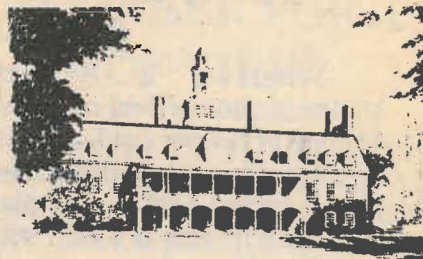


The Commons



VOL. 1, NO.4

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

PARENTS AND TRUSTEES...



AND THE COMMONS NEWSPAPER

Get it STRAIGHT

By PATRICK MURRAY

On Wednesday, September twenty-eight, I descended to my mail box and received the administration's response to Gioia's letter. I would like to try and explain something to Ron Cohen, who is our Dean of Faculty, Jane Aebersold, our Dean of Studies, and Liz Coleman, (I hope by now you know who she is). The letter was signed by Ron and Jane I assume on Liz's instructions.

I simply would like to explain to our administration and all of the students who fail to comprehend the fact that all of the decisions made by Winter Committee were all made through improper procedures which do not follow our Student Constitution. Furthermore, people who sat on the last Winter Committee and its renamed version in the spring will tell you that working with the administrators of this college is hard enough but that working with Liz during Winter Committee was one of the most trying experiences of their lives. I find it kind of sickening that the administration could hold the results of committees that were improperly formed as ones that are binding in our relationship to them.

Furthermore, the letter states that "the current structure of the Judicial Committee was the result of a process that involved students, faculty deans and administrators". Faculty deans are indeed teachers in a sense, but their positions and power make them administrators which basically means that the faculty were not included in the decision making process. However, the real matter at hand is that we have no reason to obey the findings of committees that were improperly formed. I refuse to obey the results of these committees and I hope that every student would feel likewise.

I believe that no process which involves teachers, administrators, and faculty should be left to one or two of the parties involved and furthermore any committees that are formed should be formed by set guidelines, rather than through administrative wishes. I would like to ask Elizabeth Coleman and her administrators that in their second year of power, they show more respect for the students, our Constitution and the traditions of Bennington which thus far they have not done in any manner.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS PROTEST

By JENIFER L. ROHR, BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Boston- September 25, 1988

On September 15, 1988, Dr. Ronald L. Carter, Dean of Students at Boston University, released two policies to be implemented in January of 1989. They concern Room Visitation and Overnight Guest rights for students living in on-campus housing.

If these rules go into effect, students will no longer be allowed to have visitors after 11:00 PM on weeknights and 1:00 AM on weekends. Other Boston University students who do not live in the same dormitory are considered visitors. The only overnight guests to be allowed in BU housing will be immediate family members and prospective freshmen. These guests, however, must be of the same sex as the residents of that room. All of the roommates must give their consent, and the Residential Area Director must give permission.

Members of our student body feel these perietal rules will not effectively solve the problems addressed.

We feel a roommate's right to privacy cannot be enforced by an administrative dictum. Furthermore, these policies are viewed as a direct infringement on students' rights to study. As adults, we also feel that our civil liberties are being violated.

Our student group, Active, Concerned and Together (ACT), an executive committee of our Student Union, is organizing a peaceful, campus-wide protest. As well as drawing up an alternate proposal to submit to a Task Force created by President John Silber, we are contacting our professors, parents, alumni, and neighborhood community groups to ask for their support.

We, the members of the Academic Action Group, have the specific task of reaching the academic community of this country. We would like the support of students across America. We are asking you, the Student Government and Student Body of Bennington College,

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THE COMMUNITY AND THE CONSTITUTION

By DAN O'DAY

Before I get involved in the specific topic of this article I would like to, on behalf of this newspaper, invite *any* member of the community, including faculty or administrators, to submit their ideas and feelings about any topic to the paper. *The Commons* will print all material that is credited to the writer. Material that is submitted without a name or under a pseudonym will be subject to editor's approval.

I wrote that introduction as a plea to cut down on the "galley wars" which have started to irritate most of the students. If it can wait till Friday why not put it in the paper? If it is important it will be on the front page. I know that this would mean that administrators would not be able to use the impressive letterhead, but I believe more people would read it in

the paper. And think of all the trees we'd save!

This article is a response to Claudia's second galley regarding conflicts between *The Constitution* and *The Student Handbook* (Yes, I have talked to her and she has agreed to submit all further writings to the paper - which is proven by her article in this issue). She received her information on how the handbook is compiled from other barn personnel and while some might *believe* this is how the handbook is compiled the *reality* is a bit different. I appreciate what she is trying to do - in short suggest a solution to the conflict over student rights. But what she claims to be the case, namely that "The administration does not write the content of the handbook. . . the Of-

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MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There are moments in everyday life when we might try to carry a little more weight than we're used to. Sometimes we try a little too hard to be helpful, caring, or responsible. For instance, you might go to visit a friend. He's a student of, oh, let's say...Spanish. He's been up for hours trying to get his conjugations right, but as the night wears on, he begins to see round out of one eye and square out of the other. Everything he writes or reads begins to look more and more like that fake language that they used to speak on



Zoom. You try to make jokes-maybe that will relax him. Suddenly he begins to pound his head on the back of his chair. You try to diffuse the situation with a few one liners, but before you know it, the back of his head is warm and wet with blood. You feel like it's your problem too.

Perhaps another friend-let's say, oh, a painter, comes to you in tears. You try to get to the heart of the problem. You ask question after question and still her reasons for being upset are obscure. You feel like a failure as a friend- If only I could help, you think. You try a little

A weekly column

humor and the tears finally stop. She confides in you that she doesn't understand why people don't take time out to tell each other how much they love colors. The point makes perfect sense, but you begin to search for a shovel to stun her with. She finally leaves and you sit there and wonder about what she said. You don't ponder the point she made, but instead, you wonder if she really thought your jokes were funny or if she was just laughing to make you feel good. Then you wonder if people think that you're funny at all.

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A TENTATIVE PLAN

By CLAUDIA FRIEDLANDER

Whatever a Bennington student's chosen field of study may be, one of his/her fundamental academic goals is to learn how to formulate a project and a clear plan for executing it. This is a skill which is transferable to the pursuit of any discipline, any goal; if you know exactly what you want and can figure out how to achieve it, there's very little that can stand in your way. Bennington students plan their own academic programs (under the supervision of the faculty) and play an active role in governing "non-academic" aspects of life at the College. In addressing issues of non-academic life, the same fundamental skills are necessary: Clarify exactly what you want to happen and then take the steps to realize the ideal. Therefore, in addressing current issues of community concern, it is very important to decide what the fundamental goals are.

The 1988-89 Student Handbook was published without the Student Constitution. More than three hundred students recently signed a petition directed at the administration, demanding "that the Student Constitution be reinstated as the document which governs student life on this campus and guides the operations of the student government and, in addition, that the right to amend and revise the Constitution be left to the student body and its representatives in Student Council."

The fulfillment of this demand would not necessarily assuage the specific concerns that students have raised.

First of all, a fundamental issue is the question of whether student right to self-government is being denied or threatened. But how is this self-government defined? Before any action can be taken, it is necessary for students to agree upon a definition of student self-government; to decide whether the right to self-government is being denied or threatened; and, if it is, to take steps to insure the right to self-government.

Only after this process of examination has taken place can a practical solution be proposed. This is an examination which must be conducted by the students, but as someone familiar with the Bennington College Community, I suggest that the reinstatement of the existing Student Constitution document is not the solution. Some points of consideration:

1) Student right to self-govern-

ment means the right—and the responsibility—to tailor such a document to meet immediate needs and concerns. The existing Constitution was written some ten years ago; it has not been routinely examined and updated (and amendments have been made to it, through student referendum, which for reasons of disorganization never made it into print); it is outdated, in the sense that factions of student government have routinely updated and effectually referred to another document, the Student Handbook, over the last several years. The existing Constitution does not reflect recent student concerns and deliberations, and before students recommend that it be reinstated they should be sure that it does reflect these concerns and deliberations.

2) Policy outlined in the existing Student Constitution document conflicts with policy in the Student Handbook. By recommending the reinstatement of the Constitution, the students would recommend that the College publish conflicting documents rather than recommending that the College straighten out its policy.

3) A "Student Constitution" can only cover issues which concern students exclusively; a Student Constitution cannot govern the faculty, administration and staff, or trustees. The existing document sets some policy for faculty and administration, which a Student Constitution cannot do.

Another issue is the complaint that the administrative offices overseeing the revision of the Student Handbook did not consult representatives of the student body in formulating their decision to omit the Constitution from the Handbook. But the demands outlined in the petition again do not address the fundamental issue. The basic problem is poor communication between the administration and the students. How can communication be improved?

In my opinion: It is a worthy goal to insure the student right to self-government. This can be done by clearly defining what self-government entails and making specific proposals which address any faction of the College that is not in agreement with this definition. It is also a worthy goal to improve communication between students and administration. This can be achieved through asking questions and making recommendations before resorting to demands.

Clarify exactly what you want to happen and then take the steps to realize the ideal.

BOSTON

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and all other Colleges across the nation, to assist us in our endeavor. Any public show of support would be welcome. Perhaps you could dedicate a campus event to the students at Boston University. We also feel that letters or postcards addressed to President Silber or Dean Carter could be helpful. Anything you campus is willing to do would be greatly appreciated. Newspaper clippings, letters, or copies of your institutions housing policy can be sent to our office:

ACT
c/o Campus Ministries
730 Commonwealth Ave Room 251
Boston, MA 02215

Our phone number is (617) 353-4275

We will be sure to pass on to President Silber and Dean Carter those letters which are addressed to them. Thank you again for any assistance you can give us.

A DUKE IN THE BUSH IS WORTH MORE THAN A BUSH IN THE DUNG

By MARK PENNINGTON

October 3, 1988, Bennington, Vermont— While munching on some eggy-weggs and long ticks of toast I sat back and thought about some words that my personal Guru/spiritual advisor, Jeremy "the Relentlessly Compassionate Buddha" Harlos had said to me. He said, "Mark, my child, do not worry. Things are not always what they seem to be." Well, at first glance, I am worried. I am concerned. However, I am not afraid. I am coming to terms with a "fact" of life. It has been a full week since the first presidential debate. The national polls still show that Bush is ahead. Even though the margin of popularity separating the two candidates had decreased, it really doesn't matter. The margin between them wasn't that large before the debate. Dukakis gained a little ground on Bush, but, certainly nothing substantial. Now what does this mean?I am very fortunate to know such a wise spirit. It was through those magical words that I was able to come to the realizations that follow in this discourse.

As I had said last week, I was impressed by Dukakis during this past debate. He was firm in his approach, he was clear in his presentation, and he was sharp. Throughout the debate Dukakis was able to get his point across and be

quick enough to rebut against me on many topics, without batting an eye. This obviously had minor effects on the homeviewer. So, a miracle did George Bush pull off to keep his slight lead at the polls?

Well, I feel I (we) can rule out the possibility that George was a firmer, clearer, and sharper in debut. Let's call a spade a spade: was the the complete opposite of the above mentioned. Well, maybe that's a little harsh. Alright, he was firm in his approach. Unfortunately the sides of the issues that he was firm on were (and still are) weak and at times became hypocritical. A point that I forgot to mention last week should serve as a good example.

Mr. Bush had said that he was anti-abortion / pro-adoption. Of course we already know that he's got no intention of doing anything about the penalty that doctors who perform "illegal" abortions and women who get "illegal" abortions will have to pay the consequence for taking part in such unconstitutional acts. We already know that in taking such a stance he has branded these two social groups as criminals. Now let's try to understand which point of light he is focusing on within the thousand points of light that he has proposed. I

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MOMENTS

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Once, when I was still in therapy, I was told that I used humor as a means to escape from the real issues in my life. I started to look at the times that I would try to be funny. I began to believe my analyst's theory was right. All the sensitive things in my life became jokes very often. I began to believe that I really was using humor to run away. Then I realized something else even more frightening—people would laugh at my jokes. Folks around me thought that I was trying to be funny. They thought that the stories I told them were made up. They were laughing at my pain and I was enjoying it. I wanted to make them laugh.

I was once coming home from Tai Chi class and I was feeling really loose and peaceful. I walked through the train station on the way and felt perfectly secure. It was a beautiful night; the stars were like diamonds on a smooth sheet of black velvet.

There was a little man and a big man standing in front of the Bell Telephone building. One of them, the big one, was standing there looking up at the sky, saying in a raspy voice "Look at the stars, dad, look at the stars."

"Sonny, come home, come home!" the little man said, his voice shaking with worry. As I passed within three feet of them it became apparent, judging by the big man's behavior, that he was really high on something bad. Suddenly, he lifted his shirt and said "Dad," as he pulled a huge steak knife out of his belt, "I'm gonna cut your brains out!" The little man ran past me and I suddenly found myself in the path

of a homicidal locomotive. I tried to get out of the way just in time and then watched him chase my father down the street, the two men zigzagging in a cartoon zigzag, toward a pizza pub, where the little man sought refuge.

The crazy guy with the knife paused long enough to swat at a view mirror off of the delivery boy's car, and then began running back forth, swearing at cars and people who happened by. Everyone was scared of him. He staggered in the middle of the street, laughing at the sky, waving the knife and tossing his head like someone out of Conan the Barbarian. He weezed as he inhaled and screamed, half crying "One can do this much!"

The police arrived and took positions on the street. They pointed their guns and told him he had to drop the knife. He did. Three cops sauntered up and tried to handcuff him and he flipped out. He spun a beefy windmill and men in uniform went tumbling like children. Then all rushed him at once and suddenly he was spasming on the hood of the delivery boy's car, screaming as his eyes burned like hell. The cops had maced him.

A guy from the pizza pub came out and dumped a bucket of water on his face while the cops slapped cuffs on. A few moments later the little old man gave a statement to the police, the big guy was in the back of a squad car with a cigar perched in his mouth. He was motionless. Beaten. The police were everyone on their way, "Shove over, guys," and I started to go home. I was really shaken up.

"At least the guy got to cut his little bit." I thought, as I got to my apartment a block away. Real clown Dave, funny as a crutch.

COMMUNITY

Continued from page 1

fice of Student Services gives each department of the College a copy of its description as it appears in the Handbook and requests that each department make any necessary revisions. Therefore, each constituency of the college community is responsible for updating its description in the Student Handbook; the copy stays the same from year to year unless members of the constituency make a change. The Student Council is responsible for writing its own section in the Handbook, and the administration is powerless to alter the structure of the Council.", IS COMPLETELY WRONG.

Neither Sarah or Erik (last years president and vice president) were given forms for amending the handbook, and if the students did not change their section it follows from the previous statement that it should have remained the same. Which we all know is not the case! I believe that would be nice if this happened in the future, but doubt it would because not even The Judicial Review Committee was allowed to change even one word in the Handbook (literally one word). It was overridden by student services.

Claudia was correct that part of the reason The Constitution was not printed in the Handbook was do to conflicts between the two documents. However, this only demonstrates the problem. Decisions which should have been made by students all along have instead been made by administrators. Maybe because most of them were acceptable they went by unnoticed, but that is no longer the case. Even if it was negligence or apathy on the part of previous students we should not let it continue. The Student Council is working on a blanket revision to be put forth as an amendment to close the gaps, but the Council Members are concerned that such an amendment is pointless unless the constitution is recognized as the document governing students.

In response to the three issues she raises, I would like to say first that I believe The Student Constitution is only one segment (of particular importance to students) of what should be a Benning-

ton Community Government (I believe that *community* has become a euphemism). The Handbook should have documents for the governance of each faction as well as guidelines for areas that overlap. Note that Judicial, as it stands in the Constitution, is for disputes between students and as such is made up of students.

The question that arise next is do we vote by constituency, as the constitution suggests, or do we vote by head in matters that involve the entire community. If we vote by constituency it gives the student body, the administrators, and the faculty each one vote. Thus the average student has one fiftieth the influence of an administrator. One argument for this is that they are here longer than the students (which is often not the case) so they should have more power in deciding community affairs. This is similar to an argument that people should get to vote in proportion to their life expectancy (e.g. an aids patient should get around one tenth the vote of a healthy person). Or perhaps a better analogy would be vote by property because the wealthier people have more invested in the community. Both of these ideas out considered outrageous under current democratic principles. In addition a vote involving all members equally would help support the ideal of true community.

The second issue is should the Handbook be amended or should the Constitution be amended and the re-inserted into the handbook. Student Council has already decided the latter is what is wanted because it would better assure student rights. However we must be careful that as a student body we only make amendments we see fit. Their is no point in imitating the handbook just to get the Constitution back in. A move like that would be pointless since it would give the students nothing and it could be taken as a sign by the administration that we are not prepared or willing to make our own decisions.

As for the third point that the Handbook has no provisions for its amendment, I agree they should be added. However, this is an issue which has to wait until a answer about how such a decision is should be made is determined. First we need our right to self-government recognized.

IS BENNINGTON PREPARING US FOR REALITY?

By ANN CALILL

Bennington College seems to be the world's most secluded place. Here we are, mainly kids or young adults - what ever you consider yourself - from the "city" out in the middle of the Vermont country-side. There are no major movie theaters or shopping malls or anything outside of Albany. And so, many students stay on campus and become completely absorbed in their work and parties.

One might think that being in a little town might work to our advantage. After all, where is there to spend money? We still find ways. Going into town, it seems as though many of us try to find something to buy. After all, what else is there to do? It's vital that we leave campus even if it's just to go to The Four Corners. It's very important to try to get away and even if it doesn't seem so yet, just wait until winter sets in...

The main problem with our isolation has little to do with the fact that there are no shopping malls- instead it seems as though we are slowly becoming unaware of the political realities of the world around us. When writing a paper for a Social Science course, one is usually not worried about the homeless he or she is writing about, but rather, getting the paper done on time, making it a certain length, and writing it well.

I realize that this is a fact that doesn't apply to every student, and I hate to generalize, but it appears that there is little reading of outside newspapers, and/or the watching of network news. But still, sometimes, the "real" world seeps in. After all, we know that Bush and Dukakis are running for the Presidency - but which one is ahead? By how much? And Lord knows world hunger hasn't ceased to exist just because we're in college.

I've heard several students saying "I'm too busy to deal with it now." Or, better yet, "I'm here to get an education so that I can help the world later." But is Bennington College preparing us to face the "real" world when we're surrounded with such isolation? Thank God we have Field Work Term in a few months. Will that help? Will things suddenly seem realistic? I certainly hope so. Otherwise, it would be extremely difficult to face the world after living in a utopia for four years.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

By DAN REIN

There was a time, I believe, when the world was a better place than it is now. At least that's what I've been told. Now, granted, serfdom, slavery and disease can in no way be described as a better way of life; however, as we have progressed and conquered those tragedies, we have managed to create newer and far worse situations for ourselves. Because we are so nicely sheltered by our Bennington environment, it is sometimes hard to relate to the facts that the Burmese are shooting each other in the streets, the Ethiopians are still indeed starving somewhere in Africa or in the fact that our own atmosphere is deteriorating above our own heads. I must admit that these tragedies do not disturb me as much as they should, because somewhere, deep inside of me, I have faith that human ingenuity will save from an apocalyptic ending in the same way we have rescued ourselves from the Black Plague. What disturbs me is the attitude of acceptance which we Americans have accepted as a part of our day to day life.

I think this attitude of acceptance is something we are brought up to believe in unconsciously. In the same way we are raised to believe in the concepts of masculinity and femininity, we are taught to blindly accept and believe in information which is handed down to us from some higher authority. This authority is somewhat different for all of us because all of us have different parents, but all of us have trust in some form of a common value system which we gain from our life in western civilization. An example of this is the idea that human beings should keep themselves clean. I have no problem with that value, it is one which for the most part productive and beneficial to our society, after all I like to be clean too.

The value which bothers me, the one which I feel is the cause of a lot of our problems, is the idea of respecting your elders. On the surface this idea is wholesome and responsible enough, you have to give credit to someone who has lived for thirty or forty more years than yourself, that person must know a little more than myself. However, I begin to have problems with the idea when elders become intermixed with those who posses authority or those who control the media. The original idea has changed within our culture from one which suggests that we should listen to those who are wiser than us to an idea that states if someone says something strongly enough and is in the position to make such a strong statement, then obviously it must be true.

The fact that this value is so universally and so subconsciously felt by all of us has put us at the mercy of those in power who are willing to use it. This acceptance of authority is precisely the idea that Hitler depended on when selling his "Big lie" as he called it, by succeeding, he doomed the world to seven years of war and at least fifty million casualties. Nixon also heavily relied on this aspect of human nature when he repeatedly told the nation that nothing was going on in Cambodia in the

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BUSH

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lieve he is taking a "firm" stand on the sanctity of life issue. Now, I ask you this. If George Bush is a true moral supporter of the sanctity of life, than how can he be so nonchalant about taking a "firm" stand on the issue of the death penalty, which he supports. "I favor the death penalty. I know it's tough and honest people can disagree..." These are Bush's words. What is he saying, should dishonest people agree with his view on this subject. It's a bit weird that he chose to phrase his point that way. There is an old saying that says "You are the best judge of yourself." Maybe George knows himself better than we thought.

So maybe I was wrong. George was "clear" in his presentation. He was "clear" in "CONTRA"dicting himself on a few points. He has referred to Dukakis's lack of experience, naivete in foreign policy and national security matters. George, do you remember the 'La Cage Ollie-Follies' last summer? That was the best day-time soap opera I've ever seen. There was excitement. There was deceit. There was scandal. It was a story about love and hate. But most of all, it was a story about 'true Americans' and their patriotism. I think George should put a cap on this patriotism issue if this is what he is promoting. I don't know if any of you remember the sequel to the 'La Cage Ollie-Follies' but it was a brilliant continuation of the saga. I'm not one for boxing movies per se, but this one was an exception—"The Raging Bush". Remember, George played the part of a nervous, issue skirting, face cringing, eye squinting, whimpering and whining Republican confronted by a news anchor man by the name of Dan Rather. Dan kept asking the raging Bush about his connection with the Iranian-Contra affairs. It was just incredible how Bush played that role with such ease and grace. He was definitely made for that part. It was an incredible climax when Mr. Rather kept questioning the Republican as to why his views and/or his connection with the Iranian-Contra situation had changed on a daily basis. At that point the Republican really flew into a frenzy, foaming at the mouth, as his head began to rotate on it's axis at an average 110 m.p.h. Then, he began to expand like an over-filled Twinkie that's been exposed to too much sun-light and exploded leaving a contaminated interior spread over the walls and furniture of the news booth. A physical manifestation of the "Republican

Cream". The booth, now coated with a thick fog of deceit and disgust, was now silent. Everything was clear, crystal clear.

So Bush is not a sharp man. 'Two out of three ain't bad'. He was firm and clear, but not sharp. If this is the case, why did Bush remain slightly ahead at the poles after the third sequel- 'The DeBush Rebate'? I feel it has much to do with his incredible ability as an actor. He's got a great teacher, Ronald Reagan is one of the best in the business. There's no business like snow business. You see, Bush wasn't concerned about addressing the issues in a coherent, rational, and purposeful way. Bush's aim was to try and relate to the people in a real down-to-earth way. It wasn't what he was saying that people were supposed to be affected by, it was the way he was manipulating his non-verbal demeanor. Lord knows, if the American public at large took just a small bit of time to listen to what he was saying, we would have seen a different story at the polls. Now, I was able to listen to him and watch the way he presented his side. If anyone else did that, they would have seen what I saw: An ill-prepared, bumbling, pseudo-down home, hypocritical, warped, incompetent, spineless, brainless, economically clueless, trigger-happy, pseudo-political neophyte. However, if you did not pay attention to the content and focused on demeanor you might have thought to yourself at one point, "George Bush, what a guy. A real American." He really manipulated the use of body language and the 'Americanizing' of his vernacular, droppin' his G's at the end of words endin' with the suffix —ing. He really reminded me of one of the 'Good Olds' Good Olds' Guys'. If he was a car-salesman he'd be dealing with the situation. As Reagan put it, "Facts don't matter." So what if it needs a transmission and a steering wheel, it's an American car damn it.

"George Bush has the instincts of a dung beetle. He will search high and low for days, losing sleep if necessary, to find filth and wallow in it." I really think that this quote of Hunter S. Thompson's really applies here. His record confirms this: head of the C.I.A., involved in the Watergate scandal, the Iranian-Contra affair, and his two-sided nature in general among other things.

As far as popularity at the polls is concerned, we should understand some other factors. It is true, that these such polls, are designed in theory to show who is ahead in the race. Remember that these polls represent one-thousand to fifteen-hundred peoples opinions. In turn they are supposed to represent the entire nation's attitude. There is a wide "margin" of error involved with such mathematics. One would be foolish to say that one will win because one is ahead at the polls at this time in the race.

Remember kids, the 'Middle Weight (Vice Presidential) Title' was up for grabs on Wednesday, October 5, 1988. I'm sure it was more exciting than the Olympics' boxing matches. We've had Lloyd "My career speaks for itself" Bentson matched up against Dan "My career reeks of pig vomit; George please don't die and leave me to be president" Quayle (OOOOhh, a rotten egg.) Should

have been a good one. Plus, in a couple of weeks we've got the second Debush Debate. Wow, all of this sports action plus the Mets winning the World Series for the second time in three years!

I'd have to say, that although Bush is ahead at the polls, we must take a look at the whole picture. If Bush was really the leader in this race he'd be much further ahead than he is. Dukakis has been gaining ground slowly and is stabilizing. I say that it remains to be seen. Much can happen between now and November, with the two other debates coming up and such. Both candidates are about equal in popularity in the polls which are inaccurate as well as the electoral college, which is by far a much better barometer to gauge this election by. At present, Dukakis has a 132-vote base compared to Bush's 119-vote base. Dukakis is slightly ahead but there are many more votes to be confirmed and the margin is tight. The race is much closer than people think. The Duke in the bush is worth more than the Bush in the dung.

Until next week, eat your Wheaties and add a mile to your jogging program. These are rough times we live in. Until the revolution becomes strong enough to oppose the forces of bureaucracy and the owners of this country (Mobil and Beatrice) the modern day warrior must deal with what is available. Always sharpening his skills so that when that day comes he will be ready to do his part, and do it well.

"Yeah, I was cured....."

P.S. Debbie, I am sorry I did By Mark J. Pennington

not have a chance to Responses: Box D-501 say Hello.

ANOTHER VIEW

Continued from page 3

early 1970's when actually our country was staging bombing raids on a daily basis. Nixon won the 1972 election by the biggest landslide ever recorded in U.S. politics up until that date.

Everyone is skeptical of politicians though, and I guess we all accept the fact that they lie to us on occasion, why we allow it is beyond me, but nevertheless we all accept their lies as a fact of life. The printed page is another story. Almost all of us accept what we read as the truth, it is the venerable old man on the hill of our society. We all accept what we read as though it were the universal elder, encompassing all knowledge and assume it to be virtually unquestionable. When we read in "The New York Times" that the Soviets shipped eight fully armed attack helicopters to Nicaragua, we believe it even though none of us have either seen, heard or been fired upon by these weapons. In 1898 the newspapers told us of Spanish atrocities in Cuba and The Phillipenes, much of this information was either highly exaggerated or outright lies, but the country accepted it and we went to war. If tomorrow the papers told us that Nicaragua had invaded Honduras with their eight new helicopters, which one of us could say that it was true or not? What would be our response?

Unfortunately, most of us have neither the time or the money to go

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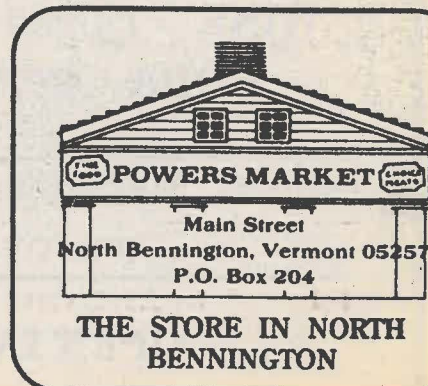
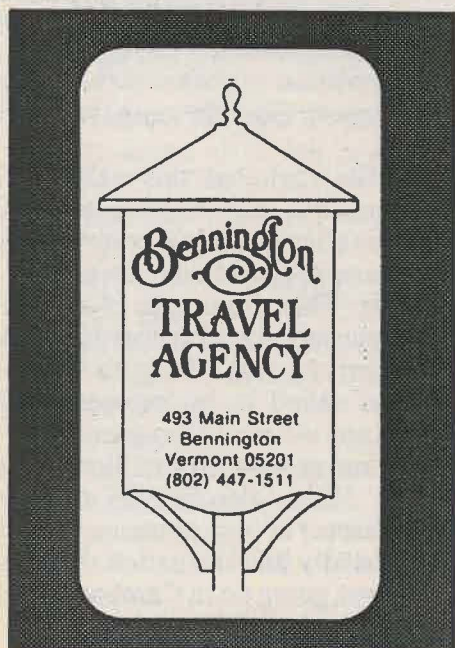


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hopping around the globe checking out whether the stuff in the papers is true or not. However, we all have the ability, and in a way the responsibility to ourselves, to explore the issues which surround us in our community. This is hard because we receive about a hundred pieces of junk mail a day and one must already decide what they choose to read let alone what to explore. However, it seems that right now a major issue, one which we've all received far too much mail about already, is the fight over the student constitution. I urge you, in fact the point of this article is to get you to look into the issue for yourself. Through my own curiosity I found that there is a lot more to this issue than what we have been given to read, and that many people know a lot more than you might give the credit for. I ask you to talk to students, faculty and members of the administration, to get all the information you can. This issue is going to get much bigger before it goes away, there has been talk of protests during parents weekend and of calling in the almighty nationwide press. I am not saying that these measures are uncalled for, I am merely saying that you should clearly know the situation and have your mind made up for yourself before you take part in them. Ask yourself these questions:

- 1) What's the big deal if we look at the constitution?
- 2) What does Student Council think?
- 3) What does the faculty think?
- 4) What does the administration think?
- 5) What is it worth to me to get the constitution back?
- 6) What do I think?

In conclusion, I must say that question number six is the most important. It is essential that you make up your own mind about what we should do about the Student Constitution dispute as well as the major decisions which will effect your life, and not let others tell you how to think.



CALIFORNIA PERSPECTIVE

By Satie Airame

My mother writes me every day, or practically. I don't suspect she'll be writing for the next month because she's now on a camping trip in the Sierra Nevadas with her horse, Princess, and her dog, Ladybug. The thing about my mom is that she's a good writer. She's exact, articulate; she's funny, perceptive; she illustrates spontaneously. I think she'll be famous after she dies. This, however, is not an issue.

September 20 she writes:

"I had a dream about you last night, that we met you and Sari at a restaurant somewhere - you didn't seem to like the college too well, maybe too weird, too art-oriented, too serious in its intellectual way and you weren't smiling, so I said, 'Well, if you really don't like it you can always transfer to a different type of college in a year or two' - You said 'Yes', you might want to change."

I think it's because she transferred twice herself, from Whittman, to Cornell, to San Francisco State. I think my initial impression of Bennington is vastly different than hers on Whittman.

The impression I initially received of Bennington has been a bit difficult for me to define, opaque and vague, generally pleasing, however, reserved due to an opposition that itself remains opaque and vague. I realized my inability to define the Bennington "impression" when I was faced with great difficulty in answering a relatively generic question asked of freshmen: "Do you like it here?"

I pause, mediate my reply with a quick "A general impression I get is positive" so as not to place the opposite party on the defensive.

Then I continue.

It has taken four weeks, but the

word I have used most in connection with this wavering definition is "frivolous". I think definition 2b of the Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary partially explains this use: "marked by an unbecoming levity". Now it must be readily apparent why a mediating statement such as "I like the college" must be used.

Studies here are intense; they are serious; some are even applicable to what one might call "real life". However, in excessive seriousness, one can often surpass a wholesome perspective and plunge into such vivid and intricate studies of a part of a discipline that one loses any grasp on this part's relation to anything even faintly similar.

This reminds me very much of a piece by Thurber, "The Last Clock-A Fable For the Time, Such As It Is, of Man". In desperation, the ogress of this humorous tale calls a various assortment of doctors to look at her poor husband, presently ill from eating clocks (in his speech, "t's" had turned to "l's").

"The next morning, the ogress brought into the clockroom a beardless man with a box of tools under his arm. 'I've brought a clockman to see you,' she told the ogre.

'No, no, no,' said the beardless man with the box of tools. 'I'm not a clockman. I thought you said clogman. I'm a clogman. I cannot ethically depart from my area, which is clogged drains and gutters. I get mice out of pipes, and bugs out of tubes, and moles out of tiles, and there my area ends.' The clogman bowed and went away.

'Wuld wuzzle?' the ogre wanted to know. He hiccuped, and something went spong!

'That was an area man, but the wrong area,' the ogress explained.

'I'll get a general practitioner.

'This is a waste of time,' he said. 'As a general practitioner, modern style, I treat only generals. This patient is not even a private. He sounds to me like a public place - a clock tower, perhaps, or a belfry.'

'What should I do?' asked the ogress. 'Send for a tower man, or a belfry man?'

'I shall not venture an opinion,' the general practitioner said. 'I am a specialist only in generals, one of whom has just lost command of his army and of all his faculties, and doesn't know what time it is. Good day.' And the general practitioner went away."

And so on. The ogress' list of doctors includes "clockmaker, clockometrist, clocksmith, clockmonger, clockician, clockometrist, clockologist, and a hundred others dealing with clockness, clockism, clockship, clockdom, clockation, clockitation, and clockhood."

In any case, there seems to be somewhat of a loss of communication between students, their studies, and the society outside the protected and idealistic "Bennington community". Too concentrated of a study can be a nuisance when dealing with the world as a whole.

Visionary and broadminded, no doubt, much of the Bennington student body may be so extensively open that there is a rejection of more closed-minded persons of other areas, which, ironically, makes the open-mindedness a hindrance, rather than what the definition of the term "open-minded" professes to be. In simpler, more graphic terms, consider a circle. Begin with a closed-minded or ignorant idea of any subject and broaden the knowledge on this idea as the circle is being

traced around, until eventually, the idea has been regarded with such extensive freedom (a point almost the entire circumference of the circle form the beginning) that the outlook is again almost touching the most ignorant, the primary idea. Practically speaking, one who professes to be broad-minded yet rejects doctrines of those that are considered by this original one to be shallow or pathetically closed-minded is in effect acting with narrowness of mind by rejecting the aforesaid doctrine. Though I have desperately attempted, I believe I can state this idea no more clearly than it appears in the former sentences.

Yet a third flaw I have stumbled upon in my brief time here is a certain immaturity that is protected by the pretense of artistry. I suppose divine inspiration is not completely out of the question, however, when one, overwrought by emotion, paints with passion, produces a canvas covered with paint, and considers this "thoughtless" piece a "master" piece, the free philosophy that creativity is limitless at Bennington seems superficial. The same can be said of other artistic divisions; I, therefore, am not attacking painting in particular.

To all this I object, and yet I enjoy Bennington. I make no claim to be exempt from the previously stated conditions, but merely step outside of myself to discover these faults which I realize have made the simple question "Do you like it here?" so difficult for me to answer. Maybe it's genetically inherited and I'll transfer to three other schools. Maybe I'll have a dream about it and then I'll write my mom.

HELP KEEP OUR COMMUNITY BEAUTIFUL

By NICOLA FURMAN

Bennington's maintenance department hires students at \$3.85 an hour to pick up the trash smattered throughout the campus. Although this is one way of making the space more pleasant to be in it does not stop the garbage from accumulating. It becomes necessary to ask why students continue to sprinkle the rolling hills with garbage and infringe on the entire space by turning up the decibels on very loud stereos. Many of these are the same students who chose to attend Bennington over other colleges situated within more urban settings in order to escape the city's material and noise pollution, yet they continue to create the same pollution problems within their new setting.

A fellow student, in response to my questions about his littering, stated, "People get paid by the hour to clean this place up." In this quote the student displays that he is aware of how his actions will effect the community but fails to recognize the importance of including our sur-

rounding environment within the definition of community. It is necessary for the inhabitants within the Bennington community to understand what an integral roll the countryside plays in the academic focus and general livelihood. An awareness of this would lead to the realization that in order to continue to benefit from its generosity, we as users of the environment must treat it with respect by helping to maintain the elements that ensure its survival.

By continuing to dump cigarette butts, plastics, and other waste products into the soils the over all destruction of the land is being brought about more quickly. Recognizing the ways in which we harm our environment should help to put a stop to the destruction but we still must change our attitudes towards nature in order to understand that throwing away garbage in the designated areas is not meant to be a laborious chore but rather a means for our overall survival.

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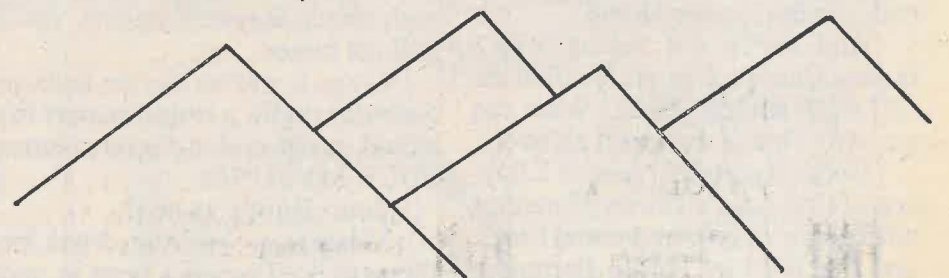


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GABBING WITH GREGORY

By GREGORY NOVECK

Hello everybody. How's it going? I hope that everyone had an interesting week. I know I did. After last week's column, a rather large amount of individuals asked me why I didn't include more "smut". I answered by saying that mine was a nice gossip column, a harmless one, where people could read about themselves without trepidation. But, since a lot of you are really interested in Who's Zoomin' (boinking, bangin', baking, plowing etc.) Who, I feel that I should oblige you, the reading public. Well, here goes:

Quote of the Week: "I want a P——"
Thanks to Amanda

A special thank you goes out to those beautiful and innocent girls in Kilpatrick who made last Saturday Night a fascinating one for yours truly. Speaking of last Saturday night, I just happened to be passing through Canfield living room around five a.m. or so, and I just happened to look out the window and observed a very interesting couple enjoying each other out on Commons lawn. If anyone else observed this, then please tell me who it was.

Patrick S. Cox also had a very fun-filled week. After spending the weekend in New York with his paramour, he returned to Bennington to find if not Mr. Right, at least Mr. Right Now. A lot of rumors are going around campus which should be dispelled. Wild Guy did not sleep with fourteen women in one night, it was only twelve... It is true, however that Noah Lohsberg is becoming an avid meat-eating Bush supporter... John Offenhartz is really John McKinnon in disguise (hint: they both wear leather jackets and use the name John)... Will Speck was really a proto-hippie-quasi-headbanger in his younger days... Laura Senie is really Carol Kane in seclusion...and yes, that's Sally's natural hair-color. Hats off to you, Frenchie. Oh, I almost forgot to say Hi to everyone's favorite cutie-pie Debbie. Hi Debbie. I would also like to thank all of

my sources for this week's material.

Congratulations go out to everyone who got cast last week. Heartfelt kisses go out to Alexis, Rio, Elissa Jane, Carla, et al. And especially a very warm hug to Valerie Marcus, who was cast in The House of Bernardo Alba, not The Time of Your Life, as was previously reported. A very good role for an incredible actress.

There seems to have been a lot of rumors making the rounds last week about this mild-mannered reporter. To set the record straight, I am not a transvestite from Mars, I am not a natural redhead who dyes his hair, and no, Ricky and I are not having a Lesbian love affair.

Everyone's favorite new Booth Bunny, Lang Walsh is in the midst of being pursued by most of the hot-blooded males on campus, and some pretty cute females as well. Whether Fortune has smiled on any of these people, I have yet to discover.

In other news, Alex's Amanda bleached her hair this weekend, because him and Wild Guy were away, in Providence getting baked.

The Swan-Woolley party Friday night was really swell and neat as all Swan-Woolley parties are. The speaker dancing was a bit under par, but then again so was the alcohol (what?! alcohol at a party? isn't that illegal?). Quiet houses should have parties more often, I think.

And finally, this week's glossary of Bennington colloquialisms: Whatever: If you don't know this one, transfer.
Groovy: swell, neat, peachy-keen.

Well, that's all for this week. And a final reminder, when Mom and Dad come up this weekend, please make an attempt at sobriety and don't forget to remove all incriminating evidence from your rooms.

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CHATTER...

By GIOIA CONNELL, SARAH MILLER, RACHEL SCHATZ, JONATHAN STAUFER

This almost didn't happen, but, thanks to the creative minds and bodies of the Dewey Hump, we whipped this out...

It's 3:45 in the morning, forgive us our incoherence...

Don't read Gregory Noveck's column, which is basically a lower form of life than this one, as Greg is a lower life-form (and he sucks in bed, or so we've heard)...

We'd like to welcome Nick Cavender to the Dewey Hump...

And we're not saying who's boning Charles, it might be all of us—AT THE SAME TIME! What can we say? Things are tough all over...

Booth Apartment hosted a boycott of Crabfield's Thirsty Thursday, with plenty of beer and porno flicks, and live porn by Phillip Barnhardt and...

Party life at Bennington continues to suck, a condition which Dewey hopes to rectify tonight with the "Hook up or Throw up" party—VOMIT ELSEWHERE!!!!!!

Unexplained Bennington Mysteries: Why have Liz Coleman and Timothy Halpern never been seen in the same room at the same time?

Miles Lally's father arrives some time this weekend, and if his presence is not enough, he might be persuaded to give a poetry reading in the Dewey living room—ask and thou shall receive...

Fashion pointers from Rachel Schatz: Girls, no more high-tops with skirts. Boys... forget it, you'll still get boned...

Greg, it was us on the lawn on Saturday night—a stupid answer to a stupid question in a stupid column—SUCK MY JUNK!

Tom—How's ya hed?

Message to Welling, from Joel Fitzpatrick "I haven't been in your house, I wouldn't go to your house, I don't like your house." Mike, you're busted...

Tits Chandler—Ward boned like a crazed weasel last weekend when Pete came up—NICE TO SEE YA

GLOWING AGAIN, TITS!

Bizarre turn of events in Bennington politics this week—Liz Coleman and Clark Perks met on Wednesday and didn't tear each other's testicles off—Gioia Connell was there to make sure things didn't get out of hand, or in hand...

Tom from the Dining Halls asked Sarah and Rachel for film canisters in which to put deer piss. Question: What the fuck was in the stir-fry the other night? The Dining Halls get a round of applause for getting the deli bar open again...

If they've made it this far into the column, a big welcome goes out to the parents and trustees, from all of us at Camp Bennington—It costs a lot but what else do you have to do with your money?

We're rich, we're drunk, we're easy, and we wanna hump!

Cannibalism?

CAR BOMB!!!!!!!!!!!!

Rest in pieces...

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which always manages to meet our deadline - even though we never meet theirs

REVIVISCENCE

A special section edited by Kevin Weaver



ACADIA: THE GULF OF MAINE'S COAST

If a person were to leave Provincetown, Massachusetts, located at the tip of Cape Cod, and drive to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, his trip would take fifteen hours, outlining a path in the shape of an oblong "c". A thrifty traveler might avoid this arduous drive by sailing two hundred miles due east then fifty miles due north. Either way the Gulf of Maine will have been circumvented, but I'd recommend the drive, for in your travels, you'll pass through some of the most dynamic coastal real estate in the world.

Within the past decade, Massachusetts has spent a great deal of its resources developing Cape Cod and the shore north of Boston. With the Massachusetts high-tech economic boom, new earnings have been spent and real estate profits have been made all along this North Shore, an area which in the past had generally been forsaken to seasonal residences. But now any home with waterfront property will run a minimum of a million dollars. With prices of that nature, the boom soon turned north in search of a virgin ground and found it in Coastal New Hampshire. New Hampshire's fifteen miles of coast-

line has since been transformed into a mecca of buying, selling, subdividing and development the likes of which Northern Coastal New England has never before seen.

The Piscataque River and the Maine state line constitute something of a border to the range of Massachusetts based investment endeavours. Yet the real estate speculation does not end in Maine. Maine is entering its third year of a trend which may amount to a genesis of sorts. The Maine Coast is one of the fastest growing areas of the country, and I've heard it said that "Maine is for sale"; the country's bright-eyed northern child of a state is evolving.

This movement is true not just of the Maine Coast but also of lands bordering on the Bay of Fundy, a part of the Gulf of Maine, in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Geographically and economically, the lands of the Bay of Fundy are nearly identical to the Maine Coast, and North America business interests are beginning to realize the potential.

An overland trip from Portland, Maine to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, would entail

some twelve hours, while a ferry would take six, but an expedition passing through the coastal lands of Maine, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would involve an excess of ten thousand miles. This kind of waterfront mileage is nearly twice the distance of the Florida Coast, a concept which can only be understood when one examines a detailed map of these jagged lands so abundant with inlets, outlets, bays, coves, harbors and tidal rivers, not to mention a phenomenal five thousand islands -- a sailor's paradise promising not to disappoint even the worldliest of sailors.

The waters are key to survival for people living in these lands. Cooled by the Labrador Current, the shallows of George's Bank, Cash's ledge, and Brown's Bank, located just fifty nautical miles from both Portland, Maine, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, provide for three-quarters of the entire Atlantic Ocean harvest of seafood, including lobster, scallops, cod, oysters, haddock, herring, shrimp, sole and perch.

The realities of the Gulf's weather patterns are generally contrary to popular

belief; people are now realizing just how habitable the climes really are. Warmed by waters which never freeze, the Gulf's temperature ranges compare nicely to those of Boston, and warm airs blowing off the waters help to stave off snows.

The availabilities of commerce are restrictive, not yet able to support a large population, but I've heard rumors of a modern shipping facility to be constructed in the area of Belfast, Maine. This sort of development would have a momentous impact on the norms of the area's population distribution; for at present, the center of commerce is basically Portland, Maine, a city just two hours north of Boston and more accessible by highway than water. But a commercial center in mid-Maine would make for a vibrant new economy with trading routes to St. John, Halifax, Yarmouth, Portland and Boston too.

Keep an eye on the area about the Gulf of Maine; I can foresee a migration of peoples to these new lands of possibilities, a land as majestic as the term I love to hear it called -- Acadia.

---Kevin Weaver



ISLES OF SHOALS VISIT

By KEVIN WEAVER

Once arrived rains came down.
From boat to dock to steps of hotel,
the greys of clouds the skies did propel.
At porch outlook turned and stood.
Two persons gazed in depth
at boy and his arrival so wept.

Porch chairs moved with wind.
Rain splattered upward from its fall.
through hollow noise
an eminence the isle did convey;
this boy beckoned for a stay.

Up four flights of stairs
the fog had moved away.
Chilled, damp new surrounding.
Constricted, estranged belonging.
Gaze out window screamed of useless longing;
that girl of his Portsmouth morning.

A seven mile ferry ride —
and love of strengthening currency
becomes craved past legacy —
ability dampening agony—
lone wolf insanity.

Want of isolation and novelty had the boy arrive.
And soon realized isolated novelty divine.
A chapel in the rain.
Tradition of a steeped, spiritual vain.
Hooded candles alight
paraded in a haunting procession of island night.

Persuaded,
took hold a lantern and stepped in line.
Over stone face path glimmering wet,
a march sacred; he had to fret:
Images of old New England religions remind;
the touch of this strange divine
might his soul regret?

Man and woman with strength of an aged stride;
their salted weathered stares he eyed.
These preservationists walked ahead;
to the chapel on the hill the boy was led.
Eyes dilated of awe and anticipation,
progressing into the heart of island divination.

Looking down the rain had drenched his flame.
Nearing doorway and expectations gone insane.

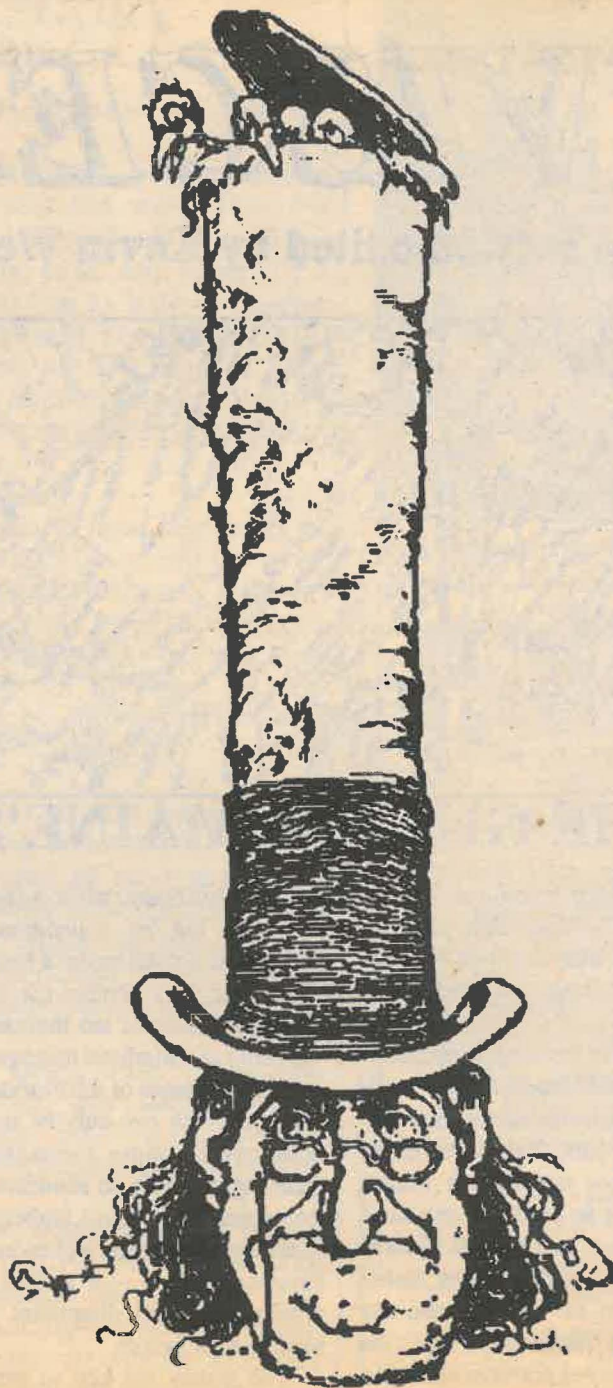
Then he was inside;
and smiling faces all about.
Good cheer to dash his doubt;
hippy, happy folk with Guthrie song.
And those old keepers sang along.
The chapel where Star Island spirits reside.

The boy could but smile
and hung his candle on a cross.
Reservations at a loss;
loving the chapel style.

Congregation eyes did glow
with hair hung low.
Candles dangling from a cross.
Crossed shadows sent all about.
In the chapel that symbol did not haunt.
Christianity at the isle was not to daunt.

Christianity of the Isles of Shoals decree.
Beauty in spirit he could see;
Benediction in poetry.
A sermon of liberality.

And always Christian will the isles be.
The soul of a once new western shore.
In the chapel there is to see
visions of never past centuries elapsed.
Star Island chapel —
New England hardcore.

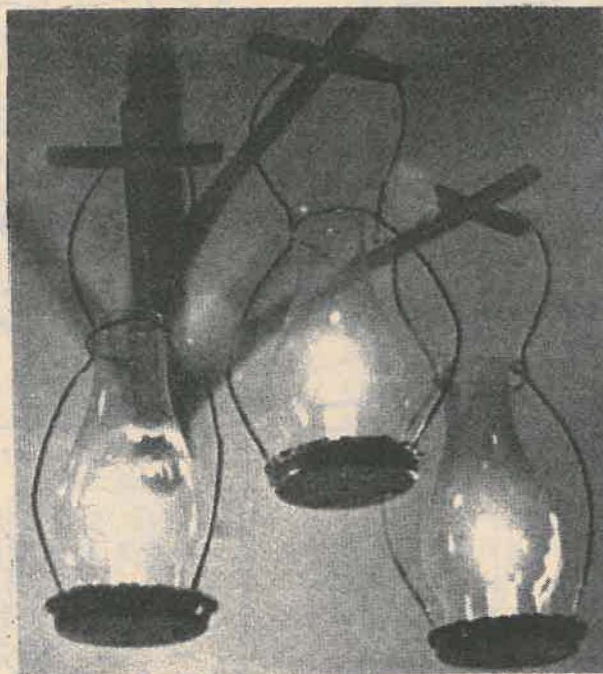


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At the banks of rivers lie the ruins of babel
Here beyond constancy we fret
Mothers preach of knowings confused
While youth know teachings removed.
Smoke billows upward from beyond the shore
the steam and gas and heat of contentions staked
the leaders take the people from the water's side
away to center sustaining perversion
constructing monumental confusion
scandalizing sanity's flow.

And smoke rises too from the exhale of youth
smoking,
staring...
at river's constancy.

Beyond education and employment and parental overseer
there lies the river
and there is stoned youth

These idle gazers
feel stagnation
the lack of circulation
beyond the shore

Long to drift
with this true flow
molecules
water

stream
river
earth

Babel feels no need to look off shore
but for toil
and perhaps the American way.

And our stoned youth staring
They are but humanists crying
They are beauty proud

disrespectful
apathetic

Criminal

They'd kill the babelonian pigs
moral fiber simply preference
do it and die

Skiping school at river's side
stoned boy and girl of desperation stares
cold
unbathed
on fire

They fuck as flow goes by,
so close by it infuriates
to breed

then die
landlocked idolist rolled
dead

orgasmed
into Babel's damned river flow.

Kevin Weaver

"Fain do something, but that I cannot tell what is no wonder. For to choose is to do ; but to be no part of any body is to be nothing." --Donne

WARNING:Explicit Material Follows; Honest Opinions

A fist across a classroom table was pushed by a boy who had heard political banter of biting truths he knew not false nor original yet detested as pronounced by the stricken in a disturbing manner for sake that these comments might get him laid or nor even made brilliant save his nose bleed and the willied girl sitting next to him

Northern Vermont Border Scenes:
A Zero Tolerance bitch:

What kind of fucking roads are these
when I see border scenes
dictated by men who crave mother's linen drawers?
What kind of fucking roads are these
when men of dated polyester blue uphold laws
with nationalized souls confused and screwed
from the rage of their anthem.
This border scene mames beautiful lands,
lands that border drifting youth dare to see;
and love the geography do we—
'til we view this mandated grey.
Tolling in greys of who knows right and wrong
this land of the free is fenced.
Borderman I detest your type.
Idiot undergarment madmen rule these border
scenes
masturbating to the thrill of a hand
in a fellow human being's bag.
Well perverted border man,
when you bend to reach across my car seat,
I'd love to make you squeal you pig.
The greys are enforced through perverted discre-
tions.
These delilinations are but egos taunted.
The brilliant youth who seek to see the lands,
We are the people your insecurities fear.
Pulled over and searched,
how dare you touch my shit.
Oh to gag you with the nighty of your mother
so stained from your demented emissions.
And you fear my friends and I might do
what you never could...
to fuck your mother
in detestment of
your weak, rightist, conservative, anti-human
upbringing.
And who built these fucking roads anyway?
We may drive them but we don't need them.
A frisbee tossed while waiting at your border
for your roaming hands
ordered by your demented bossmen
to feel my things.
That frisbee is statement...
your attitude so wrong,
your procedures so harassing,
your establishment so fascist.
So search and search.
We'll play frisbee,
smoke the dope you'll not find,
dance, and...
Fuck your mother.
She like you has never asked
who built these fucking roads anyway?

—Nivek



THE MAN IN THE STREET TALKS TO
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MAN IN THE ST.- "...Well
hello there, Nancy, what are you doing in
my living room?"

NANCY REAGAN (2-6*7(9))-
"Sorry, man. I needed a place to crash."

MAN: "You look like shit, could
you use some aspirin or sumptin'?"

NANCY-5: "Naw, I've taken
enough pills already, today."

MAN:"BannaripenedPassionfruitMango-
esinsyrupfiveeggsfollowm-cbabyRutabe-
gastems!"

69: "Yes, that makes sense. I'm
INCREDIBLY STONED!"

MAN:"VonDongen-
schlingelhausenouftenfessenbongen-
derhoisenschrieffgeschlessinschiefenhuase-
naftenbungenhausendorfermitvochmonta-
nschwartzwaldertortelindertoteschiestgewaffer."

3%487*3#@96:"Sure, I'd love
some...I haven't smoked Thai in a week."

MAN:"Dog biscuit."

Na52DsL:"Wuff, wuff."

67,867,326,048,435,001.45 bong-hits
later....

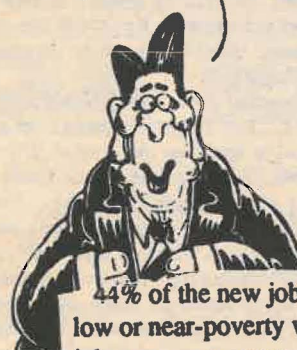
MAN:"How you feelin' now,
Nance?"

NAN9\$^%3Y:
"...gurgle....thpppppt..." and other low,
guttural moans and gurgling sounds.

Imbarto Ranglinack (III) Esq.

cc: 52dS1.

I'M
NOT
ANTI-POOR!!



HECK, MY BUDGET
IS LIVING PROOF
THAT I'M IN FAVOR
OF POOR PEOPLE!



44% of the new jobs created since 1979 pay below or near-poverty wages. The 20 fastest growing jobs pay an average of \$5,000 less than the 20 occupations most in decline.

A significant number of these new jobs are part-time or temporary. But 7 out of 10 part-time jobs created since 1979 have been filled by people because there is no full-time work available or because there is a lack of available, affordable child care. These people are working part-time involuntarily.

WHITE IDEAS...

I don't know much about burial procedures. The morbid funeral profession is foreign to me. Bodies prepared as if basting a turkey. Comfortable coffins containing a lost idea. Tombstone poems and ornate crypts, makes free souls stay mortal, pins them down. So many neat rows of white ideas, gone fertilizer.

Trees seem closer than all that carved stone frozen in grass. I imagine past lives settling somewhere inside them. Souls set free, no longer having to roam aimlessly on top, disconnected from the earth. Only remains now that slowly melt underneath the weather. The earth, where we don't seem to fit or belong, yet remain stuck, without roots in search of answers and ideas.

"Procedures" is an interesting word. No one says plan when it comes to death. No one plans a fall, a funeral, really. Suicide doesn't count of course, that's all plan, procedures come before, not after. I've never received an invitation to a funeral. I've never met a mortician. I've never felt something dead.

How is it that humans can live life inside so many fears? Death of course is the underlying reason. People often talk about dreams of falling, losing ground. I've often lain in bed and experienced a loss of myself, off my balance. I lose perception of which direction I'm lying and I feel like I'm falling all of a sudden, it's a slow fall and I'm sure it's real. I'll catch myself from falling, a surprisingly still body and mind that's slowly tilting. Nevertheless, I let it gradually happen. It's almost sleep, almost a dream. The falling part is all in slow motion and there's never any ground, as if my bed were hanging off a cliff.

I used to imagine the world as flat. As just one long slab of earth stretched out into space. Looking at the horizon was what confused me. I'd look out my window, at an ocean that would go on forever, that never stopped moving. I'd try to see Europe or I'd think I'd be looking at some other country, of course it was only Brooklyn. I always wondered what was beyond and beneath me. I'd try digging up China on the beach, I wonder now if I really thought I'd end up there. I repeatedly ended up with only sore arms and wet sand.

Confusion increased with education. Questions started with Christopher Columbus, globes and maps, history and gravity. I couldn't believe the world was round. That I was hanging on by gravity and was supposedly located on the side of a sphere that was always moving. I'd fear falling off one day, that gravity would go away. The idea of one big flat piece of land made more sense, made me more secure. Falling always seemed so helpless. I've seen people fall and nothing looks more frightening. I have a vivid memory of actually watching someone else's fall. I remember how slow motion it seemed. I stood across the street watching this bum stumble, confused and drunk. I saw him lose all the balance his wiry frame contained, slowly he tilted backwards. It was all very stiff and then came the crashing of his skull onto the sidewalk. The sound so powerful. The smash ringing through my own skull. He didn't get up, and I didn't wait around to see if he would. I just pictured him lying there, while the sidewalk slowly ate him. Gravity cracked him in half. Was it that instant that I had realized how stuck to the earth I was?

Education only frustrated every idea I had made up in order to make sense of the planet and myself. It dulled the sharp edge of imagination. Now the question of sudden death props me up at night. What's next? I've witnessed some confusion, insanity, happiness, depression, some lies, lots of strangers, sickness, bad habits. I was set free young to roam around on top, to find some answers, gain more questions, mostly about myself. A plague infects all of us now, leaving this recent generation in search of cures and higher consciousness. Sex has become a sick joke, meanwhile we sit still, watching more and more land used up for those white ideas.

We used to hold our breaths when we'd pass by cemeteries, hold our thumbs up so we'd go to heaven. This started on class trips to places like museums, where we'd try and witness history, stare at enormous dinosaur bones. We'd only relate it back to Saturday morning episodes of "Land of the Lost". T.V. always made more sense than the world being round, natural history museums, math. We'd skip through huge rooms with large bones up to the ceiling, bones as white as tombstones. We'd learn about the heart beats, yet were never told about how it stops. In High School I'd watch animated movies on reproduction in sex education, while a pregnant fifteen year old sat next to me eating lunch in class. Those movies seemed so sarcastic after witnessing all those young girls that would sit around in gym, showing each other pictures of their babies, babies named after favorite rock stars. Now I ask myself, "what did I learn?" Youth came and quickly goes. Was it really youth, though? I speak long distance to it sometimes. Phone calls only reveal stale friendships and recently a funeral. Somehow, I understand that old friends only call when they're lonely or sad. I find myself not listening any more. I'll do the same searching through my phonebook. In search of what's gone, but think's missing. It's a last attempt. Some names don't even register any longer. Now I'll get caught up with people that eventually won't matter on purpose, who entertain my sick observation habit I acquired, was it in public school? Where I'd pretend to understand all their welfare checks that didn't come and listen to the girls in tight jeans, cracking gum, speaking with their Brooklyn tongues. They don't change when I go home, except maybe they're engaged, now have nails more perfect and pink, crack gum harder; and are still driving in circles before the horizon never wondering if there's anything after it.

What's sour about turning a year older? Losing a day to sleep, forgetting a night to tequila, getting lost in a car for hours and trivia games? It all passes the time and leads us nowhere, except closer to becoming a white idea. As old as the dinosaurs and as confused as we choose to make ourselves.

What is buried and what exists is still very unclear. There's a phone call which leads to bad news. Preparation, the first step, then came quick thoughts and "what happened?..." and then the word death. A scared smile crept on my face along with red cheeks and nervous laughter. The smile stuck and then left. Left with details of a funeral, only imagining the reactions. I wanted to know who cried hardest, I think. I hear about how burial plots are purchased in advance, that they're for the future when we are all gone so our stones can stand side by side, as if we were actually next to each other, or able to communicate. I pictured a glass coffin to see through. I hear about how everyone watched the coffin slowly lowered into the ground. I hear about how everyone had to shovel dirt on top for good luck. My grandfather was too senile to remember who was being buried and kept saying he didn't know why there were tears in his eyes, he just didn't know. How confusing a funeral was for him. I imagine him thinking it was his own. His burial plot has been purchased, a small patch of land awaits something he doesn't remember to happen, so will it ever? Or has it already. Am I sad? I was left only confused about my own existence. I picture the trees in that cemetery. How trees resemble very old people, how they tend to stare and point; maybe if they could talk we wouldn't be so afraid.

Time is a factor in summing up life lived so far. Past creeps in and out. I'm left with strange souvenirs and notes to myself. But I can't remember details. I know now that the earth is definitely round and gravity won't go away, that I'm stuck on top until it's my turn. I say how I want to be cremated. It seems more final compared to being packaged, having people witness my shell stuck inside the earth. The same earth I was once afraid of falling off. I know I'm permanently adhered to this ball of water that twirls inside some enormous galaxy, as far away as "Land of the Lost". The falling part seems in between all the life and death that's occurring. Catching a fall, regaining balance or just letting it happen. I wonder which makes my heart beat faster. Death can happen standing up or lying down. In my half asleep dreams I've fallen without moving. I wonder which makes my heart beat faster. I go home again and see the ocean spread out before the horizon. I still think about what's behind it. On the drive home I'll pass so many rows of white ideas and I'll still hold my breath as long as it takes.

---Debra Eisenstadt

REVIVISCENCE

untitled

The time that I spent in a shallow sleep, was but short in length; within that time in which I was asleep, my ears were plagued by the presence of marching. Advancing, a column of well-polished boots, the legs; a weapon; forms of authority that now as I'm awake seem to cease from existing. In my view is a flag, of which nation I cannot tell, a picture that is of the quality of dreams; drowsiness is upon me.

Blurred vision of lines and stripes, in which direction is of no concern; left or right leads to only one destination. My seeing of this banner, or is it a flag of some sort, brings the memories of the time of my sleep. The flag seems to hold qualities of what once was, military, straight and rigid in its form and at this very moment, if I were to sleep, into my mind will come the regiments of the past. In earlier times they came to take from what I believed to have, and now their presence is but a reminder of what I once believed I had. This flag, painful, as sharp as the morning sun, to face me as I wake from a night; dreams of power; pain and the thought of loss. I am to be taken into the arms of another; now there cannot be happiness, not with the light of this coming day. She seemed to be taken by loneliness.

As I gain greater possession of consciousness, I sense the presence of unfamiliar objects by my head. Three stones which are small in size have been placed beside my skull. I quickly look to the far side of the room, only to find one empty space within another empty space. Is she taking a shower, or is she drowning? It is early, and to see the difference between the two is difficult. If she were to be drowned by water of a heavy quality, it seems similar to if she were showering and dressing, to be drowned by the mass of showered and dressed shes and hes which have positioned themselves just beyond this very room, right behind one door. Now I see that she is gone, and these three stones were her note, or a goodbye. She should have placed them within my throat as I slept, so that I should not wake with the light of day, but remain submerged within the night.

I dream of her dancing in the burial grounds of our earth, her form taking the shape of stone, and then to run to and fro within time, within the calling of death. I was to stand at an anonymous plot as her image danced on through the columns of stone and loss. The weight of the three stones draws me down to embrace an unmarked grave, stones which were left by one's lifelike hand, her hand, beneath me. There is only to be wretched time. Her form, the structure of all stone, all that I will see is her form engraved in the granite of consciousness. My thoughts on this day have become melancholy. Paths which nineteenth century bicyclists once rode are empty now, only the figure of the fallen rider. I have seen, I can see, her bicycle, lifeless, mangled within its own devices. She is to be seen face down, limp, white figure of my thoughts, her face of which form I know not; from this distance only her figure is present. It has possession of this moment, a form whose affect shall continue to persist.

But now I see a church of dated presence. Structure of stone, brought by ox or mule, a minister placed upon the stairs, beckoning our presence. Dark is his figure; his face is not perceptible. It seems to be veiled within the shadows of his position. Now I placed her form upon these stairs, not to be seen beside mine; and on these very stairs which working hands have placed into certain rigid order, hands that are to be found just yards away, buried within their own shallow graves. I stand in the center of these stairs and wait for her form to take shape. We shall complete this walk, towards our dark future. The minister is patiently waiting just above for our figures to become one, and with our meeting, the minister shall know the destiny which we hold. And until the time of our convergence, I am to stand here halfway between the foot and the head of the stair.

---Seth McBride

FOR BRAZIL: THAT NEW PUPPY ON CAMPUS

Exerpts from Slaughter of The Innocent:

Dogs are being used in starvation studies, electrical shock studies, toxicity studies, electrical shock studies, they are burned, scalded, boiled, frozen, defrosted, mutilated, electrocuted — tortured in the name of "humanity." Because they will continue to love, and remain loyal to the human, they have always been favorite victims of the vivisectionists.

Dr Francios Maggendie was the acclaimed father of the "science" of vivisection:

Maggendie, alas! performed experiments in public and sadly too often. I remember once, amongst other instances, the care of a poor dog, the roots of whose spinal nerve he was about to expose. Twice did the dog, all bloody and mutilated, escape from his implacable knife; and twice did I see him put his forepaws around Maggendie's neck and lick his face. I confess — laugh vivisectionists if you please — that I could not bear this sight.

The above two exerpts were part of testimony given to the House of Representatives in Washington, D.C. And the house... unmoved.

Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's — it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice. "Where's the Duchess?"

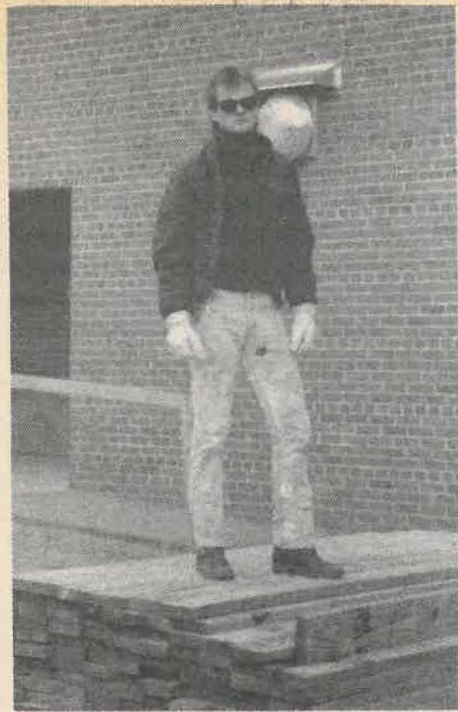
"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" asked Alice.

"Did you say 'What a pity!'?" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice. "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said 'What for?'"

---Alice in Wonderland



"About 5'11", blond hair, outspoken, president of the student body?—you must have at least seen him."

By SARI SIEGEL

I haven't. Upperclassmen tend not to realize it, but freshmen and transfers are not always aware who the (self-proclaimed?) "influential" seniors are. While it is true that Bennington may be a relatively small school, when given three weeks and six hundred new names and faces, anyone could encounter difficulty.

For instance, there's this guy above. Be honest, new students— how many of you knew that he has a goldfish named Eric and an ice cream maker? When we first arrived here, we were subjected to nearly a week of what the Administration calls "orientation". In this time, members of the class of '92 learned a little about a Man Who Mistook His Wife For a Hat and where the good hiking areas are. For some, this could be an invaluable experience. But for the rest of us— wouldn't we prefer a little section on Who's Who? A note on which professors we should camp out the night before registration day for?

EDITORS NOTE: MAURA SPIEGEL

For those of you who don't know the above face and think you should know more about the man who gets three weeks worth of Bloom County for the paper and still finds time to represent you in the eyes of the "establishment", just show up, Wednesday night at the computer room with your articles ready to be printed up in the paper. Or give it to him anytime (he's been seen lurking about the Green Dining Room on Tuesday nights!) If you can't make it personally, just drop off material fit to be printed (by Macintosh) in Clark's box, D 502.

MARK ON MELINDA . . . MELINDA ON MARK

Mark= P

Melinda= B

Interview 1: Mark on Melinda

P. How are you, Melinda?
B. I'm fine.
P. What were you thinking about this morning when you first arose?
B. The Olympics. Do you want to know why?
P. Sure.
B. It was because I had had a dream about the Olympics. In the dream my family had donated one of the gold medals. I had to be there for the presentation of the medal.
P. What was the event?
B. I don't remember.
P. What do you have to do tomorrow?
B. Kick ass!
P. I don't know what to say, except, why did you just throw your pen at the wall?
B. Because I thought it would be funny.
P. O.K., sounds good. Who is your favorite deceitful politician?
B. None of them, wait...., I'm lying. I used to be intrigued by the Peron family reign in Argentina during the 1950's.
P. Do you read Better Homes & Gardens?
B. No.
P. Good for you.
B. Thank You.
P. Have you had any life-changing spiritual experiences in the past 36 hours?
B. Well, in my opinion, everyday is a life changing experience.
P. Do you take One-A-Day plus iron?
B. No, but I do take multi vitamins and allergy pills.
P. Where do you take them from?
B. From my top-drawer every morning or when ever I remember.
P. Do you have any super-special hopes for the future?
B. Who's future?
P. To keep it simple, let's say, your world.
B. Yes, but it would be far too difficult to articulate them here & now.
P. How is your playing card-case?
B. Fine, especially after Daisy's saliva exploded all over it. It has a life of it's own now.
P. That's nice.
B. So are you.
P. No-no, so are you.
B. No, I insist that the pleasure is mine.
P. Touche, it is I who is finding the pleasure in all of this.
B. Ole.
P. As in Oil of Olay.
B. No Mark; as in bullfighting.
P. Are you worried about something, Melinda?
B. Do I look worried?

THE LAST AMERICAN HERO

By TRACY GULBENKAIN

For exactly one minute and forty-seven seconds I believed. Me and God only knows how many Americans were tuned into the Boston College/Miami game on prime time NBC four years ago. I remember it like it was yesterday. The quarter-back dual of the century. No matter what Doug Flutie had the Heisman. Anyhow, in the last two minutes of the game, B.C. was behind one field goal. B.C. had the ball at the fifty yard line. Doug Flutie, #22, threw a pass that was caught and ran out of bounds at the forty. He threw another pass with forty-nine seconds left - a one in a million shot that just happened to land in between the 2 and the 0 of his roommate's jersey who was standing in the end-zone. So Boston College won. So I believed. So I had faith. So Doug Flutie was my hero until a week later I saw him on TV selling Shick razors or something else. What he sold didn't matter, he had sold out. I have not watched a football game since. Stupid game anyway.

They say that today we have no causes, no convictions and no heroes. My parents grew up with the American dream. WWII was great for the economy. My mother adored everyone from Joe Namoth to Elvis. These guys were big. Who is there now? Do I dare say Run DMC? People sell out for everything - anything. The integrity of our nation is no longer something to question, but something to laugh at and then ignore. The youth is our future, but what does our generation, "the lost generation," have to offer? I do not want to give another 'bum out on society' rap, that was not what was intended. We have a select (mostly unknown) few to look up to. But maybe heroes are not important. History is packed full of heroes. When our children look back, what will they see? Ollie North? But heroes come and go and come again, leaving us with nothing but ourselves.

It is said that there are two types of men; the creator and the parasite. The parasite offers nothing to the creator or to the creative process. He is an intestinal worm. The creator does not recognize anyone's right to his life, to his creation, to his creative processes. There is no force that he will sell out to and he will live on his terms only. This is what constitutes a hero. My question is ... are there any left?

Part 2

B. Cornchip, Mark?
P. No thank you.
B. What colors do you hate?
P. I'd like to say black, in that black is the absence of all colors. If you are talking about colors, relative to light, than I hate black, so I love all colors. If you are talking about painting than I'd have to say that I hate white for the reason previously mentioned.
B. Are you happy, Mark?
P. With what, Melinda?
B. With your life. Do you mind me asking that?
P. No, I don't mind...uhm... (Chuckle-chuckle)...this leaves much to be interpreted...
B. Well...
P. Yes, I am happy with my life.
B. Wow, are you ever lucky?..
P. No. It's not luck, it's just skill.
B. What do you want to be when you grow up?
P. Younger.
B. Buurrrrrpp! Did you ever play mind games when you were younger?
P. Excuse me for a moment. I have to make a phone call to the carriage barn. O.K. Now, why are you asking me this?
B. Because someone asked me once.
P. What was your answer?
B. I don't remember. Come on, what was the first thing that crossed your mind when I asked you?
P. Well, yes I have. Can you say President Quayle?
B. No. I don't have to.



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RAINFORESTS: ENDANGERED ENVIORNMENTS

By JOSEPH MUELLER

There is an incredible variety of life on earth. It is a fact that half of all this life survives only in the tropical rainforests. Using any logic at all this makes the rainforests the most precious ecosystems in the world.

The rainforests (mostly in South and Central America, Central Western Africa, and Southern Asia) produce a large amount of the world's oxygen supply. Without the rainforests there would no longer be a livable climate on earth. As the rainforests are destroyed millions of tribal peoples are displaced and their tribal heritage annihilated. Scientists have concluded that the rainforests are absolutely essential to life as we know it.

As important as the rainforests are, most are not protected by any local, national, or international laws. As a result, they are being destroyed. In Central America rainforests are cleared to make grazing land for cattle which produce most of the beef used by American fast-food chains. Rainforests are cut for their rare, tropical woods, notably teak and mahogany.

In Brazil huge dams are being built which drown thousands of acres of rainforest, displace indigenous tribes, and cause the country to accrue monumental debts to U.S. and Japanese banks.

According to U.S. trade laws, American companies are permitted to sell deadly pesticides to Third World countries for use in export agriculture. In Peru, on the Amazon headwaters, the U.S. State Department is using highly toxic chemicals in an attempt to eradicate cocoa plants. These herbicides are carried downstream where they are destroying rare rainforest plants and animals and poisoning the soil of local farmers. These chemicals wind up on dinner tables all over the world in the form of insoluble residue contained in imported foods.

The building of the World Bank financed Cuiaba-Port Velho highway in Brazil opened up Amazon rainforests to ranchers and timber barons who clear the rainforest by burning. 170,000 fires in the Brazilian province of Rondonia were spotted by NASA satellites last year. Rondonia has already lost twenty percent of its rainforest, considered one the richest ecosystems in the world. The fires in Rondonia alone account for ten percent of the global output of carbon dioxide, the prime cause of the disastrous Greenhouse Effect. The destruction of the world's richest ecosystem is also causing the rapid disintegration of the earth's climate.

The destruction of the rainforests MUST stop. I propose a worldwide ban on any construction or development projects which in any way threaten the continued and unchanged survival of the rainforests. People should write to the World Bank urging them not to finance any of these projects (such as the recent " Brazilian Power Sector II " a loan package planned to finance detrimental hydroelectric dams).

The world must stop purchasing rare and tropical hardwoods. We can do without mahogany furniture and teak toilet seats. The logging of the rainforests must be prohibited.

American fast-food chains should use only domestically raised beef and beef products. If it is not produced at home, it is probably rainforest beef. So if you must eat at a fast food joint, first ask where the beef comes from.

One final comment. Throughout the history of religion the gods have punished man for his "hubris", the overwhelming self-importance man often has which causes him to forget and neglect his duties to his environment. By destroying the rainforests, man has eliminated the need for gods because this time, man is punishing himself.

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off my
back
now i speak
to you
torture of
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insects

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out of my
pocket
you smiling
murderer
don't bother
brother
you have already
picked them
dry

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ALL CLASS REPS MUST BE ELECTED BY NEXT WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12



get your hand
away from that
child
i am afraid
for its
life
you are in
fected with
the barbed
cankorous
strain
the chronic
haters
the blind
hordes
of
unjustified
sardonia
a fake savant
dribbling
capitalist
wolf
clumsily but
accurately
destroying
sucking
the life from
the media
soaked
many
minds
implanting
your fears
your
hatreds
like a cancerous
seed
to insure
future
thoughtless
drones
dimless
opaque
souls
to carry your
carcass into
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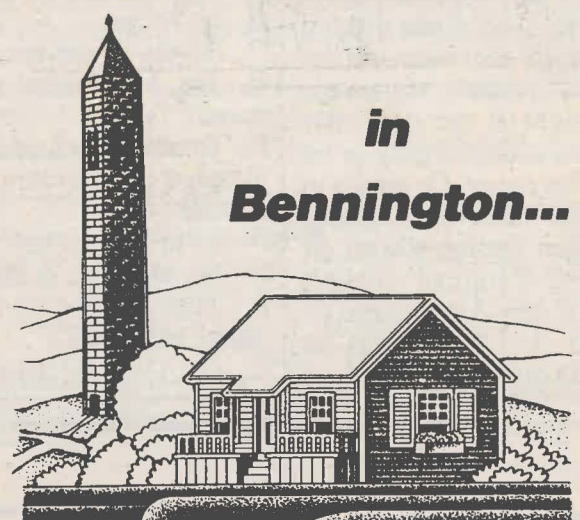
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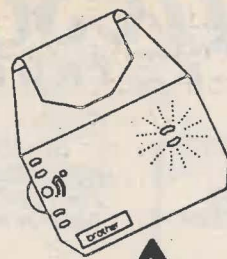
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HOROSCOPES

By ST. TABATHA

Bunnies go hop

This week should be very interesting. The moon is still in Libra, but the sun has altered its course to that of Pluto-Saturn-Venus combo plate. YUMMY! There should be some good picking in the weeks to come. Especially in the week of the 12 when the college celebrates a super-fabulous birthday of one of our very own lovely boys. Happy b-day Cable Jones.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22) - Time to take it easy and let others clean up after you. They won't mind. Keep Gemini in mind for your slave jobs- if you smile a lot and pay them well, you can keep them on for a few months. The school has just made this a policy, so stop worrying about silly matters involving parents or human rights organizations. You will be safe here at Bennington. Oh, and now is a great time to form a music group based on a humming sound.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21) - Last week was a ruff week for you- you felt like a dogs dinner. Don't get down on yourself, dogs are nice, sweet, sexy, exotic, charming, hot stuff, and Quite exceptional. My mother once had a dog, and when it died she was really upset, I mean she was so upset she cried for DAYS!! Anyway, the main thing to remember is that you have a great sex drive. Point this out to your friends every once in a while, let them know where you stand on this issue.

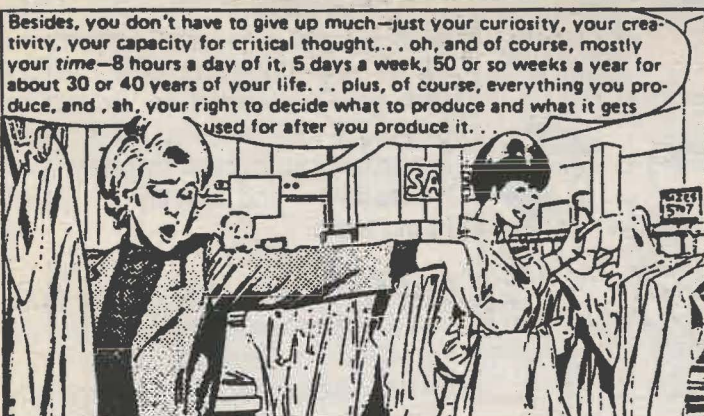
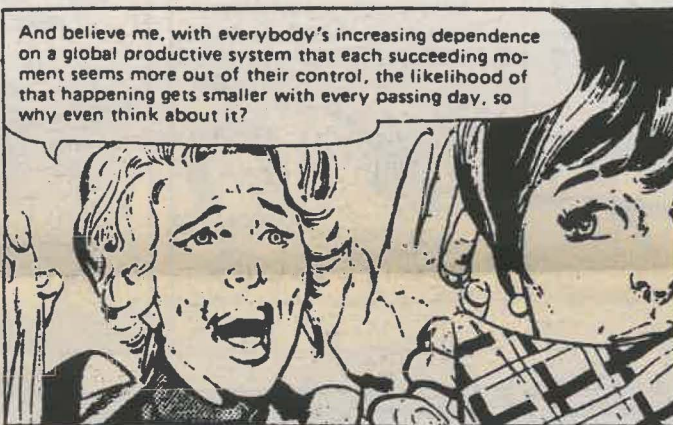
SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21) - Opportunity exists to crawl to the bottom of the barrel. You have never been there before. Do you want to go? Of course you do- think of how exciting it could be. Bring your camera to take pictures of your journey. So move forward with creativity, flamboyant clothes, and most of all... CLEAN UNDERWARE. You could get in an accident - and you want to be able to boast that you were prepared for anything.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19) - Scenario highlights victory over all the animals on campus. So look out 'cat committee', here comes a Capricorn. You are a truly beautiful person. So beautiful that someone may insist upon buying you a long, luxurious white coat. You must accept it, and sport it around campus. Strike the universal chord of love.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18) - This is the dawning of you. Get up early and prepare for battle. You foresee, many things, and yet you see nothing. Subtle, yet potent. Quiet, and yet strong. Purple, yet pink. Smooth like cognac, yet crunchy like a pretzel. You're okay, Aquarius. Screw Gemini to the wall, they are not deserving of your affections. Look else where for pleasure, start playing tennis with your friends every Monday morning- don't forget the candy.

See HOROSCOPES page 14

... AS WE JOIN MIDGE AND CINDY, CINDY HAS RELUCTANTLY
AGREED TO CONSIDER JOINING THE WORKFORCE; READ ON ...



Why not get together with some friends soon and say NO! Say no to the draft, or work, or religion, or authority figures, or school; say no to television, patriotism, political ideologies, any of the thousand and one ways in which this society keeps you from realizing your own needs and desires. You'll find the more you do it, the more you'll like it!

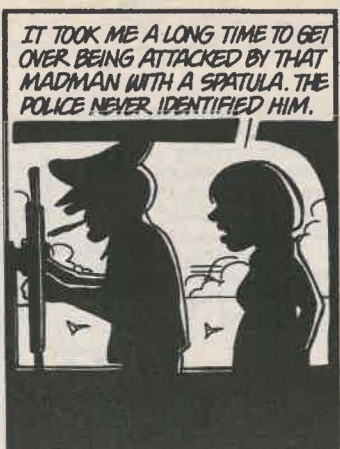
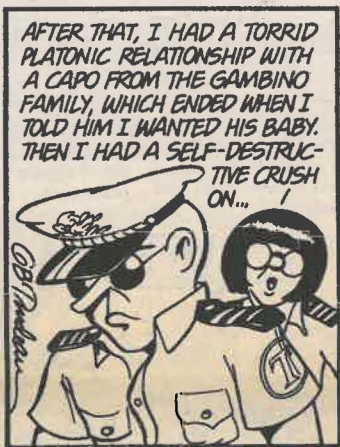
**JUST SAY "FUCK OFF."
YOU'LL GET
A LOT OF SATISFACTION.**

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9



PISCES (2/19-3/20) - Get ready for Halloween early this season. Sharpen your psychic powers - amaze your friends and confound your enemies! Great for Friday night parties, fun for the whole family. And that's not all... You get the incredible mini-sharpener. It slices, dices, it juliens! Curls, broils, licks, loves, ignores, restores, and now, get this, it also comes with 6 steak knives and a digital can opener, and 5 adjustable mouth pieces.

ARIES (3/21-4/19) - Flirtation leads you to Spice 'n' Nice. Reputation is on the line. Sociable, romantic, and artistic- these are the qualities of someone giving a cocktail party- but you want to enter rodeos. So get some practice by riding all the different bikes on campus, compare notes- some are hot and some are not. Give up brushing your hair and washing your clothes- see how long you can do 'it' by yourself. Enjoy.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20) - Phone your lover as often as you can- you must live life to fullest, and more if possible. Don't forget to take some of your favorite friends to Friendly's for ice cream to discuss *Mobydick* (The story of male homosexuality and a really big fish). Drink as much as you can this weekend- work is getting heavy and the only way to survive is to pass out on Commons lawn, face-down in the mud. By the time you wake up it will be brunch and you will feel soooo refreshed.

GEMINI (5/21-6/20) - Don't you think you've been just a bit too hypercritical and stand-offish to Aquarius in the past few weeks- well I do. All hope is not lost... if you jump up and down and scream and shout, you might get their interest. But you will have to be really, REALLY nice to them. Start brushing up on your French and stay away from all boys and men and girls with blond hair.

CANCER (6/21-7/22) - Pay attention to your shoes- they represent the foundation of your very being. Yes, I'm talking to you, so listen carefully so you can have a good week. Start buying shoes as big as your head, even bigger if you can find them... They are totally in fashion on this campus. Hang with the hip crowd (there are several to choose from). Start speaker dancing at parties, it's wad 'o' fun and you will look soooo cool up there.

LEO (7/23-8/22) - Take it easy on yourself, you're a bit uptight. Relax. Be patient. Spend some time with your friends and laugh a lot, play cards, drink, eat, play some more cards, drink, laugh, eat, eat, drink, fart, but mostly relax and enjoy life. Have a bath, take a walk, and think about how long you're going to grow your hair.

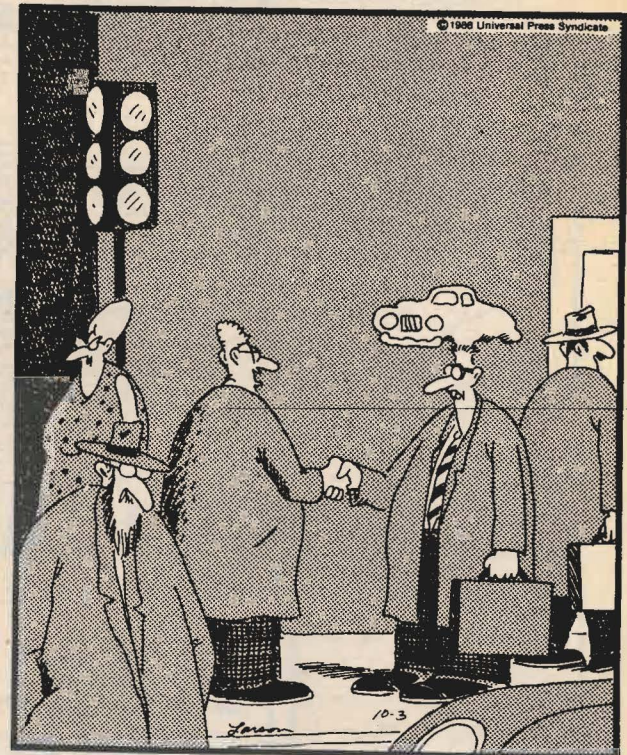
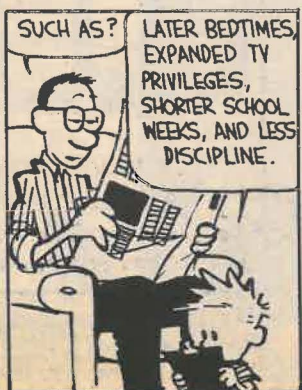
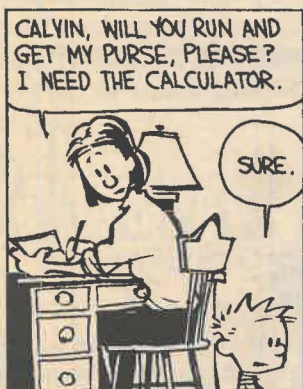
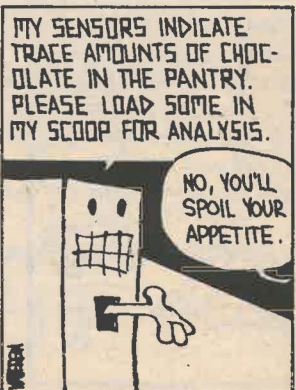
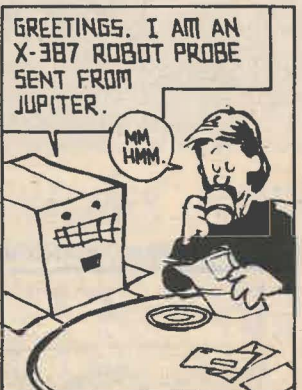
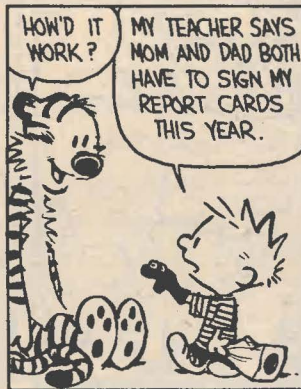
VIRGO (8/23-9/22) - Are you seeing someone right now? I think you are- luckily, I approve. If not, don't worry things will get better, maybe you can try to patch things up. Don't let strangers touch your personal possessions, and get your friends to protect you and your things.

THE FAR SIDE

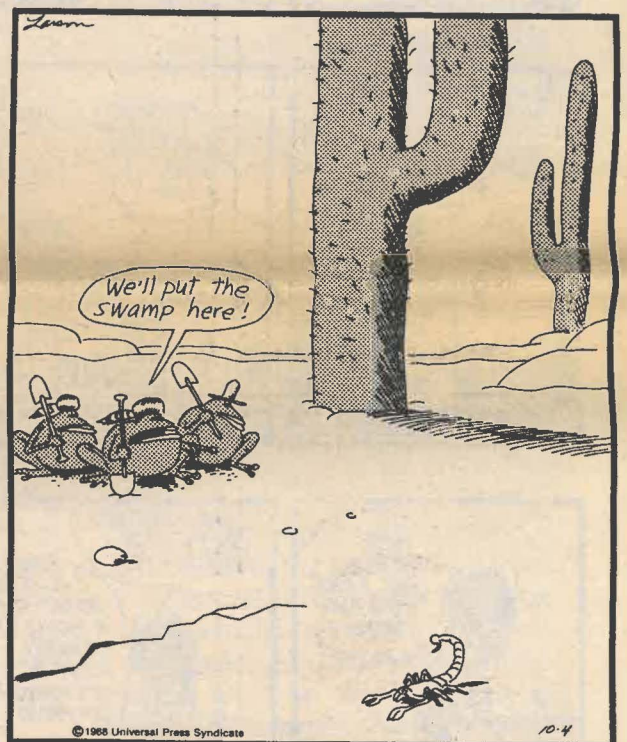
by GARY LARSON

calvin and Hobbes

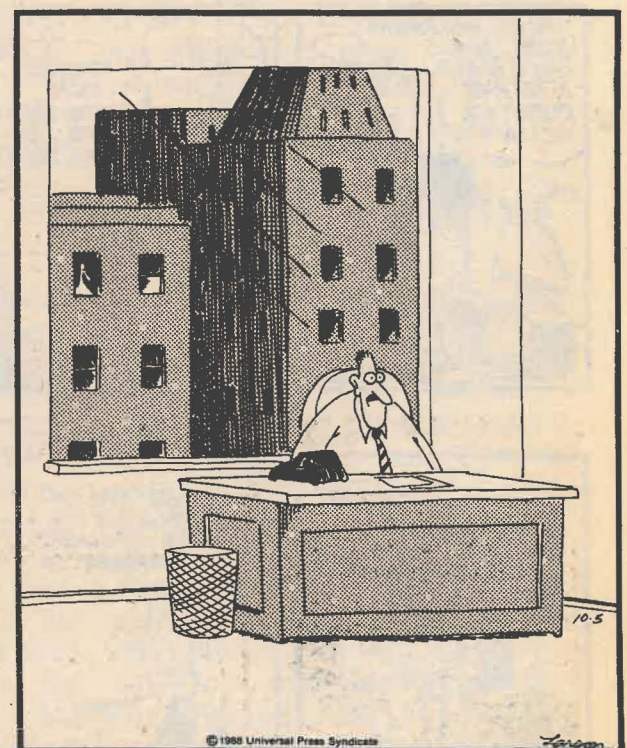
by BILL WATTERSON



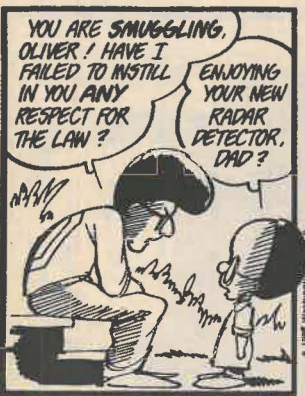
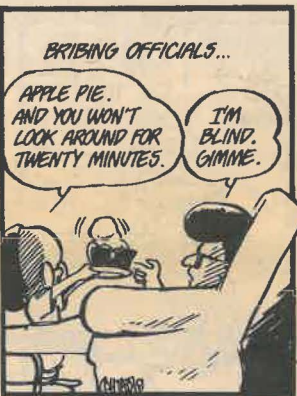
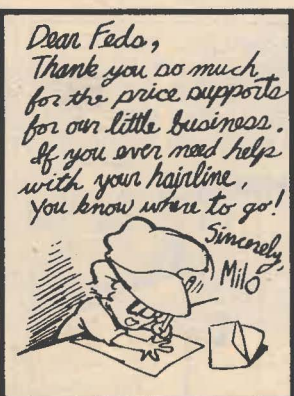
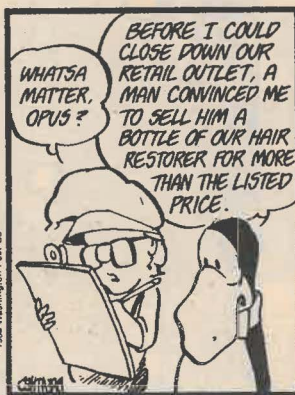
"Hey! Ernie Wagner! I haven't seen you in, what's it been — 20 years? And hey — you've still got that thing growin' outta your head that looks like a Buick!"



Frog pioneers



Anatidaephobia: The fear that somewhere, somehow, a duck is watching you.

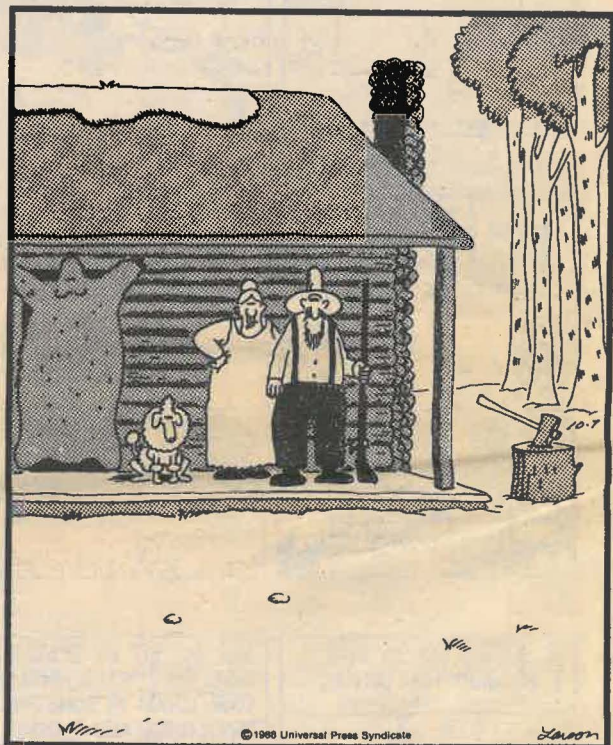


THE FAR SIDE

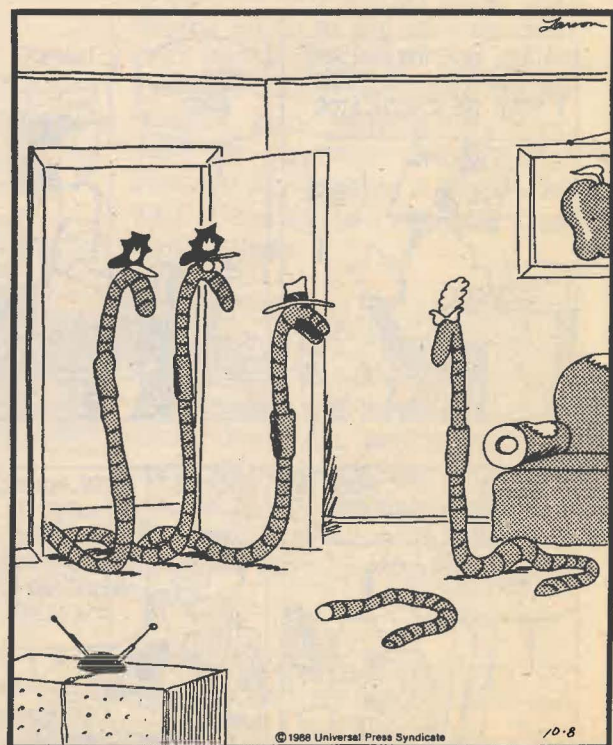
By GARY LARSON



Construction birds at lunch



Early settlers of Beverly Hills



"We understand your concern, ma'am -- but this just isn't enough for us to go on. Now, you find the other half of your husband, and then we've got a case."