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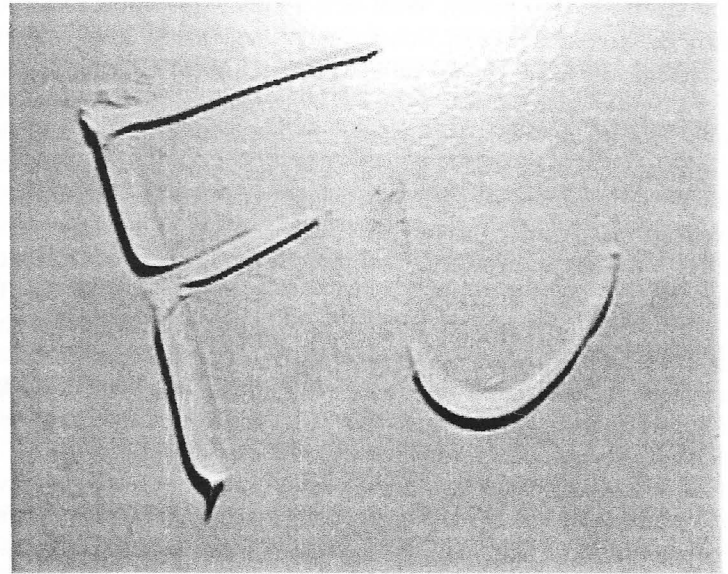
Cops on Campus!

By Jessica Alatorre
and
Kathryn Furby

It's 3:30 am Saturday morning, October 4th and the Noyes' fire alarm is sounding. In a scene reminiscent of the Trail of Tears, several pillow-creased Noyes residents, wrapped in their blankets gather outside the Bingham porch and watch as fog spirals out of the building.

According to Paul Renzi, head of Student Life, and security guard Rich Scheffler at approximately 2:30 am, an explosion was heard and subsequently, a group of individuals was seen running into Stokes. The security guards questioned the "uncooperative and belligerent" individuals to determine their connection with the M-80 (cherry bomb) explosion and then phoned the police for assistance. When the group saw the three arriving police cars they escaped, except for one individual who was detained by the police and later released into the custody of a student.

Half an hour later, two students in Noyes overheard strange voices outside their room saying, "Alright, we're done." Downstairs, two sleeping girls, who wish to remain anonymous, were startled by the suspects entering their room; as the door shut, the fire alarm went off. Shortly thereafter an inebriated guest wandering the Bingham halls was confronted by security in connection with the earlier incidents. He was "uncooperative" and therefore removed from the premises.



A toothpaste message left in Noyes.

Photo by Jessica Alatorre

Around this time, the Noyes inhabitants returned to their home after learning it was merely a prank. Nick Sabin, a member of the clean-up crew, described the scene as, "like a snowstorm in there, everything was covered in an off-white pollen-textured powder." The chemicals from the fire extinguisher had permeated the entire downstairs floor. As everyone returned to their

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B.A.R.S. Hits Bennington

By Daniel Grossman



As the summer sound of chirping crickets disappears with the warm weather, it is replaced by the repugnant crackle of coughing. Many students at Bennington College are or have been infected with an Acute Respiratory Sickness, giving First Street the auditory texture of a tuberculosis ward.

Not to be confused with SARS, which mostly claims the citizens of nations that have free health care for victims, BARS, or Bennington Acute Respiratory Sickness, is a cold virus that is—as Mary

Schnorr puts it "spreading like wild fire." According to Schnorr, approximately 1/3 of the campus has suffered the symptoms of *the cold* since the beginning of the fall semester.

"I've been sick for like ten days," said Emmy Pimentel, a Kilpatrick house resident who described her illness as "respiratory." Her housemate, Sara McAbee, blames the school's lax attitudes on

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The Road Map to Peace and Party's

By Jim Bentley

Recently a House Chair was fired from the position for allegedly having more than eight people with "open containers" in a "dry room." All of these violations are clearly defined in the handbook as being against school policy. What is not clearly defined is the role of House Chair. Since the House Chair cannot enforce college rules, it is up to Security to do it. This allows Security to rationalize their persistent presence in the houses. I would argue that it doesn't matter what laws were being broken in that room. The very fact that security was there at all was the real problem.

When I first came to Bennington, after living for a few years in various urban apartments, I went into a state of shock. "Why is security in the house so much?" I would ask. No one could really give a good answer. Mostly it would be a bitter comment describing the days of "old Bennington" in all its "evil" consuming glory. What surprised me most was that even though the watchful eye of security angered some, it just became an accepted condition of our residential life.

Paul Renzi or Eileen Scully would react in a negative tone if Rich and Bill walked through their hallway three times a night, knocking on doors where they heard noise. Let's ask to be treated with the same respect that is given to faculty and staff who live on campus. The perimeters for security in the house should be simple and clear.

- 1.) When a noise complaint is made to security regarding a specific house.
- 2.) When there is a large house party.
- 3.) Medical emergencies.

The Canfield party last weekend was a beautiful thing. Not because of the naked Ninja Turtle cohorts, shaking wildly and dangerously close to my personal space. (BFP endorses nakedness to a certain degree. See the frisbee article.) Nor was it that the party actually stayed alive past midnight, surviving the Security crack downs that we have all become so accustomed to.

It was beautiful because on more than one occasion fellow students actually looked out for each other. I witnessed upper class-men taking care of intoxicated freshmen and sophomores, making sure they got water and leading them outside and away from the sweaty hot-box of Canfield's living room. The concept of looking out for one another seems to have evaded us in the past few years.

If security minimizes their presence in the house, then we as students should take more responsibility for our actions and for the actions of others. This should start with the House Chairs (nice job, Canfield), but it shouldn't end there. If you think someone has had too much to drink, be a good friend and cut them off for the night. Call 210 if the person is belligerent or unresponsive.

Creating an environment of mutual respect is the only way for us to live on this small, rural campus. Let's work on both sides to make life here enjoyable and worth the excessive amount of money it costs.



The October First Party, Kilpatrick.
Photo by Jessica Altorre

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Campus Press Alive and Well

By Keith Hendershot

Well, it seems that the student press has jumpstarted itself back into life. Thank God. The first issue of the resurrected *The Commons* (A 20-year old name on this campus), should have been put in your mailbox. The first installment of *ASAP* sits on every table in the dining hall, and here in your hand, is this semester's 2nd issue of the *Bennington Free Press*. Heavens, is it October already?

I've already heard the following questions: Why are there two newspapers? What's the difference between the two? We don't know the answers to either of these questions. We're simply thrilled to see that after a decade of grudging fits, starts, and general constipation the student press is riding on a brief boom-let of renewed enthusiasm, to even consider those questions. It would be pointless to expend our precious and over-used time to come up with a reason for existing. This is the way it is, so just ride the wave. Pluralism, baby—red-chested journeymen sitting in a circle quaffing portions of beer and singing union hymns, bubble-tape wrapped around our heads as we rock out to Sheryl Crow, the Five Points resurrected! Some things to ponder. . .

It seems the people of this campus have been mired too long in the misconception that there's a singular, continual and incorporated "student newspaper." This has simply never been the case. Student publications have always been as diverse, sporadic and ephemeral as the flourish of ideas that have wrought them. Remember *The Bennington Voice*? What about *The Commons* (The original)? *The Camden Sun*, *Palladium*, *Commons* (Again, a different one), *The Steak*, or *Snap*? Bottom line: A student publication results from the ideas and motivation of a few individuals. As long as people continue to matriculate, there will never be an institutionalized newspaper at this college. Visions and temperaments are too scattered.

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'Master Plan' Discussed at Bennington

By Kynan Brown

The school's main architect Kyu Sung Woo and landscape architect Douglas Reed met with students, faculty, and staff Wednesday, October 1 to discuss the development of a "Campus Facilities and Landscaping Master Plan," which is currently being drawn up. The plan, according to Woo, is a study of all manmade and natural systems on campus. It began over the summer and should be completed in the near future. The student meeting, which was attended by two dozen other students and lasted a full hour. Joan Goodrich and a few others involved in the process were also in attendance.

Bennington College's land was originally agricultural. The entrance to the barn, where a silo once stood, is a reminder of the school's days as a dairy farm. Shortly before the school's opening in the mid-thirties, the land was bought by the Jennings family. They built a luxurious summer estate and, shortly thereafter, donated the land to be used as a college campus. That campus was designed according to a Jeffersonian-Bozart model, after the University of Virginia. Since then, the campus has seen many additions and has taken on what architects call a "topographic" character, one that is layered and multi-faceted rather than grid-based. A college campus is a very dynamic place. For one that has gone through so many transformations throughout its history, there is a lot of information to be gathered to articulate this school's character. How do things work on this campus? What doesn't work? How do communication, social interaction, learning, creating, moving and living coincide and what are the roles played by each part of the campus? These are the questions that several people on the administration, including Joan Goodrich, have been anxious to address for several years. Until now, the constraint has been a financial one. However, this summer, an alumna, who wishes to remain anonymous, donated an undisclosed sum of money to be used specifically for such a

and Landscaping Master Plan."

Kyu Sung Woo designed the three new houses and Douglas Reed designed the landscaping for those houses, along with that of the recently transformed Cricket Hill and the Meyer Recreation Barn. The pair recently became the school's official right-hand men for campus development and, aside from this Master Plan, are collaborating on the plans for the new Café complex, which should be fully completed by next year.(??)

The first question on the agenda for the student meeting was what people see as the problems on campus. The conversation turned to the condition of transportation on campus. There was a scattered discussion: Boaz likes ziplines, people like walking paths, dirt paths can get muddy but we like 'em, there are big holes in some of the walking paths and some aren't well-lit enough...

The conversation shifted to a consideration of the use of VAPA and Jennings and the potential for more interdisciplinary use of these buildings. The possibility of more musicians in VAPA and vice-versa was intriguing to most people. There was mention that a permanent storage facility is in the long-term plans. This may well take the form of a separate building by maintenance with sections for each house. Joan Goodrich had a few interesting ideas which I think can be taken lightly but are worth mention. Firstly, renovating the third floor of Commons is high on the school's priority list for future projects. The third floor, which has been condemned for several years, includes a space large enough for all of campus to congregate, a role which is currently fulfilled by Greenwall and Tishman auditoriums. Second, VAPA was built in ten-foot sections to have flexible walls. Greenwall has three levels and the original design included a floor on the second level. In a discussion about Greenwall's potential, Goodrich suggested that this second floor could be added and the bottom level used as storage space.

Other topics discussed in the meeting include the kinds of social spaces we have right now, currently considered to

Maintenance issues were, according to Joan, a common theme in all three meetings. The meeting ended with a consideration of the shape of the campus and the centralization of the activity on the lower part of the land. Mr. Woo observed that Jennings, which is such an ornament of our campus, is very separate from most other activity. He seemed to feel a sort of asymmetry in having most activity centered around Commons and VAPA when we have such a vast campus. To what extent it was pure speculation is hard to say, but he suggested that one thing to consider is the possibility of spreading things out in the future, maybe to the meadows on the far side of the Jennings driveway, where Longmeadow House and a smattering of other small buildings are located.

In an interview with Goodrich, she said that while she had "no expectations" entering the meetings, she was touched by how much the students in that meeting seemed to "embrace change." She found their imaginative response heartening and said that while the staff and faculty meetings had revolved much more around practical or personal matters, the students seemed to grasp well the broader implications and meaning of the project.

On October 2nd, the architects held another meeting attended by a group who are particularly knowledgeable of the campus: Donald Sherefkin, Kerry Woods, Norm Derby, Reecca Stickney and a few others. When the Plan is completed we will have a description of the various networks on this campus and how they interact. It will be combination of the practical and the theoretical, including text as well as maps, and will serve as a framework for any future developments. Similar to a student's academic Plan, this Plan will be reviewed every couple of years as the dynamics of this place continue to shift. It is important to emphasize that we're looking toward a description, not a plan of action. First things first.

W.I.M.P.: A Speculation into Masculine Identity on Campus

By Keith Hendershot

A moment to consider the Bennington Male: one time, a *rara avis* of American college life. He existed comfortably alongside female students, right down to the mustiest traps of domestic closeness. He was fully aware that he matriculated on borrowed ground, partaking in a dream intended originally for women. He harbored no illusions about the inviolability or the frailty of women, as the girls around him were highly brilliant and ready to banish all distinctions of gender. It was the Bennington Female, after all, who paved the way in the 1930's for women to someday wear blue jeans. Therefore, the Bennington Male was of the sensitive, creative timbre, and willing to dissolve the social advantages of traditional masculine roles, providing that he could also enjoy a sort of friendly intimacy (read: guiltless promiscuity) that comes from living on a campus with very horny, liberal women.

But, sadly, the rest of the world has caught up with us. The idea of gender as a negotiated value has become so widespread and even trite. As neutral shoulderbags have become the preferred side-arm and as gay culture has become, in general, *prissier* and *post-straight*, the "sensitive guy" has been become its own vulgar species in our society, an object of self-parody. The Bennington Male has been co-opted, made banal by the junk culture idea of the "metrosexual."

If that's the case, then surely something must have gotten shoved through Nietzsche's Negative Machine the other Thursday night in an undisclosed location in Canfield. A bunch of guys sitting around talking trash about women; at last, the Male has found a room of one's own, (Virginia Woolf just turned in her grave). Yes, this was a meeting of the much-notorious, gender-exclusive men's support group, Women's Issues from a Male Perspective, that is, W. I. M. P.

In talking about W.I.M.P., this reporter is breaking the first two rules of W.I.M.P which are read at the beginning of

each meeting. Rule #1: You do not talk about W.I.M.P; Rule #2 is: You do not talk about W.I.M.P! Yeah, it's a tongue-in-cheek play on the fictional charter of Chuck Pahliunak's cult novel *Fight Club*. The book, and the wildly popular feature film, is a parody of juvenile hyper-masculinity literally fighting to right itself in contemporary America wherein the contemporary generation of "men raised by their mothers" has been rendered effete. Draw your own connections.

Here are the other rules, which this reporter will adhere to, providing he can break the first two:

Rule #3: There is to be no reference to the name, identity, or residence of any person living on campus. [People are referred to as Girl #1 or Boy #2, etc.]

Rule #4: Nothing discussed or said here, leaves the room.

Rule #5: Newcomers are required to present a topic [read: personal issue] for discussion.

W.I.M.P. was of course started about 7 or 8 years ago by the 'Legendary Georgia Boys.' As this one-time freshman remembers, the organization was sort of an insider joke, a surreptitious means of throwing a boys poker night on the Student Budget's dime. The meetings were, by and large, not closed to girls, nor were these meetings confidential. In fact, they were oftentimes recorded, and printed in the student newspaper, *Commons*.

In recent years, the organization has gone underground. It is no longer on the Student Council charter of activities and clubs, and its door is locked save for the two specific girls who have earned the status of being "one of the guys." Fraternal trust and confidentiality is crucial to W.I.M.P. Previous attempts to open the doors to women failed, because women didn't uphold the rules. As one Senior Member put it, "Girls broke the rules. Girls talked outside the meetings. Girls don't like listening to rules." What goes on now behind those doors?

Low Voter Turnout in School Elections

By Alycin Bektesh

On September 29th and 30th Student Council showed that Bennington is indeed a democracy as they held elections for open Student Council and SEPC positions. The most heatedly-contested category was for the Freshman-at-Large position on student council. Which goes to show that, like their upper-class counter parts, freshmen don't understand what student government really entails but, unlike upperclassmen, freshmen still want to be involved.

A random polling of people who happened to be in their rooms between 3:30 and 4:30 on Wednesday, gave some interesting data used to gather some loose electoral statistics. Of the 33 people questioned, 66% voted in the recent elections, 72% read the candidate statements, and 51% responded that they understood the function of SEPC and Student Council.

This election's low voter turnout resulted from the overwhelming feeling that student government is a pointless enterprise. One sophomore girl notes "It's a good idea but I don't think it is effective-when changes happen and we get together for campus wide coffee hour leaders tell us that they don't have any say" 2nd-term junior Simone Duff agrees, saying "I don't really see examples on campus (of what the elected students do). What is the benefit for me?" Another junior girl contributes her voting tendencies to peer pressure. "It's silly. I just do it because there are signs telling me to, and everybody is doing it. I don't ever see anything happening- maybe it is and I am just not keeping up with it."

Although student Mike Rugnetta admits "I didn't vote because I'm an asshole," he adds "I think a lot of people just don't know what the positions mean." Rugnetta pointed out that when students have issues with faculty or classes they can utilize their SEPC reps and have a conversation on a student-to-student level. Drama SEPC rep Ayn Slavis encouraged more people to get involved with SEPC process,

The Earth Eater: An Open Letter to Jason "Stinky" Coltrane

Reading your snide *Look at the Trends Shaping Our Lives* in this, my third year skimming over obnoxious, vaguely amusing editorials at the College, I had a couple of immediate thoughts: 1) *it is impossible that the writer has spent more than two years at Bennington*, and 2) *you coward*.

Targeting those considered as less-than has always been the cruel practice of quasi-intellectual, apocalyptic fashionistas, so there wasn't much surprise at your mention of two of the most notoriously underpaid, under appreciated positions at this institution. But targeting the greater-than has always been an enormous, and revealing, mistake. I am dubious that the writer has three degrees in education, or a Ph.D. from Georgetown, or is a contributing editor to *Harper's*. I doubt that you've published over nineteen books, have been seen in *Granta* or *Atlantic Monthly*, or have been a scholar of philosophy for over twenty years, and I doubt that having a superior fashion sense, a more charming demeanor or a magazine inspired hairstyle makes you anything but more conventional and boring than every bourgeois never-was you've described.

But I would *not* doubt that Eileen Scully's dogs are exceedingly more interesting than you. It's known that most dogs are more dynamic than humans because they are able to maintain their canine integrity: when they take a chunk out of somebody for whatever reason they don't hide their faces. Perhaps intelligence and style has always necessitated nastiness, but I'd like to think that someone who observes so acutely would have the brains to consider whether his judgments are really worth publishing. It can't be because you believe them to be truly clever. I wonder why they are worth writing and, for that matter, worth reading if you can't put your name to them?

Let's look at one of your categories: "Fop." The *Oxford English Dictionary* tells us that a fop is: *a man who is preoccupied with and often vain about his clothes and manners*; whereas *Webster's Unabridged* says that a fop is: *one whose ambition is to gain admiration*

by showy dress or behavior; an inferior dandy (my favorite phrase in the dictionary). Perhaps you need more support for your own absurd variations of dress, perhaps you can't find any townies who will sleep with you, but perhaps after reading your *Ins & Outs* people will start noticing your fine style and grace and admire your cleverness, and perhaps next time you should exchange the category "Fop"

What's certain is that you've elected yourself as an icy, faultless messiah; your job is to inflate or destroy. When I begged Daniel Grossman to give me your name and he refused, I assumed it was simply to torture me, but it's actually because his former co-Editor of *The Commons* refused to tell him. This, too, is irresponsible. Does *The Commons* hope to be seen as a venue for actual journalism? Or privileged propaganda? Or what? Whatever it's intended to be, it's lacking credibility.

I think it would be fun if you weren't such a coward. Give us a real name so we can know whether you've earned your title. Otherwise, it's just a big, fat cop-out, with a tepid dash of wit.

Corrina Collins

BFP's Fan

To the Editor:

I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate the *BFP*.

I know that when I pick up the *BFP* I will find well written articles that are on issues that are important to me and the rest of the college community.

I appreciate this "hard news" content. I am glad that the college finally has a paper that can keep the college informed and up to date on all the latest goings on.

Thanks!

Jonathan Leiss

CONTACT US!

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Scheackespyrr & Other Mistakes

Wythe Marschall's editorial in *The Commons* was right to point out the sloppy copy editing here at the BFP. As an editor and official organizational nazi, I would like to personally apologize to our readers for letting the celebrities of Bennington College be so abused.

There was, however, a time when the English language flourished, free from the chopping block of editors and long before "standard English" came into existence. Throughout William Shakespeare's life, his name was variously spelled as Shagsbere, Shaxpere, Shackespere, Shaxpeare, Shakespere, and Shakspeare. In 1869, George Wise published *The Autograph of William Shakespeare...together with 4,000 ways of spelling the name according to English Orthography* (Scheackespyrr and Schaeaxspierre being two such possibilities.) If *Love's Labours Lost* had been written today would editors really allow Honorificabilitudinitatibus to be included in the final script? (It means, quite simply, "honorableness." Check out the 1623 folio.)

Even our twentieth century paragons of literary genius had trouble with those pesky words. F. Scott Fitzgerald was notorious for manuscripts with excessive misspellings. Imagine if Scribners publishing rejected the nervous pencil scratching of Scotty's *This Side of Paradise*, based on his ability to orthographize.

That aside, Bennington Free Press will make a more concerted effort to get your names right, even with our insane all-nighter schedules. We will also post corrections on the Letters page from now on. If you catch us screwing up, fear not to let us know.

Jim Bentley (Co-Editor)

Clothing Optional? : Naked Students Share a Frisbee and Themselves

By Zubin Soleimany

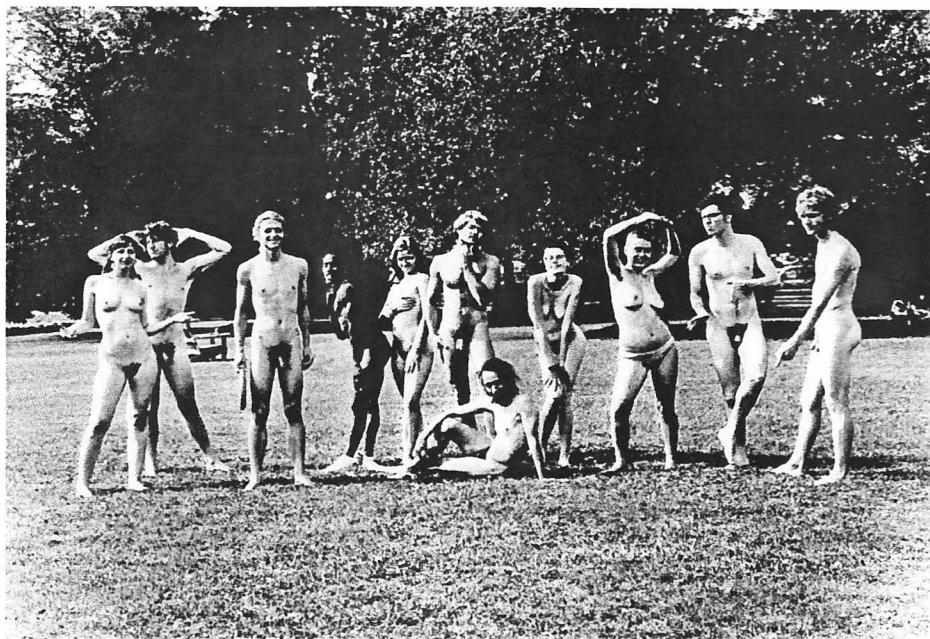
I always feel a little on display when I toss a ball around the center of Commons Lawn; there's something unnerving about standing at the school's geographical center for a quiet game. The school's new athletes might not agree with me as, the sight of the dozen other naked Frisbee players seemed to perpetuate the activity more than any athletic interest could have.

The Frisbee made its way across a wide circle of bodies, mostly male, while "Don't want no short dick man" blasted from a Kilpatrick window. Meanwhile, gawkers on both sides of the lawn were assembling to share their sardonic mock disgust. "At least they waited till after lunch," one voyeur said between drags on her cigarette. Jonathan Mann, Bennington College's most celebrated nudist in recent years, sighed and said, "I've been getting naked since before these kids were born."

After about forty more tosses of the disk around the circle, the athletic joys of this game still didn't seem evident. When asked why they weren't at least playing a game of ultimate Frisbee or any real sport, a couple of the Frisbee tossers just hefted their less secure appendages in my direction, a gesture that seemed to explain it all. Daly Clement, the event's organizer responded, "I don't really play sports; I just like to get naked." And maybe that's what this reporter's missing: an appreciation of the non-erotic naked body.

At first I thought the prominent sight of skin this year was just fallout from last year's St. Kilpat's party/riot, but no one can deny the new nudity's persistence. What was once a rare spotting (outside of Canfield) reserved for special occasions like bonfires and midnight breakfasts, has become mundane.

All signs show that the trend will only expand. Once the naked folk bored of tossing the disk around, extensions were taken for the formation of a Nude Activities Club, one more organization competing for funds at your last coffee hour. The culture of the campus is changing, at least till the end of Indian summer.



Nudists congregate on Commons Lawn. Photo by Kiri Rostad

Pioneers Soccer Scores

Bennington 1, SIT 4

Marlboro 1, Bennington 3

Bennington 4, Marlboro 0



Bennington battles for the ball at SIT. Photo by Chrissy Souder

Jaamil Anderson-Kosoko presents *A Place to Begin.*

Interview by Jack Gendron

Jaamil Anderson-Kosoko refuses to make up his mind. While Bennington propaganda promotes the hourglass-shaped education, Jaamil's career here would more closely resemble a wide, suggestive shaft. Dance, poetry, video—all are components of Jaamil's emerging artistic persona, and all will be components of his junior show, "A Place to Begin: A Collection of Thoughts Set in Motion." I recently had an opportunity to sit down with Jaamil and discuss this upcoming milestone.

JG: Jaamil, describe your show in three words.

JA-K: Poetry, movement, video.

JG: Could you describe it without a word limit?

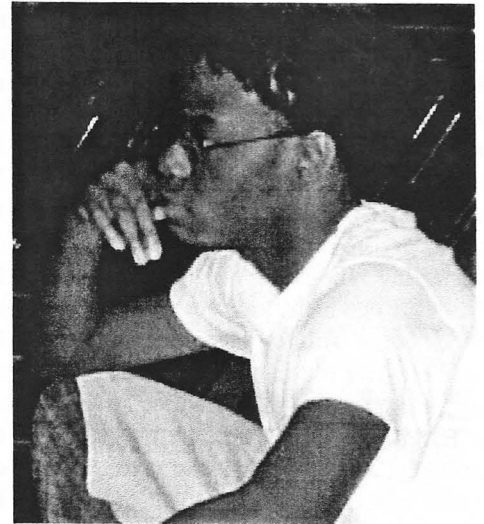
JA-K: What I'm trying to do in this show

is just what the title says. I hope to bring together a bunch of ideas and set them in motion. It's going to have a collage image, a montage. It's going to really encompass the space.

JG: Will different areas of the space be dedicated to the different disciplines you're working in?

JA-K: The way I've mapped it out, the screen is primarily for video (although I might use it for backup and another piece). The stage is where the dance will be, and there are a couple of little surprises. They might happen, they might not. I'm hoping there will be a surprise element to the show.

JG: When would you say you began planning for this?



Jaamil at work.

Photo by Kathryn Furby

JA-K: I started this work my sophomore year. I tend to think a lot before I can begin to make something manifest.

Jaamil continued on page 11

THE BOXES vs THE BOREGASM

By Sam Tyndall

**TRANSVESTITE NITE
OCTOBER 10th**

New York City returns to Bennington College in the form of The Boxes for a rematch with own world-famous Boregasm. The Boxes are an all-chick, denim clad, mulleted four piece from somewhere in NYC. Picture The Runaways, subtract Joan Jett and Lita Ford, add blonde twins and you have The Boxes. It is likely they will rock quite hard, and that their amps and instruments will match their outfits. They will test their mettle at Transvestite Nite in the Down-Caf against the returning champions, the leaders of the pack, "the golden anniversary" of rock-and-fucking-roll: Boregasm. For those new to the B-town scene, Boregasm has been casting its non shadow



over this campus for many years, played two Sunfests, and in a matter of months single handedly destroyed the Manhattan music scene. Boregasm is comprised of percussion virtuoso and champion loogie hawker Emerald Catron, the oft-nude guitar and voice one-man-band of Jonathan Mann and me, Sam Tyndall, the curly haired electro-wizard and song stylist.

When these two bands face off on Friday the earth will tremble and moan and the sky will crack and fall upon us until one emerges victorious over the hordes of cross-dressing college students!

WWW.WEARETHEBOXES.COM
WWW.BOREGASM.COM

"The Donna Tartt Interview" (Continued from September issue)

Reprinted from student newspaper *The Bennington Voice* (defunct) October 28, 1992.

Michael Prince: [Why did you come] to Bennington? I mean, was it more attractive to you because of who was here?

Donna Tartt: It was attractive to me on all counts. Vermont is just beautiful. Everything about it was really good. Whenever I go back, I expect to see my old friends come walking out of buildings. I was there over the summer with one of my classmates, and we were walking down by the End of the World, and the lights were coming on, and my friend said to me, if we walked upstairs at that moment, it would have been ten years ago, and our friends would be waiting for us. We thought we graduated, but these things happen, you know?

Michael Sharkey: How was it to be back? Did you go back to your old house? Where did you live?

DT: I lived in Leigh for a long time. My first house was Kilpatrick. I lived upstairs in one of those double rooms. Then Leigh, which I loved, I think Room 7. Then I moved to Franklin Number 11. I lived there for two years. And then Welling for my last term, I think Room 20 in the Senior Suite. Can I get a glass of water? Hold on a moment. (*A minute passes, Donna returns.*)

DT: OK, I'm back.

MP: Hi. You mentioned earlier that you were upset about some of the faculty decisions, and I know that the book is dedicated to Maura [Spiegel, literature professor], among others. Have you spoken to her?

DT: I haven't spoken to her, but I've spoken to people who have. People have come up to me in several places over the country, in San Francisco and Seattle, and specifically mentioned Maura. A lot of alumni have expressed approval for what I said (about this issue) in the *Boston Globe*. And in fact, I don't think I've talked to anyone who has been happy with the changes that have gone on. You know, everyone seems to be really nonplussed about this.

MS: That's been my experience.

DT: I mean, people just seem to be outraged, you know, universally, people I've

never met. If one quarter of what I hear about Liz and the letting go of Maura is true, then I don't know. . . I think that was reprehensible.

MP: What classes did you take with Maura?

DT: Um, the reason Maura is in the book's dedication is because I took a class with Maura. I don't remember the name of the class, but it was basically from Dickens to Dostoyevsky, you know, a class on the novel. It was the only class where you read nothing but novels, and a lot of criticism. It really gave me a lot of invaluable knowledge about how a novel was constructed. It really kind of changed my life, that class. And now she's gone. It infuriates and enrages me, and many people feel as I do.

MS: How do you feel about Claude [Fredericks, literature professor]?

DT: Mandatory retirement? What is this, Russia? Basically, Maura and Claude were the most important teachers and I had there, and I loved Alvin [Feinman, Literature], and Richard Tristman [Literature, plaintiff in AAUP lawsuit against college]. And there were other teachers. It was very funny, because there was a party at Bret Ellis' house, and there was an editor from Simon and Schuster who asked a group of Bennington people who were standing around, who had all written novels, at least four of us, and he asked, "What is it? Do they put something in the water?" and the only thing we could think of that we all had in common was we all had taken Writing Workshops with Arturo Vivante [Literature and Languages]. And he's not there anymore.

MP: A lot has changed, apparently. One of the things you mentioned before was the clove odor in Booth, and I think they have a no smoking suite now.

DT: Oh, Lord.

MS: Booth is one of the tamest houses on campus.

DT: Well, I'll tell you a story. . . You could basically go to Booth anytime. I have a problem sleeping, and Booth was always great because you go there at any hour of the day or night, and there would be somebody, usually 5 or 6 people, sitting in Booth's living room. They had a crappy little stereo, there was always a keg of beer, you know, it was the party equivalent of

the All-Night Study Room.

MP: Which is in the cafeteria these days.

DT: Disgusting. But this is a great story about Booth House. . . One day, about two o' clock, the day after a party, there was these Booth guys, sitting around hung over, they all sort of just got up, and there were whiskey bottles around, a complete mess, and this nicely dressed little old lady hobbles in the door. And she says (*Donna in her little old lady voice*), "Is this Booth House?" And you know, it was horrible, because there were all these whiskey bottles lying around, and the place was completely trashed, there were obscene pictures all over the walls, banisters missing. So the old lady stood there for a minute, looked around, and she said (*again in a little old lady voice*), "Well, boys, I'm happy to say that Booth is still the wildest house on campus."

MP, MS, and DT: hahahahaha

DT: It's a true story.

MS: Did you hear about the party that ended Booth House?

DT: Yeah yeah yeah.

MS: With the crucified possum?

DT: Well, it was already dead, right? I mean, I do have a problem with crucified possums, frankly, but you know they found it. If they had killed it, I don't know, I would have to. . .

MP (to Michael): Donna draws the line at killing small animals.

DT: I do. I definitely draw the line at that. Not acceptable, under any circumstances. Even for Booth.

Pick up the next issue of BFP to read the final installment of this massively historical interview. Right here in College Flashback!

WIMP continued from page 4

It's actually a lot like your typical room party, with a few informal rules of order. A topic is brought to the floor, usually involving women, in general. A member may call for a 'round robin' wherein each member given the opportunity to speak uninterrupted about the said topic or personal issue.

The exaggerated chauvinism of the meetings are actually kind of fun, especially nowadays when a little playful chauvinism is becoming, increasingly, a rarer and more refreshing vintage of wine. For all the heavy laughter and group-wide groans accompanying jokes and tales about hooking up with 'Girl #2,' (In all her ubiquity, perhaps she's the same girl in every story), however, the conversation gets heavier and more serious when it turns to discussions of long-term relationships.

Whereas the topic of one-night stands are joked about and given fleeting lip service, long-term relationships are picked apart and debated by the group with meticulous attention and concern. Frequently expressed emotions concerning women are frustration and bafflement. Most guys, even the libertines who hook up with different women each weekend, pine only for companionship with the single special girl who is 'The One.' Or perhaps, they think they've met 'The One' and are unsure of how to increase the friendship. Or, perhaps, they've hooked up with "The One" and are positively exasperated as to how to live up to the standards of the pedestal they've placed her on.

What's strange about the meeting (and what may come as a surprise to those who have never been) are the punctuations of queasy guy-on-guy sincerity amidst all the hoopla of dudes acting up. There's a lot of back-patting, uniform head-nodding, and guys saying, "I'm there for ya' man." This reporter wondered if hugs ever happen. It's fraternization at its closest—and most uncomfortable and disturbing. There seems to be a shared sense in the room of everyone dragging the weight of the same cross. One witnessing this realizes, with an icky sort of self-awareness, that sometimes, W.I.M.P is for real. *It's a support group for men.*

The meeting gradually exhausts itself the way most parties do, by collapsing on its own inflated and elevating mix of

alcohol and heavy discussion. Just as the meeting was winding down, this reporter asked the question that had been keeping him awake at night, "Has attending this college made you feel less like a man?" The question re-energized the group like a shot of taurine, eliciting a cacophony of response. The unanimous answer was, 'No Way.' Many members attributed masculinity to a sense of self-confidence and that attending a predominantly female school bolstered their egos somewhat. "Being a guy here is like being a low-grade superhero," is how one member equated it. Another member remarked that masculinity stems from self-control and believing in oneself. "It's being aware of the fact that you have this impulse to fuck and kill, but knowing you're totally in control of that. . . It's what gives you sense of power." Their views represented, by and large, an idea of masculinity that balanced testosterone with sensitivity.

It was decided that the topic of masculinity would be a good note to close on, and the meeting was ended. Doors were unlocked and most members left save for those who stuck around for an impromptu poker game: Texas Hole, I think.

In answer to any further questions about this mysterious organization, that civilians, particularly excluded gender might have, they are as follows:

Yes, it is immature.

No, it's not a "seduction workshop." No one gets seduced nowadays. People hook up on this campus according a sort of aimless calculus—think: ping pong balls in free-fall.

No, you absolutely can't come in.

No, you definitely wouldn't want to come, even if you could.

Yes, this reporter is thinking of going to next week's meeting. (Assuming he's invited back.)

Yes, it's a bit pathetic.

Yes, we need it.

Bars continued from front

hygiene and promiscuous social atmosphere, calling Bennington a "crazy open-minded hippy campus."

BARS, which begins with a slight sore throat and headache, only to progress into a booming Chekhovian cough of death, runs a course of anywhere from one day to three weeks. Ms. Schnorr claims average cases last from one week to ten days. However, some students complain that they thought they were getting better for a period of several days, only to be suddenly stricken with coughing fits that cost them precious hours of sleep.

"It's just a gross cough that's really annoying and it's a big waste of time," said Baily Math, who calls Canfield house "a big sick hole." Nearly every person in Canfield has had BARS and many still do. Tom Wiehl noticed symptoms a week ago and started taking the cure: cigarettes, rest and whiskey. His treatment didn't seem too effective on Wednesday night, when he was seen lying on the couch, sporadically moaning to announce his wounded spirits. "I tried to fight it," said second term senior Jonathan Mann, who listed rest, tea and water as his strategy for recovery. Nothing worked.

Students who live in smoking houses with no set quiet hours appear to be the demographic most vulnerable to infection. While close to one-hundred percent of students living in houses such as Canfield have gotten sick, only a few in McCullough or Franklin seem to suffer from BARS. Some speculate that the sharing of cigarettes, alcoholic beverages and freshman boys that tends to take place in louder houses may be the cause of this higher rate of infection. Smokers and drinkers also tend to have weaker immune systems, explaining the fact that they tend to stay sick for longer periods of time.

Many people claim they developed symptoms within a week of the Canfield dance party; perhaps sweat saturation can be the sign of a good time, but it may also indicate fever. Swapping spit is not recommended to those who are hacking up their lungs.

Bars continued on page 10

Election continued from page 4

"Students need to utilize the SEPC reps from each class and the department reps. Talk, instead of complaining." The reason behind the student body being devoid of the initiative to make changes may be because it is not engrained in the early stages of our time at Bennington. While the above data shows that 49% of the total population polled did not know what the functions of the SEPC were, 79% of the first-years were completely clueless.

Interviews showed that candidate statements can make or break the voting experience. There were those that voted without reading what the candidates had to say, and there were those that read the statements and then decided not to vote. Senior Alex Kuechenberg said that, "statements are helpful and people should read them before voting." Many students found it amusing and odd that some of the races only had a single candidate. Freshman-at-Large hopeful Sara Berenstein noted the case in which the only candidate for the category of Student Council Core Member used a profanity in a statement that did not even reference the position she was running for. Sophomore Mia Karpov explains "Some people rely on popularity, and some take it seriously- its funny." Berenstein agrees, saying "I don't know if they should take it seriously, or not."

In order for elections to improve, it is apparent that changes need to be made. The students' ignorance of the positions for which they are voting along with their refusal to read the candidate statements, are issues that need to be addressed. Junior Julie Cadman Kirk suggests that Student Council should give out prizes to those who vote. At least then, no student could walk away thinking that their voting experience was meaningless.

Cops continued from front

rooms, one suite was greeted with the toothpaste-scrawled message of "F U" on the wall.

In an act of vandalism like this, if the perpetrator(s) do not come forward, the targeted house is held financially responsi-

ble. After any incident where the fire alarms go off, they then have to be cleaned and inspected, the fire extinguisher replaced at a cost of \$50 plus clean-up. When an incident renders a house uninhabitable, students must find a place to sleep; in another house's common room or a friends' room, a burden to even the most hospitable Bennington students.

Student Life expects the community to work on an honor system under which students and their guests respect the open campus. At the moment there are no locks on house doors, and anyone can freely visit other buildings on campus. However, for this to continue students need to "help uphold community standards," as quoted from Paul Renzi. A major point that these events raise is the need for students to sign in their guests so that if an incident occurs and guests are involved, security knows whom to hold accountable.

BARS continued from page 8

Theories of BARS' origin vary. Some speculate that Adam Mills has a camera that infects anyone who sits for a portrait.. Virgil Polit, believing he has avoided the pathogens by hermetically secluding himself within his room, claims that a variety of new viruses were brought onto campus by freshman and the stress of the first few weeks of class made people particularly susceptible to infection.

BARS is not only affecting the students. Steven Bach, April Bernard and Chris Miller all recently fell ill. Marguerite Feitlowitz complained of feeling unwell in class Tuesday morning and Kathleen Dimmick, Bennington's new dramaturge, had a coughing fit in Directing II on Monday.

Staff, too, has been bit by the bug. Teresa Glanovsky, who often checks people in at the dining hall, started feeling sick on Monday and began taking antibiotics Friday afternoon. BARS has now claimed so many victims that it is becoming fashionable on campus. "I think I'm getting there," said Kat Yearly, a freshman literature student, with a thumbs up.

"It's worth it!" promised Chris Miller, who bounced back at an unusually high speed. Chris, who teaches literature at the College, said, "since then [the date

he healed] I've been totally elated," claiming the sickness brought him, "back to childhood."

"What's the new strain like?" asked Joshua Goldstein. Mark Stone replied that it was considerably worse and mentioned plans to sweat it out in the sauna. The new strain? Could this illness have mutated? Are there two? Is this a sign that the apocalypse is upon us? First Johnny Cash dies, then Bennington College drowns in its own mucus.

Mary Schnorr dispels such hysterical thoughts, saying the virus is just, "the usual upper respiratory thing." Only four students have had Strep throat and only one has been diagnosed with Bronchitis. Mary assures me that as we move into winter more Bronchitis cases will arrive on campus (it's a pathogen diversity issue).

Dry hand sanitizer is one way to protect yourself if you have not yet been infected. Such viruses are primarily transmitted by touching infected doorknobs, etc. WASH YOUR HANDS! If you think you are getting sick, drink lots of fluids and rest. To treat the "constant tickle" in your throat, Mary recommends salt water, but the essential ingredient for getting better is rest, a scarce resource on this campus.

Note: BARS, Bennington Acute Respiratory Sickness, was coined by BFP. Nobody in Health Services uses that nomenclature to describe the cold.

Press continued from page 2

I've been part of the effort to put out a newspaper on this campus for the last 2 years. I've endured the humiliation and frustration of being on the staff of a newspaper that comes out once or twice a semester. The effort to start a newspaper last year, by having literature professor Steven Bach sponsor a two-credit tutorial didn't work for several reasons. Division of labor was a huge issue. The doing-it-for-credit mode assumed that everyone was responsible for an equal amount of work, which is simply never the case. Another problem: too many middle-men; the editors of *Snap.*, bless their hearts, underwent great stress and duress last year in coordinating with an universe of faculty, administrators, computer gurus, printers, advertisers, and reporters that were either AWOL or MIA. I would also note that

Press continued on next page

Press continued from previous page

once you start doing something for credit, it simply ceases to be as fun, as when you're doing it as an extra-curricular. It just results from that abhorrent high school stigma which relegates things to the area of 'work' and 'extra-curricular.' *Snap* choked on its own disparity and diminishing enthusiasm. In the end, the whole thing had become like one big, budget-bloated, labor-exhaustible government works project. If we had held out any longer, the Pentagon might have subsidized us.

If a bunch of students want to get together and put together a well-written publication that comes out once or twice a semester, that's great. Just don't call it "the newspaper." A newspaper is only as useful inasmuch it frequently comes out.

I can't remember when it was that Jim, Zubin, and I decided to start our own newspaper project. I'm pretty sure we had all been drinking. Never make a half-sworn agreement to collaborate with Bentley when you're drunk. The next day, the message light on your phone's blinking, and the kid's already scheduled a meeting,

made some posters, and requested a budget from Student Life. Christ.

So this year, free-market principles to the rescue! Stephen Bruckert stepped into the editor's seat of the 'official' campus newspaper, and now we have a rival. Remember Adam Smith's truism, which states that competition sustains the economy. Remember, also John Nash's game-theory revision, which stated (if my viewing of *A Beautiful Mind* was dead-on) that the greatest output will be achieved when both competitors work in conjunction with one another, while remaining rivals. Yes, I shall draw a dead line in the grass, and say a rivalry shall exist between *BFP* and *The Commons*. I do not believe, however, there is an impulse for one paper to drive another into the dirt. There exists an urge, however, to make one's own paper, the better newspaper. If one paper's greatness should squeeze or inspire the lesser paper into merging, that's cool. It is my conviction, however, that there is enough talent and interest on this campus to sustain two very different newspapers.

As veterans of last year's attempt to start *Snap*, the *BFP* editors have made a con-

scious decision to go cheap and dirty. We've grown tired of dealing with printers and filling those wide, expensive pages of newspaper with what is, at best, second-drafted, all-nighter scrawl. It is also a victory of sorts, to do this while only asking for a modest amount out of the student budget. This affords students the opportunity to allocate more money to nudists and other bloated low-output student projects (Like *Silo*, which I am happily editing). Furthermore, in putting out a newspaper, I hope we've set a precedent for students who are going to be around after we've burned the coop. Remember, though that sometimes it's good enough just to get it put out.

But I'm happy to be able to be able to read or publish student writing, be it *BFP*, *Silo*, *The Commons*, *ASAP*, or this semester's particularly sublime *Campus Notes*. I'm appreciative of all hard work people do to keep these things going. It's like my dream come true.

Jaamil continued from page 8

G: How many people would you say are involved, all told?

JA-K: There are a good twenty people in some way connected to the show. My name is the one in big letters on the posters, but it's really a group effort. There are nine people doing tech, ten dancers, three musicians, Adrian Agredo (who will be doing spoken word), and Terry Creach, my advisor. They all play a big role. I've been working very closely with [musicians] Adele Mori, JJ Beck, and Dan Ambia. Also Adam Drake, my sound designer. I've been trying to bring them into my world. I try to explain to them with every piece what it is I'm trying to do. I'm also really pleased with the dancers' performance. It's hard—I actually had to cancel one of the choreographed pieces which had four other dancers in it, but it just wasn't the time for that piece. I do believe there's a time for every work. That's the thing about being a choreographer—you put so much effort into something people will look at for three

minutes.

JG: Then what is it about choreography that makes it worthwhile for you?

JA-K: Being an artist is creating what does not exist, and that's what's intriguing to me. It speaks to the spirituality of the artist.

JG: Will all the music be live?

JA-K: There will be a live music component, but there will also be some recorded material. I met a musician named Chris Lancaster at American Dance

Festival this summer, and I really fell in love with his music. I'll be sampling some of his work, and some Saul Williams. I might even debut a piece that I wrote, but we'll see what happens with that. If it's not good, then it won't be in the show. I'm hoping to go to another place, really stretch my limits and show another side of myself.

JG: The name of the show is "A Place to Begin: A Collection of Thoughts Set in Motion." I'm starting to understand the different components, but what I'm unclear about is what it all adds up to for you.

JA-K: You can't really see yourself until you put yourself out there. You can't really be called an artist until you're making art. Part of the art-making process is that communication between the artist and the audience—trying to make sure that the dialogue is as clear as possible. What I'm trying to do is have that conversation in several different ways. I tend to be kind of a quiet person, but I'm somebody else when I'm performing. I'm trying to push myself to another level. I want to do something I've never done before.

Jaamil's show will be in Martha Hill on October 17th and 18th at 8:00 pm. If you miss it, I will come to your room and shit in your bed.