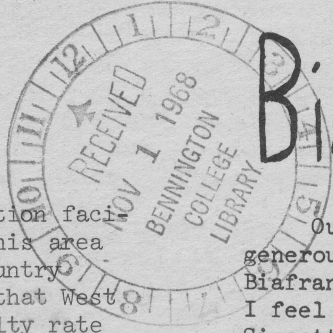


PASTICHE

appalachian visits



Biafran Speaks



On Monday, October 14, Winfred Shrewsbury, one of the "invisible poor" from a depressed area in West Virginia, spoke to Bennington students and faculty about the conditions in Appalachia, and what poverty programs have done about these conditions. He described three "classes" of the area: the politicians, the coal miners, and the poor, and stated that the basic problem stems from the tight political control of people who often don't know their rights, and even if they do, have no means of asserting those rights. He spoke about the strip mining which has ruined farms, and the slag heaps which the mining companies leave near residential areas and which sometimes burn for as long as two years, releasing poisonous gases into the air.

Mr. Shrewsbury seemed to feel that all efforts at reform become thwarted when they confront the closed political system: i.e. people who want to claim their rights when mining companies ruin their farms are not able to find lawyers willing to take their cases. The poor cannot get political representation because, out of 20,000 votes in the county, it is estimated that about 5,000 are "padded." He cited the poor educational conditions (49th in the na-

tion) and primitive transportation facilities as factors which keep this area of West Virginia a sort of "country within a country." He stated that West Virginia has the highest casualty rate of any state in the Vietnam war, and said that this is because most of the poor people believe that serving in the military is the only worthwhile thing they can do for their country.

In discussing programs like VISTA and Appalachian Volunteers, Mr. Shrewsbury said that their major contribution has been to make people more aware of their rights and less afraid to discuss mutual problems. He said that no programs have as yet been politically effective, because the poor are not represented as they should be in the organizing and administering of these programs. When asked if he thought that Bennington girls would be able to accomplish anything working in Appalachia during NRT, Mr. Shrewsbury said that just having people who care about the conditions coming from outside makes a great deal of difference. Mr. Wilson is considering asking for a grant for a program that would involve sending Bennington students to Appalachia on a revolving basis, so that there would be a continuity of program and effort. Some Bennington girls are going to Appalachia this NRT, and anyone who is interested in working there, and living with a family, should contact Leslie Berg.

- Kathy Norris -



Results of the Senior vote on graduation speakers: 1st - Bob Dylan, 2nd - Mayor Lindsay, 3rd - Julian Bond.

Out of consideration for the many generous people who responded to the Biafran Relief Fund effort at Bennington I feel obligated to reply to Miss Calleen Sinnette's Galley release of October 14 entitled "Keep Nigeria One".

BALKANIZATION

Miss Sinnette states "I think it a shame indeed that people ... are being persuaded to support a cause that calls for the balkanization of Nigeria and the whole continent of Africa". In effect, she advises that all African nations must strive with all their energy to retain those boundaries inherited from the colonial era, even if it means destroying an entire population. Such advice can only be rejected by people of goodwill, and even the most ardent Pan-Africanists recognize the absurdity of such a policy. Let me quote from a statement by the government of Tanzania, one of the most progressive and truly independent African states and one which has recognized Biafra:

"When more than 12 million people have become convinced that they are rejected and that there is no longer any basis for unity between them and other groups of people, then that unity has already ceased to exist. You cannot kill thousands of people; and keep killing more, in the name of unity."

"There is no unity between the dead and those who killed them; and there is no unity in slavery and domination ... Unity by conqueror is impossible. It is not practical ... The general consent of all the people involved is the only basis on which unity in Africa can be maintained or extended."

Indeed, the Declaration of Independence of this country (U.S.) is an eloquent testimony of the right of Self-Determination of any people suffering from a long series of abuses at the hands of another. And that was in reaction to

-continued page three-

Grant Park: A View from the Inside

It being impossible not to care anymore, after 'opting out' of it all for years (except, of course in the old ban the bomb days; but then, that was fun) I think I'll tell you why I think it all changed for me. I must say that I had decided long ago not to be in Chicago for the convention: my opinion at that time was that every freak in the country would be there, and I would be, at best, superfluous. "Let them march," said I, having stood by and smiled sarcastically at the last fifth avenue peace parade, "it won't do them any good." All winter bed ridden at home in the windy city I watched preparations being made. "Not for me," I vowed again. Vigilantes, search and destroy parties....seared.

I couldn't go so far as to condone the majority of the speeches I heard in the park either. I didn't throw excrement, I didn't urinate into plastic potential missiles, I didn't spend hours hammering nails into a golf ball, either. I wouldn't have missed it for the world, and as yet I'm not sure why. Maybe because it felt like history. It had the exhilaration, and best of all, it was really true live cinemascope real.

I left home Wednesday night and drove to Grant Park. I wasn't sure whether the fighting had stopped or not, I think I was looking for refugees (we had about five at that time, living in our house) (great feeling of sheltering, nursing revolutionaries) (so that's what it was like). I don't have to describe the scene, we all know it now, by heart. I will just tell you some things that I heard and saw, which still haven't organized themselves into real live opinions. The tiredness of the crowd...how many were there, growing constantly. Everyone was very gentle with each other, with themselves, not knowing how to feel. Joyous, for having fought for and won Grant Park (now dust and newspaper, bodies) or fearful for having established a new and horribly hated minority group. Let everyone speak said someone, a priest, through speakers held on bandaged heads. (It was a little like Columbia, where a band-aid entitled you to everything hearts could give) V for victory? Everyone spoke, all right, people now familiar to the peace movement. Marine deserters with crewcuts (never trust 'em) turned on girls, truly frightening SDS people, phil ochs sang, which was very nice. Microphone fever. Once they got it, they just couldn't give it up, most responsive audience

I have ever seen (except once at a Ray Charles concert a long time ago.) I am hoping to convey that I hadn't yet been hooked. But the pressure was too great. I cannot describe the audience. It was full of reprehensible types, but the good ones way out-numbered the creeps from the suburbs out for kicks. One of my favorites was a wino right in front of the speakers bench, just rolling around with delight at the thing...a party in Grant Park, free music, famous people to come. There was a sprinkling of Black Stone Rangers. There was a member right next to me, standing up against a tree, who for the life of me seemed like the power behind it all. In a way they did keep it going, the atmosphere, I mean. Periodically, a little tiny "Ranger" would creep very slowly out of the void of the crowd to the speaker (preferring, I assumed to remain anonymous) he would hunch under the bench and whisper to us, wild eyed, tell us that all we had to do was stay cool, keep seated no matter what happened. Not very reassuring. Meanwhile the power one would nod and smile and even said to me that I didn't have to worry, the Rangers wouldn't let the cops hurt us no more. I believe, also, from vague intuitions, that they were determined to keep the white kids out of the ghetto. They wanted

-continued page four-

editorials

The time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things. Though most people would say that a newspaper is not the place for random thoughts on whatever, we for one (two) don't see why not. Paul Krassner, the editor of the Realist, speaks of New Journalism as being the place for news stories that are no more true than most of the bullshit being handed out. In one issue, he tells the readers that Lyndon Johnson is a necrophiliac and leaves it up to them to decide whether it's true or not. Voilà -- the Krassner idea of the press of freedom.

Our idea of the New Journalism is perhaps somewhat more artistic. The new journal could prove to be the ideal place for Proustian reflections: the truth as the writer sees it and feels it. We could start an impressionist school of journalism. In this case, Krassner might have said, "Lyndon Johnson may as well be a necrophiliac."

The kind of thing we're referring to has been done before: there are columnists such as Liza Williams of the Los Angeles Free Press who write whatever pops into their heads -- artists, not reporters. Then there are people like Buchwald, Feiffer (in another medium,) and whoever writes the Times' nature editorials. We would hope that people could think of other examples, and that maybe the whole conception of this kind of journalism might be an inspiration to some who would like to write for Pastiche and yet are not particularly up for covering the Bennington-Williams touch football game. You may consider this editorial as an invitation to the Bennington creative thinkers. We didn't start a newspaper just for news.

everybody loves somebody...

It's nice, in a macabre sort of way, to have the U.S. Public Health Service take so much interest in our strep epidemic. However, those of us who are more immediately touched by our own psychical discomfort than by medical history are primarily grateful to the College Health Service and those individuals connected with the college who pitched in and worked overtime at the infirmary during the epidemic.

Heartfelt thanks to Dr. Hager and her staff: Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Aja, Mrs. Studwell, Mrs. Bingham, Miss Worthington, for their patience with out-of-sorts students and for the overtime they put in. Mrs. Leake, Health Service secretary, and Miss Moore of the Barn, made possible the rapid distribution of the Public Health questionnaire. Psychiatric counsellors Flory and Findlayson did service above and beyond the call of duty at the infirmary. Miss Stickney distributed apples to strepped-out students (Mrs. Flory gave out lollipops). Murray McGuire and his men transformed Commons into a sick ward on short notice. The kitchen staff had to cope with an unusually large number of infirmary meals. Student waitresses Calden Sinnette and Carolyn Cochran bed-hopped at mealtime. Mr. Bloustein paid the infirmary a visit, spreading lightness and cheer. The list is not exhausted, and all omissions are regretted in advance.

Dear Editor:

Answer to Sharon Stockard's letter.

last year i exodused on weekends
i ran after my friends gone into Colleges and heard them complain
that there in the big city there was nothing to do except go to
a frat party and stone em, get stoned.
and sat there, and watched them get stoned and get laid
and get happy and get obscured and get stepped on and
develop hangups and wonder why the fuck the hangups was there
and i exodused to the big city for nrt and tried to challenge
the problems of the world by using some of my bennington learned
intellectual prowess and guts and mouthings.
and almost got fired.
and wilted back, all my hangups grown and trailing
this year my friends were too stoned to bother with me
so i stayed on campus most of the time and did my work
and realized that my work extended into the community because
there are millions of little problems in bennington proper
that need a boost to get ems off their asses and they wants peoples
to help ems get ems off their asses
and they don't need someone that comes to them with a lot of
preread sentiments
they want someone who learns by doing
and just wants to be doing
and they tell you of places that you can go on sunday mornings
walks, ponds to visit, interesting intellectuals who came to
live in Vermont to get away from the oppressive shit of it all
(how many people are active in action, how much of it is words through
the mail?)
so i thought a bit. staying on weekends is learning how to
cope with the piles of shit one encounters soon enough
now enough in the big outside
staying on weekends is a time to get grasp of what really is inside
of the mind. an Edwards approach to life. it's called solving
your hangups by having an active talk with yourself
and learning that you was just as damn uncreative, boring,
shitted up as the cold world outside, certainly not a damn bit better
until you learned to make use of what you had
in accordance to your present perspective and present abilities--
by hitting reality as hard as you could
by finding its threadings inside of yourself.

L.W.

letter to the editor

Whatever happened to chilled orange juice, Baby Jane, and the Mafia? The Student Fee, yes indeed friends and neighbors, is yet in dire need of being extorted, as it were. The functional purpose of the student fee is to provide money for speakers, performers, social entertainment, attendance to conferences and various and sundry other swell forms of betterment, funs, surprises and thrills in relation to the basic environmental surroundings you have here. The educational level and tear-jerking quality and frequency of the aforementioned extracurriculars are often subject to the massive forces of COMPLAINT. Whereas, received as of the nearby past, are similar vociferous expressions of dissent on the part of those requested to fork over the exorbitant student fee of five filthy clams. Paradoxically speaking, the sources of the two complaints, what to the wondering surprise of many, are directly fused and intermingled together among themselves and thereby have, son of a gun, potential capabilities of dissolving one another, not to mention the following: point is payment of student fee equals college money equals maybe a ferris wheel for Commons lawn? or whatever you so desire. Tell your local Leg. Rep. Sell your body, collect tin foil, place bets on Harold Stassen, raise guppies, hock living room furniture AND/or pay your student fee. Before this joint folds.

Nancy Wilson
Student Treasurer

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biafra continued

the imposition of taxes! Let us hope that in Africa, the lesson learned will be a greater respect for the rights and lives of minorities.

The break-up of the original Federation of Nigeria is not by any means the first of its kind in world history. The precedents are illustrated by the history of the following: a) Holland and Belgium, b) Ireland and Britain, c) Malaysia, consisting of Malay, Singapor, Sarawak and Sabah, d) Federation of the West Indies, e) Rhodesia and Nyasaland, f) Federation of Mali and g) Egypt and Syria. If Miss Sinnette would bother to study the structure of the above once-federated nations and that of the defunct Federation of Nigeria, she would find that they each encompass in some combination those classic conditions that have always conspired to bring about the failure of any federal associations: the absence of a general sense of community and solidarity of common beliefs and traditions; the initial non-voluntary transfer or delegation of jurisdiction to a central authority; great disproportion in size, population and development; and inequality of status among the component units and their members.

"Balkanization" may no doubt be a great evil, but it would be hard to convince any of the present Balkan peoples that it would have been preferable for the recognized and legitimate sovereigns of Austria-Hungary and the Sublime Porte to have held their territories together through the mobility of their professed armies. A sovereign legitimism which treats its boundaries as more sacrosanct than the lives of stigmatized or refactory peoples is no more attractive in Africa than it was in Europe and hardly likely to endure so long.

ATROCITIES

Miss Sinnette would contend that the Biafran army has been committing atrocities against the so-called minority groups in Biafra while the "Federal forces have taken extra precautions to keep unnecessary brutality at a minimum". I would hope that she is aware that she owes her readers some documentation for her contention. Atrocities committed to and still being committed by Nigeria against Biafrans are amply documented. Let me cite a few examples;

- a) The top military commander of Nigeria, Colonel Adekunle, had this to say to a reporter for the Economist of London August 24, 1968: "I want to



prevent even one Ibo having even one piece to eat before their capitulation ... We shoot at everything that moves". And when your forces march into the camps of Ibo territory? he was asked, he answered: "Then we shoot at everything, even things that don't move."

- b) In the village Voice July 25, 1968, Mr. Forsyth writes: "At the start, on my first visit to Biafra, I believed it had the most dangerous potential but the Biafran claims that they faced genocide were wildly exaggerated. Ten months later, I am convinced that the very thing they claimed at that time has indeed

become a reality....In six forays behind Nigerian lines, accompanying the Biafran commandos, I was able to observe Nigerian-occupied Biafra. It is being turned into a charnel-house of gutted hamlets and rotting corpses."

- c) Eyewitness report August 2, 1969, by Jim Miles: "When I arrived at Asaba, the town was almost levelledJittery Hansa soldiers, screaming 'Advance for recognition; stop advance,' guarded every bend in the road. When the army entered Asaba, (Nigeria) most of the bridge into Onitsha (Biafra).... Still almost 2,000 people remained hiding in the bush.

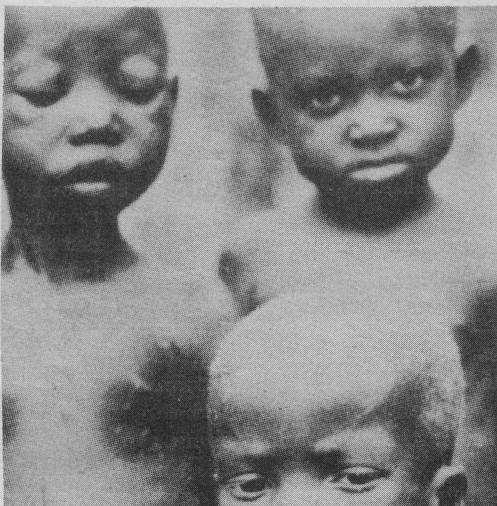
"The commanding officer of the federal troops, Lt. Col. B. Adekunle, told me not to be alarmed, that everyone would be treated well. He did want me to call the people together to greet the army. I agreed.

"When everyone assembled, the commander surrounded us and said he was happy to have captured so many traitors. His soldiers then went through the crowd of about 1,800 and put all males of 10 years old and above into groups of 50.

"They ordered the men to take sticks and some shovels that were near by to dig trenches...With no warning an order was given to shoot. More than 800 old men and young boys were murdered. Their bodies were thrown into the trenches; they had to dig their own graves. The soldiers then raped the women."

- d) In the London Times Mr. Forsyth reports: "The two Papal delegates who visited both sides in the conflict submitted a report to the Pope which caused the latter to condemn the war for its strong genocidal overtones. The World Council of Churches agreed with this verdict, as did the Angli-African heads of state...I spoke to nearly a hundred Nigerian prisoners of war...These new soldiers loot, rape, kill, and torture. When asked why, they shrug and say, 'Kill Ibo.' Have they any feeling for one federal Nigeria? 'Yes, one Nigeria-without Ibo.'

"At Onitsha under seige from



the federal troops, the 300-strong congregation of the Apostolic Church decided to stay on while others fled....Col. Mohammed's second division found them in the church, dragged them out, tied their hands behind their backs and executed them."

- e) L. Garrison reports in the New York Times September 8, 1968: "The record shows that in federal advances on Benin, Warri, Ughelli, Asaba, Naukka, Abakaliki, Calaban, Ikot Ekpene and Port Harcourt, thousands of the Ibo male civilians were sought out and slaughtered."

SUPERFICIAL UNDERSTANDING

It's disappointing that after spending 3 years in Nigeria, Miss Sinnette's understanding of Nigeria/Biafra is very superficial. To help her readers judge her mastery of Nigeria/Biafra crisis, I would like to point out the following:

- a) She says "The United States, France, and Portugal are supporting the Biafran cause." The U.S. is not supporting Biafra but rather supports British policy in Nigeria/Biafra crisis. Both the U.S. and Britain have said many times over that they support the policy of "one Nigeria." Neither London nor Washington makes a secret of this position. The ex-FBI agent Joseph Palmer, the American assistant secretary of state for African affairs said in Ramparts that the Biafrans should "comprise" and save themselves. His policy is virtually the U.S. policy both in Nigeria/Biafra and in Africa as a whole.

As for Portugal, it is only the amateur in international relations that regards Portugal as supporting Biafra. Lisbon is an international arms "blackmarket" center. Lisbon sells arms to anybody who can pay twice regular market prices.

France is indeed supporting Biafra. France has no "history" in central Africa. France's history in North and West Africa is better than that of any other colonial power either of the past or of the present. In particular, it is far better than that of Britain. Miss Sinnette found it convenient not to inform her readers about who are supporting Nigeria!

- b) Both for Miss Sinnette's information and that of the general public, Biafra is made up of not the "East Central State" but of the former Eastern Region which includes (to use Gowon's unilateral division) East Central State, South-Eastern State and Rivers State.

The Biafran people are not fighting over an arbitrary question of constitutional and territorial integrity. They are fighting for survival. No group in the defunct federation of Nigeria had a better claim to Nigeria than the former Eastern Region (Biafra). People of Eastern Region fought and won independence for Nigeria. They



worked harder and paid more dearly than any other group for the idea of one Nigeria. They paid for their belief in one Nigeria with thousands of their lives. They gave up on the experiment of one Nigeria when it was made clear to them that that experiment would succeed only at the expense of their extermination. The Biafran people are willing to die if that is the only choice left them, but they are not willing to walk to their death. It is for the world to decide whether to stand by and watch the extermination of 14 million people - only 25 years ago the world stood by while six million people perished.

Josef Nwude

grant park

continued

us safe and happy in Grant Park. All the talk about how we knew what it was like to be black. Almost triumphant. You must understand that that particular night it was dead serious. I believe now, I really do. And there are more like me. All was not for naught.

And we sang, and we collected money, and we chanted "Join Us," and there were spotlights all over, everything sort of misted over...Fellini sounds so trite. It was all black and white thought, I can't recall any colors. Well you see there we were, three thousand kids, in the throes of realizing the burden that really was there, alone. I kept wondering how we could dare do it. Never in my life have I felt so abandoned, surrounded, but not frightened, it was the first time I'd ever been willing to fight. It was as if the sides had drawn back, and would go at it again. Afraid to move too fast, because a policeman, it seems, like an animal, is insensed by fear. A very catching thing, the air smelled of it. But it wasn't our fear, it was the uniformed fear, ready to be ignited at any moment. We were just alone. It seemed so absurd. To be sitting there with all of them...us...so many, making so much noise, and no one seemed to notice. I sensed a really tremendous call, not for help, but for recognition. Say you hate us, say anything you like, but look at us, talk to us.

The miracles started happening at about two a.m. A bell rang in the Conrad Hilton in time to "America the Beautiful" (which was the theme song of the endeavor) (this country is too young to die). One of the shadows we had watched all night lurking behind the curtains suddenly took form as someone who was reaching out in his way. Oh it was so good.

Then the grown ups came, hordes of them, it seemed, carrying candles. We hadn't dared believe the reports of delegates marching from the amphitheater. But they were there. There was a cheer; it didn't just shout but welled up, grew and grew as realization came. We stayed seated, but how can I explain that yell. It wasn't just "hooray" -- something more. It was, to me, almost a prayer of thanks because the grown ups had come and no one was going to hurt us anymore. I don't care whether or not we were meant to be hit. I don't care how organized or not the whole shebang was. No one could have foreseen this, or the effect it had that night. Whatever happened before or will happen ever, nothing will shake my faith in those few hours. The Blackstone Ranger and I smiled at each other, were saying through that, that we had been seen, we were real, it was real. The candlelit delegates filed into the crowd on pathways cleared for them, winding through, they were hugged and blessed and loved at every footstep. Lights blinked continuously now not only directly ahead but all up and down Michigan Avenue. This time we all sang, everyone, it seemed, that counted in the whole country, and I know that some of you were singing along with it. It sounds corny, it sounds really corny, but it was corny. It was the corniest thing I ever saw. True goodness almost always reads as melodrama.

Things changed the next couple of days. That exhilaration was never reached again; the loneliness returned. The terrible feeling of ten thousand people feeling lonely together, and "v" signs from windows and cars "honking for peace". The worst day was when everyone went home. Everyone left and the loneliness was even worse. It really hurt then to walk around Chicago. They'll never come back, any of them, and we (Chicagoans) were reduced to conversations with curious policeman: "Next time I see you, you'd better watch out for my billy club," they would say, laughing boisterously.

I don't think they won, but it doesn't really matter. A lot of curious people got teargassed, too, and they didn't deserve it, they deserved much worse. I only know that walking back to the car after the grand night, at six A.M., I passed close to the national guard first line, and noticed an old friend from high school, standing, bayonet in his hand, and eyes full of tears. What will it all mean.

-- Jean Holabird



Dances I Dance: reviewed

A dance can happen to a stage in two ways. It can be poured out of the dancer's body, and leave one conscious of the two entities, or it can flow through the dancer with such intensity as to dissolve distinctions. In either case, if a dance "works" it leaves the stage with a presence that was not there before the curtain - either the personal presence of the dancer's personality, or the more immediate presence of the dance or the dance's identity. It is this latter presence that hung in the theatre after the performance of Betty Jones and Fritz Lüdin.

In the Doris Humphrey piece, "Invention," the mastery of space accomplished what appeared to be a dissolution of its bounds. I was conscious of a design which ignored the stage floor (and submit to the vulnerability of textbook preconceptions: fall and recovery). The dance (not the dancers) seemed to be embracing some kind of glory under whose power gravity relinquished its own. It poured over and into itself, a gelatinous fluid floating through an invisible conch shell. It was a stunning exploration of space, reminiscent of a Yeats poem, extolling, after all, the power of its own medium.

Betty Jones's eloquent physical description of the two excerpts from the "Missa Brevis," "Hosanna" and "The Crucifixus," rendered her verbal one almost extravagant. Shafts of light moving in thick, curving strokes anchored the stage with the solidity that one must feel in full cast performance.

She committed her presence without reserve to Limon's ecstasy, which transformed sweeping arabesques and promenades en attitude into statements of wonder and belief. A slight backing off and transition to a feminine vocabulary of movement marked the beginning of "The Crucifixus." Her wrists crossed before the womb, the hands grew upward into the gesture of a prayer. Her arms melted into a cradling position, her feet flashed a glitter of bourrées. She spoke of creation with seeding gestures, and again formed a cradle out of which one hand caught the other and initiated what seemed for an instant a stabbing motion directed towards herself, but settled into space and thought as a dance planting a heart in her breast.

I feel almost too baffled to speak to Martha Wittman's piece, "Journey #2 for an Angel and a Clown." The piece seems to demand an almost intellectual equivalencing which, if it is not immediate, loses its relevancy. This dance speaks eloquently in its own highly specific language. Betty Jones feels this acutely. She compares it to "a dream which can sometimes be matched with words." Like the totem-pole opening in which Betty Jones (the clown) is perched - hunched on the shoulders of Fritz Lüdin (the angel) with a stream of bright green cloth, perhaps ten feet of it, entwined about them. When the clown stops swinging her merry clown arms and covers her face in response to the crying baby sound, and that terrible instant occurs where she could be her happy clown self, all mouth; or a sad raw self, all ears, with equal possibility. Like the final manipulation of the cloth where the clown rises up out of it, as a child out of a crib to strains of "Lullabye and Good Night." Sound by Joe Wittman was integrated with fine perception of the dance language and its own effects.

-Connie Allentuck-

ARTWORK

1st page - photo Vera Neumann
2nd page - Deirdre Dole
4th page - Josef Wittman

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The Recreation Committee (REC) sponsors social events from suggestions offered by the student body. Interested students please contact Amy Snyder, Box 520, extension 314, or Nancy Wilson, Box 590, extension 301, or put a note in the REC mailbox, underneath the faculty mailboxes.