

The Commons



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BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

HUMAN RIGHTS NOW! TOUR: PROMOTING A CONCERT CONSCIENCE

By MARK HEDDEN

I'd been standing in line at Amnesty International's Human Rights Now! show, bumping elbows and shoulders with every media member on the east coast - or at least it seemed that way - for about two hours. The folks in the trailer, where they were giving out media credentials, had just announced that 45 photographers would be unable to get the photo passes that they'd been promised. My photographer, unfortunately, was among them.

Apparently the builder they hired to put up the paddock for photographers in front of the stage had made the area too small. The fire Marshall came in, screamed about fire hazards, and announced on the night before the show that 45 photographers were going to have to be kicked off the list.

No pictures means there's nothing to catch a reader's eye, he doesn't read your stuff.

I hadn't quite figured out what I was gonna do about it, but for some unknown reason I wasn't mad, not like the rest of them.

Maybe it's a skill you develop once you become a professional, but my sentiments came back to something my mom would say every time I came home with a shitty report card.

"I'm not mad, I'm just disappointed."

It probably had to do with an indiscernable question that had quietly been knocking on the back of my mind, preventing any anger.

I was a little tense, maybe a little bit hyper, but I just couldn't find it in me to be really mad at these people.

"If it makes you feel any better," the woman at the trailer window told me, "AP lost their photo passes too."

I felt like a little less of a peon, but not all that much better, I tried to smile, took my print credentials, and wandered towards the entrance.

Amnesty International is one of the few political organizations that I've ever been able to agree with. Mainly because they're not leftists

or rightists, or extremists.

Their founding premise is based on a desire to protect the basic rights of people, regardless of an individual's beliefs, race, sex, language or religion.

The guidelines for this are taken directly out of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights; a 30 article document that was adopted

WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

Rachel Schatz, former Head of Rec. Committee, and Sarah Miller, former President of Student Council, are seen relaxing with their "Home Spa" trying to relieve some of the tension built up over the previous year.



by the United Nations in 1948.

Article 1 of this declaration proclaims "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They're endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood."

Right now approximately half the countries in the world are committing acts that violate this declaration. Torture, execution and unjust imprisonment are three of the most flagrant violations. Most of Amnesty's efforts are to free the people they call "prisoners of conscience," those imprisoned for trying to protect and promote human rights.

At the moment they're involved in over 3000 cases in 85 countries.

Unfortunately, a lot of people

See HUMAN RIGHTS page 2

"HELLO, BENNINGTON"

By TIM HALPERN

Maria and others:

None of you need say "Farewell, Bennington", but most all of you do need to say "Hello." Recently a student wrote to this paper to discuss the consequences of legal action against the school that's being carried out by our President, Clark Perks. The author wanted to say "Farewell" while she still had a chance, claiming that the school is in danger of being shut down as a result

rest of the house. He told them two steps they could take to correct the problem:

1. Seal the opening permanently or
2. Build a trap door to be shut when the space was not in use.

He also took special care to tell Clark and Dan that he thought they'd done a "good job." There has since been a joke in Maintenance that the college should hire the two as carpenters. After hearing from Bob, Clark and Dan sealed the hole in the Spring, with the intention of reopening it in the Fall of the upcoming semester. In short, the school knew about their use of the space during the Spring, showed no objection, and in fact, offered encouragement as to how to proceed in a safe manner.

Upon returning in the Fall of 1987, Clark and Dan reopened the hole, and built the trap door, as per the specifications of Bob Ayers. Bob inspected it and found that though there was a trap door, as he had described, it had been left open, and thus created a fire hazard. (Clark and Dan had been there a short while earlier and had forgotten to close it.) Next, the two were brought before Judicial and charged with "disobeying school instructions not to reopen the hole". The school had never given any such instruction. The only communication from the school prior to the Judicial hearing was:

"You can have a hole in your closet, if there's a trap door to close when you're not in the attic." So that Clark and Dan did what they were told, but forgot to close the door one morning and were brought to Judicial as a result. Which leaves one wondering, wouldn't a note from Bob Ayers have been better? Something to the effect of

"The trap door is adequate, but you can't leave it open." Bob communicated as much to the two, but the college still prosecuted. The

See HELLO page 6

MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There is something about the Autumn that makes me think more ...about everything. It could just be my imagination, or the fact that Autumn brings with it a new school term (hence renewed attempts to think about things and be more observant), but I am almost sure it is the Autumn weather itself. It is something in the cool crispness of the air, the way that sounds carry at night, the crunch of leaves underfoot on the forest path, and the humming vibrations of the valley as the colors fade, as the sun and the tourists move further away.



Catalyst for inner focus such as these are almost impossible to find during a time of year like the Spring. The Spring; with its budding branches, thick honeydews air, and people jumping out of their clothes and into each others' beds like they just won their way back into the garden of Eden or something. There's the smell of fertility everywhere, and all of the people with slim waistline go out on the lawn, strip to the limit of the law, and take turns watching each other bend over to pick up Frisco. Don't get me wrong... I love the Spring, but there's

just something about it that makes the world seem too big to me. I get uncomfortable, my peripheral vision expands, and everywhere I look there are people hugging baby deer, swinging from trees, frolics at swimmin' holes, and bouncing up and down to the incessant beat of Reggae music.

The Autumn is different. Everything suddenly focuses on the spot that you are standing at. No more wasted talk about going to Saratoga to see that band play, or trying to organize people for a game of water polo. You spend your time

See MOMENTS page 2

MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

finishing things up, walking through air that will carry the snap of a twig for twelve miles, you settle into old routines, and wait for it to snow. As I write this it occurs to me how strange this must seem. The description of Spring sounds nicer in some ways. Blame that on my scattered, dull headed prose style. The point is, for me, that there is something about Autumn that blows Spring away.

Maybe it's that I feel more attentive in the Fall. In the Spring it is not uncommon to loose track of the conversation you're having with a friend; you're distracted by how great her tan looks, how much the sun has brought out the blond highlights in her hair, or how nice it would be if she took off that bikini and let you do a Jackson Pollack on her back with ketchup and cocoa butter.

In the Fall people put their clothes on. They move more slowly, more deliberately. Their cheeks get rosy. You look into to people's eyes more when you talk to them, startled by how flushed and vital they look. Occasionally you stop on your walks to marvel at the rich pastels of the valley, the blue sky getting colder and colder by the minute against the hard ridges of the mountains, turning from a vibrant purple to a steely grey. All sound seems to echo, the air becomes fragile, and as the temperature drops everything gains in depth, while those things which were deep become two dimensional. The forest floors become thick, fragrant carpets of mulchy leaves and pine needles. The river by the fire house radiates a humming chill, and the curious "V" shape of migrating ducks foreshadows the day when the valley will fall into a deep coma and be covered over by nature fluffy white funeral shroud.

The elm tree in my yard loses his blazing red headdress and turns darker and darker, like the hands of the old potter who lives down the road from me. Like that old man, the tree roots itself tightly against the Autumn winds, and occasionally twists upwards (though I'm the only one who's ever witnessed it) and studies the sky he has learned to read over the decades, and looks for signs of snow.

For all of the complaints about cold, the rise in the heating bills, the cars that don't start, and the endless nights of work until Winter break, there is something I find comforting about Autumn. Standing there, leaning against a brittle pane of glass, watching Gravity -nature's executioner- pull leaf after leaf onto the floor of my yard, I feel a glimmer of warmth somewhere, just beyond the fading colors of the trees and bushes. I drain the glass of sherry in my hand and nod my head to the elm in silent recognition of our bargain. In spite of our mutual inability to verbalize the magic of the days, we each acknowledge the inevitability of the Autumn, and pray that the other can accept them with grace, or at least to abide the changes...and show a little respect as the leaves are gathered up and thrown on the compost heap.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Continued from page 1



don't know anything about Amnesty International, and a lot of those who do have a pretty fuzzy understanding.

AI's mission seems to be as much educational and informative as it is political. The main goal of the Human Rights Now! Tour is to raise people's awareness of basic human rights and to draw attention to places where they are being ignored.

Regrettably, the photo-passes that were cut will just make it more difficult for Amnesty to get their message out.

Still, it's hard to stand in a pack of screaming journalists yelling at AI volunteers, and not to think of these journalists as a bunch of jerks. It gets kind of weird when you realize that it's a profession you have already entered.

Inside it was a pretty good show,

ELECTIONS

By DAN O'DAY

The Bennington student body has surprised me again. First I was pleasantly surprised when Clark was elected president and then I was a little surprised I didn't get elected to judicial (pure luck, I had a 78% chance). Well, the student body proved sane a second time by voting down the proposed amendment to Judicial Committee thus keeping it at seven members. This shows that we are not fickle and it will force the administration to take us seriously.

I've come to learn that elections are totally unpredictable here at Bennington. There are a few possible reasons for this. One is that those who talk a lot have little effect on the outcome because there is a silent majority. However, this does not explain Clark's election. Another possibility is students examine all the facts and make a rational decision based on them. Yet, this does not explain the vast majority of votes on anything. The last and most plausible explanation is that students chose randomly based on a roll of a die or a flip of a coin. That must be it.

However, for those 134 who did not get what they want I suggest another amendment proposing faculty as advisors. There could be two advisors at every hearing and it would make a nice compromise between an all student Judicial Committee and a three student three faculty committee. I'm sure that such an amendment would pass since it would get the support of many who voted against the amendment plus all who voted for it - unless, of course, I'm right about the dice.

despite the fact that I couldn't get near enough to the stage to get a decent shot. The people on the risers did the wave, and everyone raised their fists to the "oh-oh-oh" part of "Biko".

The show, strangely enough, distracted from the situation that Amnesty International is trying to bring to light. The stadium, filled to the brim with humanity, felt like an awfully safe place. It gets pretty hard to imagine - especially standing on the floor of JFK stadium surrounded by 75,000 people watching Springsteen writhe in time with the E Street Band - that at the same moment people beaten, tortured and even executed. In the time it took to hear "Born in the U.S.A." a beating could have occurred, someone could have been locked in a cell without trial or charge or someone could have been hung. It very well might have been happening.

It starts to verge on absurdity when you realize that the reason Springsteen is up there, in front of a crowd of 75,000 people, is that he is trying to make people aware of such human rights abuses.

The picture that stays in your mind of Sting, Springsteen, Peter Gabriel, Tracy Chapman, and Youssou N'Dour all singing a Bob Marley song together in the name of human rights is nice and it feels pretty good. But compare it to the image of a man being beaten in a Chilean jail for trying to stand up for the same rights they sing about and it starts to pale in comparison. Unfortunately, pictures of a beating in Chile will get page three, and the photos of Sting and company will get page one.

It's kind of pathetic that we, as a nation, have to be entertained in order to listen to any such message. Maybe it's a hard situation to justify, but then again nobody's really asked for a justification. It becomes a question of simply doing whatever will work, or whatever even might work.

After the show I walked out with the crowd, and like everyone else I was pretty happy. Despite any of my questioning I knew this would all be a good thing for human rights. Money would be generated and consciousness would be raised.

When I drifted away from the crowd and out towards my car I saw a man bending over out in the parking lot. He was a street person, ragged and dusty, picking up the cans that people had dropped on their way out of the show.

The cans he was collecting, he had a shopping cart full, were worth about a quarter a pound.

Around his wrist, over his jacket sleeve, he wore one of those glow-in-the-dark bracelets that someone must have dropped. He liked it apparently, because he kept stopping to look at it, to touch it.

I watched him for a few minutes, as he picked up the cans, and realized that even after all the sentiments I heard spoken that day, and after all the times I had cheered them, I couldn't think of a thing to say to him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Dan,

I enjoyed your article in last week's paper - these problems need to be expressed and resolved! I've been very concerned about them (obviously) and I'd like to thank you for responding to my galley.

I just need to address one minor point: The Commons is getting better and more interesting with every issue, and I'm glad that a weekly paper is being produced so that members of the community can express their opinions, print creative work, etc. It's a terrific vehicle, and I plan to continue contributing material; it's a lot easier and cheaper than printing galleys, and The Commons is attracting a wide "readership". But galleys serve a different purpose, in some cases, and maybe I'll someday write another one, for reasons I can't anticipate now, or because I miss a Commons copy deadline, i.e., I can't promise to submit all further writings to the paper, as your article says I have. I'm sorry I didn't make that distinction. Can something be printed to the effect in the effect in the next issue (maybe this note?) I know, it's nit-picking, but we're all learning how important it is to scrutinize what goes into print!

I appreciate all the work you guys have done on the paper, and I will take advantage of the opportunity to publish my ideas in the Commons whenever I can

Thanks again,
Claudia

Dear Claudia,

Thank you for your response. I appreciate your comments.

Love
Dan

Dear Satie,

Why have I never met my older brother, Joel.

Anxiously Awaiting,
Timothy L. Halpern, I.

Dear Tim,

Your older brother, Joel, has remained anonymous only to your knowledge because of a series of unusual circumstances that prevented his reunification with you. He began a diligent search for you at age nine; I assume, you, some years younger, were not aware of this fraternal bonding however, while descending a subway staircase, he stumbled (in his haste to reach you) and severely damaged his cranium. After a lengthy convalescence, Joel appeared again on a wet and oily street near Pont Neuf in Paris, his tired features proclaimed the heavy age of a young man. Intuitively aware of what you feel is a necessary balance between academic and physical growth, your devoted sibling worked six jobs in New York to set aside enough money to purchase two Schwinn Areodyne exercise bicycles however, living expenses (in the real world) were so harsh, Joel managed to accumulate nothing. He is presently engaged in intellectually influential national politics under the pseudonym G.B. Trudeau.

Love,
Satie

COINCIDENCE?

FAILED INTERVIEW

By ANN KALILL

Okay, Here's the problem, I have this new series of articles coming regarding on-campus housing. I was supposed to interview the house chairs of every house on campus (one each week) to decide what it would be like to live in each - in an interesting way, of course. So I decided, great, I'll start with Booth House. I figured Booth would be the most intriguing, I mean, it is the campus party house. So I get over there, Sunday night at Coffee Hour. Someone had told Rafe Churchill (a Booth House Chair) that a reporter was coming - and the story had stretched so far that he thought I was from the Bennington Banner. Lara Taubman (the other House Chair) then told me that Rafe didn't want me to do an interview and asked me to please leave. Naturally, I was confused - what was the harm of a simple, little article? When I approached Rafe, he said that he had been misinformed, sorry. So I waited out the Coffee Hour and then went with Lara and Rafe to Rafe room (which was very neat - that was a big surprise to me - a clean place in Booth House!)

When I turned on my small recorder and spoke to them, they were extremely friendly and answered all of my questions without hesitation, and so I was really pleased. After all, I had gotten it all on tape. Happily, I rushed back to my house (Woolley) to replay the tape, and possible start typing it. As I rewound it I ran around saying "Oh, this is going to be good" and set up my word processor. Replaying the tape, I discovered to my horror that only a very small portion came out, the rest of it was ruined. I was so upset. I figured they would think I was a complete idiot - messing it all up. I had killed an entire interview and I really didn't want to try and quote it from memory. (That would've been a mess.) So my advice to everyone: don't count on even simple machinery, it's such a pain in the ...

The next day I saw Rafe at the snack bar and started, "You're not going to believe what happened ..." and he said, "The interview didn't record, did it?" I replied, "No, who told you?" To which he said, "No one, I woke up this morning and had the feeling." So either Rafe's a psychic or I don't know what. Anyway, the reason I'm writing this is that my editor demanded an article from me, and I felt an explanation as to where my column is would be suitable. Meanwhile, Rafe is so nice that he agreed to do another interview, and I hope that this one finally works.

I'm supposed to mention the fact that there is a party in Booth tonight, and if you want it to be a good one, donations are necessary. So give them money - they can't pay for it all themselves.

Oh, by the way, "Literature" is supposed to be the largest division in this school so why don't all of you majors or prospectives write something? I know that you're complaining about the lack of material here, but it's up to you. Get writing.



Well-marketed young author Bret Easton Ellis ...



and well-marketed old author Richard Nixon?

BOOK REVIEW

By CLARK PERKS

I stopped into a bookstore in Bennington two days ago looking for a Peanuts book. They didn't have any. But as I was browsing through the humor section my eyes came to light on a newly arrived book: *SEPARATED AT BIRTH?*, published by *SPY* magazine, a magazine that has to be read to be believed. *SPY*'S basic premise is to make fun of everyone (except themselves). In May of 1987 they wrote an article about Bennington entitled something like "Colleges

Where Rich Kids Go To Have Sex". A regular feature in *SPY* is "Separated at birth?" in which (in their own words) "photographs of unrelated people who look alike can be placed side by side to possibly comic effect." Enough said? Results of these comparisons are sometimes comic (Like Mike Dukakis and Mister Rogers or Tammy Faye Bakker and an Ewok), sometimes scary (Like Geraldine Ferraro and David Bowie). Has anyone ever

suggested to them Tim Halpern and L... ah never mind. Well, I flipped through the book and I found my favorite person in the world, Bret Easton Ellis compared with my second favorite person in the world, Richard Nixon. If you read the Weekly World News, like I do, you might begin to wonder if there's something strange going on here that involves space aliens and time travel. I don't know. Anyway, buy the book, it's way funny.

RAGE

By KEVIN WEAVER

Hair in the wind craving October wind.

Trimmed my hair just the other day. I still feel all new. That day I was in a rage. First of brisk October winds had this boy standing in the northern floor of a Southwest Vermont valley, at the middle of a common lawn at a college, bitching of a lacking... of understanding... of all but he himself. The wind moved his long hair, swept it into his eyes. It was me, and I longed for violence, for intensity, something to corral my perceptions back into the realm college-boy disposition. The rage told of lacking in potential.

The valley walls bold against moving pressures of cloud-laden cold trapped below the heat above—the pressure oh the pressure; damn how disturbing I've not yet walked that ridge; I do not yet understand this geography; I know no one who does. The winds moving hair are dangerous without comprehension.

Someone had stolen my bicycle. Screaming... This is not the city! New York minds get away. I cut my hair for you... for not attending to properly perceiving my situation:

Have you ever seen cold October rain in Harlem or canoed around Manhattan? I told a passing friend on the common lawn that this college is lessening me. I'd go on a hike, for to smash something would feel so damn right; "a certain pension for tipping-off top hats," breaking windows with a shout or going for a hike, "substitute for ball and pistol." (Call me Ishmael (get it?))

Humans I've heard it said are here in hopes of finding replacements for fallen angels. Feel that pressure. These winds will prevent and rip — fighting assention. At dinner, that very night it might have been, a few thought after dinner suited for Christmas carols (recall the weather). From the end of the extended table a dissenting lyric was spitefully voiced: "Oh come and abhor him." Abhor a king of angels?? Man, he's your art school's friend. He worked to lessen the pressures from those winds. Christ, he was a model artist, a B.C. rock star — I mean "Jerry" ain't far from "Jesus" (five letters beginning with "J"), ya know. Everyday these college artists strive to be angels; but this engineered Babel keeps us human. Christ allows for artistry. Funny, Mr. Boyer that

20th Century art critic might well have called Christ bad art.

And here on campus we try and try to for angelity. Just frustration: Bounded humans are critiquing the work. So frustration is Friday night's broken windows and "strivers" dancing atop speakers. Here too failed. And the would-be angels descend from speakers... to fuck me. "Get away. I'm on fire!! Raging!!"

"Where are you going?"

"On a hike." eyes ablaze.

With hurricane Gilbert on the way, Padre Island, Texas was evacuated. But a lone surfer stayed. Hours and hours he awaited the ultimate wave. And alas he was up. Surfing. Arting. Burning. And he caught the angels' eyes, and they extended a hand. The boy was not seen again.

And the "Liquid Sky" heroined girl. She was a New York city girl looking for a wave. Illusioned and drunk from the city. Was she seen again?

Don't like this style Mr. Boyer? Screw you. The artists now dare seek a wave alone, so lonely; we youth are in a rage, and you are scared. We will not abor a guy like Christ.

WANTING

By PAIGE LARKIN

It is snowing. This girl walked by me, a sweater draped over her shoulders, and she was shivering. She wore no coat. Her hair was pulled back and tied with a cloth.

A woman came up to me at the counter and addressed me cheerfully. I knew her, she was an old friend. She is probably a year younger than that first girl I mentioned. I asked her had she come from Wisconsin? The last time I asked her she was moving to Wisconsin to live with her lover. She was worried then that she might not like it out there. I did not know if she was still there or not, and I was trying to make up for that - or hide it. She looked surprised when I asked, "From New York," she said. Then she realized what I meant and she explained that she had to go home last week, and since she was on the East Coast again, she'd come back to visit, as well. I remembered that her mother had cancer and I considered that maybe that was why she'd gone back to New York. "How's your mom?" I asked. "Dead," she answered.

There is too much. A lot of people I know here are living dramatically. Me, though, I'm tired of dealing. Like I have nothing left in me anymore. I wished I could turn this woman over to the girl shivering and maybe then that girl would put on a coat. What it feels like is that I've no emotion. I smile when it's appropriate - sometimes when it's not. I laugh. I cry. But, I don't think about crying, about being sad. I just think, "I am supposed to be sad," and something inside, some pressure, pushes tears from me like there's no room for them in my body anymore, like they are waste.

It seems impossible that I could have stopped caring, but I want not to care. Because there are people here whom I have cared about and they have said that they don't care. And that seemed so easy. Once this woman, the one whose mother is dead, said to me that she did not care. And I spent so much energy caring anyway that I got confused and forced myself to care without realizing that I didn't. That I don't. Now I feel guilty about that. That is all that I have left. So what feeling does that guilt come out of? It's all that's left.

Then this other girl that I have been friends with comes to me and I'm not here - or, there, when she thought I should be. Where she had left me some odd length of time ago; when she last needed me for something. She left a note where she thought I would find it. In honesty I should say where she knew I would find it, but I don't want to admit that I'm so dependable. Because I'm not dependable. I will always find the notes, though, because I will always come back here. I have always been here. And I will always respond to the notes because I am guilty of having stopped caring, so that guilt continues to keep track of the old cares. Anyway, she is sick and needs to be taken care of. I go to her, and offer to bring whatever she needs. Really she doesn't need anything, someone has just brought her some toast and a coke. She just wanted me to come to her because she had come

QUAYLE DOES CANFIELD'S NEWEST BUNNY

By MARK PENNINGTON

Can you say President Quayle? I thought not. Let's try again, shall we? Pre.... Pre... Pr.. P (cough, cough gagh. Uh hum). It's a toughie, I know. I hope some of you home-viewers were able to catch the Vice Presidential Debate. I think the saying, "You are your own worst enemy", should be branded across Dan Quayle's forehead. Nobody had to make an effort to make him look bad, he did a fine job himself. I think he's correct, it's not just someones age that is the issue, it is their experience and their qualifications that should be emphasized. Dan Quayle has most assuredly proven himself to be quite capable of making himself look inexperienced and unqualified to hold the office of the Vice Presidency, let alone holding the post of McNugget Chef down at Bennington McDonald's, (his second choice).

On the other hand, Lloyd Benton (the Democratic nominee), did an adequate job for himself. He was by no means, so impressive, that I changed my interplanetary beliefs. However, he was mature, he was prepared, he was polite, and he did what was expected of him. He did have numerous opportunities to rip Senator Quayle to pieces, but he didn't. He didn't have to, Quayle took care of that for him. Let's take a closer look.

Quayle was the complete antithesis of Senator Benton and on top of that, he did take advantage of the numerous opportunities he gave Benton, by ripping himself apart. For example, what did Quayle mean when he said, (and I quote), "I am really glad that I have seen the advancement of human rights take place in South Africa under this administration." Well, we could look at this in a couple of different ways. If Quayle was talking about the white supremacists down there, then I would have to agree with him.

Yes kids, I must interject at this particular juncture, with some pertinent news that might shed some light on the subject. There I was, on Saturday night, and 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 two romantic silhouettes enjoying each other out on Commons lawn. Upon closer inspection, I realized who they were. I summoned up all of my courage and waited until their wet kiss was over. "Greg, what's going on man?" I asked. And then, life became very

simple for me. "Greg, I knew you were politically active but, I really think you should reconsider. And, Senator Quayle, I am a little nervous about the impact it might have on your career. You guys make a cute couple."

O.K. Now we know Dan Quayle is heavily involved with Canfield's Favorite Bunny, Greg Noveck, The Commons' budding gossip columnist. Greg—Congrats from all of us down here at the white House, and good luck with your column.

I think we can be rest assured that Quayle has "a strong record in the environment." I wonder when Quayle and his first wo(man) are going on their next fishing trip. Just for the record, Quayle has voted against every environmental bill in his state. Nobody knows why.

I really enjoyed listening to Quayle's explanation of the national deficit. "It was the Republicans who brought down the deficit by 70 billion dollars." Well, isn't that special. I don't want to be the bearer of bad news, BUT, it was also the Republicans who inflated the deficit to a sky high 1.3 trillion dollars. Now let's see; 70 billion VS. 1.3 trillion. Who are you going to bet on?

Then there was always Quayle's ambivalence toward terrorists. "Nobody has the answers. We won't keep trying, we will keep trying." This was typical of Quayle's smooth and relaxed demeanor. He made me very uncomfortable. He was extremely defensive and overly nervous. On top of that, I don't recall ever hearing somebody talk with perma-staccato before. I read in my Adolescent Psychology Handbook, that this is a sign of mental instability if the staccato speech style lasts for more than six minutes.

Much of the questions that were directed toward Quayle, dealt with his potential ability and/or inability to deal with the Vice Presidency. As a matter of fact, he was asked four times, in different phrasing, as to how and/or if he could deal with taking over as President in an emergency. Do you know what he said? First, he said, "I would say a prayer for myself. Then, I would say a prayer for my country." Maybe we've misjudged Quayle. It appears that even he knows that we all would be in a lot of shit if he had to take over at some point. Then to top off this fine dining experience, Quayle came up with even a better plan. "I would get to know the members of the cabinet on a first name-basis." It's

good to know that he's anticipating these kinds of situations. It seems that he's put a lot of thought into this. What a plan, what a guy!

Dan Quayle has the brains of a 1978 Ford Pinto. Any pressure applied that exceeds the amount of 30 m.p.h. and strikes him in the rear, he combusts rapidly leaving no sign of life. I was wondering why Benton had a fan strategically located behind Quayle, rotating at a constant speed of 40 m.p.h. (Industrial strength for the industrially stupid). This consistent turbulence was enough to set Quayle off in the direction of a defensive immature, stuttering, insecure, noxious, whining, tight-assed, orally sadistic, sarcastic, anxious, incompetent, under-dog, delusional under-dog, babbling wart nestled inside Bush's dimple.

My favorite Quayle delusion is his delusion of grandeur. This man had the F#@&\$N gall to compare himself to John F. Kennedy. His exact words were, "I am just as qualified as Jack Kennedy was." This man is looney! Where does he get off in making such a comparison? Benton put him in his place when he replied, "Senator Quayle, I knew Jack Kennedy as a personal friend and politician. I would just like to say that, You are No Jack Kennedy! You don't resemble him in any way shape, or form." Definitely, a highlight of the evening. Debbie, am I right or am I right?!

These are tough times. The warrior must be prepared. This means that if the warrior is walking along his path and he sees a Quayle in the Bush, the warrior must be prepared to accept the responsibility. He must shoot both, the Quayle and the Bush, and move on to the essence. Again, I must thank my personal guru/spiritual advisor, Jeremy "Yes. Good. Uh huh. More. Good, good. Ahh. Yes. More..." Harlos, for his guidance and the use of his car, without either of which, the completion of this meditation would not have been possible. I would also like to thank the glass lined tanks of Old Latrobe, the geographical setting for the manufacturing of the premium beer, Rolling Rock. Oooooohhhh Ssaaaayy Can you say President Quayle? I thought not.

P.S. Debbie, you were right...
Shit Keeps Happening!

Responses: Box 501

to me and I was not there. She comes to me when there is something wrong. I resent her and I feel guilty about that resentment because she is sick and I could help her by caring.

But I don't care, because I don't have any of that left. Once I had a lot of that. I think people still expect that I have it to give, that I will always have it to give it to them. All I have left is guilt and an abundance of self-pity. I sit. I do not speak unless spoken to. I think. I resent. I feel sorry for myself. On occasion the Waste Tears come out without invitation. On occasion, something someone says makes me laugh. Sometimes, if I am not in check with myself, I think that I am having a

good time. But really I am having a superficial time. I don't ask these people for anything. They don't seem to have missed it, even when they need, and come to me. I don't know what this girl who was my friend is sick with. It is snowing. Maybe she was not wearing a coat.

Really what I want is to go somewhere where nobody knows me. To start over. Guilt and self-pity come from something. I am not such a martyr, and here I am indulging in martyrdom. There are people I would like to be with. Maybe what I want is to go there and be with them. I do not want to be here. Where people die. Where it snows. Where people want.



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The Disillusion That Accompanies Such Trivial Matters

by SAMUEL BABER

I have been here for five weeks and there is a misplaced emotion that I am experiencing at this moment. As I sit here, I try to place my finger on the feeling that is at once overwhelming and yet ridiculous at the same time. I look back to a year ago and see someone with my name and my face and I for some reason I see a foreigner. Could I simply call this "freshman syndrome" or maybe perhaps discomfort with different surroundings?

Before I came to realize that it was just disillusion, nothing more and nothing less, I thought I was going to trip over the wire between sanity and paranoia. First of all, I over analyze and second of all, as my newfound friends put it, I can't relax. "Loosen up, Baber. Chill with this, will you?" is all I hear at times. And when I ask them to take me seriously, I receive this look of puzzlement and a nauseating cloud floats above my head. I say to myself, with the utmost passion, "Shit."

Is it me, or is Bennington the school of never ending discoveries? Everyday I realize two things: one, I am at college, and two, I don't feel like I know why. Okay, let's go back to the first day when I stepped off the plane, 90% deaf because of the change in altitude, and felt the invisible chains of my past break into a few useless pieces around me. So I get on the bus and meet a few other freshman. B.F.D. right? And I get here and my little yellow card says: FRANKLIN 14. When I got this news I once again thought, "Shit." So there was a screwup in housing (you think that's a shock, don't you?) and now I'm in a house that I like. Isn't that special? Anyway, you're thinking, this guy sure can drone on, can't he? Yep, I sure can.

So the first night there's a party and I go thinking all these Bret Easton Ellis thoughts (and I know I'm not the only freshman who did) about what the party is going to be like. B.F.D. again. Except I meet a lot of really cool people and I get this Norman Rockwell kind of feeling, you know the Kodak-wish-you-were-here-homey kind of feeling, and I go to bed happy. But wait, not only do I miss all the orientation crap, but I don't unpack for three days. Ah, independence! So what do I do?

I go to Ames, dammit, with my Ames-bud, Leslie, and we inhale that mysterious smell with all our might when we walk in and think, "This is the place to go whenever we're feeling low." And then there's Price Chopper. But my God, I'm drifting.

Then after classes began things started to roll. In fact, they rolled like a ball from hell. I met about two dozen people a day and I got a part in a play and I had two papers due within the first two weeks. This is college? Where in the hell is the depression and the withdrawal, huh? Not that I want it, but c'mon, I thought it was essential.

Instead something really bizarre took place and I don't think I'll ever figure it out. My fear of death disappeared. I would like to be able to call up Ingmar Bergman and let him figure it out, but I can't. So what do I do? I go to Albany my second weekend here and see The Last Temptation of Christ. See, I live for good films and good literature, but I tried to see this controversy before I left Dallas and the great hypocrisy about Texas is that not only are all the shows sold out, but the religious zealots who are shoving these great big signs that are condemning me to hell down my throat are also holding tickets. Assholes.

So I see the film and I find it absolutely incredible. It was also therapeutic and I was glad that I had gone. But then I come back here and I have classes. Sometimes it's annoying to think even though I myself want to think constantly. But this weekend the parents came up and it was like, "Hi Mom and Dad. I am fine. How are you? That is good. Dinner? Sure. Well, bye." So Sunday we go to see Dead Ringers because I've read good reviews about it and this is the only way I can get away from the hoopla. But when I want to get away, twin gynecologists on drugs with tools that make my teeth grind in disbelief is not the ideal vacation.

So I forget the fact that Jeremy Irons was fantastic and come back here... back to my disillusion. And on Tuesday, I realized for the first time, in the midst of the Boyers lecture, that someday I will get older and all of this will seem funny. Looking and listening to the sparks flying between some of the faculty and this critic was great. And the student council meeting that night, my first, was also eye-opening because as a freshman, I have heard nothing but biased bullshit about the hatred towards what's going on now with the constitution and so on. The only thing I thought before the meeting was that this was overblown and useless because of the lawsuit our student council President is involved in and that this campus was suffering because of it.

But I went to the meeting and a few curtains were lifted. The only thing that I think is absolutely essential at this moment before we go on any further with this is that the students and the faculty communicate openly and honestly without any bitterness or hatred. I find Bennington to be one the most fascinating schools in the country, if not the number one place to receive an education in whatever you wish to. Of course that is a biased comment, but what else can it be?

Are these trivial matters I'm discussing? Are they "of little worth or importance?" Or are we all here to add our own mote of knowledge to the big question?

Don't ask me. I'm visiting this planet, too.

A CLEAR ROAD AHEAD

By DAVE REIN

It all started as an escape. In fact, the whole idea seemed to be dripping with the essence of the real world. We all piled into the car and headed off to my house for a night of Monday Night Football, some beer, but most of all, we left school to try to grasp something we all had lost. The Giants were playing The Eagles, and in my mind there was no doubt that The Giants, the team of my childhood, would win the game with ease. Even the girl from Philly had to admit that The Eagles didn't stand a chance. The whole scene was reminiscent of High School, after all I was at home, the parents were nowhere to be found, I was even doing my laundry. I knew that the whole routine was just an excuse to get away from the Bennington atmosphere which I had been immersed in since the first day of school, but it didn't matter, I was having fun and the company was good.

I knew things were somewhat awry when I saw that the game was being played in Philadelphia, in my arrogance I had assumed that the game would most certainly be played in The Meadowlands. The stadium was filled with an unfamiliar crowd, singing praise to a team which, as hard as I tried, I could not bring myself to hate. The Eagles themselves were a different team than I had remembered, their barefoot kicker was gone, their names were a mystery to me, but it was their quarterback that struck me. In the place of Ron Jaworski, the man who had exemplified The Eagles for so many years, was some tall, extremely athletic looking guy wearing the pads of a wide receiver. Instead of looking frightened or uncertain, as he should being matched against one of the most experienced teams in the league, this guy had a look in his eye that was not only saying that he intended to beat The Giants, his look said that he intended to beat anyone who ever got in his way. "Let's see him try it" I said meditatively to myself, but inside I knew that the team of my childhood would loose.

My mood grew progressively worse as the game continued and the outcome became more or less clear. By halftime The Eagles led by a score of 14-3, not an insurmountable lead, but the fact was, The Giants were not themselves. The T.V. flashed a picture of Liberty Place, an enormous building jutting out of the landscape of an otherwise peaceful city. Our representative of Philadelphia lamented the construction of the monolith, which to me looked just like the Chrysler Building, stating that it broke all traditions of the city. She wanted to see some building with William Penn sitting on top. I could relate to her problem, but never the less, The Eagles were still beating The Giants, and Philadelphia could go to hell for all I cared.

The Giants had every chance to win the game, but in typical Giant fashion, they managed to blow them all. I don't remember the final score, what I do remember is much different. Visions of Northfield Mt. Hermon (my highschool) flash through my head. I remember watching The Giants, my Giants,

triumphantly pounce each opponent, but more so, I remember the familiar scene with all the boys of the dormitory huddled around a twelve inch set. October is a different month in Massachusetts, so of course I also remember the glorious fall weather, the touch football on the lawn and dinner as a senior in high school, on top of the world and skeptical of anything that differed from the norm. Its amazing how a mind can romanticize a situation in a couple of months.

Randall Cunningham, The Eagles' quarterback, walked off the field, he was the triumphant one this time, but as arrogant as I tried to make him out to be, I must admit I admired his confidence. We cleaned the house as quickly as we could, and already I could tell how difficult 8:30 French class would be. I was raining outside causing my mind to dread the perilous ride home in an over crowded automobile, but we sloshed out to the driveway and entered the car. Someone had brought an old Beatles tape to listen to, and I was beginning to rationalize the game in my head. The girl from Philly told me that it was "just a silly football game", but I wasn't ready for that type of comment yet. For some reason, that quarterback kept coming to me as though he was trying to say something. I felt the loss, but in a way I couldn't help but feel like something was gained as well.

By the time we reached Manchester it was raining pretty heavily, ironically The Beatles were singing "Here Comes the Sun" over the stereo. I pulled on to rout seven behind a truck, it was going fast enough, but for some reason I felt the need to pass it. I knew I was driving too fast for the conditions, and I suppose everyone else in the car did too; however, it sure felt good to get that truck behind me. It seemed to nag me though, instead of slowing down to let me pass, it kept up the pace, and I drove for some time with the brights of that truck behind me and the rain and fog in front. Still, Randall Cunningham with a grin of unadulterated confidence and pleasure stood just behind my eyes. There was something new about that thought.

The truck pulled off at Arlington, but the rain continued, the three in the back were singing along with the tape and I found it unusually pleasant. I felt like a Dad or something ridiculously Freudian like that; at least they weren't fighting over the space in the backseat. As the last chord of "The Long and Winding Road" thundered through the car, I realized that the rain had stopped and the fog had lifted. "How strangely symbolic" I said. The girl from Philadelphia asked me what I meant. "Maybe The Eagles aren't so bad" I replied.

The road stretched out strait before my eyes, and within a few minutes I was in front of my dorm. The trip which had started as an escape had in fact brought me closer to this place than I had ever intended. Philadelphia said that she never expected me to give up on the Giants, I told her that "giving up" was the improper way to put it. Perhaps she doesn't quite understand, after all, The Eagles were her team to begin with, but to me, the message of the giant loss is quite clear.

HELLO

Continued from page 1

result of the Judicial hearing was the eviction of Clark and Dan from Campus housing for the remainder of the Fall term of 1987. A "slap on the wrist" was probably in order: the two had left the door open and created a fire hazard, but eviction from college housing seems unreasonable. Consider that each time a student lights a candle in his or her room, they too are causing a fire hazard. Where does one draw the line in terms of identifying fire hazards? Is a trap door left open more or less dangerous than a burning candle? Should students caught burning candles be evicted from college housing? The two have been fighting to stay in school ever since. So that, my fellow students, the issue really becomes quite simple: whether or not it's "common sense" that one shouldn't put a hole in one's closet, as soon as a school official not only approves of, but offers encouragement, as to how to proceed in such an instance, the students are not at fault. Further, the level of independence and creative spirit that Bennington encourages, makes it difficult to say what "common sense" is. I submit that "common sense" does not exist at Bennington College. Here are a few examples

1. A freshman friend of mine called Maintenance to request closet doors for her room. Maintenance told her that she could not have closet doors because the students needed them for desks. My friend suggested that they order more desks, and the secretary told her she "would put it on the agenda of the next meeting."

2. My toilet broke one weekend, and I scurried furiously around searching for a plunger. I called security, and every Housechair that I could, hoping that my house had been the only one that didn't equip its students with a plunger. Silly me. We are not allowed to equip our students with plungers because it's "against union rules." Anyone who has been on the toilet and, with a flush, suddenly finds themselves with rising controversy, knows the importance of a plunger. When I relayed my feelings on the matter to the security guard on duty that Sunday, he sympathized but shrugged it off saying "Well, Tim, we wouldn't want to put any plumbers out of work."

3. We have the highest tuition in the country, but we're still broke and most of the students are on financial aid.

4. The Student Body elected as it's President, a student that was suing the school.

None of the examples cited suggest a school where "common sense" is the first order of business. The third instance, however, is the most important. They are words that people are afraid to say: Your Student Council President is suing the school. It's been said, now here's what it means: Clark Perks and Dan

O'Day are suing for the right to remain in school. When you sue a party or, in this case, an institution, you have to ask for damages as a matter of recourse. But to quote both Clark and Dan, who swear that by these words that they are bound:

"We just wanna get back in fuckin school, alright man? We would never let the money thing get in the way of students being educated at Bennington. We love this school and the people here, and we would never do anything to hurt them." To make it simple, the two have said, without jeopardizing themselves legally, that they would give back any damages awarded them. These are my words, of course, but as one talks to them, it becomes all too clear that money is not the issue. Both work vigorously to turn out a weekly paper for Bennington College, which, though not perfect, is the first such tabloid in years. Not all agree with them, but, both maintain a commitment to print whatever is submitted to them. Further, both organized and built the wooden floor of Commons Porch. This enabled the Student Body to use a space that had been closed for years. The project cost \$800. The Student Council gave only \$400. Clark and Dan donated the rest. The two hardly seem as though they're trying to "take the money and run". You may also have heard that lawyer's fees the college will incur will make faculty positions disappear, or may result in fewer students getting financial aid. Myths. The college allots a certain amount of its budget towards legal expenses every year. It has to in order to protect itself. There have been lawsuits against the college before, there are two others besides the Perks-O'Day case presently, and there will be lawsuits in the future. The college anticipates these costs and it is far-fetched gibberish to suggest that the lawyer's fees for such cases will be drawn out of the financial aid budget or from salaried positions.

Is Clark Perks' being President and suing the school simultaneously a "conflict of interest"? I suggest that Clark Perks is suing the school on behalf of you. On behalf of your right to expect certain things from those "higher up." It's reasonable to expect that when one representative of the school tells you something is acceptable, another one won't punish you for it. That's what happened to Clark and Dan. Those who know their case well feel that it could happen to any student. If you're interested in reading the full story as it continues today, on reserve in the library, under the name "Perks", is a document called "My Side of the Story". It's there for all members of the community to read. Is Clark Perks doing his job as President? This is the first semester in memory that our budget has been passed two weeks into the semester. This is simply unheard of. In an attempt to clean up the Judicial mess, in which the Administration bypassed constitutional procedure by "placing" faculty on Judicial over the FWT of 1987, the Council, in a show of good faith, brought the matter to a student vote recently. This should have been done one and

a half years ago, and needed to happen before the change was placed in the handbook. Of little consequence now, but that's the proper way to proceed. The vote was conducted and students do not want faculty on Judicial. This is a problem now, but, for the first time in a long time, we know how students feel. Is Clark Perks solely responsible for these important changes? No. BUT he is a catalyst and things don't happen without a spark and an effective leader. Clark Perks has spark and is effective. He also has a hard working Council backing him that seems to be responding to his plea: "Let's take responsibility and get things done."

There's an old pastime at Bennington called "Let's complain a lot and not do anything about it." People love to complain here. It's fun. Make progress towards getting things done and you've taken away a favorite activity. Further, it's much easier to talk about how bad things are than to try and change them. How many of the complainers come to Student Council meetings? How many of them submit articles to this newspaper? Their excuses are harder and harder to hide behind. The strongest ones go like this:

"Student Council sucks. We should impeach Clark Perks."

"The newspaper is too one sided. I won't write for Clark Perks." The sad news for the complainers is that Student Council is supporting behind Clark Perks and that many writers in this newspaper aren't intimates of Clark Perks. It must be hard for the complainers to accept the fact that some people care.

There was a student that recently came to Council with the beginnings of a movement to impeach Clark Perks. It's interesting that the student in question, is not a frequenter of Council Meetings nor has submitted material to the paper. Hardly surprising. Not many people come to Council to speak out nor do many submit to the paper. All students are welcomed in both forums. But then why risk sharing your opinions with a community when you can keep them safe, among your friends. It's time for all students to say "Hello, Bennington."

FAREWELL BENNINGTON

By MARIA Y. SHUKSTERIS

As sad as it may seem, I must bring myself to say farewell to Bennington College. That is, while I still have the chance! Many of you are probably aware of Clark Perks' case against the school, but are probably not aware of the possible consequences of such a case. Do you know that if Clark wins the lawsuit against the college, the money will most likely be taken out of the financial aid fund? If statistics prove correct, then that means that 50% of the student body will no longer receive financial aid! That may mean that half of the school will no longer be able to attend Bennington College next year! Since I am part of that percentage, I feel that a few questions of ethics must be directed to Mr. Perks.

Clark, how can you expect to gain the support and respect of the student body when your actions involve most of the students directly? Perhaps your intentions are to get back at the administration, but given a great opportunity to receive a Bennington College education - because of financial aid. What about future Bennington College students? How will they be able to be given a similar opportunity? There are many gifted people out there who would benefit from a Bennington education, and they are not all wealthy. Also, do you like it here at Bennington? Yes? Well I do too, and I don't want to leave because of one person's problem with the school. No? Well then, why are you here? Clark, I think that you should consider these questions carefully and realize who the real victims of your case will be. If it is still not obvious, then many gifted people will be saying the same thing: FAREWELL BENNINGTON



The Commons

WE TRY HARDER

STAFF: Satie Airamé, Ilena Andrews, Samuel Baber, Jessica Blark, Claudia Friedlander, Tim Halpern, Mark Hedden, Paige Larkin, Gregory Noveck, Dan O'Day, David Pecan, Clark Perks, Dave Rein, Stephen Szoradi (photo), Maria Y. Shuksteris, Kevin Weaver

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POETRY

Another meal wasted.
The stick-thin woman can't bear to eat
Another Bite,
She has only eaten one.

Outside lurks another woman,
painfully thin.
She pokes through the overflowing garbage,
She only wants One Bite.

Promptly she is shooed away;
Garbage isn't fit to eat!

Eyes so large, Swollen empty bellies
And dirty tear-streaked faces.
A woman with a well fed pup
Stares at the starving eyes on the T.V. screen,
"How Awful!!"
As she drops her dog a biscuit.

P.B.

they glared at me and demanded happiness
so,
i bought a smile and glued it onto my lips
they thought they were good in their authority
they thought i was improved
so,
i bought myself an eyemaker
marked up my face and presented them with
a fenced in vision
they nodded their openheads and proclaimed me cured
they thought me saved
so,
i bought myself words and coloured my smile with them
insights and homework welldone streamed forth from my cavernous
hole in ordered lines
they thought i was intelligent
yes,
they thought me bright
so,
in my exuberance at their praise
my thrill at their acceptance, i ran
into a store and gobbled up all the
sights my boundered eyes saw
i fed my pink
mouth with things
they had made....
they told me to pay
and when i searched casually through my
re-created body
to find their
desire
they thought me wrong
theygrabbedmeupandshutmeupandclosedmeup
so
now i'm just white
as they buy me
happiness
and
ply my non-lips with pills

Blake

Beautiful poems written in Blood,
Soaked in Blood
the Blood washes over the flowers
the red rose he gave her
washed over with Blood
Beautiful, Picturesque Blood paintings,
Beautiful angels of Blood splashes-
everywhere, Blood
could never get away from the Blood
-could never want to-
the Blood is so inviting

That is what you want, isn't it...
Bathing in Blood?
Swimming?

Beautiful, Shining blood
BUT now,
the Blood is Ugly
crusting as it dries...
Grotesque-
hardened Blood chips flaking off of
everything,
baking in the beautiful sunshine
Warm
Wonderful, sunshine
the Blood is no longer appealing, but it
matters not
for she is not left to see
her last sight was the Beautiful Blood,
splattering and splashing on the happy

The Girl in the Marble

In the cringing white room,
she alone sits;
with her back in the corner: the only visible grey.
Down the hallway, the controlling whinney of the
Blue Horse, monitoring the herd.
she burrows herself deeper
into the cocoon of shadow,
hoping
wishing
thinking she'll metamorphize
into something else: a bored Ragdoll or at least
a Marble
like this glassworld, so perfect, that spins, green-red and alive,
between her warring hands
her too deep brown eyes jump up to gaze
as the Blue slips into the whiteness.

Jessica Blake

the crusting fishes are stuck in my
polluted sea of skin
they used to dance and glimmer when my
ocean rippled with a touch
they used to hide
under the waves of my
pleasure
then the toxins came
the man smeared my
waterbed with slime
covered my
feeling with oily hands
hands sunk deep in the
grease of unfulfillment
then he left me to my
self
the moon came out and my
shores convulsed and weakened
i tossed i turned i became
inside out
my
waves no longer brought enjoyment or
smiles from the children of his eyes
my waters clogged over and the fishes
the hoards of creatures began to
surface
my
lugubrious mind netted them all and
slashed their heads off
to breathe
so now i am dry
stinking with crippled rivers

Jessica Blake

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MICHAEL LALLY

By CLARK PERKS

First and foremost, let my say that I am not a Literature critic. I'm not qualified to make judgements about writing, it's all a matter of opinion. But I know what I like.

Secondly, I must admit that though I'm a Literature major (I think), I've never been to a poetry reading before. (Mostly because I hate poetry. I must not be an advanced enough soul to comprehend it)

Michael Lally's poetry is different. For some reason, I'm not completely sure why, I like it. A lot. Come to think of it, I've liked his poetry for a few years now. Back when I was a first term freshman, I was really good friends with Caitlin Lally (if you haven't made the connection yet, Michael is Caitlin and Miles' father). She had his poetry books with her and I, feeling major "brush with fame", read them all. Funny thing was, I really enjoyed them. I missed his last poetry reading late last term, also held in Dewey, so this time I figured I'd give these poetry readings a go.

He gave his reading last Monday night at 9:00. Dewey living room was packed, really packed. A low fire was burning in the fire place. Michael sat at ease on a dresser at the front of the room. Five stars for atmosphere. After the stream of people coming slowed down to a trickle, he began to read.

I don't remember the name of his first poem, I just remember it was read slowly and deliberately. The second one he read at a much faster clip but just as smoothly.

The third poem was called something like In Harlem in 1961. It was one of my favorites of the evening. It was read fast like the one before. The end of it went like this:

...the way we walked down that dark street after mid night with our hands in each other feeling fine and these little kids not more than twelve years out on the street not more than twenty strong stopped us and asked me what the fuck i was doin up there out there walking around with you like there was nothing to it but to do it and i said what i'm doing is walking on the street with the woman i love and i sounded a little afraid not enough to look like i wouldn't be ready to go down if i had to but enough to let everybody know i . any hero including myself and you looked mad afraid and smiling at the same time and some one of the others not the leader said, shit, let the dude and his woman alone man and they did

At the end of this poem he said

that the woman in the poem was a black woman that he was engaged to at the time. "That lady has children now. But she's still beautiful."

The next poem he did didn't have a name. The first line was, "in 1962 I was living in an Air Force barracks in Rantoul Illinois" (He had spent four years in the Air Force) My favorite part of this one was:

... I walked up to the big country boy And said "That's my wife." as quietly As I could to still be heard/ he turned red faced and started to say something about nigger-/I pulled my nail clippers combination file from my pocket and told him if he ever said anything to me again or I heard he had said something about me or my wife I would guarantee I would take at least one of his eyes out before he killed me which I was sure he could do with his meaty red hands/I held the nail file open & glared at him/another guy watched from the doorway to the latrine/I guess I meant it ...

The poem ended with:

...I hear she is on the nod quiet often in Washington Square/I now have two blond babies

Caitlin and Miles. This is what really got me personally at the reading was a sense of flashback, of time warp. These poems I had all read in my first few weeks and Bennington and then were filed in my mind under "Michael Lally". There it rested, untouched, until I saw Michael and he opened his mouth and started to read the first one. Instantly I was sent two years into the past and the feeling of time travel wasn't as unsettling as I had always thought it would be.

What really amazed me about Michael's delivery of his poems was that there wasn't a single misplaced pause, not a single mispronounced word, not anything about the way they were read that didn't sound exactly as it was supposed to. He spoke so fucking smoothly.

After he read around his sixth poem he commented on a part of it: "I've always liked that image, 'tiny birds banging against a window trying to get in to take baths in the places your getting wet'" There was a pause and he smiled and shrugged in a "but ... maybe-you-don't" kinda way.

Soon after that he read a poem called DON'T EVER SAY GOODBY from his book of "love poems", just let me do it. This poem caused the people in the room the laugh, bordering on hysteria.

"your nose", he paused and a couple people chuckled.

"I love your eyes your lips feel so sexy I want them in mine or around mine but ...", he paused again for effect.

"your nose" The poem got funnier and funnier. I tried reading it afterwards and it wasn't funny, it was all in the delivery. It was very funny. Very, very funny.

"I hope you all keep journals. I never did much until I was in my 30's, but then I wished that I had been doing it all my life." He then read a poem that was a journal entry. It was pretty serious and bleak. "I guess I was in a bummed out mood or something."

He said that after he cleaned up and read over his poems again he thought to himself, "Oh, now I understand!" He said the titles made sense to him, "Like this one. It's called, 'Piece of Shit'." (More laughter)

DON'T FUCK WITH ANTI-TRADITION

If you ain't gonna write a poem don't be breakin' up the lines. If you gonna talk like a spade wino way behind the times ah shit, you ain't no spade wino.

New Jersey kept re-occurring in Michael's poetry which was weird for me since I'm from New Jersey. I'm sure there were several others there that connected with New Jersey, since sometimes it seems to me that everyone here is from New Jersey (actually, North Jersey. I'm from South Jersey. Michael was from North Jersey).

I liked that when he was reading MY LIFE, he got to a point where he says, "I haven't had an accident since I stopped drinking, knock on wood" and he actually did knock on wood. Knocking on wood is very important to me for this reason and it's absolutely true, swear to God: An old girlfriend of mine was way superstitious so she kept this wooden duck that I had carved as a child in my car. Whenever either of us said "I never..." she'd make me or she'd knock wood. Whatever, right? One day my friend Matt was in the car. He said that he'd never been in an accident. My girlfriend immediately tried to make him knock wood but he wouldn't. He said it was a stupid superstition. The next day he totaled his car. I still have that duck in my car. Why push it, ya know?

So the best part, in my opinion, was when he was reading MY LIFE he came to another part where he was saying, "I've had the clap, crabs, scabies, syphilis, venereal warts, and unident..." and he stopped and said, "You know, about that part ..." and everyone laughed, "...about that part, those lines were entered in the Congressional Record. Some congressmen were trying to cut back the National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship. I had received two and these two congressmen quoted these lines, and they were recorded, and they said it was pornography. Quayle would have like those lines. Then a few years later more lines from my poems were recorded in the Congressional Record when another congressmen said I was one of their greatest poets of the 20th century. I don't know I've just always tried to tell the truth." he then went on with his poem.

That's what I liked the best; the asides, the tangents the stories. I asked a friend of mine, who had been to poetry readings before, and she said that poets rarely stop in mid-poem to talk about something. This is what I liked best about Michael Lally, he told us stories. I think that's what I like about his poems: they're stories that I can understand. They're not some abstract bullshit like, "I like naked on the grass, masturbating with a lawn mower" or whatever. But, I'm not the right person to judge such things. I'll take a quote from Rachel to sum up: "What can you say? He's the most incredible man I've ever met." Hope to see you again soon, Michael.

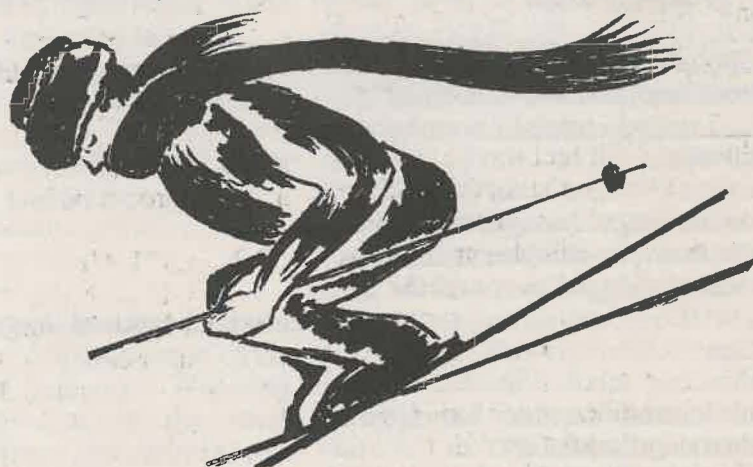


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How to Survive Winter in Vermont by A Californian

By ILENA ANDREWS

Picture this- you are sitting out in the sun on perfect white sand. The soothing pounding of the waves is quietly lulling you to sleep— it is November in Los Angeles. This is what winter is like in Los Angeles- O.K. so it does rain once in awhile and you might have to wear a sweater and some socks on some days, but on the whole it is a very mild winter.

Winter in Vermont, however, is a completely different temperature. Here are some tips from a Californian who managed to survive part of a Vermont winter.

1. Buy a very large down jacket. It should be so big that you look like the Michelin tire man when you wear it.

2. Moonboots are essential—they may look silly but your feet are in the Bahamas. If you can't deal with them buy a pair of preppy duck boots from L.L. Bean.

3. A warm hat, preferably wool or down, and a scarf of the same material. This may seem obvious, but it is easy to forget that 80% of your body heat escapes through your head when you are really cold and you want to be warm.

4. Mittens or gloves (extremely obvious—but hey I am trying to be thorough).

5. Try to avoid going outside. If you don't have to go out into the harsh cold—don't.

Now that we all know these handy hints for survival I hope to see everyone out frolicking in the snow—next month (Oh dear! Time for us Californians to really suffer!!!!). I mean running around and playing when I say frolic, not having a roll in the snow like some adventurous Bennington students!

I will leave you with the immortal words of one of my dearest friends, "How weird is your world!?" No it has nothing to do with this article I just find it amusing. Have a groovy day!!

A Recipe For an Autumn Day

By KEVIN WEAVER

An Autumn day is more than just what you see in a New England picture postcard. Not only is it a blustery day with dayglow leaves falling from the branches of wind-blown trees; not only is it a winding road progressing under a partial arch of trees spotted with leaves of red, orange, yellow and green; not only is it that same road wet on a cold day glistening with light of unclear origin and splotched leaves pinned to damp pavement; it too is a certain mentality that all will know if in tune — like George Winston playing piano in a room of open windows on a cold and cloudy afternoon.

The Autumn day requires:

Ten Gallons - The beginning of a new school term¹

Five Gallons - A feel for the coming of Winter²

Five Gallons - Body feeling chilled and damp³

Five Gallons - Mountains blanketed with turning leaves⁴

GABBING WITH GREGORY By GREGORY NOVECK

Yo baby yo. How's the hammer hangin'? I hope that everyone had a good time with their parents last weekend, or at least a civil one. Well, let's get right into the heart of all the new smut and gossip and general embarrassing information that I've managed to dig up this week.

Quote of the week: Blum Humps Booth Hump, Point Blank.

Hmmm. That's kind of interesting... Anyway, last week's major social event was the soiree hosted by the inhabitants of the Canfield apartment, Jackie Fernandes in particular. Everyone came dressed to the nines including my fellow columnist David Rein. Noted Drama student and dining hall announcer Carla Klein was radiant, darling and well attended by the likes of Perfect Escort Steven McKinney. Two of the world's most talented and beautiful women, the unique Valerie Marcus and the inimitable Daisy White were on hand as well to grace us with their presence. Hostess Laura "Talas Man" Gross looked radiant in a little black outfit which showed off her perfect body to full advantage. Julie Tucker, Stephanie Kopelson and Montgomery Clift Look-alike Brian Barrentine were welcome additions to this fun-filled evening. And, of course, Michael Robinson and Wednesday looked stunning as usual. Oh, I almost forgot, the night was capped off by an appearance by Mr. and Mrs. Hillman, the charming parents of Elissa Jane.

Before I go any further, I'd like to make a small comment about another column in this paper that was printed last week. I don't know why these upper-classmen chose to display their lack of maturity, taste, and intelligence in quite that way, but they did a damn good job of it. Oh, by the way, no need to worry girls, Jonathan Stauffer can't get it up anyway.

Last Friday's Dewey party was, quite honestly, the first successful party of the term. It seems like everyone was hung over the next day, and that's always a good sign. In case you're wondering, yes that was me on top of the speaker trying not to act as trashed as I was.

Basic Gossip and Messages: Corky, close your legs, your breath's starting to smell... Katie's chastity belt is being handed out, see Shawn Paper for copy... Peter Davis, well-known celebutante had to pay at the door of Club Fox. Tsk tsk, no guest list for you... Wild Guy goes mellow, congrats go out to Aurita and Mild

Three Gallons-Wondering just who and where you are⁵

* see endnotes

These liquid abstractions are to be heated to a preferred temperature and poured into a large bathtub. Place as many burning candles in the bathroom as possible, set up speakers on the bathroom floor and direct them at the tub, then open the bathroom window. Next turn out all lights and strip down, climb into the tub and tune in. Indeed, it is a fall day; on your warmly wet shoulders

Guy Bri... The Cigarette bet is off, point blank... More Commons Lawn action this past Saturday. Honestly, invitation only... Tim Halpern and Liz Coleman were seen in the same room together Tuesday evening at Student Council. Oh well, so much for the rumors... There seems to be some gossip making the rounds about Lil' Debbie; if anyone has any information, please contact me... To contradict something I said last week, Lang Walsh is not a Booth Bunny, she is not being pursued by every male on campus, she is merely a very nice and caring woman with a lot of friends. P.S. The Brooklyn Bridge is for sale.

CLASSIFIEDS:

Wanted: nice boy to take care of me and play with me. Must have no bisexual tendencies. Nice if he's Jewish but not necessary. Box C-385

Wanted: Twin red-headed virgins with an interest in Kant. Anyone with information please contact Jonathan S.

SERIAL: I just recently heard a juicy story which is too good to cover in merely one column, so this will continue over the next couple of issues. So here's Part 1. (I will be telling this in the first person, as it was told to me)

I was at Dewey Friday night, and I mean the beer line was way too fuckin' long. Gregory was up on the speaker with some really hot brunette (Editor's Note: it was Valerie Marcus) and everyone was trashed. Anyway, I'm standing in the hallway when some girl comes up to me with a full bottle of Jack Daniels and says "I want YOU". Now, normally, i'm not really into that kind of thing, but it's not everyday that a full bottle of Jack Daniels comes your way. I looked at the J.D. I looked at the girl. I said "O.K."

Stay tuned next week for Part 2: The Bitch That Wouldn't Leave.

GLOSSARY:

More Power to Ya : usage, "I just got laid!" "More power to ya."

Going to Rhode Island: Usage "Ya wanna go to Rhode Island?" Meaning: Do you want to ride the Herculon?

Anyway, that's about it for this week. Remember that I am now accepting classifieds, and also that Long Weekend is coming up, so everyone make sure to tell me Who's Zoomin' Who when they get back.

and neck you'll feel the cool breeze blowing through that open window. Lounge in those abstractions. George Winston is playing chilling piano sounds through the speakers at your side. Ominous, ominous; burning flame is put to the bowl, inhaling, smoke fills the tinted bong's chamber. Your alone, your nervous and oddly scared, but you smile, for you are in tune with the way of an Autumn day.

HOROSCOPES

By ST. TABATHA

This week is a great week to dive into a bowl of fish. Friends can expand your waistband -make lots of them- and throw away all your belts right now! Thinking about genitals? Start thinking about them.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22) - Happy Belated Birthday Richard Tristman! Liberate your anger and resentment early in the week. Get together with loved ones and have a heart-to-heart <<tete a tete>>. Oh! But before you do that, take a little stroll down the pasture of life and drop a few cow pats. Justice will be served to you on a silver platter by the end of this week.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21) - Be especially kind to strangers - REALLY KIND. Because this week is "be kind to strangers" week. But when the merde hits the fan, pick it up and use it in your next performance art piece. Visit a sewer -lots of things to be found there: money, candy, perhaps even love - the thing which you are most passionate about.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21) - Stop dragging your friends, loved ones, lovers around in your manure. Clean up your act (ass). Wipe yourself good and hard this week. Last week you spilled toxic chemicals all over your body. You did not know this, but I did. Your purple aura has turned brown. Cusp boys rock the house.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19) - You are so beautiful to me -can't you see? Get out of love fast -it's causing you nothing but pain. Why not be more light-hearted? Cut your bangs, try to look Russian. Friends appreciated your helpful and loving advice more than you know. You have a luxurious derriere -loved by many from afar. Constipated? The stars will loosen your muscles.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18) - There is something in the air -is it Gemini? Libra? No! It is you. You are in the air, swinging your hair -everywhere! You are God! Guido is God! We are going to live together forever -just you... and my mother. Forever. Together.

PISCES (2/19-3/20) - Let's not wait until the last minute! You are free today from 4:00 - 5:30 pm. Don't you want to discuss your relationship now and get it over with? I think you should. If not, then do it on Sunday night. Italian fish swim deeper and farther than the others. St. Tabatha is watching you in the bathroom of life.

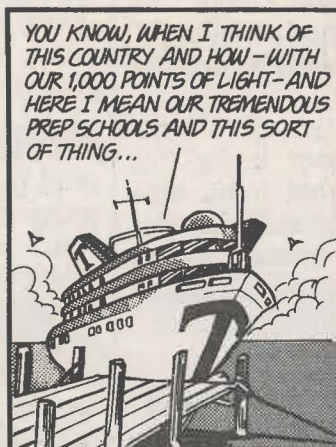
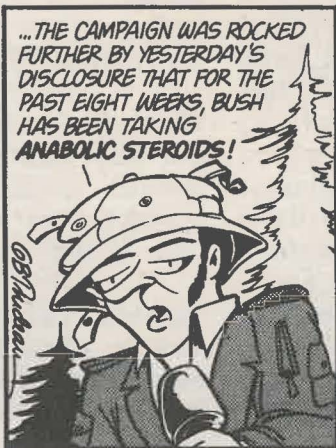
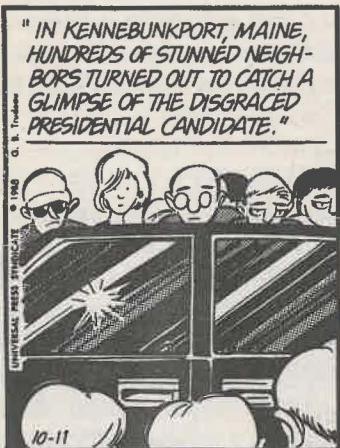
ARIES (3/21-4/19) - Hey you... yes you... YOU with the red hair -you strapping hunk of steel, you. You NUT you. Feeling celibate? Why not reach out and lick someone? Come on, it'll be fun. Just stick out your tongue and say ahh... lick some for me. P.S.- put some night soil in your earth closet.

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9



TAURUS (4/20-5/20) - Ca-Cal! Remember that Hitler was a Taurus... but then again so is Barbara Streisand. Which one are you? Pay special attention to your Aquarius friends. There's a part of you that is rosy, round, seracious, large, luxurious, and nice to touch. Take care of it and share some with your friends.

GEMINI (5/21-6/20) - This week should be particularly scatological for you -as in cow chips. Umm-Umm good! Don't forget the little bunny in your life. Just because you're beautiful, don't expect constant attention. Sooner or later people will see the light and you'll be left with your little personalities (Jack and Jill). Accept a loving invitation from a new friend.

CANCER (6/21-7/22) - Stop being so crabby! Get to the little boy's/girl's room and purge those movements out of your body. While you're there, update the gossip on the four walls that surround your very being. The very being that we all know and love so well... because to know you is to love you, to caress you, to feel you, to be with you where no man or woman or kitten has dared to be before.

LEO (7/23-8/22) - You, yeah you with the mane. Stand up and be counted. We know that sometimes some of you Leos have problems dislodging your matter into that large bowl of life. Halloween's coming up. Start stocking up on X lax before the big rush.

VIRGO (8/23-9/22) - Cuddle up to your favorite friend on a Stokes couch. Besides that, your presence in the library is sorely missed. Those books crave the touch of your long luxurious digits. Love looks better in your life. Keep strong. Your lover loves every luscious, lickable lump on your rump. Speaking of rumps - slap it around a bit to get those portholes open... now.

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

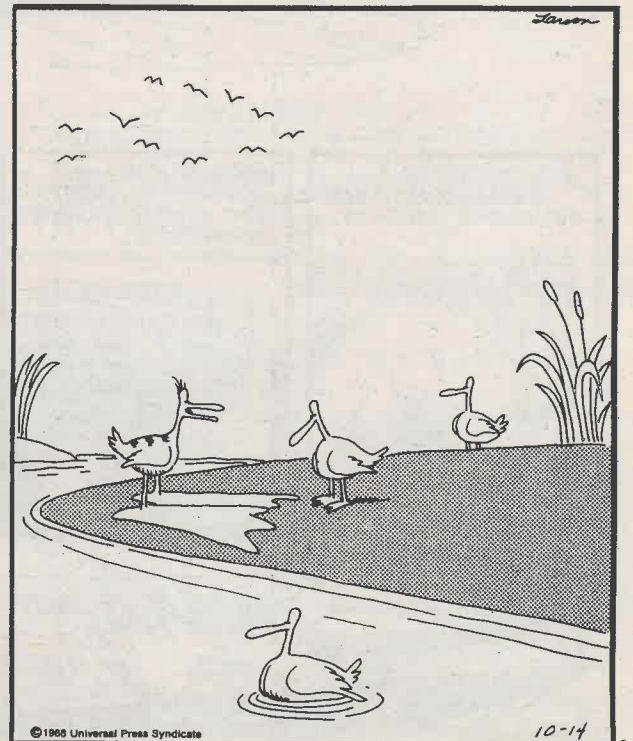
calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATKINSON

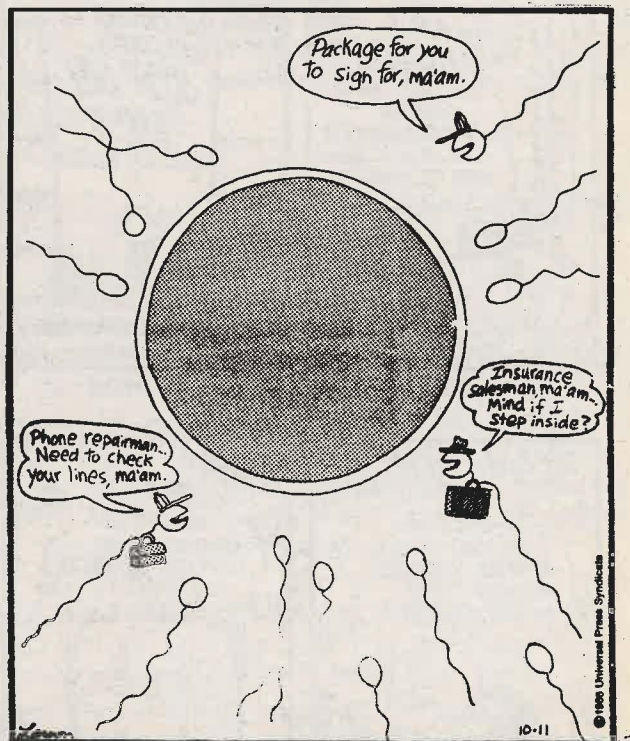


THE FAR Side

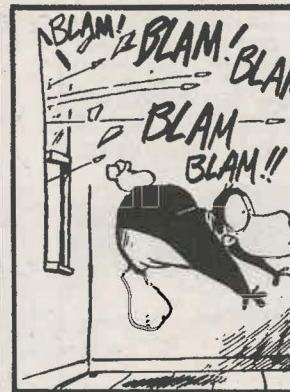
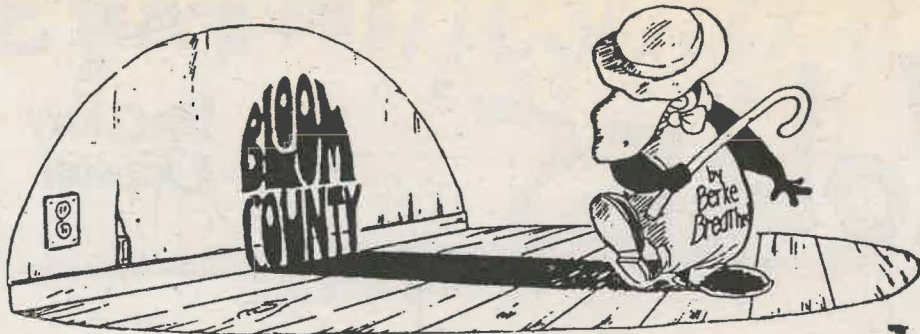
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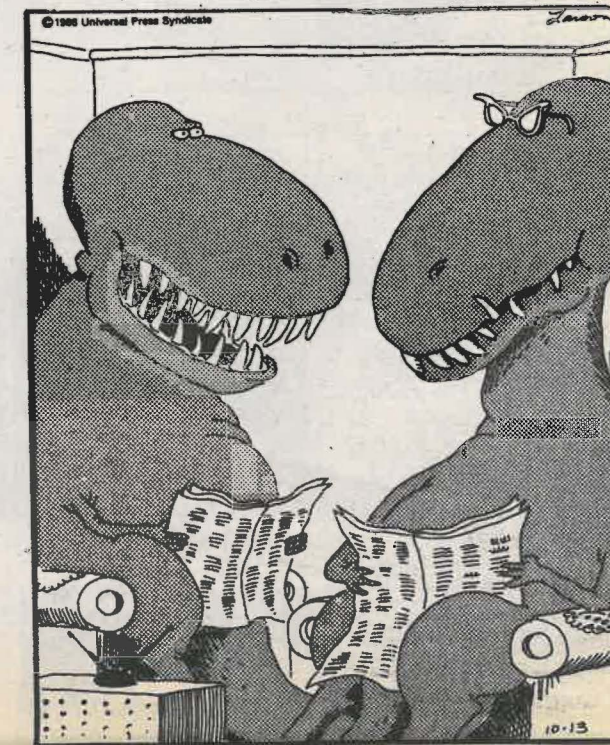
Pinocchio in his later years



How the human egg is often deceived.



Animal toughs and their hangouts



"Hey... Since the kids are in bed, what say we run out and kill ourselves a couple of plant-eaters."



Scene from the film "Giraffes IV": This time, they're not just looking for acacia leaves.

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