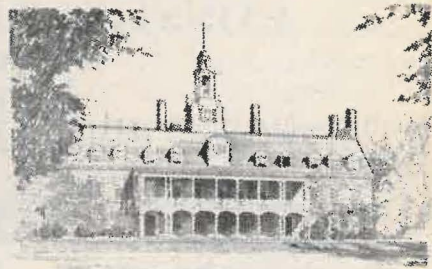


The Commons



VOL. 1, NO. 6

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

News at a Glance:

Business

Philip Morris Inc. offered \$11.5 billion dollars for Kraft. The Morris Corporation is best known for Marlboro cigarettes, Miller beer, Maxwell House Coffee, and Oscar Mayer. If Kraft (makers of the my-te-fine Velveeta) takes the offer, Philip Morris will be the responsible for the largest non-oil take-over in United States history.

Law

Joel B. Steinberg, accused of the murder of a six year old girl, is being prosecuted by the slick prosecutor, Peter Casolaro. In a dramatic opening monologue to prospective jury members, Casolaro promised that the case would be particularly graphic, and at times painful, unpleasant, and often difficult to deal with. The only eye witness was ostensibly beaten by the accused and is undergoing psychiatric treatment. She wont be testifying in the trial.

Abroad

In Rome, a plane crash killed thirty one. The Uganda Airline flight ran into less than ideal weather before repeatedly attempting to land on two different airstrips. It is believed that the pilot mistook a nearby highway with the runway lights. Twenty one passengers lived through the crash.

Economy

The United States announced Monday that it would try to secure a loan to Mexico for \$3.5 billion dollars. The money would be used to help that country get back on its economic feet. For those interested Business lovers (puke), the Nobel Prize for Economy was given to 77-year old Frenchman, Maurice Allais.

Weird Stuff

Runaways from L.A. who attended an "athletic Camp" in Oregon were found flogged and left to die. In a reportedly "extreme case of corporal punishment," the death of a young girl is attributed to a disciplinary action.

IT'S LONG WEEKEND . . .



PHOTO BY RICK SANDER

. . . GET AWAY FROM IT ALL.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDERS GO HEAD TO HEAD

By TIM PITZER



With this edition of *The Commons*, we're introducing something risky: Real News. Brace yourselves.

Election day is in just a few weeks, so here's a run down of what the presidential candidates are doing.

In Bush's Corner...

Hitting on his favorite theme, "Peace through Strength," Bush set his sites on California. Realizing his 17 point lead in a nationwide poll

over Dukakis (55% Bush to 38% Dukakis), Bush travelled to a Blue-Collar, Roman Catholic High School in Queens yesterday. His political advisors foresee possible victories in New York and California; these states not only carry the largest number of electoral votes, but as an added bonus to Bush's side, neither states were considered winnable. It is a common belief that if Dukakis does not carry New York, he has a snowballs' chance in Hell of becoming the next President of the United States. Don't quote me, but Ronnie may pay a little visit to the Big Apple at the last

minute to secure that state for good ol' George.

As for Dukakis...

In an Ohio bowling alley last Wednesday, Michael Dukakis admitted his under-dog status in the 1988 elections. Hoping that the American public will rally behind him in the end, Dukakis promised to "stand up and fight to the end."

His enthusiastic reception at Kalamazoo (no lie) gave a stiff shot-in-the-arm to the Democratic Party.

See *CONTENDERS* page 4

MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There are moments in everyday life when it takes every ounce of energy that I have just to make it up the hill from North Bennington to the college. I'm fine for the two blocks before the hill starts. I just walk along like any other guy, smile at the lady with the sleepy crust in her eyes as she crosses the kids on their way to school, pass by the fountain in the little park and wonder, like anyone else would, if its the same water that flows through it continuously, and then I wave to the guy that runs Powers' Market and pretend not to hear, or understand, when he



motions to the cluster of bounced checks he holds in his hand. Then I reach the hill.

I usually pause for a bit before I actually start trudging up it. I search my pocket for change, hoping to go into Percy's Cafe for some coffee. I look up and down the street for a ride. Nothing. The first step is the hardest, followed by a lot of steps that seem just as hard, but can't be. Nothing can be as hard as that first step. I fumble for my asthma medication as a truck weighted down with dead branches and the final bags of Autumn leaves rocks by me. I catch

a face full of exhaust and dust; somewhere a dog begins to bark, and as I exhale the albuterol spray from my lungs a calm, warm vibration slithers up my spine. That's one of the good things about asthma medication- the rush of steroid-laden blood up into your brain, and for just one or two seconds you feel like they're filming the *Live Aid* video in your thyroid gland. I close my eyes and grin; 'feed the world', I mumble.

The next few steps up the hill are a little easier, but that dosen't last.

See *MOMENTS* page 2

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTS CONSTITUTIONAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

By DAN O'DAY

On Tuesday, October 18, Student Council created a Constitutional Advisory Committee consisting of five members who were elected by council. The purpose of the committee is to revise the Student Constitution and coordinate these revisions with the faculty and administration. This will be the third committee of its type since the change in Judicial. The committee is supposed to meet this week and report back to council on the Tuesday after long weekend. Fearing this might be another waste of time council gave the committee until before Thanksgiving to produce results.

In addition to this there will be another vote on Tuesday, November 1 for the proposal of making the Judicial Committee three students and three faculty from the current seven student configuration. For all of you who don't understand vote yes if you want three students and three faculty: vote no if you want a seven student Judicial. As Clark pointed out, this election is rather pointless since the administration will only listen to a yes vote. Liz said she didn't care if all 595 students voted for a seven member Judicial she wouldn't let it happen. So what

is the point? Maybe it is so all the lamb can feel safe and those with ulcers won't have to take more medicine. This useless election can only make us look uncertain and indecisive, oh sorry, I forgot, we are.

All those who are yelling about lack of action blame it on yourselves. Clark started the term with such great accomplishments that it shocked the campus. Out of fear of getting something done the students put a moratorium on action and are delegating things to committees. Galbraith talks about this phenomenon in *The Technostructure*, where power becomes diffused of specialized committees and action is no longer a virtue. Finally when a decision is made nobody really likes it because it has become a distorted, impractical solution to a real problem. We all make jokes about this mostly because it's true. The only way to prevent this is for council to deal with the issues itself and stop worrying about how long council sessions run.

I realize that most of the people who are upset by my articles won't read this far, but I will make a statement to them anyway. My weekly polemics may be disturbing but they are supposed to be. Criticism is the first step to improvement

MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

The hill seems to start to slope even more drastically, like in those early seventies movies when they would turn the camera upside down to make things seem really steep. I start taking the albuterol every few steps, stopping now and then to giggle at the notion of how much trial and error must have gone into inventing zippers.

I pass some kids (too young to go to school, I guess) as they roll a big pumpkin around on their lawn. They laugh and take turns pushing it over on each other, their breath steaming into the air and diffusing the morning light. They pause and look in my direction. A moment later I realize that they're looking at me. I realize I'm drooling and standing in their shrubbery. I finally snap out of it, take another squirt of asthma stuff and cackle as I stumble against the mail box on my way back to the sidewalk.

When I reach the top of the hill my heart is pumping in my temples. The stone gate that defines the back door to the college is almost in reach. Suddenly I hear a voice cracking the crisp October air. I look to the left, into the parking lot of Silent Screem Nursing Home, where an old man in a wheelchair, wrapped in a plaid blanket, has been left out on the manicured lawn for some fresh air and sunshine.

"Come over here right now this second!" he says in one wheezing slur. I freeze in place and stare at him. He doesn't move at all. Just sits there, looking straight ahead, saying the same things over and over again, like he's locked into some invisible play rehearsal...forever. "Please

help Paul Jenkins get home," he says blankly. "I don't know whose car it is, I thought it was her car." The dog down the hill starts to bark again. "We've got to buy it back," he says, his words floating across the street. "They're waiting." I turn away and start towards the gate. I hear him, still talking to the empty street, like it would still be listening after I was gone. "Please help Paul Jenkins get home." My palms are moist with sweat as I put the albuterol into my pocket to rest amongst the digestive bisquits and the tylenol and the lint. At the top of the hill everything levels out a bit.

Past Jennings it's all down hill. The road spills down towards some cottages, and past an orchard that borders a field and is rimmed by rows of skeletal trees in the distance. My head is pounding a little, brought on by the continuous rush of asthma spray- help that my body doesn't need now that the hill is gone. I usually stop at the walled garden that's off to the side of the road. Inside it's a little overgrown around the edges, though herbs grow there well past the first frost. You can crush sage and rosemary against your fingers and let their aroma drift up your nostrils. Early in the morning the grass is usually laced with ice crystals, the scent of the herbs goes well with the cold air, and as the shadows of some crows undulate across the ground, you might, if you closed your eyes at just the right moment, feel the earth move under your feet...as change, riding in the wake of time, drifts slowly past the walls of a cloistered garden that the wind can't always penetrate.

TESTING THE POWERS OF SPEECH

By MARK HEDDEN

I was pretty happy when Jay McInerney showed up for our interview a half-hour late. People who show up on time just aren't to be trusted. It means they've got nothing better to do. McInerney published his first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*, rather quietly in 1984. It soon became one of the most talked about novels of the mid-eighties, sparked a new interest in young writers, and created a new interest in young writers, and created a standard by which many of them were compared. *Bright Lights* chronicled a short period in the life of a young man exploring the darker side of the New York "hip and trendy" night life scene. With a protagonist known only as "you," the novel extended beyond the laundry lists of sex, drugs and night clubs that many of the authors who have followed in his wake have produced. McInerney's second book, *Ransom*, was published in 1985. It is an American-living-abroad story that follows the son of a TV producer teaching and studying in Japan during the late 70s. A striking contrast is painted within the novel, about what each culture wants from the other and how they try to get it. His latest novel, *Story of My Life*, was published last month by Atlantic Monthly Press. Though the terrain is familiar-New York City-it is a latter day perspective, this time viewed by a woman, 21-year-old Alison Poole. Though terminally cranky and highly irresponsible, she tends to latch on to the back of your mind, not necessarily endearing herself, but at least making herself known.

MH: How do you feel about a character like Alison Poole? Do you think of her as a person, or just a fictional character?

JM: She's pretty real to me. I like her, but then part of the challenge is taking someone who isn't so likeable and making her real, fleshing her out. If you asked me to respond to what she'd do in any situation, I feel like I could guess. I like her, otherwise I wouldn't have written a whole book from her point of view.

It's easy to have a superficial reading of Alison, and think that she's superficial. She might look that way at first, but if you look deeper, I think there's a lot going on there.

MH: Most of your characters are in the under 40 crowd, with highly active social lives.

JM: Under 30 actually. So far the main characters in my books have been 20, 26, and 24.

MH: Do you consider this to be an unfocused generation or a generation that's looking for something to do? Do you think there's something there that's being missed?

JM: To some extent. I don't know what your generation is like, but there are those people who just

focus on careers, and all they care about is a great job on Wall Street or something. Those aren't the kind of people I've written about.

I don't care about people who from the age of 18 only care about whether they can get into a good law firm. I'm just not particularly interested in those kind of people. I think they're pretty narrow-minded.

I guess I'm interested in the kind of people. I think they're pretty narrow-minded.

I guess I'm interested in the kind of people who say "what's it all about?" a little bit. Even Alison, as uneducated as she is, know she wants to do something, but she's been given the equipment. She looks out there and says "The alternatives aren't so great. Look at my parents, even look at Dean her well-to-do boyfriend. There must be something more than this."

That's the kind of younger person I'm interested in. That's the kid of younger person I was.

We have all these "Just Say No" commercials on TV right now. I think that's only half the problem. The problem is what do you say "yes" to? We haven't given younger people very much to say yes to.

Except money. That's the only god. The only undisputed currency in our society is how much you make. I think it's a sad excuse for a value system.

I think the characters in all three of my novels are looking for something else, and not finding very much. It's true that this generation is very unfocused compared to that of the 60's. There was a sense of optimism in people from their teens to their twenties that they could change the world if they tried hard enough. I think it would be great if people would feel that way again. I don't know if it's possible.

I'm interested in people who want more than a good berth at a good law firm. Sooner or later everyone will be. Those people are gonna turn 40 and realize that their lives don't have as much meaning as maybe they thought they did, and they're gonna burn out on their first marriage and wonder why they rushed through law school.

I've been writing about people who have that crisis before they even get to law school.

MH: The United States seems to be on a pretty big anti-drug kick. Drugs are a very high profile subject in your novels, especially coke. It's everywhere. How do you yourself feel about drugs?

JM: Cocaine is a very dangerous drug, and for a while, when I was twenty or twenty-one, there was this sort of myth that cocaine wasn't bad for you. It was a secret, nobody was writing about it in the papers and magazines. It was not known about except for by this sort of hip, cognizant group, and we thought it was OK.

In the sixties people had bad trips on acid, and with speed they had "speed kills." But then we thought there was this one drug that was OK,

See McINERNEY page 7

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editor,

I would like to take the time to pose a question: Does Bennington really need a gossip column?? And, if we do, does it need to be written by Gregory Noveck—"Canfield's Favorite Bunny" (thanks Mark)?? I think not. What started out as a harmless (if trite) column has degenerated into a slanderous, sleazy and brainless piece of shit whose length increases proportionately with the size of its author's ego.

The Dewey Hump's alternative column should be applauded both for its crude humor (well, maybe not that) and for eliciting from Gregory a truly asinine response. Allow me to quote: "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." Hmmm, certainly made your maturity, taste and intelligence obvious, there, didn't you Gregory. His "Basic Gossip and Messages" began with what I believe to be the most repugnant sentence yet contained in the Commons and his "Serial" was, quite simply, slanderous bullshit. I think a retraction is definitely in order. And no, Greg, NO ONE was wondering if that was you on top of the speaker trying not to act as trashed as you were. Excuse us for not caring.

No, I don't have anything personal against Greg Noveck. I'm just pretty fucking sick of lawn house gossip. I live in one and I know more than I want to without it being shoved down my throat every week in the paper. Furthermore, I think Gregory should do a little more research on his material before he gets his ass sued and/or kicked.

OK, to end this on a positive note, I would like to congratulate Kevin Weaver for writing the best damned article published so far ("Rage"—read it or die). Also, hats off to Mark P. for being consistently funny and interesting. So, until the next time I'm annoyed...

Sincerely yours,
Heather Estey

Dear Heather,

Your comments on Gregory's regular gossip column are definitely with just cause. Since the last release of "Gabbing With Gregory", criticism of the "slanderous, sleazy, and brainless", to quote from your letter, article has been abundant. In response to your article, I can only state that the principle dogma of The Commons is to print, in its entirety, any material submitted. Therefore, it is impossible, without restricting the freedom held by this credo, to delete parts considered not to be fit for print. This contradicts the definition of editor however, it is my hope that, after reading your attack of constructive criticism, the author addressed will consider altering the manner in which he has degenerated (?) from his original plan.

Love,
Satie

Dear Editor,

I was very angered by Ann Kallil's article which appeared in the October seventh issue of Commons. The question she asked was "Is Bennington Preparing Us For Reality?" I had several problems with this, number one being, lack of shopping malls doesn't mean absence of reality. I am not from "the city" (Yes, there are quite a few students here who aren't) and I have not been pining away to spend money. Absence of shopping malls ranks on the plus side for me. She claimed she didn't like to generalize but that is exactly what she did and in a very harsh manner. Not only does the Bookstore sell The New York Times, but it sells out every day. Now who's reading those papers, the cats? One needs only to skim through this same issue of Commons to see the level of student political awareness. Among the various issues covered, there were articles on protests at B.U., Bush and Dukakis, animal cruelty, rainforests...need I go on? There is plenty of concern for reality at Bennington and what's wrong with "getting an education so that you can help the world later?" World hunger certainly won't stop to exist simply because we're at college and it will still be there when we graduate and are more mature, knowledgeable and of a greater service to those in need.

Sincerely,
An Awide and Awake
Bennington Student

Dear Awide and Awake Bennington Student,

It is very true that the lack of shopping malls has nothing to do with being prepared or not being prepared for reality. The setting of Bennington does not really affect whether or not reality is present, in fact, I think it must be. If it isn't reality, what is it? Being from a rural area myself, the closest shopping mall is over seventy-five miles away (California is a large state). I'm glad you pointed out in your letter the fact that the New York Times is a "best-seller" on this campus. Though a college atmosphere may be sheltered, students certainly do not have to be detached from "reality" such as it is, in the New York Times. To a certain extent, a person might associate the word "reality" with what occurs at a specific location in mind, therefore, if he was not mentally in Bennington, he would not be in the reality he defines for himself. It is possible that in Ann's article, she is defining "reality" to be analogous to a home city or state; her argument would be held up in this case, though unclearly defined in the released article. I refer to you my response to Heather on the subject of freedom of the press. It is obvious that you are aware of all issues addressed in the paper (Bush and Dukakis, animal cruelty, rainforests...) and I appreciate your constructive argument against "Is Bennington Preparing Us For Reality?"

Love,
Satie

Dear Editor,

The best thing about a newspaper is that it keeps people informed. The worst thing about newspapers is the possibility of misinformation being printed. This is a response to Tim Halpern's article of October 14, 1988. "Hello Bennington."

It would nice if everyone could feel as comfortable with the current situation on campus. I can't. To begin, I never intended to impeach anyone. The petition I brought around, one which Clark Perks signed, stated that as students of this college we (the people who signed) were expressing our right to hold a vote of confidence, a vote which would allow the current student population to express their feelings of confidence in Clark as President. I don't have a personal vendetta against anyone in this situation. I just don't feel as though we have all the facts. I appreciate Clark's effort in making his side of the story available. It would be wonderful to know how everyone on campus feels. Obviously, I am not the only student on campus concerned about the lawsuit and the potential conflict of interest, 112 people beside Clark and myself signed the petition. I only wanted to gauge the students' feelings on this issue and I stated to many people that a vote of confidence could be used as a bargaining point with the administration. After all, three elections confirming confidence in Clark as a leader, would say something.

From the council meeting I attended I saw a lot of confusion. I didn't see a set agenda. I saw people speaking when they felt like it, and issues not resolved, but ignored. Effective leadership stems from effective communication on everyone's part. Mutual respect for people who attend meetings with proposals, wishing to clarify situations and act on new ideas should be expected from all forms of government on this campus. I've made an effort to clarify the situation for myself and I urge others to do the same. If we all wish to restore a sense of community, we must all act together. Liz and the administration, and Clark and Counsel, made a positive step forward by meeting together. The idea of re-instituting a Community Constitution was mentioned in that meeting. As much as people complain on this campus, there are lots of ideas that are never acted upon.

I think we can all work together a lot more effectively and resolve the questions in people's minds. We can all use this experience as a step towards a better Bennington.

Adam F. Cohen

Dear Adam,

If this newspaper was really an instrument of misinformation, we would certainly not print your letter. As for your intentions for calling for a vote, I can not say. What I can say is that no matter what your intentions were, the effects would be harmful. As you know, Clark was elected twice as our Student Council President and now you want it a third time? You have forgotten, Clark is a very busy person and to force him to campaign to defend himself would only take away from other

more pressing Student Council affairs. For anyone who is confused there is a fifty page explanation available on reserve in the library - the length itself gives an impression of the complexity of the issues. Please read it before you pass judgement.

Love,
Dan

Dear Sati,

I admire your effort on the newspaper and would really like to help. The problems: I don't have much time, I don't know what to write about, where to find you, or what the deadline is. Could you please explain exactly what you need (journalists, layout people, etc.)? Thanks,

Whomever.

I thank you for your interest in the paper as I believe that the printed word is a valuable means of communication. Even though students may be interested in participating in the paper, time is a scarce commodity. This problem of time for those who wish to work with The Commons is not as great as suspected on condition that many people are interested: the larger the staff, the less time each member is committed to expend for the sake of the paper if the staff works as a cooperative team. It follows therefore that any interested should not hesitate due to the time factor.

There is a place on the staff for any interested: we need reporters, typists, advertising salespersons, photographers, and layout and design artists; any ideas are always welcome. If interested in journalism, as I need regular reporters, willing to commit themselves to the paper and submit a weekly article don't hesitate to bring your ideas to me.

If subjects of articles are not abundant in the mind of prospective journalists, please don't hesitate to offer your assistance to The Commons. Subjects will be contrived of by the editorial staff and an unguided reporter will be redirected toward a clear, journalistic path.

Where am I? Well, at the moment, I am in the computer lab in Dickinson. I spend my Wednesday nights and mornings here. I also expect to spend my Tuesday evenings here with the typists of the staff however, this is not to be relied upon. I live in Woolley #13. I'm there on Tues. and Wed. afternoons. Generally I'll be there after 8 during the week. My box number is A 105. Any questions can be either answered through the mail service or through the new touch-tone phone service (my number is 447-7652 and there is a 24 hour friendly message machine).

The deadline for the paper is Tuesday night for that following Friday. Material should be delivered to me by this time.

I hope this encourages those interested to participate in the fundamental makings of The Commons.

Love,
Satie

AN INDIAN FABLE FROM LONG AGO

By J. REYNOLDS

Boahwe, the caribou, proud and strong, antlers held high, broad chest blocking the sun's rays, with great stride his feet thunder through the forest. His beautiful eyes intently hold fast to approaching ground.

Behind his passage there is chaos. The little people of the forest are disturbed, Kwatse, the chipmunk, squeaks in dismay and pitiful anger at his home's condition. Kho-Kho-Kaleatse, little tit-mouse, dances up and down, spinning to the left then right, with quivering wings held low to the ground. His song warns Boahwe, "...man, watch your

step, you're not the only one who lives in this place!" Boahwe laughs a great lowing sound, snorts and paws the dirt, sending dust to the sky, with mice and wolverines entwined.

Off Boahwe goes into his gaze, ever intact. The little people groan and chatter, their tiny feet and voices barely make one notice.

Boahwe comes again, another day, with squealing little ones and Kho-Kho-Kalenatse, little tit-mouse, flitting up and down in his gaze, not even seen. The little ones were not heard.

To make a long story short, eventually Kho-Kho-Kaleatse flew

up into Boahwe's nose, singing his song, "you walk strong and proud, we all admire you, but come, see your shroud, we hold your doom...", dancing his dance, tail feathers up, wings dusting his feet, turning left then right, all scraping the inside of Boahwe's nose.

First an itch, then a burning, soon Boahwe stomped and lowed loud out into the hills. Still Kho-Kho-Kaleatse danced, and sang, dust. All was calm as Kho-Kho-Kaleatse, small tit-mouse, danced from Boahwe's bloody, foaming nose, "...so tall so proud...my song has brought you down now you see...now you see...", as he flitted off into the bush all could hear him sing.

The Fresh Alternative

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CONTENDERS

Continued from page 1

However, he is still being plagued by his aimless commercials that many consider to be political blunders. Since the days of the televised John F. Kennedy vs. Richard Nixon debates, television has been known to be a powerful instrument that greatly affects election outcomes, on both the national and local levels. The Dukakis team has been accused of mismanaging that tool to the degree that some call "an embarrassing political blunder."

Camp Dukakis hired a whole group of promising and talented artist, advertisers, and brainstormers. Unfortunately, his ads lack a sense of unity, as if all the best work they produced was thrown on T.V. without an overall theme. Compared to George Bush's commercial funds, Dukakis is sorely lacking. After eight years as working with (around) the press, through scandal after scandal and negative publicity, the more experienced Bushmen seem to be swaying public opinion. He even got away with calling himself a "conservationalist."

And what of Dukakis' supporters? Well, Jesse Jackson has come out of the political closet (metaphorically, of course) and thrown his weight behind Mike at last. In typical Jacksonian iambic, he said "The hour's late, the possibilities great..." We cannot be cynical analysts, we must be optimistic advocates." And my favorite, "The question is not 'Where is Dukakis' passion?' The question is 'Where is Bush's compassion?'" His address was given at a fundraiser where the patrons paid a measly \$2,500 a person. In attendance were such greats as Goldie Hawn, Bette Midler (who gave a true-to-form Midler speech), Madonna, Barbara Streisand, Chevy Chase, John Ritter, and of course, Kitty.

What is to be made of all this? If you happen to be a Bush fan, things augur well. For the die hard Dukakis voters, he needs your numbers. The percentage of young voters is appalling, so despite your political orientation, exercise your Uncle-Sam given right and vote.

Knock, knock! Hello? Have you been following my political columns? Think about it buckaroo!
- Mark J. Pennington

SHOWDOWN '88

On Election Day, November 8th, students have an unprecedented opportunity to shape our nation's course on such issues as arms control, foreign policy, the environment, the family, the economy and civil rights. As a service to student voters, the National Student Campaign for Voter Registration offers this guide to the positions of the Democratic and Republican candidates for President, Michael Dukakis and George Bush.

DEFENSE & FOREIGN POLICY			THE ECONOMY		
	DUKAKIS	BUSH		DUKAKIS	BUSH
Ending nuclear weapons testing	YES	NO	Deficit Reduction Plan (first priority)	Improve tax enforcement.	Flexible freeze on spending.
Increased funding for the Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars)	NO	YES	Increased income taxes	LAST RESORT	NO
MX Missile	NO	YES	Minimum wage increased to \$4.55/hr.	YES	NO
Production of chemical weapons	NO	YES	CIVIL RIGHTS		
Tougher economic sanctions against South Africa	YES	NO		DUKAKIS	BUSH
Military aid to the Nicaraguan contras	NO	YES	Equal Rights Amendment	YES	NO
THE ENVIRONMENT			Constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion	NO	YES
	DUKAKIS	BUSH	Universal Voter Registration Act	YES	NO POSITION
Acid Rain	Reduce annual sulfur dioxide emissions by 12 million tons.	Reduce annual sulfur dioxide emissions by millions of tons.	THE FAMILY		
Clean Water	Ban ocean dumping by 1991; supported renewal of the Clean Water Act.	Ban ocean dumping by 1991; supported Reagan veto of the Clean Water Act.		DUKAKIS	BUSH
New Nuclear Reactors	No, until new safety measures are devised.	Yes, with high safety standards.	Child Care	Federal assistance and standards.	Tax credit for working parents.
Offshore Oil Drilling	No, except where environmental quality will not be compromised.	Yes, except in sensitive areas.	Parental Leave	Guaranteed.	Up to employer.
			Increased federal student loans	YES	YES
			Guaranteed basic health insurance	YES	NO

Sources: Candidate position papers, 1988 Democratic National Platform, 1988 Republican National Platform, The New York Times, & The Washington Post. Produced by The National Student Campaign for Voter Registration, 215 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, Washington, D.C. 20003 (202) 546-9707. NSCVR is a project of the Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs).

DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES, SOME ARTICLES SUBMITTED THIS WEEK COULD NOT BE PRINTED IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE. NOT TO WORRY, THE ARTICLES WILL BE PRINTED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE.

VIDEO REVIEW

By CLARK PERKS



The Cage
[The Original Television Pilot Episode]

This is the very first voyage of the Starship Enterprise. Kirk's predecessor, Captain Christopher Pike, tries to rescue an earth crew that disappeared eighteen years earlier. But it's a trap! Pike is imprisoned in a zoo-like cage and studied by a mysterious higher life form.

"The Cage" was reconstructed with black and white footage from the original pilot and color footage from "The Menagerie."

Airdate: Never shown on TV!



"THE CAGE"

Starring JEFFREY HUNTER • Guest Star SUSAN OLIVER • "STAR TREK" Created by GENE RODDENBERRY • Directed by ROBERT BUTLER
Written and Produced by GENE RODDENBERRY • Co-starring LEONARD NIMOY as MISTER SPOCK • MAJEL BARRETT JOHN HOYT • PETER DURYEA • LAUREL GOODWIN
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Portions of "The Cage" were later incorporated into the two-part episode titled "The Menagerie."

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If you like Star Trek (which anyone with some form of higher intelligence does) rent "The Cage".

"The Cage"?, you say with a puzzled expression, "Wait. I've seen all the 78 or so episodes of Star Trek several times each, but I never remember seeing 'The Cage'."

The Cage is the episode that has Captain Christopher Pike, the Enterprises first captain, in it.

"Oh! You mean 'The Menagerie'!"

No, I mean "The Cage". Permit me to explain.

When Star Trek was first thought up, a pilot episode (which is the extra-long episode to start a series) was made. That pilot was called "The Cage". That pilot was shown, in black and white, to the station executives. Their reaction was: "Welllll, good idea BUT, lose that pilot and make another one." So they did. And that pilot, which had

Kirk at the helm, was the one shown on TV. "The Cage" was shelved.

Until episode 16, "The Menagerie". Gene Roddenberry, Star Trek's creator explains this on the videotape. (Roddenberry's introduction is another highlight of this tape) When it came time to do episode 16 the station was under a severe budget crunch. They decided to do an episode that used footage from the original pilot, and thereby save some money. But "The Menagerie" is in color, and the pilot was in black and white. What the heck?

From what I understand, back in the early 60's, developing color film was much more expensive than it is now. So what they did was shoot the menagerie in both black and white AND color! They would develop the color print only if it was going to be used. When they did episode 16 they only developed the scenes that they needed.

Now, on the videotape of the cage it's done half black and white and half color. And I don't mean that the first half is black and white and the second half is color. The tape will go for five minutes in color, and then two minutes in black and white

and then eight minutes in color and then 12 minutes in black in white! It's really bizarre. And since the two prints were shot the same, the fades when it switches are imperceptible. (Even with the amazing slow motion feature of my Panasonic four head VCR, I still couldn't detect any sort of skip or glitch or anything during the fades.)

You'd think that switching back and forth like that would be annoying but you get used to it in a couple of minutes.

Some things to watch for: The second in command is a woman and she wears pants just like the men. In the series you'll remember that Uhura always wore that short mini-skirt. In another seen when Pike and Spock encounter a musical plant Spock smiles really goofily, totally out of character with the cold Spock of the series. ("Damn your Vulcan logic!")

I highly recommend "The Cage" as a fascinating piece of science fiction history. "The Cage" is available for rent at Video Stop, right by Price Chopper. Live long and prosper.

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OFF THE CUFF

By J. REYNOLDS

In an examination of the mechanisms of satisfaction, I consider a juxtaposition of the process which the sensualist deSade characters such as St. Fond in Juliette embody, against a generation of context which Hindu mystics such as Neem Karoli Baba and Sant Thakar Singh propose.

The sensualists of deSade, by strong desire, are driven to further explore their physical context, thereby subordinating desire to personal existence. Given that desire, or spirit, within our physical world is a driving force, and that satisfaction can be regarded as an effect upon the context within which desire exists, sensualists exaggerate therein, continually oscillating from one manifestation of satisfaction to another, forever dependant upon the relationship between personal spirit and contextual exaggeration.

The mystics exaggerate desire, regarding contextual milieu as being dangerously seductive and having possibly a consequence of diminished desire. Satisfaction is therefore never specific nor personal, but rather an acknowledgement of process; a knowing as opposed to the sensual happening.

Through strong desire, and a critical view of personal existence within context, the mystic experiences, via progressive vibrational context, an intensification of spirit, thereby subordinating personal experience to desire.



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THE SECRET OF JENNINGS

By RICHARD C. SANDER Jr.

Last Saturday night, Kilpatrick held its "formal" affair. Everyone seemed to have come in their best outfits, ready to impress and surprise their friends. All dressed up in fine dresses and jackets and the like, I was reminded of the good taste that many brag of when they mention Bennington. It was a very refreshing night, getting away from the thrashing parties we've all been to in other houses. The lights remained low, and the music steady. A wide variety of dance music was played, all very good actually. From 10:00 pm Saturday, until 3:00am Sunday, the house remained at a steady, yet quick beat. Everyone seemed to have enjoyed themselves, and I was no exception. All decked out, made-up, and generally very attractive, the students of Bennington partied for hours escaping an increasingly heavy weekly workload.

As the night went on, I started to feel the effects of too many of the very excellent Margaritas that were served. Around 2:30 I watched many of the people leave the party through any available exit, almost as though by signal. Perhaps it was time to go. I shouldn't be the glutton for fun. After all, as mature college students we all know the value of self-control.

A few of my friends remained strewn about the room at this early hour. All were very tired, all very worn, and yes, all very happy. We collected ourselves with the general intention of returning home. I had this very lost feeling, not unlike the early childhood encounters when we lost our mothers at the mall. I knew what I wanted, yet not exactly how to get it. Bed, like mom, seemed so far away.

I soon found myself being dragged out the front door of Kilpat by a few of my friends who had decided that I was unfit to make decisions for myself. I felt helpless somehow as I was now even further away from my home than when inside. I was now out in front of Kilpat, freezing cold and hurting, with little hope of being home within the next five or ten seconds.

We were now roaming about the campus, dodging the shadows, looking for something to satisfy our boredom. I was told that I wasn't going home yet, first I would have to carry Mimi to her house. As we ventured across Commons lawn, we passed my home, passing right below my window. I saw my roommate crawling into his bed, still dressed, and wearing my scarf. "I give up", I thought to myself. I would never be asleep.

As we neared her house, a car pulled up, a few other friends were inside. The driver rolled down his window and explained that he had missed the party and was going for ride to Jennings. "NO", I would not get in, I was going home, NOW! I screamed to myself and regretted being alive. I got in.

Soon we were traveling towards the old mansion. Somehow, as memories broke through my drunkenness, I remembered my friend Jim telling me at lunch some time ago, that Jennings' lawn was home to an Indian burial ground. And for the insane no less. I'm not sure why that particular memory

came to mind when I had promised myself to forget it the first time I heard it.

We arrived at the top of Jennings' lawn, and proceeded to fall out of the car. The driver who was without the benefit of drunkenness was unable to sympathize with the rest of us.

We all agreed to lay on the lawn and watch the stars. This we thought would cap off the perfect night. We were starting to calm down a bit, all of us sobering up. I grabbed my camera, and a bag full of Master



Thomas' Way Piece incense that I stole from my roommate. I had left both in the car from an errand made earlier the day before. Mimi demanded to be carried again if we were to go anywhere. So all of us, her being on my back, began the second trek of the night.

We traveled down the lawn, skipping around, and laughing, and doing all those things we like to forget about in the morning. I was trudging along with the added 100 pounds on my shoulders. Then wham. All of a sudden we were falling. No, it wasn't to result of too much drinking. We were actually falling down into a sink hole. We landed on some mucky ground. It was soft and moist, and not unlike our bathroom floor in Canfield the morning after a certain party. (S McF)

So we all found ourselves muddy and wet, and totally clueless as to what has just happened.

"Where are we?", was the first thing to come out of someone's mouth. If we hadn't said it ourselves, we had thought of it. But where were we? It didn't seem as though this should happen. There were very few lion hunting tribes in the area that would set such a "trap". I was surprised and puzzled, and unhappy with the prospect cleaning my suit in the morning.

I lit a match. And in some Rambo style I fashioned a torch with some materials that I found. It seemed as though we had landed in a tunnel of sorts. The air was dry and thin, and the torch burnt a bright blue. Even more than ever I wished I was in bed.

So where would we go? It was obvious that we were not going to be able to climb out (as that would destroy the story). I looked about myself, over someone's head and around another's body. I pried Mimi's body off of mine. I tried to

imagine what was going to happen and if we were somehow going to have to pay for this.

My mind somehow wandered again, I thought back to grade school, and the many hours of playing Dungeons and Dragons. Perhaps I would become the martyr for the rest of the group as I had every Sunday so long ago.

My mind finally came to the state that I could consider clear in this early hour. It was cold and damp and the realization of where I was seemed a confusing thing. As I had

cleared up a bit, and yet not hung-over, I thought I was capable of gathering my sense of direction into finding us a way out. This was not to prove true.

We all stood up, wiping the slop off of our clothes. I thought for a moment. I choose one of the two directions that we could go, and the group followed. We walked for several hundred yards through this strange passage. Strangely enough, every so often someone would trip over something that we guessed was a hatchet, or other primitive tool. It was not a fun thing.

After an exhausting walk, the mucky sound of the ground turned in a crunching one. We thought perhaps that we had run into a paved area. We stopped for a moment to rest. As we quieted down a bit, all of us a bit calmer, and a little more accepting of our situation. We heard a humming sound, and the faint melody of an Elvis record coming from the path ahead. It was almost a chant. Collectively we all sighed as we thought that we were hearing the sound of plumbing and workmen coming from Jennings.

I ventured ahead, leaving the rest behind. I decided that I should go first so they wouldn't become disenchanted if we were wrong.

After turning several bends, the Elvis chants became louder and clearer. I came upon a large chasm. There were candles there. The air here was cleaner fresher, thicker. It was pleasant. The Elvis record was "Hound Dog". The candles were long and thin, and they shined in a strange manner. The smell of some sort of incense filled the room, the odor masked some underlying musk.

I cleared the mud off of my camera lens. I turned on my flash as if I might get some interesting photos, to commemorate the evening.

Then a door burst open. No one

was behind it, the wind must have moved it. Now the Elvis music was quite audible. Almost too real. The music was acappella, I was wrong. Some one was singing in the next room. Every once in a while they would gag or wheeze, or hum the lyrics as though they had forgotten the words. I moved closer.

When I reached the door, I saw more light. It was no longer the candle light, but electrical. As I peered into the room, it glowed, a man stood there, clad in a torn silver bodysuit that had sparkles on the sides. It was badly worn, and it had paint smudges on it. He still hadn't noticed me. He was reading some tabloids, and playing with some Indian war paint.

He turned and looked at me and asked me the time. I could give no response. "Who was this strange man?", I thought. His outfit shined despite its wear. He repeated his question though I still could not move. He seemed disgusted. "Damned groupie", he said, and then he left through a door. While there, I could hear him saying, "Since my baby left me." I stood there, unsure of what to do. He returned in a moment with a knife. He pointed it at me, waving it, "I found a new place to dwell..." I got up and he chased me through another door.

I was safe for the moment. Then I noticed what was in the room. The walls were lined with bones, skulls, and other strangeness. I heard him humming the rest of the song and snapping his fingers. I snapped a few pictures and then moved on. The next room was decorated in the same manner; more bones.

I was no longer safe. The strange man chased me, now with a broken bottle in one hand. He kept calling me a "damned groupie", and then he went back into song. I was quite confused.

I was not about to become another wall hanging so I picked up the pace. I saw a door at the far end of the hall. I ran to it, and pulled at it. It opened, leaving me with an escape. I was now in Jennings, I thought. The man was on my tail, and my bewildered friends were still wandering through his realm.

The Elvis man found me again. He kept saying "Baby, Baby, Baby. Since she left me." I was cornered. He had a knife and a broken bottle. I looked at him, unsure of what to do. I then took the Master Thomas Way Piece incense from my pocket and threw it at the man in the shiny suit. He was stunned and called me a "phuca". I took the opportunity to run past him, the odor of hair tonic ran through me. I took off, back into the tunnel. The echo of a middle-aged voice rang, "Don't you, step on my blue suede shoes".

Soon I found my friends. They asked me where I was. I ignored them. I quickly escorted them through the other passage. Soon we found ourselves by Ohio parking lot. We rushed through Noyes and then towards Commons. I left them for my room. I felt that I had endured enough. I ran home.

My roommate was there, asleep in his bed. He had some music on. "Love Me Tender" was playing on my CD player. I turned it off. It was time to sleep.

and it wasn't. And now in 1988 I know people who know people that've died from cocaine abuse.

I think drugs are one of the biggest concrete problems in the country right now. A lot of other people think so if you look at the polls.

I want to say a few things. One is that I didn't invent them. Some people react to the drugs in my books as if I were creating this problem. I'm just showing the mirror off the wall and on the table and saying "Look, this is the world we live in, this is out there." And if you're a parent it's likely that your kids have seen cocaine and pot and everything else. Drugs were just a pervasive aspect of growing up in America in the 1970s and 80s, when I grew up. They're just there, they're everywhere, and you can't ignore that.

I think cocaine is just this great metaphor for the 80s, this idea that you could be happy if you just consumed enough of something. But, in fact, cocaine is this endless treadmill, the more you have the more you want, the more you need, and that's kind of what material consumption is all ultimately about.

You know, Imelda Marco's 3,000 pairs of shoes. Did the 3,000th pair make her happier than the second?

I think there's a very healthy change in attitude towards drugs that's starting to take hold. I hope it has some effect, that it really results in something.

At the moment, though, what it mostly results in is feature articles about trends, and people saying that there's a new consciousness about drugs, but if you look at the statistics, people are consuming more than ever... and somebody has to say that, so it might as well be me (laughs).

MH: Have you ever delved into that world yourself?

JM: Yeah, sure. Most of the people I know have. I don't know about your generation, but in my generation if you meet somebody who's never tried cocaine I think people would gather around and say "Oh, really? Wow! Look at this guy, he's never tried coke!" Not that they would be negative, they'd just be amazed. I don't know, maybe it's different for you guys. I hope so.

Ever since the 60s, drugs of one kind or another have been really part of the landscape. I think it indicates a real sort of spiritual bankruptcy in this country, and the problem doesn't seem to be nearly as widespread in other cultures.

I think it's because there's not much to as yes to, to bring that up again.

I certainly don't advocate drugs, though.

MH: Do you still keep up an active nightlife?

JM: Not nearly as active. I go out a few times a week—not the way Alison and her friends do. I had a party for my book last night, which I was home at midnight from, and I'm still kind of groggy. I don't live the way that the characters do in *Story of My Life*. I'd never get any writing

done.

The New York night life is interesting, you can meet all sorts of people. People from all walks of life intersect here. With a place like Washington or L.A., I get the feeling that there's no place you could go that in one night you could sit next to a film director, a rock star, a stock broker, a writer, and a senator who's up from Washington for the night and wants to check out the scene. New York is an interesting intersection, the nightclubs have traditionally been kind of melting pots. It's a meeting ground for diverse types of people. so, yeah, I still check it out.

MH: Research?

JM: Well, it's fun too, but yes, it's partly research.

MH: Why do you prefer city life?

JM: I like the country, I really like to get away, but you need a certain social density to really support a certain level of culture—gossip, the arts, and any kind of energy that I really enjoy. I like the theater, I like the museums here, and I just like the density of social life.

The farther out of a major city like New York that you get, your social contacts tend to be more accidental, improvised from whatever happens to be there. Whereas in New York I get the sense of having the whole world to choose from.

MH: Do you consider New York to be some sort of cultural nexus?

JM: I think it still is. Culturally, to me right now, it's the center of the world, and it will be until America really slides into a deep funk and some other country takes over some sort of ostensible leadership. I'm always looking for a city that might be more the center than New York. Certainly it's not London, it's not Paris, it's not Milan; maybe someday it'll be someday it'll be Tokyo.

I guess I like being at what I think is the center of things.

MH: Most of Ransom is set in Japan and you created some vivid images of the culture: To get your information for Ransom, did you live there for a while?

JM: I lived in Japan for two years.

MH: What did you do over there?

JM: Well, I was studying Japanese and teaching English, which is what a lot of people do over there. I also studied karate, like Chris Ransom did in the book, pretty intensively for two years. It was one of the main things that kept me there.

MH: How do you feel about Japanese culture? Are you fond of it or is it just kind of a curiosity?

JM: I'm very interested in it or I wouldn't have stayed that long. It's such an interesting contrast to our own culture; it's an incredibly tight, hierarchical culture where

individual desires, or needs, are sort of subordinated to the group. Their sense of discipline is really what I was interested in learning about over there, that's one of the reasons I studied karate so fiercely. I actually learned about discipline, or got some, which I'd never had before. Studying karate really did that for me.

But it's something that the Japanese just have in abundance. I'm not saying that I would necessarily want what they have. I wouldn't want to be born Japanese, because there aren't many choices.

MH: Ransom is being made into a movie, I heard?

JM: Yes, James Deardyne is doing it, which is, I don't know, it sounds great.

MH: Do you have any control in this?

JM: No, you really don't have control after you sell.

MH: When they did *Bright Lights* they kind of came back to you, didn't they?

JM: Yeah, and I had a certain amount then because I wrote the screenplay, that's a sort of control. With Ransom I just decided after all the time it had taken to make *Bright Lights*, and all the energy, that I really was not prepared to sacrifice all that time and energy this time around. You know, I'm sure that I'll do it again.

With Ransom I think it's going to be difficult.

MH: Yeah, the interior monologue at the end seems like it would be tough.

JM: I wasn't sure how to do it, so I figured leave it to a professional. But I hope they make a good movie out of it.

MH: Did you approve of the way *Bright Lights* turned out as a movie?

JM: Yeah, basically I liked it.

MH: Did you have any particular qualms with it?

JM: Well, it's hard for me to be objective about it. But, overall I thought it was pretty good. I mean, I don't know. It wasn't as funny as I hoped it would be. I can say that's one thing that was missing was the humor of the book. That's one qualm (laughs).

MH: What are your writing habits generally? Are they structured?

JM: Yeah, I work in the mornings, generally, from about ten o'clock on into the afternoon. When I'm working on a novel I try to be writing at the latest by ten. I get my best starts in the morning—closer to sleep—that tends to be my best time.

MH: You graduated from Williams College, and you had fellowships at Princeton and Syracuse. Do you feel that creative writing programs are helpful or waste of time? Is it something that

JM: I think they can be helpful. I don't think that you can teach someone to be a good writer, but if somebody has some ability it can definitely be fostered by creative writing classes. You can save a lot of trial and error—time for that matter—in creative writing classes, especially if you have a really good teacher. I don't think they're a bad idea, but I think there's probably too much faith placed in them.

I don't think creative writing ought to be a major at an undergraduate level. Because, until you have some kind of education to build on, until you know something more than you're apt to know when you're an undergraduate in college, a creative writing major is kind of empty.

At the graduate level, especially after you've been out of school for a few years, it just provides an environment where everybody is doing the same thing. You don't have to explain yourself all the time. Writing is kind of a lonely profession, and it help to kind of have that support around you for a while. I think in some places creative writing programs have been overrated;

and in other ways they've been underrated: I mean the people who attack them and say "this is a disgrace." I think most of the best younger writers we have today are the products of creative writing programs.

On the other hand, I think there's probably too many of them, and there's probably a little bit too much faith placed in the idea that you can teach writing.

MH: When you were at Syracuse you had Raymond Carver, who unfortunately died recently, for a teacher. How was your relationship with him?

JM: He was one of my best friends. I met him in New York, and he essentially convinced me to leave New York and come up to Syracuse and study with him. He helped me get a fellowship there. I ended up living down the street from him for three years, seeing him just about every day. It was really pretty inspiring having him around, and having him read all my stuff.

MH: How was he as a critic?

JM: He was actually very gentle as a critic, he would always put things in a very delicate way. He wasn't tough, but he somehow made you feel that you hadn't gone far enough. If you hadn't pushed hard enough he would definitely make you feel it.

MH: He didn't quite have to say it?

JM: Yeah, he was a very gentle person. Sometimes I used to say to him that he was too easy on people, and he said he didn't think it was his place to discourage them. He really believed in encouraging everybody. I was lucky, because I got to know him in the last ten years of his life, and just spend a lot of time with him.

And then to watch him

become very celebrated. When I first met him he had just published one book. I mean he was my hero, but he wasn't very widely known, and to watch him just gradually become recognized and celebrated for what he did, it was really great, because he just took it all in stride; it didn't go to his head, he continued to write almost every day. It was nice to have an example like that; it was a sane pattern for being a writer.

MH: Do you consider the subtleties in your writing to be a more subconscious effort?

JM: Well, it's a combination. Some things I plan very carefully, and other things happen almost by surprise. Certain metaphors that run through my books pretty much develop without my being immediately aware of them.

Then when I re-read and then rewrite, that's when I start to consciously manipulate the patterns that are emerging. I try to plan, but I find some of the most interesting stuff comes out without deliberate intervention.

It just comes out of the material—things that you couldn't have predicted when you get to a certain point. Like if you try to imagine what's up a road you've never been up, you can't say "I'm going to go downhill 20 miles from here," because it might be you're going uphill 20 miles from here.

That's what's fun, discovering things along the way.

MH: In both *Bright Lights*, *Big City* and *Story of My Life* you made casual references to Edward Albee plays. Is there a fascination there or are they just titles you had in your head?

JM: Is there one in *Bright Lights*? What is it?

MH: When Megan cooks dinner for the narrator, and she says she was in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*?

JM: Oh, right. God, that's weird, something I hadn't noticed. I like Albee's early work; like many people I haven't kept up on later stuff. I really liked *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*?

But I think that may have been one of those weird coincidences.

MH: Your characters: are they fiction or fact or a melding of both?

JM: Some of them are based on real people. More often they're composites or pretty much imagined characters. You know, it really depends. The closer somebody is to the center, the more likely he or she is to be a composite. I mean, with peripheral characters it's fine to just take them from somebody in real life, but with a main character you really just have to re-imagine them. So I suppose the answer is all three.

MH: You're often compared with other writers: you get lumped in with Tama Janowitz, Bret Easton Ellis, and writers like Mark Lindquist. How do you feel about that?

JM: Well, it gets a little tiring, particularly since all these writers came after *Bright Lights*, *Big City* was published. It's kind of the publishers trying to cash in on the success of *Bright Lights*, that resulted in this lumping together. I mean everybody who published a novel by a young novelist for the next two years kept saying it was the new *Bright Lights*, *Big City*, and the press was kind of doing lazy journalism in response to that kind of lumping.

It's a good time to be a writer, and there's a lot of energy in fiction, and I'm happy to see so many new writers being published. But I think lumping people together by virtue of age, or even subject matter, is kind of ignoring what's important, it ignores the differences.

MH: Do you actually run into any of them?

JM: Yeah, I see Tama from time to time, and I know Bret quite well. I just saw him last night, as a matter of fact.

He's a good friend of mine, but I think our writing styles are radically different. His prose and mine are polar opposites.

From my point of view as a writer that's more what I'm interested in, but that's not to say that I don't like his work.

MH: Do you feel like you're at the forefront of anything?

JM: I don't know. *Bright Lights* was the first book to prove there was a market for contemporary fiction in recent years, the publishers had sort of given up on it. Supposedly people my age or younger were only going to the movies and buying records—they weren't reading books. I was happy to sort of prove that idea wrong. I suppose maybe I had something to do with bringing a few more people into the bookstores, and if so I'm happy.

I'm not sure that what I'm doing and what other young writers are doing, constitutes a movement. I'm not sure yet what we have in common, except a lot of silly misunderstanding from the old-fart cultural garden. That we have in common.

But I'm really happy how much energy and life there is in fiction right now. Particularly younger writers. There's just a whole new generation of writers coming into being now. I think it's great for everybody, and if they're not all of the first caliber, then time will tell.

In the mean time I think it's a really good time to be a reader, somebody who's interested in fiction. There's a lot of vitality and energy in fiction right now, a lot of good stuff being published, and I think it's great.

I don't know whether I'm at the forefront of anything, but I think it's a good time to be a writer.

MH: Another comparison that invariably comes up is between you and JD Salinger.

JM: Yes, it's an interesting comparison. It's not a conscious influence for me, but I'm really a great admirer of his writing. I

suppose I'd like to be somewhat in that vein.

My first and third books bear some comparisons to Salinger. *Bright Lights* is a sort of coming-of-age novel, even though my character is older than Holden Caulfield, but it's not something I set out to do. I mean I'm pretty flattered when someone compares me to Salinger. He's a wonderful writer, I wish he'd publish more.

MH: *Story of My Life* seems to be almost an inverse of *Catcher in the Rye*, with a female protagonist with absolutely no innocence. It struck me how at the end she ended up in a home also.

JM: Yeah, that's right, old Holden did end up in the nut house, didn't he? Again, it wasn't conscious, but there is an interesting set of parallels. I haven't read *Catcher in the Rye* for a long time, so it's not something I'm aware of moment to moment.

I don't know, maybe it stuck in my mind deep down somewhere. Well, it did. It did for a lot of people. It's certainly not a comparison I would be upset about. On the contrary.

MH: It's almost a trend these days for writers to be very uptight about their privacy. You seem to keep a relatively high profile. There tend to be a lot of pictures and blurbs about you in magazines like *People* and *Esquire*.

JM: It's easy for most writers to be private because *People* magazine isn't interested (laughs). I try to protect my privacy. I'm not very successful at it.

Living in New York, and being sort of closely identified with the city because of my first book, I'm a pretty visible person here at this point. Sometimes it's a pain in the ass, because I can't go to a movie without it. If I'm with a friend, she becomes my new unidentified woman.

I mean last week I just saw a friend at the movies, and there was this thing in *The Post* about the unidentified blond I was with. It was Jimmy Buffet's wife.

MH: Jimmy Buffet's married?

JM: I just said "Hi" to her, in passing, and supposedly I was at the movies with this blonde.

It's weird. I certainly wasn't expecting *People* magazine or *The Post* to be at all interested in my life. It's a funny thing to get used to. I mean some of it's fun, and up to a certain point I enjoy it. I enjoy once or twice a day when people say "Hi" or ask for my autograph, or say they like my work. It's really gratifying, and it's nice to know anybody cares. As a writer you don't go into this thinking that you're really going to find much of an audience. When I started writing it would have been silly to think that I would ever get recognized on the street.

On the other hand it can get distracting, too. Someone like Truman Capote eventually became more interested in the fame than he was in the writing. That's something I'd like to avoid.

MH: What do you think about

someone like Salinger, who is highly obsessive about his privacy, and who's been in the news a lot lately because of Ian Hamilton's biography of him. Do you think he has a right to his privacy?

JM: I think he has a right to his privacy. That's what he wants. He's gone out of the way to get it. It's not like he goes to movie premieres and stuff. I think it's a little sad the way people keep intruding on him.

He seems to me to be overly paranoid, but that's his right I guess. It's anybody's right to build a fence around their house and not come out. It wouldn't be my response, it wouldn't be natural for me. I'm not that anti-social.

I think everybody has to have their own monologue on how they want to be in this world, and I think it's unfortunate when people keep having these expectations about what writers are supposed to do.

Norman Mailer's one kind of writer, JD Salinger is another. I'm another kind of writer. Hemingway invented his own image of the writer. Basically it's whatever works for you. It would be a shame if we were all living and writing the same way.

MH: Since you live in Michigan, and all, do you think Elvis is still alive?

JM: Michigan huh?

MH: Well that's what I heard. Supposedly he's been spotted at laundromats and Burger Kings there.

JM: I believe that about as much as I believe in UFO's ... or less. But if he is alive, I don't care. He stopped having anything to say to me about 1956.

MH: Any thoughts on the upcoming election?

JM: I'm a democrat. I'm not voting my tax bracket, I'm voting my heart. I'm not sure if it's my place to say or not, but living in New York one thing you see is the way this country's been polarized in the last eight years between rich and poor. The rich have gotten richer - and I count myself in that camp - but the poor have gotten poorer. I think our politics are going to get very European on us if that keeps happening, and eventually our politics are going to get ugly. The great American middle has made things pretty reasonable politically since the 30s. They've always been the biggest class and they've always kind of set the agenda, and that has been a great moderating force. I think now the middle class is being pulled in both directions, and I think the policies of the Reagan administration are really starting to polarize this country.

I think this alleged prosperity of the last eight years is probably an illusion that's based on the deficit. I mean I could appear to be prosperous for many years my self, if I can get enough credit. If I can convince the bank to give me a \$1,000,000 loan, I can look good for years, until they call the loan in, and I think our loan is about to be called in.

That's also vaguely what *The Story of My Life* is about. Living on credit, running on empty.

GABBING WITH GREGORY

Well hello again to all you dudes and dudettes out there in Lala-Land. Hope you've all had a fun-filled and orgasmic week. Mid-term blues getting you down? Have no fear, Williams College is hosting their own version of the Dressed to get Laid Party. I guess that means you don't have to wear a tie. Anyway, this week has been quite the eventful one, so let's get into it right away:

Quote of the Week: "You grab my tit again, and I'll put your head through the window!" (Editor's note: she did)

Basic Gossip and Stuff: Booth hosted their redneck party Friday night and let me tell you, whiskey is quite the powerful persuader... Everyone's favorite parlor pianoplayer, Brooks, showed yet another of his many talents as he tap-danced to Lynnyrd Skynyrd... Redneck to the core was Sarah Chandler-Ward, looking super-sexy in a tempting little get-up complete with short-shorts and lace stockings...the whiskey she was holding didn't taste too bad either... Speaking of celebutante Sarah, she and Mr. Laser seemed to enjoy dancing with each other off in the corner...Future hippie Brian Reagan was seen dancing and enjoying himself Friday night... Seen coming out of the bushes together behind Stokes were Michael Severens and Shawn Paper (A new item perhaps?)... By the by,

Dan Quayle and yours truly have broken up, sorry Mark-Jon, but I guess he'll be going after you again... Commons Lawn action again last Friday night, only this time it was three people together (isn't it getting too cold for this sort of thing?)... The place to be last Saturday night was The House of Benarda Alba Benefit Ball, which was hosted by Director Michael Robinson and Kilpatrick... Kudos to Jackie Fernandes for making some pretty amazing tapes... A thousand thank yous to Gabriela Leff for replenishing my margarita supply when it was starting to look like I was going to be parched for the rest of the evening... Looking like the beautiful woman that she is, only more stunning than usual was Lang Walsh... Casually blowing my mind with their smiles were Nasime and Sally of Leigh fame (Yes, Nasime, I promise to dance a "wild song" with you some time real soon)... Amy Christopher was in attendance looking like the great performer that she is, blowing everyone away with her incredible eyes... The World's Most Tasty Navel Award goes to Eleanor Lynn for reasons I will not divulge... Elissa Jane was lookin' pretty hot that night even though her escort looked pretty square... Tracy vs. Brooks in Tonsil Hockey, does anyone know who won?... Spencer Cox has decided to go straight.. just kidding, I just wanted to see how many girls would leap out of their

By GREGORY NOVECK

chairs.

Personals:

WANTED: Brains. See Schuyler "Freddie Krueger" for information.

WANTED: Real material for my article. Will also accept any dose of talent. See Mark J.

WANTED: Still looking for a P____. See Amanda.

Glossary: Nothing really doin' this week, I am accepting submissions, so if you say something which only makes sense at Bennington, tell me.

Serial: Well, I really want to continue this serial, but, even though I haven't mentioned any names, my kneecaps and testicles have been threatened with mutilation, so I've come to the decision that discretion is the better part of valor. However, if you, the reader, think that you would like to read the rest of the story, please tell me, and I will take the risk, and print it.

In other news, Long Weekend is coming up, so I hope everyone has a good time, and that everyone finds a nice Harvard boy (or girl) for the Weekend. Drink beer, get laid, have fun, and come back and do all your work the night before it's due. And of course, as always, a warm hello to Debbie. Yo baby Yo. So, till next week, farewell.

HOROSCOPES

By ST. PAN

This week, the stars are in the sky and someone should be in your bed. Get your hand out from under the covers and grab someone else for a change. If you go home for the long weekend, look up that first lover and show them how much you've learned. If you remain on campus...be creative. In fact, EVERYONE be creative. There's enough to worry about with sex; don't add boredom to the list.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22) - This is your last chance to do it. Scorpio takes over the skies next week and they really don't like sharing power. Use what time you've got left and suggest some kinky birthday favors. If you don't do it now, you'll be waiting an awfully long time. Swing the scales of fairness to suit your needs. Manipulate anyone into bed but whatever you do, stop screaming "Mommy" when you climax.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21) - Do Not Pout. Just bite your lip a little and wait your turn. You get the stars next week. While you're waiting though, why don't you experiment with another form of power—Sex. Did you find out what your passion was? Try a Pisces! That merging of the souls does great things under the sheets. Or on the table. Or in the oven, I hear they're very good with mint.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21) - If you're feeling down this week, kick a Capricorn. They probably deserve it. Your aura has changed from brown to a very large bruise; care for your emotions and look out for low beds. Speaking of beds, stay in yours and let your imagination go. Watch out for your hand; it wants to write to undeserving cads or smack your face instead of heightening your fantasies. Just close your eyes, breathe deep and let out a howl—others are sure to respond.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19) - Look out for Sagittarius unless you're a masochist. Put your feet in someone's lap and sing opera to them. Let loose (I know it's hard). People are warmed by you, let them light you on fire. Call up an old flame and pour some kerosene on them. Rub your body all over a rug and shock yourself. You may need a jump-starter to get going, but after that it's hot. Don't cool off.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18) - Take your big eyes off the mirror and open a window. Fly out the window—we all know you can. You can do anything, even live in Booth and become a champion pool player. Speaking of games; try some out. I hear honey is lovely between you, a floor and just about anyone you choose. But hey!—orgasms can be fun! Try some, you may never go back.

See HOROSCOPES page 10

CLASSIFIEDS

Thanks Sarah, Celene, and Dave for making Rhode Island a memorable experience. Love, Brian

Hair Cuts— Liscensed Hairstylist. See Jason Cagenello. Cheap \$7.50. Whooley 2nd Floor.

Resumes and Typing Service — Very quick, always correct. \$7 Resume, Papers \$2 per. Rick Sander, Canfield #10, D - 574.

Ask for ride home next issue.
Selling old books?
What did you lose?

Exorcism needed: Have spun my skull one too many times — contact: a sick boy.

Wanted real pertient news— Tim Pitzner please respond.

Lost — my youthful sense of idealism. Last seen outside college, September 1986.

Wanted: Three tall women who enjoy green jello.

Help your paper, use the classified section.

Jason: I hope you enjoyed Philly, Rick.

Saritbean : I am sorry to inform you that Sillybean and I are cheating on you behin' the walls of our pantry.

How much do you love the school's food? Let everyone know.



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Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9

PISCES (2/19-3/20) - Have you discussed your relationship yet? Well don't. Go for the non-commitment oriented fun. Stop it with the overly responsible approach—let a Scorpio take care of it all (and they will!) . Intimidated? Never, not you old souls. Just stop knowing it all and let go. Lean towards the sinner in you; boy is it willing to come out. Enjoy yourself and teach the Scorpio next to you a little trick. Then have them perform it for you, and you alone.

ARIES (3/21- 4/19) - You reek. Sex pours off of you in buckets and people are lusting after collecting it. People you just don't notice. Look around! Your fire ignites much more than cigarettes. Get off your arrogant horse and climb on someone else. Channel your creative energy into a Gemini. They will submit.

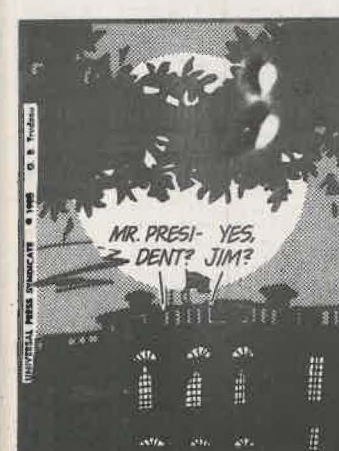
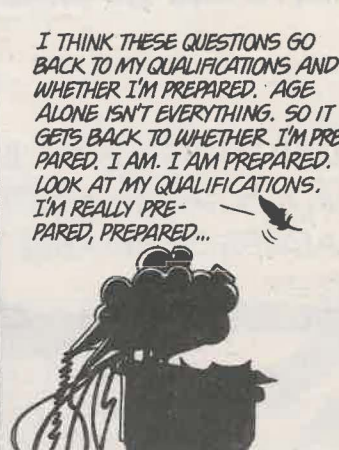
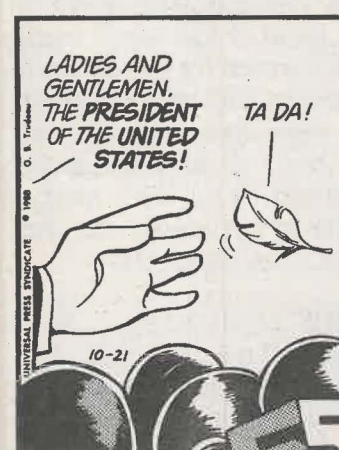
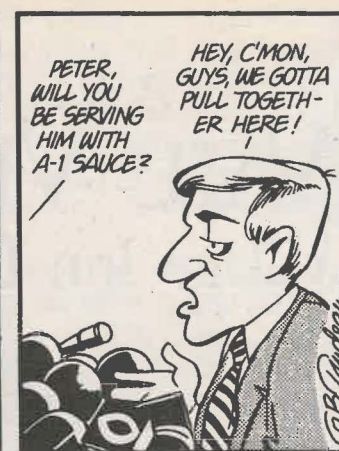
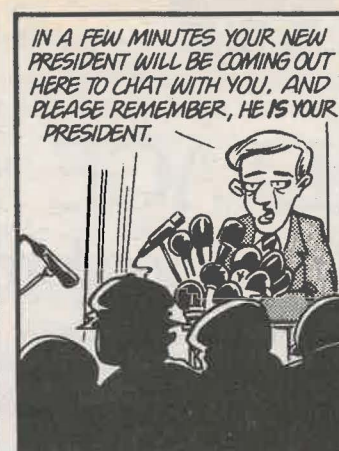
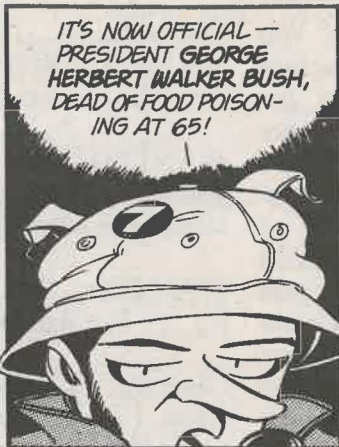
TAURUS (4/20- 5/20) - Your harem is expanding. It is evolving into a new cult; entranced men and women rubbing up against anything aqua. Cover your bed in it; better yet, cover yourself in it! Convince them to work for you. Your charm can get you anything so use it. Make people write papers for you, do your laundry, oil your skin. Relax and rule.

GEMINI (5/21-6/20) - Kiss yourself just once more and then go out and submit to a stranger. Don't worry: Your Twin wont get jealous. Dress up more often; it does get looks. If all else fails, spoil yourself: take a long, hot bath and then go out to dinner. After all, you never know what might happen coming back from that long, cold, lonely road from Percy's...

CANCER (6/21-7/22) - Take off your shell and rub against someone. Rub harder. Rub faster. Rub any way you like it, just do it. Surround yourself with textures—skin, silk, leather. Roll around in the cold leaves of autumn. Catch a hold of some fantastic person and toss them on the grass. See who gets to the bottom of the hill first, and then just collapse on each other in spasms of pleasure.

LEO (7/23- 8/22) - Roar as loud and as hard as you can. Toss your glossy locks across someone's path; they just might catch a hold. They wont stay long, but you'll captivate them fully for the moment. Attention is your thing! Be an exhibitionist and tear the clothes off the object of your lust in full daylight. In commons. In class. To hell with gossip—be yourself.

VIRGO(8/23-9/22) - Stop cuddling and start caressing. Cover your lover in literature and make love in the library. Do it all over campus. Make sure this person is someone you care about, but watch for those Scorpios; you two really flip out on each other. The sex might be the best, but the communication is poor. Otherwise find that special someone and show them your own, fascinating specialties—like belly dancing!

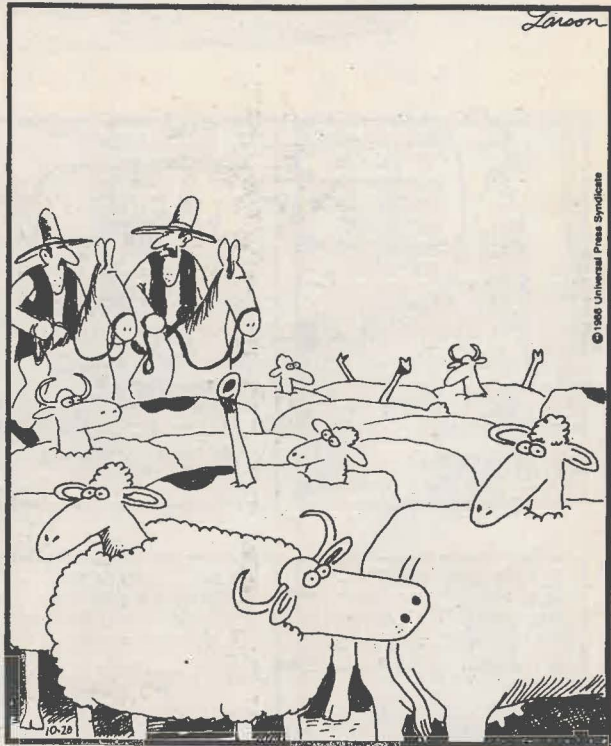
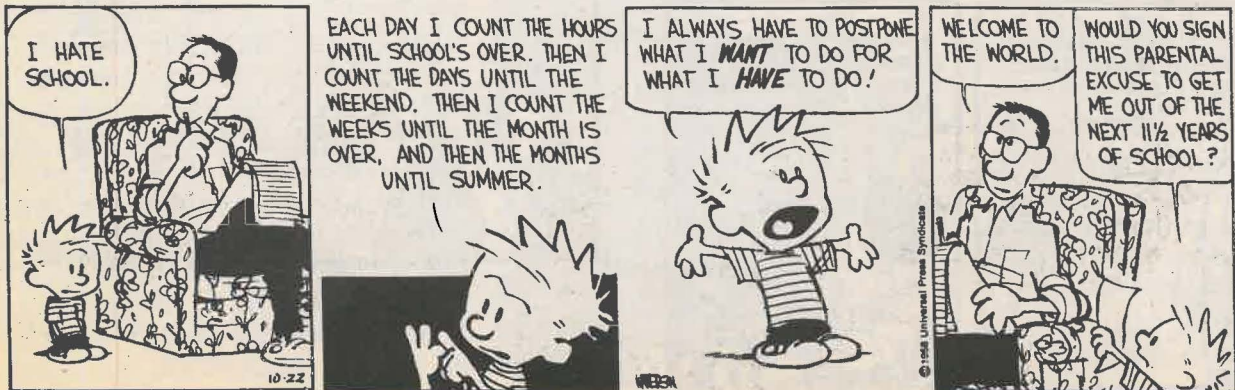
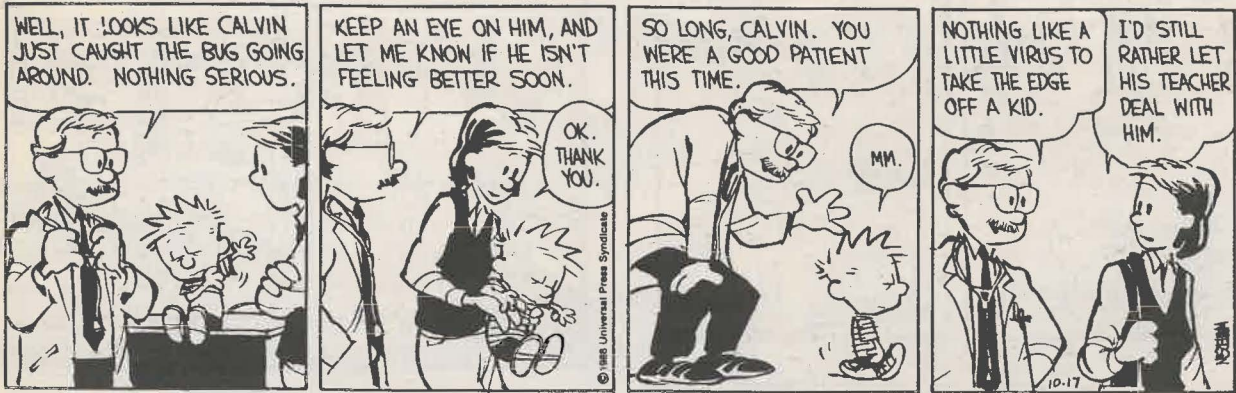


calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATKINSON

THE FAR SIDE

by GARY LARSON



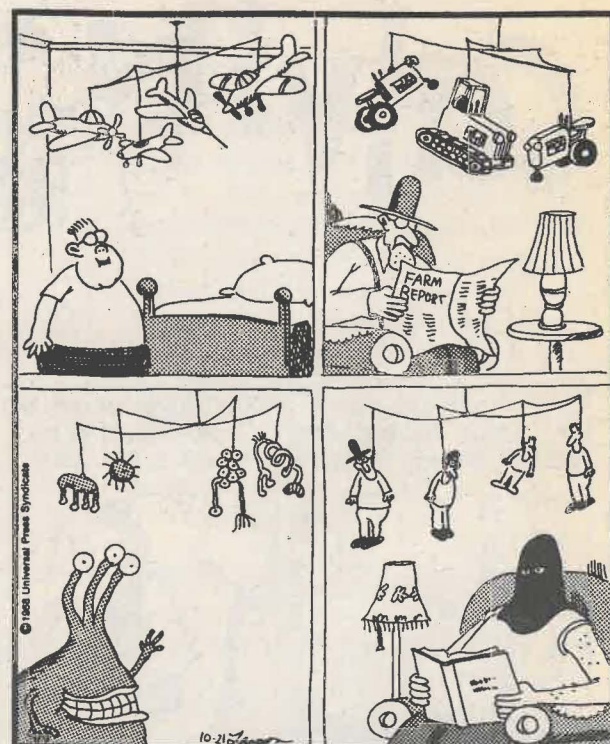
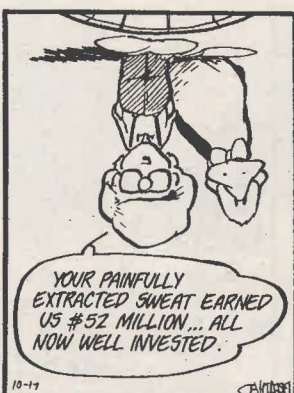
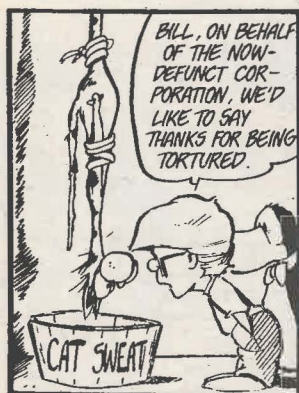
"Man, this is ugly — sheep and cattle never do mix well."



In the hallway of the Old Cartoonists' Home



Non-union wagon masters



Mobile hobbyists



**"Well, thank God we all made it out in time.
... 'Course, now we're equally screwed."**

