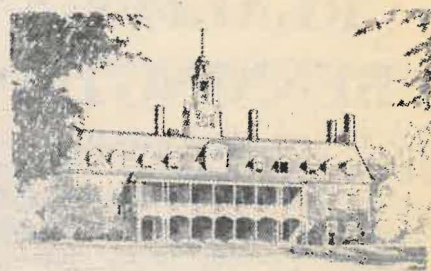


The Commons



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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

NEWS AT A GLANCE

INTERNATIONAL

Typhoon Ruby claimed four-hundred people on a ferry bound for the Philippines. In addition to these, seventy lives were lost on the mainland.

POLITICS

In a recent poll, Bush's lead increased. In one week, the gap grew from fifteen points to twenty points (60% for Bush, and 40% for Dukakis)

CUISINE

Eat Oat Bran! The latest in Yuppie health food is Oat Bran which is fast becoming the most popular bran on the market. Because of its soluble fiber content and low cholesterol, it looks like the Young Urban Professionals will lead longer, healthier lives.

WILDLIFE

Last Tuesday in Barrow Alaska, two trapped whales were the focus of an international rescue operation. With Soviet aid, the huge mammals were given a path through the ice back into unfrozen waters. A third unfortunate whale is considered dead.

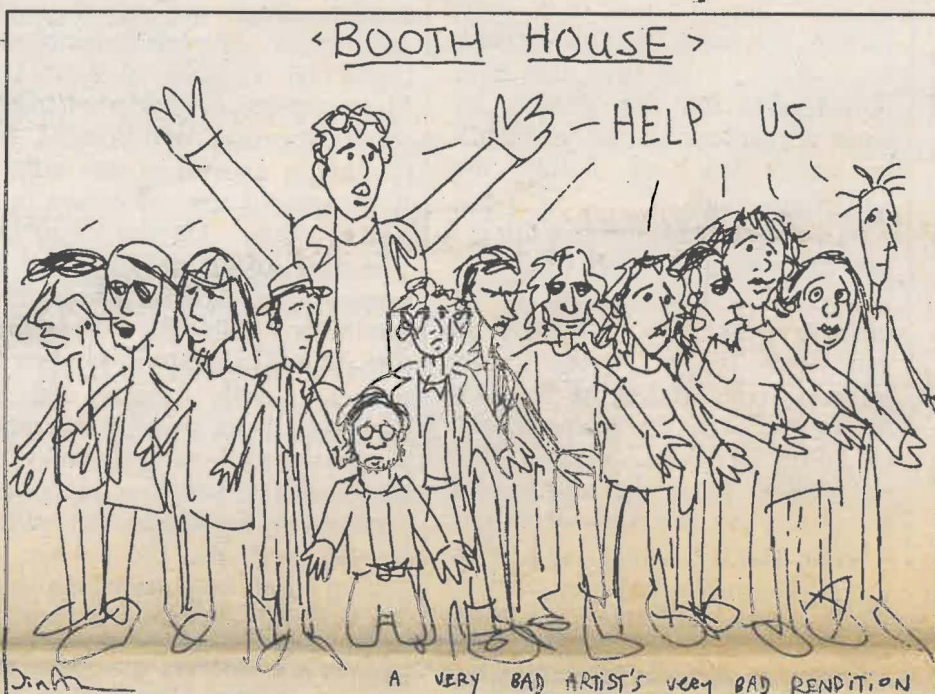
BUSINESS

Well, that Kraft take-over reported last week has hit a stumbling block. They have demanded more \$\$\$ from the Philip Morris. Insiders say that the Morris Corporation is reconsidering its position.

NANCY

In a powerful address to the United Nations, Nancy Reagan urged the United States to start taking responsibility for our nation's drug problems. It is much too easy, she reprimanded, to blame a foreign drug king for the crisis, and nothing is being done to help our youth. Way to go, Nancy!

DON'T GET US KICKED OFF CAMPUS OR WE'LL KILL YOU



By BOOTH HOUSE

Halloween is traditionally a time of much merriment on campus. Unfortunately, one of our most powerful traditions, the Booth Halloween party has become a question of concern. Please read the following paragraphs carefully, understand them, and work together with our friends at Booth to make this party better than ever and to protect everyone from harm.

These past two months have been filled with many Booth parties. The house has suffered much damage by way of vandalism due to a certain mood that sometimes accompanies these gatherings. The Administration Heads at this school will no longer tolerate, in any form, further vandalism to Booth house. In fact, all parties have been banned in this house for the remainder of the term.

As most of you know, Halloween, the most important of all

flipped-out Celtic holidays cannot be the all-important wiggy-groove-thing that it must be if Booth does not have its traditional party.

Because of this the members of Booth banded together, approached MaryEllen Gilroy and, in effect, made a deal.

There can be a Halloween party in Booth provided there is absolutely no vandalism. No broken banisters, no broken windows: no broken hearts. If there is, then the housechairs of Booth as well as the 4-member committee organizing the party will be called to appear before the Judicial committee. This is a serious matter.

Not only are the Booth residents dear friends to many, they have opened their house to all time and time again. Protect them, and the future of fun by laying off the damage and stopping any situations of that nature if they appear before you. Thank you.

WEIRD SHIT IN LONDON

By THE BRITISH KID

It was a dark and stormy night in London, the rain spattered the pavement as I hopped down the steps into the Victoria Underground. The stench of foulest evil hung heavy on the air, and the cries of the damned were borne upon the chill wind that wrapped the city in its icy embrace that October eve. Off in the distance the howl of some tortured beast echoed in the dark as I purchased a one-way ticket to Picadilly Circus.

Standing on the train, I pondered these phenomena, wondering what unspeakable horror they could portend, while at the same time attempting to avoid the baleful glare of the vampire next to me. What could it all mean? As I got off to change trains at Green Park a seven foot tall punk with fuschia hair and bloodshot eyes passed by, darkly muttering something disturbingly similar to "kill, kill, kill....."

The last week of October had been a strange one for me, my post as international roving reporter for THE SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK'N'ROLL NEWSLETTER having consumed much of my time. That weekend I'd just returned from an assignment in the Shetland Islands researching an investigative piece on the use of condoms made of camel intestines in the rituals of a Satanic Coven up there. I had but a brief break before I was thrown into the hurly-burly once more, spending three days on the road with Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction in Luxembourg as part of a continuing series on 'Crazy People In Small, Pointless, and Boring Countries'. (I had already profiled "Col Gaddafi in Belgium" and "Johnny Rotten In Albania"). Then I had retreated to my Pimlico flat to drink and knock the articles into some kind of shape by Friday, in order to satisfy the insane bloodlust of my editor, who is a tyrannical maniac with a police record as long as your arm, and a taste for ridiculously strong liquor.

See LONDON page 3

MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

Journal/ October Twenty Second/ Prologue

Wino laying near exit turnstile at the 34th street stop. Flies gathering, clustered to his eyes and lips. Smell of urine everywhere. It stank. This city stinks.

I try to walk quickly in Penn Station, looking straight ahead, keeping my hands in my pockets. It's good to keep your hands in your pockets. Could be a gun for all they know. Might as well be. One sweep of the old shoe across the hamstring or inner thigh and it's time for the retired garment workers home. All shoes are good but these are the best.



False bottoms tacked on to real ones with Wilconson double edge true blue sandwiched between. Walking steak knife.

I was surprised in the bathroom while I was waiting for the train...no one attacked me. I was further surprised when the punk rockers by the arcade didn't attack me either. That's New York for you - slippery as a fox. Try to lull you into a false sense of security and then drop the big one on the back of your head. I eat the food in Penn Station because it puts me on even ground with the cannibalistic rag-a-muffins that live there. There are many good things to

be said for chili dogs; crunchy skin coated with steaming peppery redness, thin insulation of yellow cheese, the bun that molds to the shape of your hand...and the meat inside. It's sweet. There is a special kind of anger that sprays up your spine when you eat something like that. It makes anything I do seem justified.

Violence is easy to justify in an environment like that. You start to see every drunk, scammer, dope dealer, and pimp in the same light. It doesn't matter if they want to take you out or not. They're just more

See MOMENTS page 2

A weekly column

REALITY AT BENNINGTON?

By ANN KALLIL

I must admit that I was really surprised to read a Letter to the Editor by "An awide and awake Bennington Student". This anonymous student was "very angered" by my article which questioned whether or not Bennington College was preparing us for reality. I honestly didn't mean to upset anyone, and it seems to me that if anyone was annoyed (which obviously turned out to be the case) then my article was completely misinterpreted.

The first thing that I'd like to mention is that I do realize that there are students here who come from rural areas. However, there are many metropolitan people at this school, to whom my article was basically geared. My beginning points centered around the fact that it is difficult for people who have grown up in a city their whole life to be suddenly thrown into the countryside. The fact that there are no shopping malls is symbolic of our isolation; it was definitely not meant that the absence of them therefore leads to an absence of reality. To clarify my point, I'd like to note that I detest malls, and by no means relate to them as I relate to world-wide problems.

I must admit that Bennington students seem much more concerned about the world and its happenings than the average '80s college students. I myself am involved in People For The Ethical Treatment of Animals and Amnesty International (to briefly name some main concerns) as are many other students here. It does, however, seem that we get so caught up in our little college community, our own society, that world problems sometimes seem to be a blur. Although the New York Times sells out daily, lack of concern is often evident when one comes across students who are complaining about their work load. Of course, anyone who knows me can tell you that I complain endlessly, but I'm trying to change, and perfection is definitely worth striving for. Even though it seems that the world will never change, continuing to try and make things better is very important in the long run.

I don't want this to turn into a sermon, God knows that I'm not one to preach, but it seems when one asks the question: What's wrong with getting an education so that we can help the world later? One begs to be told that he or she is just searching for an excuse to do nothing for four years. Of course, it would be ridiculous to quit school and join the Peace Corps as we will be much more beneficial as educated adults later. However, we can donate-if not money, certainly time-to organizations now (such as the Toys for Tots drive which is coming up soon). For we can help now, as we learn to help even more later on...Ohh...and on a more petty note, the Awide and Awake Bennington Student spelled my surname wrong.



GIOIA ON PHILADELPHIA

By GIOIA CONNELL

I went to New Jersey this weekend and somehow ended up in Philadelphia. I really don't know how this happened, as I'm from Miami and have no clue about the geographics of the east coast, but in any case there I was. As we drove into the city I suddenly realized, "I've never been to Philadelphia before!", and it's sort of a weird feeling, you know, going to a whole huge place for the first time ever. Philadelphia felt like Boston, but wasn't Boston; it felt like New York, but wasn't New York. It didn't feel like Miami at all.

I did see one Miami-like thing. I saw the typical sidewalk drug deal. It seemed a little surreal to me because it was so friendly; the gentlemen in the street were somehow courteous to the people in the car, and all the while boisterously laughing. In Miami, the drug deals are serious. There, the people seem to always be business orientated towards drugs, and very quick and to the point. No laughing allowed about drugs in Miami. I wonder what the people in Philadelphia feel as seriously about as Miamians feel about their drugs? I suppose if you laughed about William Penn in Philadelphia they wouldn't like it. He's under renovation now. That is, there is a big old government building that has scaffolding all over it and underneath all that scaffolding is William Penn, undergoing his face lift. Kevin told me that from some angle or another, when he doesn't have scaffolding all over him, he looks like he has a hard-on. I guess I'll have to come back another time to view that.

I saw the Liberty Bell. Not up close and personal, or anything, but we drove past it a few times in the car. It's in this mostly glass building, and looks cute and American. Across the street from the Liberty Bell was the building in which the cool dudes signed the Declaration of Independence. I even saw the mock-up of Ben Franklin's house. It was strange, having all that U.S. history around me, like something out of a "We the People" textbook nightmare. ("We the People" was the name of my 10th grade history textbook, and I'm sure you all had the exact same one, with the exact same phrase by phrase break-down of the Constitution of the United States).

This computer just told me that it's little disk is almost full, so I will spare you any other deep and mystical reflections about Philadelphia. Go there yourself and check out South Street (not as cool as the Village or Coconut Grove, but cool enough) and have one of the super-yummy cheese steak sandwiches.

TEENAGER CONVICTED OF MURDER

By TIM PITZER

Apparently, last week, a certain member of the Commons staff took offense that my last column was billed as the "first hard-news article" in the paper. Political opinions, however valid and insightful they may be, are commentaries. In an effort to avoid ruffling more feathers, future articles will be devoid of politics; I leave them all to you budding editorialists.

On Tuesday, an 18 year old murderer was sentenced to three consecutive life terms in a state prison. Convicted of the "gruesome, heinous, and vicious" slaying Priscilla Gustafson, a thirty-three year old day care teacher (who also happened to be three months pregnant), and her two children, age seven and five.

What follows is an account of the murder from the prosecution's perspective. The crime occurred on December 1, 1987 in Townsend, Massachusetts (a small town of 8000 about fifty miles from Boston). Mrs. Gustafson arrived home with her five year old son. Already in the house was Daniel LaPlant. Wielding a .22 caliber pistol and pornographic pictures, he somehow got the boy out of the way while he tore Mrs. Gustafson's clothes and tied her with nylons and her husband's neck ties. After raping her, he put a pillow over the back of her head and shot her twice. He drowned the boy in a nearby bathtub. But the seven year old girl was just getting home, and entered the house. She evidently put up quite a struggle before LaPlant finally killed her in another bathtub. He was out on bail. He had been up on a rape charge and was out on a steep bail of \$10,000 after arriving at his ex-girlfriend's house and threatening her father and a friend with a hatchet.

The jury consisted of seven women and five men who listened to evidence for twelve days. There was little doubt what their decision would be. "LaPlant is the best argument I've heard for the death penalty," said the prosecuting attorney.

All through the proceedings, LaPlant sat, contented, with a very sinister smirk. During the reading of

the sentence, he remained seated and drummed his fingers on the wooden desk in disinterest. The judge, Robert A. Barton, admonished "Mr. LaPlante, you will stand and face your country." He obeyed, and the smirk became more twisted.

Superior judge Barton has the reputation of being a "hard judge." His sentence, "Mr. LaPlante, you are sentenced with three consecutive life terms in prison with no parole, no commutation and no furloughs...There are some who would say that you should receive the same sentence that you imposed on the Gustafson family...death by ligature or hanging."

The irony here is that Judge Barton was appointed to Superior court by Michael Dukakis, governor of Massachusetts (this will by brief Buckaroo). He has been accused of being soft on criminals. Dukakis is an avid opponent of the Death Penalty. Further, his record indicates that he commuted the sentence of fifty-three murderers twenty-eight of whom had "life without the possibility of parole." With Barton's stipulations, it would take an enormous amount of red tape to help LaPlante. It is no secret that the judge would have liked to deliver the death penalty to the young man. He later said of LaPlante that he "had no remorse."

The former marine turned judge sent LaPlante to a Concord State prison for safety reasons. They are apparently afraid that for once, someone may turn the tables and sodomize him.

LaPlante grew up in a bizarre family; his mother still maintains his innocence. It may be no coincidence that he lived on West Elm Street...

Many cases cry out to the justice in us. But is the death penalty just? If a criminal breaks a law, he must realize that he stands the chance of losing his right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I now venture an opinion, fully aware of the breach in "hard-news etiquette." The nation should follow New Jersey's lead and pass a law that threatens harden criminals. Murder will not be tolerated on a national level.

MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

competition. More cannon fodder. They're weeds.

Distant car horns that echo down furrows made by concrete and steel; the sickening scrape of taxi tires as they come to a halt to take drunken, food-soaked cigar smokers to brothels; the shouting of madmen, like side show barkers, stacking their words above the din of the traffic. That is the choir invisible. Heaven on Earth.

Nothing moves without making a sound in this city. Everything makes a noise that I can hear. I feel like the river raft from Tom Sawyer, drifting down the leagues of spittle, gutter wash, and litter. Drift wood that has sailed its length for a life time of Sundays, I sway with its bends, embrace its stinking wind with my face, and keep one eye fixed on the distant shore. This city knows my face...it's afraid of me.

The Commons

Where Wednesday night is synonymous with Thursday morning

STAFF: Satie Airame, Ilena Andrews, Arun the Happy Pumpkin Man, Phillip Barnhart, Kelley Beardsley, Joseph Berger, Gioia Connell, Tim Halpern, Litzie Hudgins, Ann Kalill, Tracy Katsky, Gregory Noveck, Dan O'Day, Clark Perks, David Pecan, Tim Pitzer, Sari Siegal, Kevin Weaver, Julian Young, and Booth House

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BOBBY McFERRIN AND ME

By MARC SPITZ

October is a strange month. My father seduced my mother in October. I was born and circumscised a few Octobers later. I lost my virginity in October. October brings Halloween and post-World Series riots. Simply put, strange things happen in this crisp and ignited month.

For Example, I was locked in a masturbatory trance upon the toilet in my suite; thinking about a pool table scene in some Pia Zadora flick. I hear this trespassing sound. I raise myself immediately. I see this thick-boned, grey cat staring at me like some priest. It just crouches before me and watches. I stroke its spine as a gesture of appeasement. I pull my pants up and it bolts. Maybe it was one of those old Bennington acid-cats. It sure was bizarre, regardless.

By far, the strangest thing that happened to me this month (besides a friend recommending a neurologist for my hallucinations) was my encounter with the ghost of Bobby McFerrin. For five or six days, some girl in Swan has been spreading rumors about the "Don't Worry, Be Happy" man's suicide. I, as always, was cynical. "Yeah... and Tiffany was found next to him with her head lodged in the toilet like Lupe Velez". But the man who can do so many interesting things with his vocal chords must really be dead because he came to me tonight.

Ethereal and grinning, he touched my shoulder as I lay, drunk, upon my bed. He seemed very small, I greeted him with an obsequious. "I'll give you my number... if you worry, call me..."

But it spewed from my lips as a gibberish-stew...

He stroked my hair understandingly. I realized my opportunity to quence the enigmatic



rumor. "Bobby, why did you do it? Is it the truth? Then why the song? Oh! Are you trying to turn me into a total misanthrope?"

Bobby only smiled empathetically. He was about to speak. A man in a suit entered my room. He did not look like a Bennington student. He grabbed Bobby's shoulder and led him out of my room as one does a precocious child. He sensed my distress and looked into my eyes. He said only one thing.

"Buy the record for clues!"

Then Bobby and the weird man vanished...

So, as the dawn ascend and the room, redolent of stale Chinese ginger and incense, freshens, I find myself using my roommate's hyper-cool stereo system to divine facts to the death of the "Don't Worry, Be Happy" man. I think Cosby is behind somehow.

Yes... October... a strange month indeed... but I'll figure it all out... I'll figure it out...

* see Kenneth Anger's Hollywood Babylon for details

finally came up to the surface. The circus was thronged with all shades of human existence that night-over in the corner a trio of witches were mumbling some dark incantations over a bubbling cauldron, and just below Eros's statue an elderly Presbyterian minister was being crucified. Manfully ignoring these mild distractions, as well as the sporadic gunfire in the near distance, I strode off purposefully in the general direction of Soho in search of the Intrepid Fox (a pub), and my contact!

After a couple of stiff drinks earlier that night I had given the matter of the murders some consideration, and come to the conclusion that the one sure way to pick up a hot scent was to dig up old friend of mine-Dave McMahon. A few years back he and I had ingested sanity threatening amounts of lysergic acid in a Tibetan monastery, while we were hunting the Yeti. I knew he was a good man, or at least sufficient for my needs, and he had a nose for these things. I knew his usual haunts among the basement bars and drinking clubs of Soho, and I also knew he never missed a beat of the sleazy heart of the city, so close was his ear to the ground. If anyone would have a lead on the bizarre occurrences of recent days, he would.

I swept through the doors of the Intrepid Fox and was greeted simultaneously by an old Killing

WHY GEORGE BUSH KILLED DONNY OSMOND

By TRACY KATSKY AND ARUN THE HAPPY PUMPKIN MAN

Hi. Tracy and Arun here, they asked us to write a column for the newspaper so here we are writing a column for the newspaper. Why? Because they asked us to.

Once upon a time there were 5 little pigs, pig pig piggies that wore red lipstick but it was really red toenail polish because they were really 5 little toes. After spending over 2 weeks trying to learn how to play the violin they gave up and went to California cause they were cold. Then the met Ramu, the wandering soul of a macrobiotic cook cross-legged on his bicycleflyingcarpet with a huge crystal imbedded in his forehead. Since it was Sunday he was shopping and didn't see the pigstoespigs as they oh so very sneakysneakysneaky stole his gall bladder named Al (not that he really needed it anyway), suddenly there was an earthquake and they fell into the Pacific Ocean- next thing they knew they were in China surrounded by lots of pink poodles shaved like hedges. So walking the streets they happened upon a Wilderbeast named StevenmacKinney (who wanted to see his name in print) but they just called him Alexander Graham Bell- Hamilton for short.

It started getting sortof confusing what with their friends the gall bladder and Wilderbeast both being named Al so they buried the gall bladder in mid-CAMBODIA under a tombstone marked for Pol Pot. Al the Wilderbeast then drove them in a stolen purple hearse to Paris where they got lost on the Eiffel tower with a group of sexually active taxi drivers and just then a

spaceship came down, groovin' on their positive karmic vibes and took them to the mysterious and sultry planet Ashmanskas in the solar system Quain. They met a hat named Norman who introduced them to his wife AllisonMills (who wanted to see her name in print), and tried to prove the existence of gravity by continually falling down and cracking his skull open to watch the blood that was really ketchup because the aliens on the planet of Ashmanskas are really 2/3 made of tomatoes ripe, oh so ripe red tomatoes...

So they ate Norm and his wife and left and went somewhere totally different but not really all that different, when you think about it because aren't all places really the same? Even in outer space? We mean, like, well, if you're happy inside what does it matter where you are really? Peace comes from the inside and knowing this they all went to Tibet and went skiing (their bratwurst being the bratbest) and they met this Swedish maid named Helldah who put the all in her hooksack while chanting JAH JAH JAH RASTAFARI and lighting candles as an ancient Hebrew Qabalist ritual ouch pagan pagan die satan motherfucking scumbag aaah ah possession greasemonkey-fuckerrsssuuuuccckkk m m m m y y y y y y cccooooocccckkkk

Then Aleister Crowley wearing a beanbag cone hat started hollerin blaphesmy BLAPHESMY die sinners and they all died and then the world blew up. Boom. THEEND

Joke album blasting out over the pub's stereo, and a sultry glance from a voluptuous young punkette. I pushed my way to the bar, and was instantly accosted by Gloria, the psychotic leather queen who worked behind the bar. "Hello there newshound, fancy coming upstairs for some heavy Bondage and Discipline?". "Not tonight Gloria, I've got a headache-is Dave in?" "yeah he's over in the corner" she informed me, pouting as if someone had just declined an offer to play a favorite game. "Ok," I said, "give us both the usual and put it on the slate please darling".

I went over to the corner of the bar, and slapped the gnarled form I found there, nursing a vodka and tonic, heartily on the back-"Hail good fellow, and well met! How goes the lowlife?", "Better than yours Young you sicko!" He rejoined equally heartily grasping my hand in a bonecrushing old Tibetan judo hold, and tossing me lightly over his shoulder. I picked myself up off the floor, chopped him in the neck and wrestled him to the ground pretty smartly. "Nice to see age hasn't mellowed you" I grunted whilst imprisoning him in an inescapable armlock, "can we talk?"

"So, you want to know about the bizarre sex slayings? Well, let me see, what can I tell you all the victims were women between the ages of 25 and 40 except for two 57

year old men, they were all disembowelled and had teeth and claw marks all over their bodies and had a quote from Byron written on their chest in blood. "I know all that," I interjected, "what I want is something new-you have your finger on the pulse of the streets Dave, what's the word?" "The word, Julian, is that the time is right for another attack-tonight!" "Tonight?" "Yup. And what's more I have an idea of where it'll be-" "Where?" "Camden Lock!" "Then let us repair thataway post haste!!!" We ran to the door as a sinister looking figure sped past on a motorbike "You know, Dave, these attacks bear all the hallmarks of a gang of vicious devil-worshipping assholes," I remarked casually while hailing a cab. It was just then that the pub exploded.

Somewhat surprised I picked myself up, dusted myself down, "Dave, are you ok?" I called out in the darkness, "I'm alright," came the reply from amidst the debris, "but I don't know if my suit'll live to see another day," Dave staggered to his feet, "no time to worry about that now-let's steal a car, and follow that bike!" I said, casting about for a suitable candidate, "what about that Volvo over there?" "Good enough, let's hit the road!" Having successfully hotwired the commandeered vehicle, we sped off into the night, to an uncertain fate.....TO BE CONTINUED.

LONDON

Continued from page 1

Tonight something was afoot, something strange, eerie and spine-chilling. That morning my sainted boss had yelled obscenities at me saying, "Olive oil orgies in Greece are all very well and good Julian, but it's not enough Godammit! I want degradation, I want perversity to make the flesh crawl right off your bones-I want horror!! @###%@@!!!!!! And by the way what the fuck do you mean by this expense account???" Deaf to my feeble protestations, the Fuhrer flung a thick file at me screaming, "there's been a string of bizarre sex slayings all over town. The victims were horribly mutilated and -and this is particularly strange-a quote from Byron was left at the scene of each killing. The filth haven't got a clue, but you being the pervert I know you to be it's probably just up your street-check it out!!!! And don't disappoint me!!!!!!!"

So here I was, on the tube to Picadilly, about to hit the mean streets of the Wild West End in search of THE STORY. The train pulled into the station, the doors opened and I leapt onto the platform, dodging a couple of zombies feasting on the brains of some hapless, out of season American tourist. I jumped over noisily copulating couples on the stairs, and

WHY BENNINGTON IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE COLLEGE

By JOSEPH BERGER

Among the financially elite institutions of higher education Bennington is a revered word. Other schools have attempted year after year to match Bennington's jaw-dropping tuition charges. Sure, the mention of Brandeis will bring the glow of pride to a mother's cheeks but a subtly casual drop of the name "Bennington" will elicit an awed silence immediately followed by sincere requests for small loans.

What distinguishes Bennington from other schools? Well for one thing, there's Bennington's "Land Grant For Living" policy. Upon entering Bennington, each of the 593 students at the school receive a bag of nails, a stack of two-by-fours and some plywood, and one acre of land. The students are urged, nay forced, to construct working shelters for themselves. The students may do whatever they like with the land as long as it remains on campus. Some students farm their acres and support themselves rather than working in the College Work Study program which is just as grueling. Others band together, pooling their resources and talents to set up huge sets for the reenactment of the Fifth Crusade Against the Infidels. Students from Williams College traditionally play the parts of the heathens. In the winter the Promethean Elizabeth Coleman, President of Bennington, walks to each of the students' shanties bearing bedpans of hot coals and liter containers of razzleberry pudding. President Coleman, who drives a Bugatti, had this to say. "You know, it costs a hell of a lot of money to get these kids molded... I mean

motivated. I know it looks like the college is being a little cheap by not giving the kids decent pool cues or even standardized housing, but I mean... Damn it! When I was a kid I had it tough, you know, and these kids here haven't. I learned a lot by having to struggle. Here at Bennington we're trying to give these rich brats a different perspective on life and that costs money."

Clark Perks, who doesn't drive a Bugatti, is a literature major at Bennington. Clark, who was shot in the leg by President Coleman during a reenactment of the Hamilton-Burr duel, questions the school's methods and its costs. "I came here to run around naked and write poems about owls," Clark said. "With all the money I spent for this school, I thought I would receive personal attention and encouragement for my ideas. Instead, I'm herded through the spray of firehoses to bathe, I have to put barbed wire around my shanty, and I have to play volleyball in an elementary school gym built for munchkins. Sure I know experience costs, but twenty thousand dollars?"

Other students also agree that they may not be getting what they paid for. One student described Bennington as "a Pixie-stick with Drano in it."

Some students however, believe that they are receiving their moneys' worth. One student posed the question, "Where else could you go to learn how to make up such wild similes as that last one?"

A female student who wishes to remain anonymous pointed out that "Bennington is the only place besides

L.A. that I can dress funny and still get laid."

Julian Young, a freshman from "rule-the-waves" Britannia says, "I love this place. All my life I've been pampered and coddled. Dad would tell me stories of the hard life (also a novel by Flann O'Brien) and I would laugh. This shanty idea is great. It allows me to explore my latent architectural talents while actually suffering. Before I came to Bennington I was rich, now I'm poor, but I'm a man."

In the past there have been some unfavorable comparisons made between the science division at Bennington and those of other schools. Bennington may not have a simple electron microscope or a photon print enhancer (what?) but it does have an outstanding math department. Many classes are devoted to problems such as "how many fish are there in the pond" and "how much plastique will it take to displace the water in the pond so we can count the fish."

One reason for the high price of Bennington is its course fare. There are no standard offerings. The students decide what they would like to learn and the instructors comply with their wishes.

Richard Tristman, professor of literature, idiom, and conversation and late Velvet Underground groupie tells of his present class, Ways of Dialogue. "Well, some students were interested in learning the art of dialogue. We took a vote and then I decided that it was a good idea. So now I teach dialogue. It's a great learning experience. I sit behind my desk and speak to myself

in two different voices. The kids are really interested but not yet ready to try this on their own. In my advanced class we learn the word "communication" and how to talk to others. Sometimes I even do a jig."

Other classes include; "Beers Cans, Cigarette Butts, and Phlegm: American Self-Perception in the Eighties", "Lovemaking: Contextual Analysis", "Dancing Your Way Through Dinner; Weight Loss Through Modern Dance", and "The Meaning and Usage of the Word 'And' in Virginia Woolf's To the Lighthouse."

Bennington College may not be for everybody. In fact, it may not be for anybody. Nobody may be able to afford it. If you enjoy conversing with professors about the appeal of a black bra underneath a white blouse and don't mind not having an electron microscope (and have a bit of money) then Bennington might just be what you're looking for. Nowadays it costs money for grand scale weirdness. If you're an independent crazy wishing to meet others of your ilk, look into this school.

Warning: none of the names in this article have been changed and no one is innocent. If anyone was innocent they are no longer. For the name of that anonymous female please see the graffiti in the women's bathroom in the Commons, second stall from the wall.

Satie Airame takes all responsibility for this writer and his material and will honor him with dinner on some date soon.

GABBING WITH GREGORY...

By GREGORY NOVECK

Well, hello and welcome back to Bennington. I trust that all of you had a nice and nifty Long Weekend. Let me just start off by saying that Wellesley College women are vicious, uptight teases. Now that that's out of the way, let's get on with the matter at hand, which is faithfully reporting the numerous goings-on that occurred last weekend.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "America produced Gershwin and then they fucked up." (Editor's Note: said while listening to Metallica)

BASIC GOSSIP AND MESSAGES: Well, it was Long Weekend, and everybody somehow ended up in the huge L.L. Bean catalogue otherwise known as Boston... The partying crew that remained evidently got to be pretty raunchy, see sexy Sarah Schatz for details... Rock and Roll Diana did not kill anyone this weekend (she was in Brooklyn)... Laura Senie was the avid party animal this past week Hmmm... Future star playwright and Bennington alum Andrew Hager was up for a visit this weekend, lucky Laurel... I heard the Siouxsie and the Banshees concert rocked Saturday night in Boston... otherwise nothing much else to say, oh yeah... Michael Severens and Shawn Paper are competing to see who gets the most gossip talked about them on campus, the prize

being a dinner at Yoshi's... and Gioia had a wonderful time with Clark and Robynne in New Jersey.

PERSONALS: Remember to have your SEPC meetings this week- see Cecily

That really scary chick was back—

SERIAL: I will be starting a new serial next week. I am sure that after Halloween there will be some really juicy stuff to write about

EDITORIAL: By the by, everybody, Booth is having the Halloween party this coming Saturday night, so everybody donate generously to the party, and listen dudes and dudettes, THERE CANNOT BE ANY DAMAGE AT THE PARTY!!! If there is, five of the most beloved members of our community will be sent to Judicial (Rafe, Lara, Sarah C., Todd, and Tracy) and the rest of the house will be summarily thrown off campus, so please be careful, especially since Rafe and Todd will be carrying bats.

Thanks for reading and I'll see you all next week, hopefully with another fun-filled and juicy column.

P.S. I'm sorry that this week's article is kinda weak but I'm sorta drunk and Kinda tired and I promise next week'll be good.

And, as always, "hello" to Debbie.

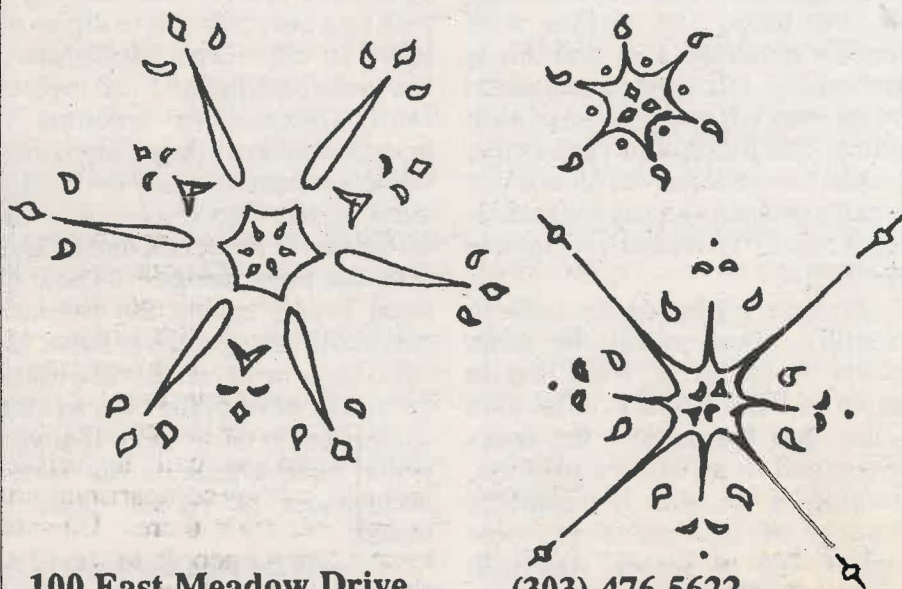


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FRISBEE A WAY OF LIFE

By MARK HEDDEN



CLARK PERKS MOMENTS BEFORE HIS TRAGIC ACCIDENT PHOTO BY MARK HEDDEN

I'm told it takes a few games to get used to the way Drew University plays ultimate, that I'd get used to it.

It was just kind of disheartening when we were up against this team and they ran out onto the field in a screaming mob, waving this cow skull on a six-foot stake that they promptly drove into the ground a few yards from the sideline.

Then the entire team, 30 or 40 of them, got down on all fours and started to make mooing noises. The team captain stood up and a hush fell over the crowd.

"In the beginning, the spirit of the game came down from the sky and became incarnate in the cow skull. And the cow skull spoke, and it was good."

"What did he say?" yelled the team.

The captain straightened a little. "The cow skull said three things."

"What? What did he say?"

"The first thing that the cow skull said was: thou shalt throw only short passes into the wind."

"Mooooooo."

"The second thing that the cow skull said was: thou shalt stretch after every game, or thou shalt regret it...big time."

The team mooed again.

"The third thing the cow skull said was: thou shalt always remember that it is sportsmanship before victory. Though it would be nice to win."

At this point the captain dove to the ground and led the team in a chant of "Blood makes the grass grow: Die! Die! Die!"

I looked around at the other Rutgers ultimate team folks, but I don't think they were as taken aback as I was. They seemed to have a larger tolerance for pagan rituals than I did.

After a few games I realized that each team has its own cheer. Rutgers' cheer goes "Our father was Attila, our mother wears tatoos, our sister wrestles gators, our brother was abused; we beat up little old ladies, we stomp on babies' heads, we came here for the sex, but let's play disc instead."

Not quite as paganistic, but a pretty effective cheer nonetheless.

Apparently, though, the legend that Drew seems so fond of is the more traditional version of the sport's genesis. It runs parallel to the anti-chimp side from the Scopes Monkey Trial.

The version of the games' origins that leans more towards scientific fact is somewhat less mythical. I'm not sure about the exact details, but it's something about this wise-ass at the Frisbee Pie Company flinging pie plates across the warehouse at his co-workers. Apparently one of them caught one, threw it back, and it all started to build up from there.

Of course, it took a while for modern technology to catch up with physics. But with the eventual utilization of plastic, and some slight design improvements made by Einstein in a secret lab somewhere in Idaho or Nevada, science caught up with theory, and the modern frisbee came to be.

In 1968 Columbia High School, located up in the nosebleed section of our beloved New Jersey-somewhere around Montclair I hear-came up with a brilliant idea. What they managed to do was combine flying-saucer aeronautics, hippy love, and team athletics. They call it Ultimate.

"Ultimate's a conglomeration of many sports," says Paul Kartschoke (CE '90), captain of the Rutgers team, "There's the throwing of just regular frisbee, the running of track and field, the non-contact elements of basketball, and the cuts and fakes of soccer. It combines the best of all worlds."

The rules are pretty simple. The offense moves the disc down the field by completing connecting passes. What the defense has to try and do is use non-contact means to block the throw or prevent the catch. If the offense doesn't complete a pass, it's a turnover. If they catch it in the end zone they score a point.

Those who are less cultured have been known to call it "frisbee football," but any comparisons with football end right there. Ultimate doesn't compel people to wear lots of padding, run full speed into other players, or pat the quarterback on the

butt.

Then again it doesn't draw thousands of screaming fans or garner lots of bucks from alumni, either.

In the 20 years since its creation, the sport has grown both in size and in self definition. There are now not only club teams, but also college and high school teams, with a combined estimated total of 20,000 players in the US.

But wait, this is sounding too squeaky clean. Doesn't Ultimate have a reputation as a sport played by a bunch of long-haired, druggie, hippy-freaks?

"Well, yeah, I guess it does," says Kartschoke, "I think we're slowly changing that, though. It's an image that's left over from the old days of ultimate. In the 60s a bunch of guys would just get together and go out and smoke and play a few games. Drugs were big, and there weren't any coaches, so it was just a big party. Now, though, it's turning into a real sport, in the sense of there being a lot of real competition. It gets tougher every year in both the college and club leagues."

One of the weirder aspects of the game, and what is probably the most endearing, is the fact that there are no referees. Each game is governed by the players who are on the field at the time. Disputes begin and end with the players who are directly involved with them.

What allows this self-control over the game, even in the most heated of games, is something that the most ultimate players speak about in a way just short of reverence. It is known simply as the "spirit of the game."

"There is no animosity on the field during competition," says Mara Lindsey (CC '91), "This is because we love our sport, and we don't think that we would be doing justice to it by cheating, or by being nasty or deceitful. Why be mean when the people you're playing love the game as much as you do? There's no need for any negative influences, and it's much more fun when people are nice."

No tantrums, no primadonnas, and a healthy atmosphere for genuine teamwork.

The sport is not without risks. Ask Clark about how he broke his hand. Contact does occur, usually when two or more players from opposite teams are paying more attention to the disc than to each other. It is rarely malicious contact, though it has been known to be somewhat debilitating.

Mike Porter (RC '91) understands this very well. He collided last year with a guy from Yale. His collar bone snapped and is now left poking up about an inch above where it used to be. Supposedly it tingles when there's a big storm coming, too.

Since he sat on the sideline for the rest of the year, I asked Porter if he noticed any stereotypical patterns in ultimate players.

"Not really, but I have noticed that to be really good you have to be a little bit exotic. There's just something a little off kilter in the better players."

I asked if he fell into this category.

"No, not yet. But if I do get really good I'm sure people are gonna say 'Boy, he's a little strange, isn't he?'"

THE FINAL CHORD

By KELLY BEARDSLEY

There was a horrendous ripping noise as Devin watched the sky being torn from the mountain-tops like giant sheets of Velcro. "Oh, my," he thought, mildly interested. A large black void appeared in the gap between sky and land. From this void issued forth an immense wind, hurricane-style, which busily set about uprooting trees with the same detachedness as a child doing routine homework.

Branches, leaves, bits of wood, and other foresty objects whirled round and round in the steady gale, knocking rather rudely into one another on occasion. The hurricane ignored this passionately and continued to tumble the area into shambles. Devin raised an eyebrow and blinked as an acorn bopped him smartly on the nose. "Ouch," he said, boredly rubbing the spot. Yawning extensively, Devin became aware that it had begun to rain, torrentially accompanying the hurricane. Kamikaze water droplets bombarded the densely underpopulated land. Within seconds, the water level had swallowed Devin's ankles and was slowly working its way toward his knees, and evil glint flickering around randomly.

As Devin's shins fell prey to the ravenous liquid, the hurricane, dissatisfied with annihilating mountains, summoned a large number of lightning bolts and thunder crashes for accompaniment. The former, delighted at the opportunity, playfully ignited every flammable object it could find. Devin, torso half-submerged, was no exception. Just before he burst into flames, he thought idly, "So this is what an over-cooked tuna feels like." Then with a half-sigh, his charred body crumpled into the triumphant water and floated away. It reminded the hurricane of an over-cooked tuna.

EVOLUTION TO AN ARTISTIC STATE OF MIND

By NICOLE HOLT

I want fire. No less. Other people save their wood - keep it dry, safe, ready for use but never used; people who save it rarely need it. But I light mine - I burn my hands on the flames but let it burn anyway. Knowing there'll be nothing left afterwards, I let it burn anyway; realizing that after the embers have died I'll be cold for eternity, I fan it on to make it burn hotter. And when it's gone, and I have nothing left but the memory of its fierce biting flames, I'll face the prospect of my cold forever knowing that those who won't let their fires burn are cold by choice - their wood still sits waiting for that match that will never come for fear of ending up with the nothing after the flame. At least I'll know I was hot once, though I paid for that wild burst with my security leaving me with nothingness that fire leaves in its wake. "Timshel"

PROGRESS

By TIM HALPERN

I grew up in a town that wasn't on any maps, but where everyone knew everyone. It was the type of town where the local Judge, Baker and Priest were the same person. There was a Main Street, a Volunteer Fire Department and safe "trick or treating." And then there was Art. Art owned a candy-soda joint on Main Street in between the signs that read "entering Armonk" and "leaving Armonk" (The signs were about fifty feet apart, on opposite ends of the street). Art had never left town, except for a stint in the service during the World War II, and even then, he was stationed in a neighboring County. He was a local hero, and the apple of every child's eye in my isolated, small town. He'd gotten the money to open his store from a G.I. Bill and, though he'd never done well, he'd always done fine. He made enough to live on and to run the store. And as Art's quickly became the local hangout for bored youngsters, "running the store" was enough for Art. It was the twinkle in their eyes as they spied endless flavors of Schraff's Ice Cream. Or their faces after little league games as they came in for sodas, more tired than little boys and girls should be.

Art's was reminiscent of another time, another place. The store hadn't changed, since its birth in the middle forties. The walls were washed in Sepia, and the windows of

the store held Christmas displays that stayed up year round. Inside were racks filled only with local papers and seldom read publications like "Bowler's Digest". And though I'm sure that no one bought the "Digest", every month Art always had the new issue. In one corner of the store was a popcorn maker that hadn't worked in years, but that always had popcorn in it. It was stale and yellowed, but for some reason people always bought it. In back of the store was an old telephone, so well hidden, that the phone company had forgotten about it and the rates hadn't been raised in years. The counters near the ancient cash register had every candy you could imagine, and a special holder for Lifesavers that ran the spectrum of the Rainbow. Fifteen different colors for fifteen different flavors of Lifesavers. The rack had spaces for every flavor, and Art had them all. Art's was the last place I saw that ever carried "Stick 'O' Pep" and "Coconut Rum" lifesavers.

And behind the counter, always hunched over the register, watching the first TV ever made, lived Art. The only time he moved was to restock supplies and watch the parades come down Main Street. And though the town was small, it had a parade whenever the locals could think of an excuse. Art always looked about 63. I don't think he was

always 63, but it seemed that way. He had slightly hunched shoulders, thick gray hair, a mouth of gold fillings and a mole on his right temple. He wore an old, cotton jacket colored Crest Green, jeans from his youth, and always looked as though he was covered in a layer of talcum powder. He didn't talk much. The only thing I ever heard him say, besides how much you owed, was, "Heyah. How you doin'?" This was always followed by him clearing his throat.

You could steal, if you wanted, from Art. It was very easy because he was very trusting. But no one ever did. Or maybe they just never got caught. Art used to tell a story that the one person he caught stealing, "he let keep the stuff," because he figured "the young feller" needed it more than he did. That was Art. He'd seen it all and forgotten half of it.

Along about the time that a bus starting running through ours and neighboring towns, Art started having troubles. It may have been that the people who were stealing from him were now from out of town, but I think that things just got too expensive to run. The town started booming, taxes started rising, and old-timers like Art, who'd been around forever, just couldn't keep up with the yuppie-oriented new businesses. A bored housewife bought Art's, with some help from her husband's company, and a small one-man operation, became a corporate venture. I guess Art's time had passed.

They held all types of awards dinner's in Art's honor, making up

community service medals and naming a park after him. They even sent somebody from the County to get their picture taken for the paper. Art looked rather distant standing up there among all the local "bigwigs", his polyester suit from Sears (the best he could afford) amongst the Polo's and Pierre Cardin's. He looked like he was waiting for somebody to ask him when he'd have more "Superheroes" comics. But nobody did. The night ended and Art disappeared.

About a year ago, when I was home from College, I stopped to fill up my tank in town. It was raining very hard, or I would have gone to the "self-serve" place. I'd heard there was a new station in town and I figured I try it. As I rolled down my window, a familiar voice said "Heyah. How you doin'?" As the attendant gave me \$5.00 of premium, beneath his brown, mechanics jump suit, I saw the Crest Green shirt that I remembered from my youth. It was Art. I was all excited and started to tell him how much he had meant to me as a kid. He didn't answer. He just looked at me, eyes glazed a bit, and let me talk. When I finished, he smiled and looked as though he might say something to me, besides how much I owed. But before he could speak, a voice came booming out of a loudspeaker nearby and said "Let's move it, Art! You got other customers. Don't stop to bullshit." Art looked at me, a little shocked. I think it was the first time anyone had ever sworn at him. Art said "That will five dollars, please." I paid him and then drove off.

GABBA GABBA HEY!

By MARK HEDDEN and RICHARD WEIS

We tried to go through the proper channels. Yet as usual working through the proper channels produced diddly.

Up until this point Sire Records had been pretty damn good to us. They sent us records and answered any stupid questions we asked. They even sent us a copy of *Ramones Mania* during the summer, so we took it as kind of a sign, that maybe they liked us or something.

When we heard that The Ramones would be doing a couple of dates in Trenton, we figured since Sire had been so nice to us and all that maybe we could get an interview. When we called though the Ramones' contract was out, nowhere to be found, and she never got back to us.

Depression set in.

But we were gonna go to City Gardens anyhow; some pale glimmer of hope lurked in the back of our minds. Journalist are supposed to know how to finagle their ways into anything, so with pen and paper in pocket, and the phrase "We talked to Sire earlier.." on our lips, we set out for Trenton. Hope was not to be abandoned.

When we got there we cornered someone from the Ramones' crew (we could tell who he was by the laminated badge he had on). He gave us the name of the Ramones' manager, Monty Melnick, and told us that he would be arriving around 11:00. This was (relatively?) concrete.

When 11:00 rolled around, we

set out again in search of Monty. Found him too, quicker than we expected. Showed him some press ID, and then Zam Boom!; we were in this room with graffiti all over the walls, a table with a couple half eaten pizza's, and Johnny, Dee Dee, and Marky (or is that Chico) Ramone, sitting on folding chairs.

Then we both had a simultaneous revelation; we hadn't, uh, really had much time to think up any questions.

But hell, preparation's overrated, and winging it isn't always such a bad idea. Not that our interview would have been any more profound or coherent if we had arranged things in advance: These guys got famous on lyrics like "Now I wanna sniff some glue, now I wanna have somethin' to do" and "I don't like playing ping-pong, I don't like the Viet Cong, I don't like Burger King, I don't like anything."

So we started out talking to Marky, the drummer-Dee Dee and Johnny were tuning-up. Someone was in the bathroom screaming. Marky didn't seem too talkative. All we really got out of him was that he liked working with Phil Spector and that he thought Elvis was still alive.

"He's livin' in Colonel Tom Parker's pocket."

"Which one?"

"The front one."

That was about it from him, and that was okay with us. He seemed kind of smug, and we didn't like his rug (at least it *looked* like a wig).

We were more interested in the

screaming man who walked out of the bathroom-he turned out to be Joey Ramone. He walked across the room, picked up this plastic bear-shaped thing of honey, and tried sucking some out through the nozzle. That didn't work, so he screwed off the top and just started pouring it into his mouth.

Joey looked kind of like Patti Smith on a really, *really* bad day. He wore his rose-colored granny glasses, his hair was speckled with a few greys, and the bottom row of his front teeth was more crooked than John Lynch's. And he had no chin.

Just as Joey sat down to talk to us-he was a hell of a lot more friendly than Marky, less affected too-the other three started to warm up together: Marky drummed with his sticks and foot pedal on the side of an amp, Johnny and Dee Dee played sans reverb. It was getting kind of hard to hear, so we were shouting questions into Joey's ear, and he was shouting back into our ears.

Monty kept circling around behind us, giving evil looks, and checking out his watch.

"How many dates do you guys play a year?"

"About 175."

"Where are you guys going after this?"

"Japan."

"Do you like it over there?"

"I like the computers and the dishwashers."

"Are you guys playing Budokan?"

"Nah."

"Do you think the Japanese fans will have any idea what you're singing about?"

"There's always sign language."

"Do you like the food over there?"

"Huh?"

"Nevermind. Do you think Elvis is still alive?"

"Yes."

"When you sang 'The KKK took my baby away' how did they do it?"

"They lynched her."

"Are you gonna play 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg' tonight?"

"Yeah."

"What song's your favorite?"

"They're all my favorites."

"Do you ever get tired of playing any of your old stuff?"

"No. We always play our old stuff with renewed vitality."

"Listening to *Ramones Mania*, it's kind of hard to understand why you've never had a number one hit."

"Well we don't kiss ass, and we don't compromise."

"Do you think there's any band playing right now that's in contention with you guys for the greatest rock'n'roll band in the country?"

"No, we're the greatest."

Monty told us to wrap it up and get out.

"Uh, we saw you in August. How can you stand to play in the middle of summer in full leather?"

"It keeps me steady...besides, you gotta suffer for your art."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editor

I'm really confused about the case of Clark and Dan? I mean which one is which?

Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous,

Clark is the one that looks like a Rugby player from "Club Liverpool."

Dan is the one that looks like a butcher from Chicago's South Side.

Dear Editor,

We feel that the letter last week referring to Gregory's gossip column was unfair. We always read it first. It is not offensive and certainly does not try to hurt anyone. What can surpass the feeling you get when you know that you did some wild things at the Friday Night Party the week before, and you are a bit worried that you will be in the gossip column, and you find out to your relief that you are not? Nothing! But, keep in mind that deep inside you are disappointed. People try to get in the gossip column (a certain D. and J.)

It's all in good fun -
Me and My Friend

Dear Me and My Friend,

We always appreciate letters showing support for the paper and articles in it. Even more so when they're for controversial articles.

Love,
Dan

FOOD

By ILENA ANDREWS

Bennington College, believe it or not, has really good food compared to most colleges. I am aware that this is said by many a Bennington student, but there are still many complaints. It is very easy to say that the food is definitely not scarfin' material, especially after long weekend when we have all had a chance to have REAL food. I find it particularly disappointing when I go to see what is for dinner and all I see is various colored dishes that are not distinguishable as anything in particular. Who wants to eat something that is not identifiable? This is when it is time to get creative.

First off, it is advisable to check the salad bar room. There are a whole variety of salads. Some look a bit strange, but they can be good. If you are lucky, there is chicken or egg salad so you can make a sandwich. Of course you could always toast two pieces of bread and make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. What would we do without good ol' PB&J?

Oh! One more thing! We have an amazing cereal bar with nineteen different cereals. Many people I know forget this fact. If you are extremely bored it is always fun to see how many sugar corn pops you can fit in your mouth. As far as I know fifty is the record. —This is a stunt done by professionals and should not be done at home.—Ha!! Ha!! Just joking! I am aware of the fact that the following is a bad joke, oh well life goes on. Anyway back to food at Bennington. If the food is so bad and this article hasn't helped you can always get something at the snack bar or better yet go out to dinner. Have a super nifty day!!!

UNTITLED

By KEVIN WEAVER
Second Installment

New method to tell you
of a man:

Violence potential amazing
endless suited men
men in grey now speaks of the some
150
one hundred and fifty secret service
men
know not how many a black man will
demand.

Power in the mainstream
caravan of officiality
all about looking for a
part

a piece,
a feel for this drift
bulk policemen in blue
functioning in grey
a wrath so easily screwed

Suited men in unmarked cars
step out of door with hand deep in
pocket
flexed hard,

clenched jaw men
got a gun they'll use.

Racial youth taking to the street.
so damn strong

well-tuned and quick,
snappy wit

A long while since dares-bin blacks
in dese streets:

got signs held high
voices that project,

"you know he'll get
assassinated"

"shut up girl!"

"No, no I'll talk just as loud"

she's taking a radical stand
with signs they look to mount stairs

PRESENCE

the men in blue turn them away

they want rebellion

they move away

slowly

suited whites grin nervously;

these fat suits,

they're of tradition

they'll vote democrat or
republican

no change for them

even it seems the preparation for this
man beyond tradition.

Late is the man

crowd moving nervous

no one trusts anyone

see it in their eyes

amazing contrasts

heated, crowded

it seems a dream sequence;

a white carriage passes

pulled by two horses of white
through a crowded,

barracaded street

and a subliminal racists tips his
hat

hat

toward me, over his daughter
so blonde.

Spatic flow

"he's coming"

media men do their thing

microphone and eye

oriental reporter is...

right in his eyes

note interview tendency and sway

American beauty on tv

two beaurocrats stand and
smile

worth an interview

filthy kiss of ass

reporter man smokes cigar

stressed corm blue eyes

looks of military man

he'll interview suited clerks

ordered bumpkins

they want Reagan again
back of one their heads in front
of me

want to smack it
to knock the dandruff free.

The man soon arrives
men in blue direct him toward
caravan

no, no... the leader will walk
"when Jessee win"!!

A movement begun
thousands follow behind in the
streets

chanting charisma,

style...leadership

a parade down Albany streets

on a beautiful spring day

somehow the man no doubt in lead
thousands, security, cameras, horses

the man stands tall

teenaged girls ran past secret service

to kiss his cheek

then screech of chills

sniper potential intense

"I'll walk"

assassination now will be

martyrdom.

Rally given:

chilling exhilaration:

"racial battleground to

economic commonground

to

moral highground

A Better Nation than This

prisoners — \$160,000/4 yrs paid

students — \$30,000/4 yrs paid

we've a sleeping courage

mother could not afford blankets

...leadership innovation;

she sewed together disfunctional

rags

and shreads and tears of cloth

scraps

(from burlap all the way to silk)

to sew and fashion

a beautiful warming quilt

courage sweeping room and nation

Roosevelt on a wheelchair

not Reagan on a horse

bridges, people, families falling

down

military going up

time to weave a quilt"

:::Perhaps this new media dialect is

now being affected, challenging the

mass media. "Newsweek" and

"Time" are chock full of distracting,

brilliant ads, and I've noticed people

are getting tired of the falsity of an

unbiased media. Magazines like

"Nation", quarterlies of high

intelligence and local poetry rags are

all about. Rock is dying, and the

blues and folksy tunes of lyrical

dominance are all about, growing

strong. In the inner city there's a

brash beat being announced for

poetics of politics and revolution. I

once lived with an Hispanic man of

eighteen from El Paso, Texas, whom

once in a fit of anger in light of white-

college-boy stupidity raged that he'd

go to Jaurez (across the border from

El Paso) where he could lead a

revolution with his cousins and

friends on both sides of the border.

Jaurez/El Paso is a metropolis ready

to explode. It has a second border

check ten miles out of the American

end, and there are monthly riots at

the bridges spanning the Rio

Grande. And that guy I talked about

could truly involve rebellion — a

golden glover, a marathon runner,

his sole intention is to be mayor of El

Paso — fret over that you keepers of
present.

These instances go on and on, this
poem has just begun. The
dichotomy is between what you see
in the streets (way, way, way
removed from this college scene)
and what you are told or view from
the comforts of this Babel tower.
Radicals are in the shadows.

This month's issue of "Harper's"
— a very current and sharp political
publication carries a philosophical
essay which speaks of the contrasts
inferred between the man making
love to his wife in fallen pine needles
at the banks of a reservoir which has
at its bottom a town of 1910 versus
the Black Monday market crash of
last October. The author says we are
now effectively living the past,
present and future at once; to
simplify the example given, just
ponder the broad reality of a lunch at
McDonald's, a college education,
etc, etc. And he questions Thoreau's
want to "stand at the meeting of two
eternities, which is precisely the
present moment." What all this
means is that it's startling and
refreshing to see metaphysics in
politics. It means the nation is scared
and we're looking to make sense of
where we've been and where we're
headed.

There is a real America out there
that has nothing to do with Tom
Brokaw, Michael Dukakis, not
George Bush. Until the time has
come when a leader from the streets
has Rockwell and General
Dynamics in the business of melting
down weapons and building world-
wide transit systems, until a
suspension bridge crosses the
Bering Straits, until more cash is
spent on students than prisoners,
until all youth of eighteen are
allowed free world-wide travel for
one year, until there are some fresh
ideas, we've got to either pack a pack
and take off — or explore the art of
those who

have, the artists whom no one has
had time for. Kerouac said it all but
no one listened.. Who is it that now
knows America? Where is our new
Melville? Enough, Jack once said:
"Ah, America, so big, so sad, so
black, your like the leaf of a dry
summer that go crinkly ere August
found its end, you're hopeless,
everyone you look on you, there's
nothing but the dry drear
hopelessness, the knowledge of
impending death, the suffering of
present life, lights of Christmas
won't save you or anybody, any
more you could put Christmas lights
on a dead bush in August, at night
and make it look like something,
what is Christmas you profess, in
this void?...in this nebulous cloud?"
Alas forget not;

We are a rebel people;
Best we've got is the fight
Patriots have long surpassed the
cause;

The greatest American past today
would be in a rap band;
Israel Potter never made it hope, and
happier for it!!

NAMELESS By KELLY BEARDSLEY

I sat at my desk, my face in the "p" section of Funk and Wagnail's Encyclopedia, and a black hole in my brain. My closed eyes showed me a psychedelic, topographical map of Chile, the kind of thing one sees just before one drops off into real sleep at the wrong time of day. It was Monday. The coffee wasn't getting along with the Ny-Quil in my stomach. My temples were beating out a bad remake of Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing." The percussion was killing me, but not before the pile of work in front of me put me into a nasty coma. The second-to-the-middle ring on the map in my eyes was turning to a brilliant electric blue when the alarm clock went off. Nasty words replaced the map. Swatting the clock into a corner, I found myself undeniably awake and twice as irritable as before.

"Time to get up," sang my mother's voice from downstairs. Up, I thought. Hm. Interesting concept.

"Let's go, let's go, let's go," she continued. I pried my eyelids open and realized I was still dressed in street clothes and had been so tired that I had drooled on my report.

"Oh, God. This is one of the last things I need right now." I stood up, wiped the paper off with a Kleenex, rubbed my face with my fist, and wandered down the stairs. The cat barely escaped certain death beneath my leaden feet as I headed for the kitchen. "Move it or lose it," I warned the dog. He moved it. I sat at the table, poured a bowl of Grape-Nuts, and began to eat them dry. With a fork.

"Hon." Mom said as she handed me the milk, "you might like to have

some liquid with that."

I looked up. "Oh," I mumbled, taking the carton. I continued to eat dry Grape-Nuts. Mom shrugged and turned to the stove.

Finishing my breakfast, I shuffled toward the bathroom. Hitting the light switch, I remembered why I hate florescent lights. I decided not to look into the mirror until after my shower, marvelled at the growing brilliance of my thought processes, and stepped into the bathtub with my clothes on. My next decision was not to care. The cat pushed the bathroom door open when she heard the water running and sat on the toilet to watch me fling my wet clothes out of the shower and into the nearby hamper. Ten minutes later, I reached through the shower curtain and grabbed the towel I had put over the closed toilet seat, within easy reach. So how was I supposed to know the towel was under the cat? The claw-marks will heal eventually. By the time I was dressed, I could feel my proverbial juices flowing (or at least oozing) through my veins. Underwear, on. Shirt, on. Jeans, on. Oops. Jeans, off. (Turn them around, idiot.) Jeans, on. Shoes, shoes, tie...tie...TIE! Oh, forget the damned tie!

I finally made it to brushing my teeth, then fixing my hair, then it was get-my-gear-together-and-get-going time. Briefcase, suitcase, trenchcoat, umbrella, subway tokens, the whole bit. I even managed to kiss Mom on the cheek before I left. As I opened the front door, a gust of typical wind hit me in its typical way, hard. I squinted and hollered for a taxi.

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ALIEN NATION

A REVIEW By CLARK PERKS

"Alien Nation" begins playing tonight at the movie theater by Price Chopper.

Since I have been anxiously awaiting this film since I first saw its preview a few months ago, this should be a cause for my rejoicing. It's not though, I got impatient and went to see it two weeks ago in Albany.

I wasn't disappointed. Granted, this is not in the "On Golden Pond" genre of films, it's an action movie. As a pure action movie it comes through with flying colors, and even offers a little more.

The film is based upon familiar "mis-matched buddy" plot, similar to the immensely popular "Lethal Weapon" (a personal favorite of mine). Only this time, instead of an old conservative cop paired with a young psycho cop, you have an average-Joe cop paired with a space alien cop. Neat idea huh? Imagine Mel Gibson in "My Favorite Martian".

"Alien Nation" contains all the standard action movie staples: big guns (in this case, the biggest, a .454 magnum revolver, so big it only holds five bullets, "This'll stop

anything."), great stunts, beautiful women, male bonding etc.

However, it has more. First, it has the science fiction: 300,000 aliens, castaway slaves bred for superior adaptation, arrive in L.A. in 1990. Our society welcomes them, even though they have two hearts and get stoned on sour milk.

Not only does it appeal to the science fiction buffs but "Alien Nation" also takes of the rather heavy subjects of racism (these aliens, though publicly welcomed, are privately scorned and called "slags"), and drug addiction. In these two areas "Alien Nation" doesn't push the ideas as far as they could go. I don't blame the producers of the movie though, they really had enough subjects for three movies but only an hour and half to cram it all in.

They make a good effort at these heavier subjects though and Mandy Paitenkin, as the alien cop, is rather touching in both his puzzlement about his partners racism and his hatred of addiction.

Go see this movie, my faithful sidekick Dan and I give it two thumbs up. Even Robynne liked it.

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HOROSCOPES

By ST. FABULA

"Get away from her, YOU BITCH!!" Remember the movie Aliens. Or this sweet line from Victor, Victoria "My virginity for a meatball." Richard Burton, Prince Charles, Ben Zelle, Indira Ganshi, my un le Henry, and Grace Kelly are all scorpions. Take a seat, the performance will start in five minutes, please no eating, drinking, smoking, or flash pictures.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21) - You avalanched from Heaven and landed of all places, on this very campus. Don't be discovered. These are some wonderful people on this campus-you are one of them and I know the other. You are beautiful, handsome, sexy, seductive, wildly imaginative, you like ice cream and so do I. After all this you still manage to be beautiful, witty, intelligent, creative, exciting, charming, and luxuriously from another planet. Aquarius is a prominent figure.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21) - IN VINO VERITE.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19) - You have a totally fab ass. Take care of it, cuddle with it, read it a good bedtime story, give it milk and cookies-it is your baby and it loves you unconditionally. You are so kind to your friends and very considerate. Spend some time thinking about yourself - work harder, you're not doing enough. The big payroll is in the stars. Drink and be merry.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18) - Spend some moments with your all time fave. Have more confidence - just calm down and relax! It's almost over, soon the discord will pass and then you can drink and eat, pig out, talk, eat, smoke and drink, and you will find bliss, love, happiness, or maybe crack a joke or two. Take good care of your kitty.

PISCES (2/19-3/20) - Throw off your cloak of deep, dark, depressing, shattered glory! Start being happy, and if you must be sad at least be a little melodramatic. That way you can look back with fond memories and laugh and cry, and feel all those emotions as if it were just yesterday.

ARIES (3/21-4/19) - A rock is a rock is a rock. You have a really big cock. Go to Percy's and charm small minded, submissive spectators. Seduce young men, women and children with your profound tomfoolery. You will be appreciated, so will your big, long automobile.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20) - Things are going ruff. Get a grip on yourself. You will never meet another Aquarian like the one you love and care for now. Your ass is getting flat - get up and take control. Don't forget to be considerate to those around you. If you have to vomit, ask if they would like to go first. This is a sure way to win affection from friends.



F. Murray Abraham



F. Murray Abraham



F. Murray Abraham

WHAT DOES F.M. STAND FOR?

F.M. stands for F. Murray Abraham, star of stage, screen, and silliness, recently spotted at M.K.'s in "New York City", toasting the Jewish New Year with Tony ("Loot") Carruthers. F. enjoys water polo, ice polo, and steam polo, not to mention a hefty game of Steal The Bagel.

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 9

GEMINI (5/21-6/20) - There are so many of you out there I don't know where to start. You sense danger, you feel someone watching you, someone following you, someone about to grab you from behind. You start running, faster and faster, you're looking in all directions, running faster, faster, cantering, galloping! Your shoe hits a pebble, you trip and crash right into my friend's bike at Dewey. There is mud and grass all over you, a few girls crowd around you to watch. You are completely disoriented. Look! There's a boy running towards you! What does he want? Where are you? Where am I? Don't worry, you're just paranoid!!!!!!

CANCER (6/21-7/22) - Hang out with your friends and get rightly stoned. Then go to a Kilpat party and sway back and forth. And one and two and three and four - do you feel the burn? Wake up your girlfriend or boyfriend late at night and sing a sweet apology. Show your lover true appreciation in the form of a gluttonous binge.

LEO (7/23-8/22) - Not only is individuality itself submerged in the tumult of the raw orgy, but each participant denies the rawness and individuality of others. Think about it.

VIRGO (8/23-9/22) - You are so well liked by friends and acquaintances - why not throw a house party and change your reputation once and for all. Your carrel in the library is starting to rust and dust. Is this symbolic or what? Enjoy this moment, savor it.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22) - Your Pokey is in everyone's Gumby. Stop it. We don't allow this kind of SMUT at this institution. But for those who can't resist, (You know who you are!) try a little, big, huge, HARD, massage a trois-just to get the blood flowing. All of this suggests thunderous inter-planetary action this weekend. Someone has a cologne called "Mouth de Trench Coat". Find out who.





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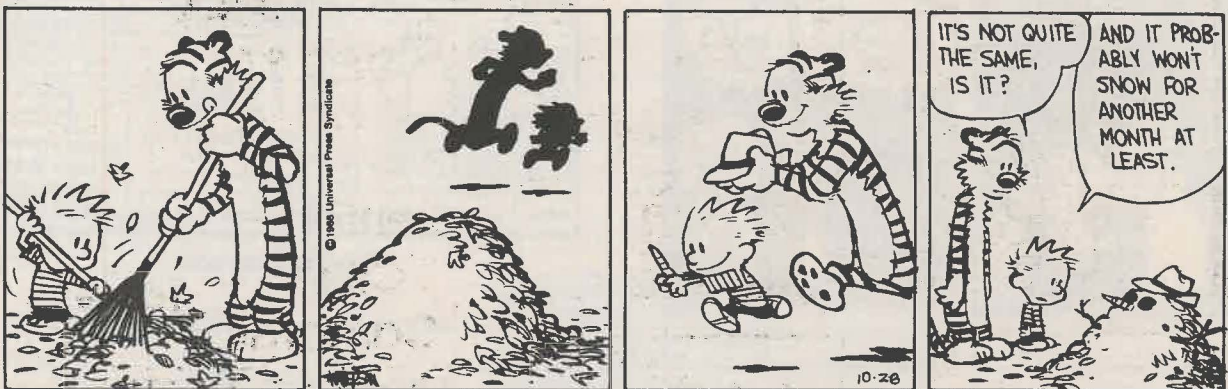
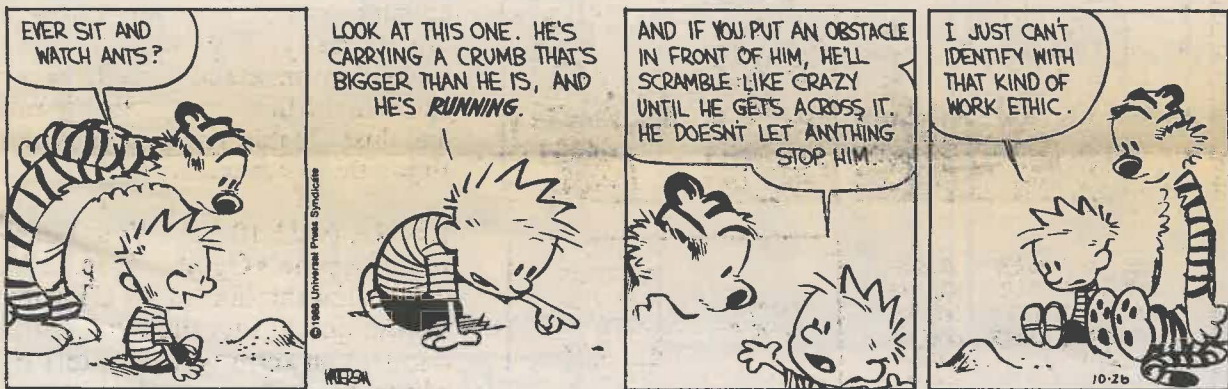
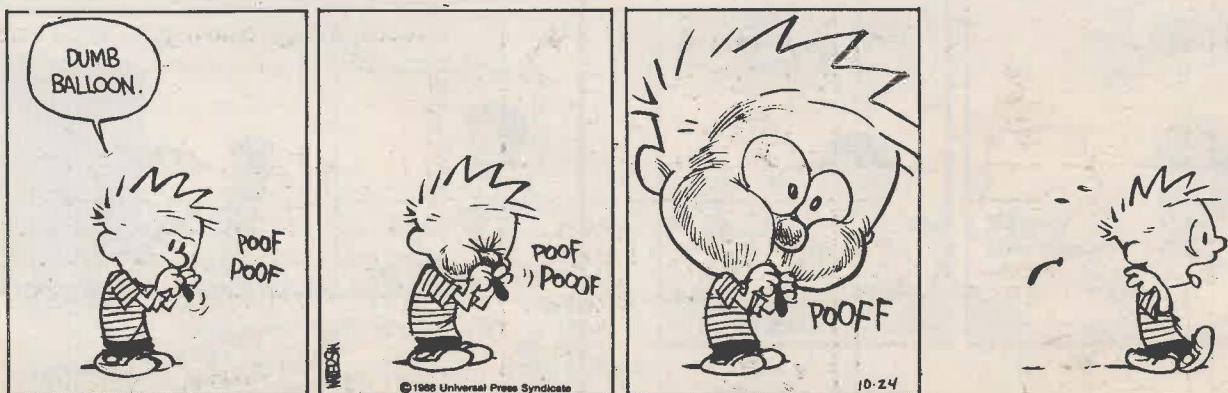
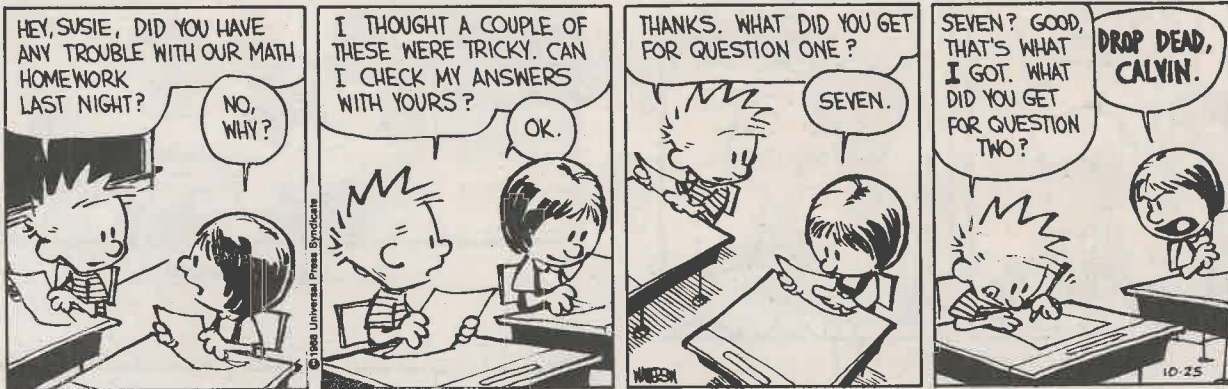
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Alien Nation 7:05 & 9:10 S&S Mat 2:05
HOLLOWEEN DOUBLE FEATURE Beetlejuice 7:05 S&S Mat 2:05 Dead Pool 9:10
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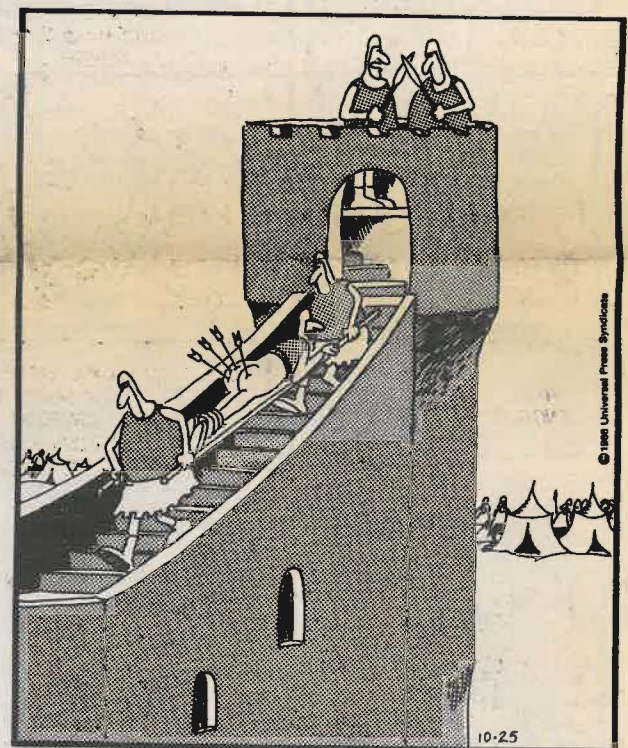
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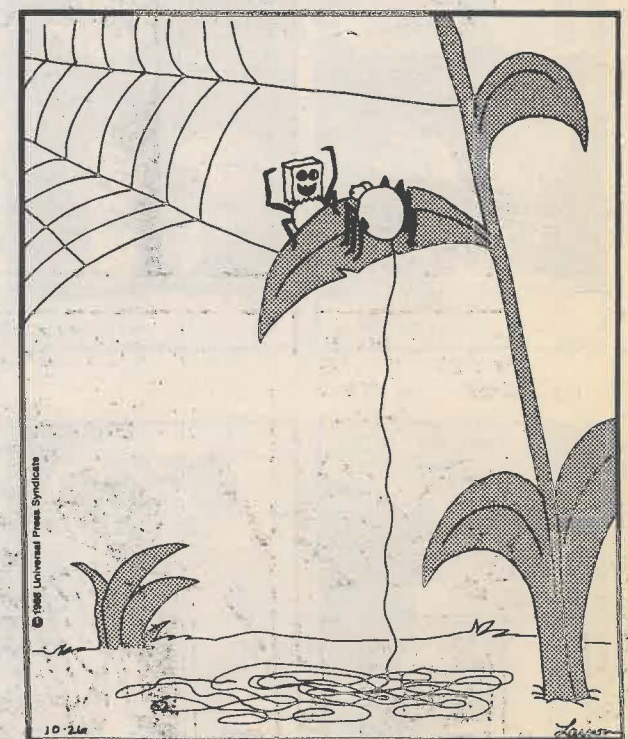
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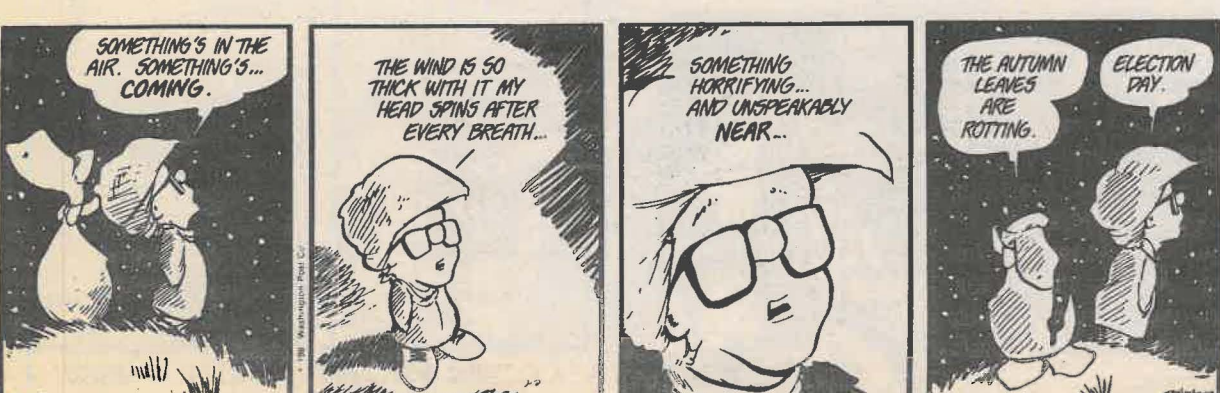
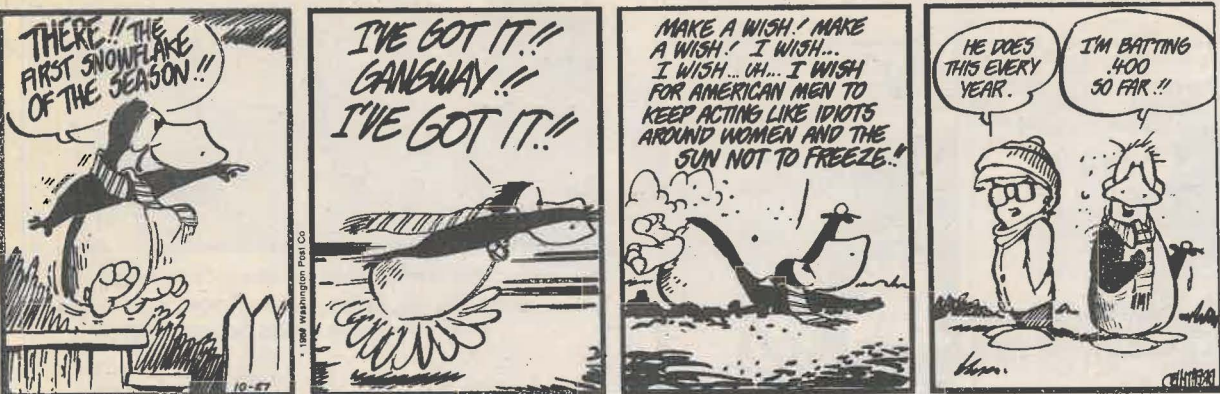
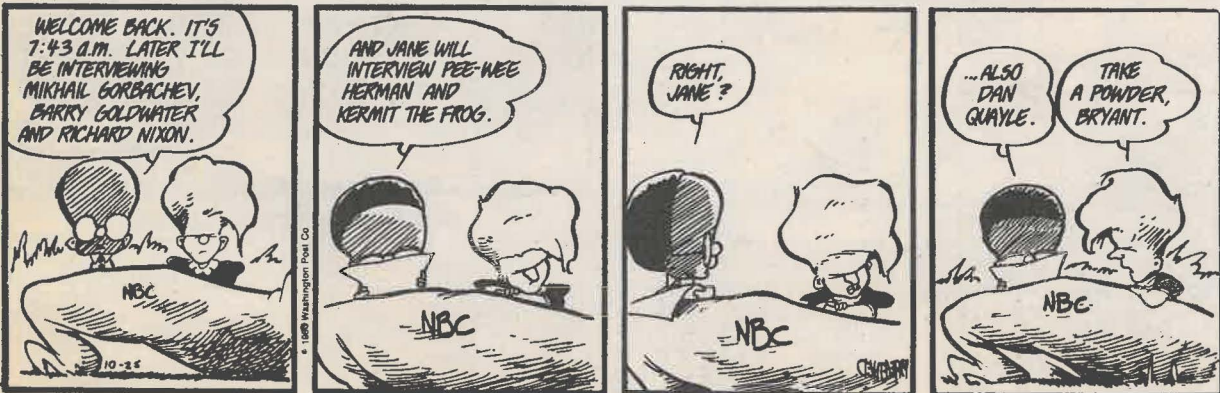
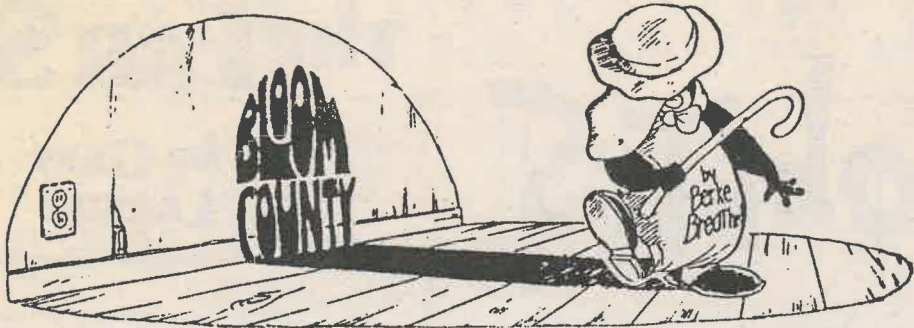
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"So then I says to Borg, 'You know, as long as we're under siege, one of us oughta moon these Saxon dogs.'"



"Hey, Bob ... did I scare you or what?"



The crepes of wrath



The End (Act One)



The Far Side cast

