

# BENNINGTON FREE PRESS

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FREE

## Foreign Policy Debate Held in Usdan

By Chelsea MacDonald

Last Thursday night at seven o'clock, members of Bennington College and the surrounding community gathered in Usdan Gallery for an informative debate sponsored by The United Nations Foundation, Rockefeller Brothers Fund and Open Society Institute. The resolution was, "That the United States should use military force pre-emptively to meet the threats posed by hostile nations and groups seeking to acquire nuclear, biological or chemical weapons," based on the National Security Strategy of the United States released by the Bush administration last September.

Arguing in favor of pre-emptive force were Williams College professor James MacAllistair and two freshman political aficionados masquerading as right-wingers, Michael Brooks and Gal Paz (both '07). Arguing against the position was Bennington's political science department, Mansour Farhang, Jeremy Davis ('05) and myself. Social science-professor Ron Cohen moderated. Each participant was given a chance to speak and rebut prior to audience questions.

James MacAllistair argued that pre-emption should be "a possible option, but not a required option", and kept in the "American tool box" of security alternatives. He pushed the 9/11 attacks as justification of pre-emptive strikes, citing the lives that would have been saved if pre-emptive force had been used against Osama Bin Laden in August of 2001. He strove to detach pre-emptive policy with George W. Bush and present it as a necessary security option in today's world.

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## Bennington Triangle Remains Unsolved After 53 Years

By Keith Hendershot

Paula Welden, blonde-haired, pretty, and well-bred, was exemplary of the 'type' you see smiling in the black-and-white photos from the college archives, taken at the height of those golden years following World War II when the school basked in its status as the most prestigious women's college in the country. The 18-year old sophomore came to Bennington College from a wealthy family and a good area. Her father was an industrial designer for the Revere Copper and Brass Company back home in Stamford, CT. She majored in fine arts and was in good scholastic standing. By all accounts, she was a cheerful young woman. Lately, however, she confided to her roommate that she had been experiencing some depression.

This much we know. On a Sunday afternoon, December 1, 1946, Welden, dressed in jeans and a red parka, walked out of her room in Dewey having told her roommate that she was going to take a quick hike on the Long Trail before she sat down to her studies. She hitched a ride along Route 9 to the mouth of the Long Trail. Several people witnessed her entering the trail. That afternoon, a middle-aged couple hiking, saw her walking



about a hundred yards ahead of them. She rounded a rocky out-cropping and by the time the couple reached the outcropping themselves, they had lost

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## The Jennings Ghost: Fact or Fiction?

By Stoney Ackroyd

Elmira Jennings, better known as the Jennings Ghost, did not commit suicide in the house where she is now infamous for having done so. She died of natural causes in Connecticut in 1944, seven years after she and her husband, Ed, donated one of their mansions to Bennington College.

It was not one of their favorite mansions. The couple owned it for only three years, residing in it for a total of three months before giving it away.

I came across these troubling facts last year while researching the ghost for a history project, and I had to wonder why a woman, who was not physically or emotionally connected to Bennington College when she died, is now known as a Bennington ghost. And furthermore why, according to two first-hand accounts, did the rumors begin in the early eighties, decades after her death?

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# All Hallow's Rock in Carriage Barn

By Sam Tyndall

The Halloween extravaganza THIS FRIDAY AT 10:30 will be the best rock show BC has seen in many moons. It shall take place in the Carriage Barn (that big red building near Jennings), and shall feature three bands. Any of these bands on their own would be amazing, but together they form a Voltron of musical prowess that is above reproach.

## TV on the Radio

Brooklyn's own TV on the Radio (said to be David Bowie's new favorite band) dropped their debut EP like a bomb over the summer, with guest vocals by Katrina Ford from Bird Land, and guitars by that guy from Liars. Imagine dirty vintage synth and lazy percussion and bass. The music is written and performed by the illustrious Dave Sitek, who produced over the past two years every recording put to tape by a little band called the Yeah Yeah Yeahs (who also play on the EP). The instrumentation is not the focus of TV on the Radio's sound, however. The focus lies squarely upon the shoulders of Tunde Adebimpe, who might possibly be one of the most gifted rock vocalists of our time. His voice is filled with the kind of soul we simply don't hear much in music these days. It's the sound of reality, and its pretty fucking amazing. Their soon to be released LP is going to make them famous, so catch em now.

## Turn Pale

The boys of Indiana's Turn Pale call it "death-disco" and that sums up their sound pretty well. If Ian Curtis and Peter Murphy got really pissed off and decided that funk was their new bag, Turn Pale would result. Known for audience interaction and powerhouse rock fuckery, this four-piece knows how to hammer them down. They are 2nd to none in the field of gloomy dance music. They know how to party. "Turn Pale, Indiana's corn-fed, eyelinered children of the night, have released an album that will make even the palest, New York piercing poster-boy smile." —Stuff Magazine



## Bird Land

Bird Land is comprised of wife and husband, Katrina Ford & Sean Antanaitis. They are the fine Baltimoreans that once formed the heart of the band Love Life (who once upon a time toured with Turn Pale. You see how it all fits together?) They have since moved on, away from the Bauhausian, Birthday Party influence of Love Life, and on to something entirely their own. Ford's eerie voice is husky and mournful, singing mostly about her and Sean's life together. Ryan Broddy of Baltimore's City Paper writes: "Watching their onstage affirmations is akin to catching an unaware couple kissing innocently on the street. It's not the gross public display of affection seen in high-school halls, nor is it contrived or pornographic, though a tension definitely emanates from the stage... Antanaitis weaves webs of Latin rhythms slowed to funereal pace, which opens ample space for Ford's exposed, emotional presence. The pair come off like a classic lounge act gone to Mexico to tend to the family graves."

In between bands, Bennington's own Sharan Singh will be dj-ing the dance floor. I know the Carriage Barn is a bit of a walk compared to the DownCaf, but it's a walk you should make (or drive), gentle reader. Start the night at the fashion show (in Lester Martin at 9:00) then come party

with us by the roaring fire to music made by people who know what Halloween is all about. Top your night off with a little Swany mischief if you so dare.



Top: TV on the Radio trio.  
Above: Turn Pale rockin' the mic yo.



Jenninas House

# GOATBOY IS BACK

By Daly Clement

I've always believed that a freshman's initiation ends not after October 1, as tradition holds, but when they have been properly schooled in the paranormal folklore of Bennington. How many upperclassmen couldn't tell a story about a weird night in Jennings where the lights turned off and a piano played from an empty room? And our Elders relish being the first to tell a freshman their version of a blood curdling legend. It's like taking their virginity.

This is how I was introduced to Goatboy, during my first week as a freshman, a week of countless "How Mrs. Jennings Killed Herself" stories and tales of the Bennington Triangle. A senior girl told me that Goatboy lives in the woods around the End of the World and occasionally (usually at night) comes close to the wall. Looking Goatboy in the eyes will make you crazy, irreversibly. Other (common) variations are: He is contained in a (sometimes) invisible cage that travels with him; once you are trapped in the cage you go crazy and can't escape; he is a child with a goat's skull for a head.

But as I researched this topic, I noticed a major difference between this legend and most others: very few people will admit to having seen him or knowing anyone who has. While sightings of Mrs. Jennings are as common as visions of Jonathan Mann's penis in August, despite the dubiousness of her story, even brief sightings of this peculiar creature are rare.

This is surprising because Goatboy is the perfect mascot, a cross between James Dickey's Sheep Child and Pan- an artistic freak with an appetite for unrestrained revelry. Most students would get along with him.

I asked Bill, the security guard, if he's had the pleasure of meeting him.

"Goatboy? You mean Ram Boy? I know about Ram Boy. It's Gothic, I think, from the Gothic period: half Ram, with the face of boy. Two legs instead of four. I've never seen him. Ask Archie. He's been here longer than I have."

Archie didn't know what I was talking about and hasn't seen Goat or

Rambo. Walking back to my dorm, despondent at my failure, I ran into sophomore Emilio Rodriguez.

"Goatboy? No, but I did see a leprechaun. You heard about the leprechaun? I saw him the other day, behind a tree," he said, pointing to a bright-orange maple near the library. I made a face of disbelief.

"No, I really did. He talked to me. He said..." Emilio thought for a moment. "Come here, I want to t-a-l-k t-o y-o-u."

I had overheard a group of freshman talking about a leprechaun, but the story lacked a quality that seems to make other legends stick: an inextricable connection to the school's history. There are obvious reasons why the story of Mrs. Jennings hangs around- the creepy building that bares her name would scare the hell out of anyone, and Mrs. Jennings was a real person. A good story is based on at least one fact, or something that *could* be true. It's doubtful that the Crosset Leprechaun will be added to the list of Bennington Legends. But what makes Goatboy different? Where did he come from?

I've always assumed that the legend was based at least in part, on John Barth's 1966 novel *Giles Goat Boy*, but the hunch was based on little more than the book's title- I haven't read it. Like any decent journalist, I planned on faking it by way of Spark Notes. Unfortunately, they don't have a summary. But I know this much: it's the story of a half-boy, half-goat creature living on a college campus and it was widely read during the sixties when John Barth was a bohemian icon. But mentioning it didn't ring a bell with most of the students that I interviewed.

Graham Porell, a recent Bennington graduate, hasn't read Barth's novel but remembered a student named Ethan Applegarth who developed an unusual interest in Goatboy and tried writing a paper about him for a class.

"Ethan graduated with me last year...his intention was to find out as much as he could about him, but no one admitted to seeing Goatboy...No one I've met has actually seen him."

Although it became frustrating how often I was given a response nearly identical to Graham's, there were several

students who, although not able to say that they had seen him, knew someone who had.

"There was a guy here a few years ago, I don't remember his name, who would see him every year on his birthday," said Julieanne Smolinski.

"Was he serious," I asked, "Or was he on drugs?"

"He was serious. And I think he may have been drunk twice, but other than that he was straight."

When I asked about the origin of the story, she didn't have a clue.

"People used to see him all the time, but the freshmen and sophomores don't talk about him anymore."

Maybe I missed Goatboy's heyday; I'm only a sophomore myself.

But the only person I spoke to who claims to have seen Goatboy, Hazak Brozgold, is a freshman, and his account was riveting (although told with a suspicious grin).

"I saw him one night; staring at me with yellowed eyes...he had a shaggy body, his phallus stood pointy and red and his ribs stuck out. I'll never walk alone at night again."

I didn't believe him, of course. But that doesn't stop me from avoiding the End of the World after eleven.

## In Transit

Dance Performance  
Rivera Cook  
Tonight & Saturday  
7:30 pm near Kinoteca

## Fashion @ Bennington

Lester Martin 9:00 pm  
(come in costume)





Triangle continued from page

sight of her distinctive red parka. Paula Welden was never seen nor heard from again.

The very next day, when Welden didn't show up to her classes, the Admissions office contacted the State Attorney's office after learning that no one had seen her on campus since the previous day. Welden was declared missing. Her father came immediately to Bennington upon hearing the news and, in conjunction with the college, the Sheriff's department and the state attorney, began organizing a massive search for his daughter. More than 500 volunteers of the Sheriff's department, as well New York and Connecticut state police, the National Guard, and the Boy Scouts participated in the manhunt. All classes were cancelled for that week as students and faculty joined the search, combing every inch of the snow-covered campus and nearby wilderness. Despite all this, no trace of Welden was recovered.

A media frenzy built around the search as newsmen from Albany, Boston, and New York flocked to Vermont to cover the disappearance of this affluent young woman. The story stayed on the front page of the *Bennington Banner* for 42 days straight. It was the second largest news story in New England that year, surpassing even the Red Sox's defeat in that year's World Series.

An extensive 22-day search produced no substantial leads and Vermont

and Connecticut investigators admitted that they were "totally baffled." In the last days of the search, a distraught father packed his daughter's belongings from her empty room in Dewey, struggling to come to grips with the plain fact that his daughter had seemingly vanished into thin air.

Bennington locals who followed the story could not resist remembering that at around the same time the previous year, a hunter had vanished mysteriously in approximately the same area, between Bickford and Hell Hollows. On November 12, 1945 74-years old Middie Rivers, an experienced woodsman, separated from his hunting party and never returned to meet them. A National Guard-led canvas of the area recovered only a single bullet from Rivers' gunbelt. The bullet may have fallen from his belt as he bent down to drink from a creek.

Within three years of Welden's disappearance, in the fall of 1949, the town's fire alarm sounded two more times, and the *Banner's* front pages were filled once again with stories of disappearances. On October 12, 8-year-old Paul Jepson vanished from a parked truck, waiting for his mother to finish tending the pigs at the town dump she managed. The boy had a history of running away into the woods. A team of bloodhounds was released to follow Paul's scent. The rain-soaked search party followed the dogs through the White Chapel Woods out past the dump. The dogs lost the boy's scent at the junction between East and Chapel Roads. It was speculated that he may have been picked up from there. Regardless, no trace of him ever surfaced. Less than two weeks later on October 28, 53-year-old Frieda Langer of North Adams disappeared while hiking with her cousin on the Eastern side of

Glastenbury Mountain, near Somerset Reservoir. Langer's body finally turned up the following May, in the woods near the area of her disappearance. The cause of death was never determined due to the "gruesome" condition of her body. It did seem strange that despite extensive manhunt of the area, the body evaded discovery.

A less-publicized but considerably stranger disappearance occurred a month later on the exact date of Welden's disappearance. According to Joseph Citro, author of *Passing Strange, True Tales of New England Hauntings and Horrors*, James Tetford, a resident of the Bennington Veteran's Home, vanished on a bus, returning from a visit with family in northern Vermont. Fellow passengers claimed to have seen him on the bus, but when the bus reached Bennington, Tetford didn't get off. His coat, luggage bags, and bus schedule were all that remained in his seat.

It is difficult to track down a solid figure for the number of people that vanished during that brief period in the 1940s in the area that has been dubbed "The Bennington Triangle." Citro sets the number at 8 people in the course of 8 years, adding the 1949 disappearances of three hunters in the nearby wilderness of Massachusetts and the 1942 disappearance of 13-year-old Melvin Hills of Bennington to the list. A blurb printed in the *Banner* in the midst of the 1949 disappearances stated, "Bennington has more lost persons than any other county in the state; 11 in 20 years, by some estimates. But estimates, like news stories, tend to be exaggerated."

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**Paula Welden Missing Since  
Sunday From College Campus;  
Search Is Made Over Wide Area**

# Friday I'm 13

By Jim Bentley

Bennington College is the summer camp I never had. The rolling Vermont hills and clear ponds are enough to stimulate the natural wildness that is associated with those forced adolescent getaways. There is also the horny and debauched behavior (alla' Meatballs) that permeates the campus from Thursday night through Sunday morning. Not to mention the piercing gossip that makes its way from house to house like a wild brush fire. I suppose archery is replaced by naked frisbee, and camp sing-a-longs are those drunken fetish-80's-karaoke nights. The kids don't "make out" anymore. It has been replaced by vague conversations concerning dental dams and the all too obvious sound of plywood snapping underneath a tired mattress. The next morning, we look across those egalitarian dining hall tables and wince, all while trying to digest our garden scrambles.

Deviant summer camp is not what I pictured of college when I was struggling to figure out bills and budgets on my extended year off. I fantasized autumn leaves, sweaters, and pretentious conversations on late nights. I would write my play and meet my future wife. The parties would match Brett Ellis' day, with kegs, rich jerks and artsy girls with brains. I would jog a lot, like Kevin Kline in *The Big Chill*. I came here feeling thirty-five and now I'm thirteen again.

I know some (save Fels) might want to forget thirteen. I certainly do. Yet here I am, shameless in my desire to dress up like a ninja while listening to Sound Garden on a Saturday night. It is shameless to allow Warren G. to take precedent over a ten page paper on Weimar Germany, isn't it?

Cheap canned beer was a staple of the unsupervised eighth grader. Slumping around a camp fire with older punks and skins, we chugged Ice House and cursed like sailors. Now the cans are back, living on my dorm floor, mocking my head-ache and flipping the alarm off without my knowledge.

The matriarchal condition of the campus helps to bring out the pure emotion of it all. When I was thirteen, it sure felt

like I was out-numbered 3 to 1. Girls were scary creatures whose physical developments kept me up at night. Now I share a bathroom with them and they still keep me up at night.

Perhaps Bennington is safer than it wants to let on. Despite security throwing fines like New Years' confetti, we act out with childish energy because we are allowed to. Could a nudist club thrive at NYU? Could we all sing the words to a Detroit Muslims or Boregasm song at UMASS? The Fels "middle school dance" would have been a prime target for sexual predators, and whereas some schools hand out rape whistles at orientation, Bennington hands out free cookies. So maybe I feel thirteen because deep down I want to, and this place allows for that. Christ, the co-op has a revisionist baby boomer nostalgia. I can legitimately care more about Mario Cart than Monteverdi, can't I?

The most precious thing about summer camp is that it has to end. Thank God for Field Work Term. We pack our belongings and pass out hugs, reluctantly making our way into the world. The feeling is similar to the queazy pinch that hit our stomach when we realized eighth grade was just a memory, and those imposing high school steps would be passing under our new shoes.

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## Bennington Free Press

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## Flesh-Bound Book of the Dead

By Keith Hendershot

As I write this, October 30, I can look outside and see that the night sky has turned literally blood-red. I'm taking this as an omen that I should sincerely observe All Hallow's Eve tomorrow. Join me, please, in solemn commemoration of the death of the harvest season and the onset of winter.

That said, I've drawn up a list of five really scary short stories, all available at the library:

1. "Dreams in The Witchhouse" by H.P. Lovecraft: Reading this story would be a terrifying way to cap off an all-nighter. A physics student rents a room in the middle of a small New England town where the children have a higher-than-average 'yen' to go missing. A peculiar angle in the construction of the walls makes the rented room an entryway into a bizzare parallel dimension populated by primordial slime-beasts of horrifying non-Euclidity, a shimmering hag-witch, and a sharp-toothed little critter named Brown Jenkin, who is one part townie to two parts rat. You came to this school to discover 'what keeps you awake at night?' This is probably it.
2. "That Evening Sun" by William Faulkner: An odd 'literary' addition to the list, this story plain scares the hell out of me. When they were little, the three Compson children were cornered against their will by a hysterical and increasingly sinister servant woman. That kind of sheds light on why they grew up to be so warped out. And, always, we wonder if crazy, old Jesus was really hid off in the woods with something sharp clenched between his teeth. Dilsey, Dilsey, where are you?
3. "Home Delivery" by Stephen King: Forget what your lit major friends might say. If King isn't a 'good' writer, you have to admit he's an undeniable one. "Home Delivery" is a well-realized and convincing account of the dead rising to life all over America. The source of the re-animation is a ball of acidic, flesh-eating worms orbiting the Earth. Aah.

Books continued on page 8

# Students Desire on Campus Co-Op

By Jessica Alatorre

Students have called for Student Life to allow for an on-campus co-op. They feel a need to create a stronger community within a house, while still being active members of the on-campus community. A group of students have released a publication outlining their plans under the name of *The Case for an On-Campus Co-Op*.

*The Case for an On-Campus Co-Op* is like any other case, backed up by specific evidence and passion to explain its cause. Students have been working now since last year to try and create an on-campus Co-Op. There are, at the moment, eighteen students involved in its construction. Their latest attempt at creating some awareness is a pamphlet that is being distributed among senior staff, the Office of Student Life and the Talking Heads.

What this pamphlet, or as it's been titled, *The Case for an On-Campus Co-Op* aims at creating is a detailed description of what a co-op is, how it would work and how it fits into the greater Bennington College Community. They hope to illustrate their needs through this publication. However, at a meeting they discussed how "A co-op isn't a reflection on the campus but a response to individual needs."

A co-op aims at creating a smaller community within the larger campus community. A co-op encourages self-sufficiency. A co-op would encourage students to have more control over their living environment without leaving campus. Even mundane tasks like cleaning the house and cooking for housemates requires that a group of people cooperate together to really make a house function. The students suggest in their *Case for an On-Campus*

*Co-Op* that, "We would feel more of a sense of purpose in our lives (both academic and nonacademic) if we were more self reliant."

There is already on off-campus co-op in North Bennington. While the idea behind the co-op is the same, there is a feeling that an on campus co-op would be even more beneficial. There has been speculation as to why an on campus co-op would be necessary. According to Jonathan Leiss, "Bennington College already has a strong community. A co-op on campus would only reinforce this idea and create a smaller community feel within a living space."

Becca Robinson went on to add, "Co-op communities encourage a sort of spirit. People learn their ability to self-sustain and learn to coexist. Self-sufficiency is a fundamental aspect to figuring out yourself. Cooperation with other people is

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## Debate continued from front

Mansour Farhang opened his argument underlining that pre-emptive strikes against terrorist groups is not under scrutiny, but the use of pre-emptive force against sovereign nations is a radical turn against the US policy since 1945. He proposed "seeking security through war," as opposed to the past, containment and deterrence — "security through preventing war." Mansour argued that pre-emptive policy disregards international laws and organizations, destroying elements of order in international relations. The United States was taking on the role of judge, jury and executioner, showing other nations that they had to comply to the rules of the strongest power.

Freshman Michael Brooks made the first student speech with confidence and panache. Some audience members compared his delivery to that of Tony Blair, illustrious leader of the New Labour Party in Great Britain. Michael drew on the situation in North Korea as an example where pre-emptive strike could have prevented the build-up of nuclear arms. Gal Paz drew on his 'Israel Advantage' with self-assurance, using Israeli disarmament of Iraqi

missiles as his major argument for the policy. Both students stressed that this article merely made existing policy official.

Oklahoman Jeremy Davis '05 was caught off-guard by the focus of the debate, having to abandon his document-based approach and improvise his position. His position focused on pre-emptive policy's tendency towards unilateralism and its weakening of international institutions. As the final debater, I focused on the larger implications of the policy on international order. I questioned what the effect of this policy would be if adopted on a global scale.

Questions posed to the proponents of the resolution focused on Iraq, the reliability of intelligence and the United States role as superpower. Michael Brooks admitted that Iraq was not a good example of pre-emptive policy, as it did not rely on the guidelines outlined in the document of reliable intelligence. Professor MacAllistair pointed out that bodies of the UN were ineffectual because they did not address actions within sovereign states the way that United States' pre-emptive policy could. Mansour countered with the example of success of the UN intervention in Yugoslavia.

The opposition side of the resolution fielded questions focused mainly on the justification for removal of pre-emption entirely and the inability of international organizations to handle conflict effectively. The responses centered on finding safer alternatives to pre-emption through strengthening international diplomacy. I pointed out that the failure of the United Nations and the League of Nations in preventing major conflict can be attributed to lack of cooperation from the United States.

In light of the success of this debating adventure, I am interested in establishing a forum to discuss other issues of importance from every discipline. Starting a debating club at Bennington would provide a way for interested students to integrate and discuss diplomacy outside of a in a medium different from the everyday classroom. If you are interested in becoming involved, please contact me, Chelsea MacDonald at ex.8273 or by e-mail at [chelsea\\_macdonald@yahoo.ca](mailto:chelsea_macdonald@yahoo.ca).



# Pinoneers: Not Just Breakfast for S.I.T. Anymore

By Zubin Soleimany

Come mid-October, Southern Vermont prepares itself for the Autumn soccer clash between Bennington College and Brattleboro's School for International Training, the quirky artistic underdogs and an international juggernaut of men who have known the game since birth. Last Family Weekend, first wrangling with writing sports at Bennington College, this reporter's tongue nearly bore a hole through his cheek but five minutes of a warm-up this season will tell you that this is not the team of seasons past. In the fluent popping corn rhythm of a dozen passing pairs one can hear a confidence and a focus that eluded previous teams. Lacing his cleats, veteran goalkeeper and Mathematics teacher Glen Van Brummelen predicts, "Today S.I.T.; tomorrow Man. U."

The Pioneers tug and pull with purpose, finding each other in more than the obvious places. They move in italics this year and gone are the aimless satellite players, who used to jog erect, waiting for the game to find them. Bennington offense kept forcing bullying towards the goal despite all rebuffs, but SIT needed only one slender tunnel and a few passes to notch their first goal. Fifteen minutes into the first half, after a quick relay across the field the ball slipped through a tumbling Van Brummelen's arms and bounced like loose change past the goal line.

SIT's all-male team stayed strong, all the while playing with only 10 men. Striking hard, minutes after their first goal, they deflected a shot off the crossbar that hung in the air for a few Mississippi's—the home bench watched it fall like a vase from the mantel and then unbelievably into the goal. Despite yet another goal, Pioneer coach Mark Kevorkian remained undaunted: "We just gotta get one," he said. "And then two more after that." For his part, Kevorkian seems cooler and more analytical this season, his barked orders replaced with a more directed, equally intense advice more like a maestro yelling during a practice rehearsal.

Minutes before the halftime whistle, the Pioneers got on the board as freshman striker Adrian Saunder notched their first goal. "It took three tries at an empty net but we got it," one Pioneer said.

Invigorated by their late goal, Bennington charged wholly in the opening minutes of the second half, as though the field were slanted down towards the north. Jeff Barnes led an early rush, lobbing the ball one-third length down the field where Saunders, running at full clip, met it and sent it to the net with the last step of his sprint. At 3-2, Bennington came within reach of victory only to be crushed swiftly by two SIT goals.

For the first time in recent memory, Bennington has a team that can match and perhaps overcome SIT. A 5-2 loss, although not historically crushing for the Pioneers, defied the bookies' odds for this team. As one player said, "Before, we played hard against [SIT] but we knew in the end that we were just messing around. Now we know we have a chance." With the help of rookie talent like Saunders and Galen Wolfe-Pauly Bennington finally has raw skill to add to their drive and Kevorkian's discipline. In the weeks to come, the Pioneers may prove themselves the most brilliant star in the cosmos of New England collegiate co-ed soccer.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The Bennington Free Press apologizes for not delivering soccer coverage earlier. However, our Hebrew hack sportswriter was unable to attend the first two games, which fell on the weekends of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. We hope this explains our placement of naked Frisbee coverage on the Sports page*

## New Works Ensemble Keeps it Fresh

By Penn W. Elo Genthner

The night of the twenty-first marked the second evening of presentation this term of the New Works Ensemble, a new class/workshop organized this term by Dina Janis and one of the most exciting developments in the drama curriculum this year. Every month, the class presents a collection of short new plays or parts of longer works (all less than ten minutes long) written both by students and guest artists. Each month, the students in the class have the opportunity to contact the author of the piece they are working on present and discuss the script and its interpretation. The playwrights representing the country's current evolving drama that have been invited to campus as featured guests thus far have been Jan Jalenak, Barry Primus, and Quincy Long. Student writers include Effy Redman, Ryan C. Tittle and James Zatolokin. The acting company this term is composed of Chris Burgan, Catilin Clarke, Ana Cruceanu, Jeremy Davis, Jamien Delp, Luke Fredland, Helen Gassenheimer, Sara Harvey, Carlee McManus, Carishma Mehta, Helen Parson, Julian Sieser, Ayn Slavis, Nell Stewart, and Nat Sylva.

The evening had the feel of a jazz club on poetry slam night, with muted blue light, snappy scene-change music, and people coming forward to present their new special projects. On both performance nights, the event was well attended by interested, enthusiastic spectators, coming together to be a part of something new and exciting. Indeed, this is something to be a part of: an important step in bringing Bennington closer to the up-and-coming outside theatre community, and an invaluable forum for our artists to come into their own through.

The new look of the D207 performance space, well-prepared work from the actors, the versatility of minimalist set pieces, illumination provided by Katrina Maurer, and the quick scene change transitions, not to mention the excitement of witnessing the first performances of new plays by well known artists as well as our peers, made it an enjoyable, memorable evening.

## Co-Op continued from page 6

ciency is a fundamental aspect to figuring out yourself. Cooperation with other people is essential. A co-op would create a good support system that would bind the house together." In *The Case for On-Campus Co-Op*, the students remind staff that one of the Bennington philosophies is the emphasis on a "real world experience." The students feel a co-op would foster these realities and they could then be active members in their environment.

While the actual logistics of how the house would be set up have not been finalized, it seems evident that these students are working hard to have their voice heard, and realize their ultimate goal. In fact, the last paragraph to their *Case for on Campus Co-Op* states, "We hope that we have convinced you that an on campus co-op is a vital need and that one should be opened as soon as possible. We are fully committed to participating in the process of finding space for the co-op, addressing concerns, and overcoming difficulties along the way."

## Jennings continued from front

I believe there are two possible answers to these questions, and like all creepy and inexplicable dealings on this campus, administration is the catalyst for each.

The first of the possibilities is that administration circulated the rumor to incoming students and parents. They wanted a harmless ghost story for the campus, so they made one up.

This possibility makes sense. Jennings was a perfect choice to fit the role because she came with name recognition and she was not a student so the supposed suicide wouldn't reflect back on the school. However, in order to except this theory we would need to believe that administration is capable of blatantly lying. This thought is far too frightening to accept, even in the spirit of a Halloween issue, so I have developed a second theory which is as follows.

Once upon a time certain members of Bennington's administration believed it would be fun for Bennington to have a non-threatening ghost story. Unfortunately, ghosts, especially non-threatening ghosts, don't grow on trees, so

they needed to recruit help from out of town.

They sent a messenger to Connecticut, who, after learning that Laura Hall had a penchant for square dancing, offered her and her ghost friends free square-dancing facilities twice a year in exchange for Elmira's presence on campus.

This may be a far-fetched theory, but if you share my blind faith in the administration's honesty, it helps clear up two troubling birds with one comforting stone.

Despite the fact that Elmira did not commit suicide in the Jennings building, it doesn't mean that administration was lying when they started the rumor. The ghost was on campus, it just took some good Bennington conversation and negotiation to get it there. Also, the presence of multitudes of elderly square-dancers in the dining hall and VAPA every long weekend doesn't disprove administration's steady claims of financial stability.

It proves that Bennington really is financially secure. So secure that it can support a luxury like a ghost with something as extravagant as two three-day, fully catered, ghost-square-dancing parties every year.

How comforting.

## Triangle continued from page 4

No further disappearances have been reported since 1950, and the phenomenon of "The Bennington Triangle," has become what para-psychologists call a "dead cell"—no further unexplainable activity in the area. There are a few speculations that may account for what was going on at the time. Some say that Welden ran off to Canada with a secret boyfriend; it is likely that a serial killer roamed this area and was never discovered. The list of victims, however, offered no pattern with one another, and no evidence of foul play was ever uncovered.

There are those, however, who feel one needs only to look back to the freakish history of the wilderness between Bennington and the ghost town of Glastenbury for explanations. These people know that the Indians never settled in this area, believing it was cursed, and used the woods only as a burial ground. Some may also recall the local Indian legend about a mystic rock that swallowed those who stepped on it. Or they may remember

an account from the 19<sup>th</sup> Century of a strange creature, labeled "The Bennington Monster," which attacked a stage coach as it travelled through the woods.

Whatever secrets these woods may have harbored have receded with age into the soft-bedded layers of earth in the hells and hollows of the Glastenbury wilderness, and we might hope they remain there forever.

## Rivers Search Is Abandoned; Troops Leave

## Books continued from page 5

4. "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson: If you live off-campus, you can read this one tonight to drown out the sound of eggs smacking against the side of your house. This seminal piece, written by a Bennington faculty wife and substitute writing instructor, is required reading for every schoolchild in America. Jackson lived in North Bennington, where she was an outcast and the butt of all sorts of small-town nastiness and resentment. While the local boys were soaping swastikas onto her windows, and the neighbors were dumping their trash into her yard every week, she wrote this story. The fictional town is a thinly-veiled North B—a mere stone's throw from campus. Hyuck.

5. "Less Than Zombie" by Douglas Winter: A splatterpunk parody of you-know-what. Abbreviated quote: *Summer. There is nothing much to remember about last summer. Nights at clubs like Darklands, Sleepless, Cloud Zero, The End. Waking up at noon and watching MTV. A white Lamborghini parked in front of Tower Records. . . A prostitute with a broken arm, waving me over on Santa Monica. . . Breakfasts at Gaylords, mimosas with Perrier-Joulet. . . Dinner with Deb and her parents at R.T.'s, blackened mahimahi, Cobb salad, Evian water, and feeling Deb up under the table while her father talked about the Dodgers. . . Janes abortion. . . Monster billboards of Mick Jagger grinning down on Hollywood Boulevard like the skull of a rotting corpse. . . Hearing the Legendary Pink Dots on AM radio. And, oh yeah, the thing with the zombies.*

Trick or treat, yankees.