign, which is dictated by the exact time and place of our birth. For example, I was born at 1:00 pm on March 23rd, in White Plains, New York. Therefore, I am a Leo Rising (which, according to Verschoor-Smith, means royalty in a past life, just by the way). Think of the difference like this: the rising sign is how you might appear to someone if you’ve just met him or her at a party, it’s the first impression. The sun sign is how you appear to someone when they’ve known you for a while. You should check both your rising and sun sign equally, as both horoscopes affect your life equally.

All in all, astrology can be a good way to self-reflect on your relationships and your life. As

Verschoor-Smith explained to me, we move through life having karma with certain people. This karma can carry over to the next life and affect how we view and interact with certain people. Finding yourself attracted to someone you dislike. It’s probably because of what you’ve experienced with them in a past life (you were married, they chopped off your head, the usual). Verschoor-Smith recommends working any of these feelings out, as holding onto them affects you not only in this lifetime, but in your lifetimes to come. What I took away from this interview the most was a different perception of life. Death doesn’t have to be the end, but rather a time that can be used to improve yourself and your surroundings until you reach whatever afterlife you believe will come. Still skeptical? Verschoor-Smith read my birth chart at the first thing she said was “Does your father travel internationally?” I had said nothing about my father before this and for your information, I travel about every three months. If you would like to share in the experience Lisa Verschoor-Smith can be found in town at One Main Street in North Bennington by appointment only. This can be done either over the phone or in person. Please call her at 860-461-1618 or 442-7800 or visit Avalonastrology.net for more information.



Campus Costumes

BY MICHAEL ZIMMER '10
STAFF WRITER

It's Halloween already! But what's that? Nothing at Goodwill captures that Twilight chic you were going for and Wal-Mart is all out of body glitter? Well here are some great last minute ideas that will be sure you get some of that sweet dry-humping action on the Swan dance floor.

CAPA – Everybody's favorite new building! Since the shape is a little awkward, try painting a big cardboard box with a nice marble texture. Or, if you're feeling a little risky, just go grab a piece from the site and chain it around your neck!

Public Action – Put on a sombrero, an eye patch, an old bowling shirt, bloomers, and clogs. Nobody will know what you're supposed to be, so it's perfect! (and would be great as a couple's costume with CAPA! ZOMG!)

Dorothy Canfield – Education reformer and imaginative farm girl. Don't forget Toto!

The Wireless Network – Just walk slowly. Everyone will complain about you all the time. Be sure to move even slower when more people are around.

The 'Bater – Black hoodie, sweatpants. Just look for the party. Why you being weird, man?

Alum – It's pretty much the same as the hobo costume you did in 2nd grade.

Campus Safety – Get a blue shirt, badge, and trimmed facial hair of your choice and you'll be giving that lucky lady a "room check" before you can say "Schlotter."

Toddlers dressed by Michael Zimmer '10



> Skinny

Haunted Whore Haus

Who moved Leigh Haus to the Orchard?

B.B.O.

Beefeater Gin, \$25.80

Ketel One, \$17.80

Capt. Morgan, \$21.80

Jagermeister, \$14.80

Balley's, \$17.80

Wild Turkey, \$18.10

In 4 Steps:

1. Send eMail posing as College President
2. Cause controversy
3. ??????????????????
4. Profit!

Where The Wild Things Aren't:

Cinema7 overdubs with children talking

H1N1 Costume:

party in a vacant faculty apartment by yourself

Paper Plates On The Conveyor Belt:

Where Is Your Brain?!

Humans vs. Zombies:

a typical 8am class

Tweet Highlights:

@z000000 VATICAN CHAINSAW MASSACRE

@z000000 driving back to bennington; no felonies this time

@bnstl goat hornz: in the baaaaa-g.

Write or Tweet us a Skinny!

bfp@bennington.edu
@tweet_bfp



Cartoon by Emily Tareila '10

Lips

Continued From Page 7

Hands" leap out immediately, while the rousing closer "Watching The Planets" is almost a sing-a-long). Regardless, it's equally clear from the first listen how powerful and brilliantly evocative an experience Embryonic really is.

Improvised, mainly instrumental jams with zodiac sign titles appear periodically throughout the track listing, and range from what sounds like an outtake from Tommy ("Sagittarius Silver Announcement") to a 2-minute, half hyper-speed punk song, half dreamy keyboard soundscape ("Aquarius Sabotage"). The album is almost uncompromising in its lurching despondency; while one might expect a duet with the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Karen O called "I Can Be A Frog" to be a chirpy, iPod commercial-ready effort, it instead involves Coyne singing about a randomly selected list of animals and Karen O imitating those animals over the phone over a backing track that could almost be played in an amusement park haunted house. And while the dreamy melody of

"The Sparrow Looks Up At The Machine" might have actually fit on Yoshimi Battles The Pink Robots, the Lips do the best they can to obscure it with foreboding keyboards and a dark, rumbling groove.

Embryonic's most shocking aspect, however, is its lyrical content, at least in comparison to their past themes. Coyne claims "The Ego's Last Stand" is about "watching a kitten die on [his] mother's porch," and, as far as songs about death go, it is more or less the polar opposite of "Do You Realize??" Instead of relying on bombastic, super-positive platitudes about the beauty of life, Coyne tensely intones lines like "once you see their faces/Oh, they're just like us" over a creepy bassline before the song morphs into a pummeling guitar-led assault. And to hear Coyne sing the line "People are evil" in the haunting ballad "Evil" is equal to hearing a nun use the word "cunt" in casual conversation. The overall themes are very cosmic yet honest in scope, while the numerous references to animals provide a clue to the pervasive theme of Freudian ego and the quest for its destruction. It sounds as if Coyne is facing the complexities and

vast uncertainties of the modern world in a disarmingly stark manner.

For a band with a career as strange and wildly varied as the Flaming Lips, it's difficult to rank each album they've put out. But given that Wayne Coyne is nearly 50 and fewer and fewer bands take truly bold chances with their music these days, Embryonic is a hell of a capstone to their career thus far. And yet all I can think is, "What will they do next?"



Embryonic
WEA/Reprise

choose a crystal that
vibrates on your frequency



-zack franklin

Don't Strike Out Strike Gold!

