

PASTICHE

OCTOBER 16, 1968

Community Counsel acts on self-study

The first meeting of the recently conceived Community Council was held on Monday afternoon, October 3. At present the Council is made up of: President Bloustein; Mr. Scott, Dean of Studies; Miss Adams, Faculty EPC; Mr. Ricks, Faculty Personnel Committee; Mr. Brown, representing the Faculty at large; Kathy Gerard, student EPC; Rose Basile, Judicial; Polly Welch, LEG.; and Felicity Wright and Amy Snyder representing the students at large.

Matters of organization were the first concern. Meetings will be held weekly on Mondays. The agenda will be made up by Mrs. Holms, Mr. Bloustein's secretary, from suggestions and problems brought to her attention by the members of the community. It was agreed that Community Council should serve as a steering committee as well as a communication link. A community meeting will be held early in November to report the progress that the Council has made in "steering."

It was agreed that an immediate order of business is to get the proposals from the week of self-study into working legislation. It was decided that Faculty EPC (now including two voting student members) with the assistance of the Educational Counseling Committee should devote additional hours to consider the proposals of the Counseling and the Program Planning Panels. Community Council with the assistance from Leg. and Judicial will work with the proposals for change in community government.

The second meeting of the Community Council was held in Mr. Bloustein's office on Monday, October 14. Concerning the television cable it was decided that those houses wanting to buy television sets might be advanced money by the college, to be paid back over a four year period. A \$200 TV set would \$1.00 per student per term with 30 students in the house. The Council passed the matter on the Leg. for their decision. The Council learned, however, that the educational station on top of Mt. Equinox is expected to be completed in time for the elections, and will be received through a UHF channel that can be installed for a fairly small cost on any television. Leg. will talk more about the other possibilities involved in the cable system.

The Council decided to hold a meeting for the entire community on Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 7:30 in the Commons Theater.

There was some discussion over the confidentiality of the Council, and whether one of the editors of Pastiche who is also a member of the Council should be given free rein in printing everything that takes place in the meetings. It was felt that such policy could only be answered as questions arose, and was left in abeyance until such time.

The budget and the expected deficit of \$150,000 (approximate figures) for 1968-69 and \$225,000 for 1969-70 was discussed in terms of the available options for countering such a deficit. Suggested was: increasing student tuition substantially, forestalling the usual salary increases, or increasing student-faculty ratio while decreasing class size. The last suggestion becomes feasible with changes in class load and counselling, suggested during the week of Self-Study. The Council decided to refer these concerns to Faculty EPC.

Student EPC had suggested that students enlist themselves in a massive fund-raising campaign during NRT, a suggestion which was felt not to be of sufficient financial worth to warrant such a full-scale effort. Instead, it was suggested that a list of those students interested in helping alumnae and trustees in fund-raising projects during NRT be made available.



The last order of business was to choose the non-voting director to sit on the HOME, Inc. Board of Directors. HOME, Inc. is a profit-making corporation, the brain-child of Rev. William Abernethy, pastor of the Congregational Church in North Bennington. Last spring, when several students became concerned about the needs of the local community after Martin Luther King's death, investment in HOME was suggested as a project which might promote better college-town relationships. Sheila Harden, with help from other students, brought before Leg. a resolution to buy \$250 worth of stock in HOME.

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Campus mugging investigated

To clear up the many rumors that have circulated since the incidents on the campus during the early hours of Friday, October 11, Pastiche now gives the full story:

John Cairns was returning to his home in Ludlow Cottage when he noticed a group of five to seven boys, about 18 to 20 years old, standing around Sara McGee's car. As he walked from the parking lot to his house, he was hit on the back of his neck, but ran away unhurt to call the night watchman, who arrived a minute or two later, just as the group was driving off. After the night watchman left, George McGuire, the campus police sergeant, arrived to talk with Mr. Cairns. Upon his leaving, girls in Ludlow heard noises in the basement. Mr. Cairns investigated that, but found nothing.

In the meantime, Sharon Parnes was walking back from the library, about 12:30 or 1:00 A.M. when she noticed five boys walking behind her. Just as someone from the upstairs of Stokes yelled, "Watch out," she was grabbed at the shoulder and pushed to the ground. She ran quickly to Franklin House, calling for help. Five girls sitting in the living room went outside to look for the boys as one called the night watchman. As the girls ran out, they found Caroline Simonds, who told them that she had just been tackled by two boys as she was walking down the same road. As the girls ran to the barn, assuming that the boys would have headed in that direction, they saw Robert Maston, the night watchman, leading one boy as he searched with his flashlight for the second.

Black culture studied

Last spring, the black students of Bennington instituted a movement to incorporate studies of black development, history and culture into the curriculum. The idea arose from a feeling that a significant aspect of United States heritage and present circumstances was being largely ignored in the exclusion of studies concerning these subjects.

The students proposed that such an undertaking should begin with a general introductory course during its first year. In the subsequent years, it should be taught on more specific levels in the departments of dance, art, drama and particularly, social science. Included in their proposal was the understanding that the administration may possibly make efforts toward the hiring of permanent black instructors to teach in the areas covered by the course. President Bloustein offered the suggestion that the school might seek promising black graduate students to take on these jobs.

This year, the students have successfully begun the introductory course, Studies in Black Culture, co-ordinated by Lionel Nowak. Black artists, musicians, writers and dramatists who represent

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* * *
Interested in forming an organization of radical activity at Bennington? discussing radical theater? woman's liberation? self-defense? SDS meeting Thurs. Fels 7:15
* * *

The girls went walking off back to Franklin when they realized that the guard might need help if the second boy was nearby. The other three boys that were involved in the melee with Sharon Parnes were assumed to have left in another direction. As the girls walked back to the barn, they saw the night watchman lying on the ground, being beaten by the heavier of the two boys with Mr. Maston's billy stick. One of the girls ran to Mr. Maston's aid, kicking the heavier boy, and pinning his arms behind his back in a modified judo hold, as Mr. Maston got hold of the thinner boy. As this happened, Heather Brown, a freshman from Franklin, ran to get another night watchman, who arrived just as the student who had come to the rescue and Mr. Maston were leading the

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EDITORIALS

Why Pastiche?

Many people at Bennington have questioned the need for and the value of a school newspaper here. Needless to say, we have strong reasons for Pastiche. We have been disturbed for a long time about the problem of communication at Bennington: the fact that there is only a small group of people who really know what is going on; the wealth of unread mimeographed material that fills the wastebasket near switchboard; and the bickering that characterizes most meetings on campus and blocks the implementation of many ideas and proposals.

Admittedly, a newspaper will not be a panacea for Bennington's problems. But at least it can serve as an outlet for solid reporting and intelligent commentary on issues of interest to the community (this will include national developments and the arts).

We have no structured editorial policy; we have no one to censor what we print — Pastiche is just about open to anything. Above all, it is open to everyone's problems, opinions, questions and answers. What will come of Pastiche is unknown; it is an experiment as well as a solution. This first issue has come out of many weeks of thought, planning and problems. We would like to thank Arthur Sainer, Lisa Tate, Laurence Hyman, Faith Westburg, Leg and President Bloustein for making Pastiche possible.

Self-Study

Knowing that, in the first issue of the paper, we cannot ignore the week of self-study, we propose to discuss these concerns in the form of an editorial. Pastiche is in the process of conducting a survey of attitudes towards specific issues and will give full reportage to these issues as they come before the committees that will be deliberating them. Thus, we prefer to leave the particular proposals and our opinions on them in abeyance until such time as we can scrutinize them more thoroughly.

Nevertheless, we want to state here that for the most part we are very proud of Bennington. The summer committee put forth many solid proposals after much hard work. An estimated 130 students returned for self-study, and suggestions and observations were brought up that showed foresight and scrutiny. The openness, positive concern, and responsible thinking observed during the week is something for which we should always strive.

But it musn't stop here. There are still many issues that must be proposed, that must be confronted, that must be acted upon. There are nearly five hundred students on campus, which means that over 350 haven't spoken yet. Or if they have spoken, it's been mostly to complain.

We don't mean to say that complaints are not valuable; that is always the first step towards reform. But that doesn't mean that we give carte blanche to every bitch on campus. Our next step is for each of us to read thoroughly and digest the documents given to us, to give suggestions, rebuttals, substitutions and to propose — or protest — after responsible analysis.

What is it that we are after? What kind of education will satisfy us? What kind of democratic rule is truly democratic? Do we want primary authority in social matter, or is that not enough? How can our concern in other matters work into an educational scheme that will allow for such varied interests? We have yet to confront these issues squarely. We who are so sensitive to hypocrisy ought not to construct a trap for ourselves; acquiescence and apathy in a democratic system borders very close to hypocrisy.

We need articles if we are to come out with any regularity.

Please feel free to write about whatever you think would be of interest.

We are also in need of photographs, cartoons, drawings etc.

We will welcome letters with open arms and print as many as we can.

Also send in any questions or comments that you may have.

WE ALSO WILL VERIFY FOR YOU ALL RUMORS THAT APPEAR RELEVANT.

For those interested in working on the staff, there will be a meeting this week.

We need writers, photographers, typists, lay-out people, and someone with a car.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Though I am not a senior, and therefore did not attend the reception at Mr. Bloustein's house for seniors and trustees, I have learned of an incident that is, I believe, indicative of a general mode of thinking and acting that needlessly causes antagonism between students and their elders. To be sure, this is minor, can be easily explained, can be easily laughed at. It was, simply, that the seniors were served "punch and goodies" while others enjoyed "spirits".

But don't miss my point. No one would really care whether the punch was spiked or not. No one said that was important -- anyway, it was quickly remedied. What does distress me, however, was the clear display of condescension. It was a classic, though minor, example of that paternalism, which, in relating to students, serves only to antagonize and alienate -- and it was so needless.

Holly Neal

To the editor:

A heavy mist settles over the campus on Fridays. For some, it starts to gather as early as Thursday. There are warning signals and a cast of players obeys. Skirts and suits are donned for the first time. Suitcases are strategically located on the green to mark the starting point for the great exodus. And the swoon begins. Little by little, the population decreases. Cars pull out, their motors fade in the distance. By five o'clock the campus is dead.

Traditionally, the student who remains on campus through the weekend is either poor, pooped, or pitiful. The Saturday crowd are privileged peekers. They venture into Commons to test the rumors of illput description.

"What is a Bennington girl really like?" There are two shows each Friday and Saturday night: the upstairs and the downstairs show. Both are usually disconcerting.

The newly arrived freshmen learn of the existence of two worlds -- the one within and the one without. The college is a haven for learning, a weekday affair whose tenure ends each Friday. The world without is for enjoyment, limited to two days of concentrated effort that swings until Sunday afternoon.

The worlds are separate and equal. Both are necessary and exclusive like the two sides of a shiny dime. Both constitute an escape from the other.

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pastiche / bennington, vermont / october 16, 1968

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Saltzman speaks at concert

Carl Ruggles and his work must be the despair of those who would see American culture only in terms of show biz, of press agent hand-outs, of journalistic catch-penny phrases and of bricks-and-mortar culture-center Kulchur. Ruggles' answer to those people would be one of those bits of our folk idiom that used to be described as "unprintable." But his work itself is a living answer and a living reproach. No creative artists have made a greater contribution to American life than that remarkable group of innovators active in the first decades of the century and it is not far-fetched to say these composers, of whom Carl Ruggles is the last living representative, were far more advanced and freer from the weight of tradition than their better-known European contemporaries. Being prophets without honor is the price they have paid for these achievements; on the other hand, their music, almost alone among that of the first generation of pioneering twentieth-century composers, continues to have a potent influence on new music and young people. You only have to live long enough and, praise be, Carl has!

Carl Ruggles and his friends and colleagues, Ives, Varese and Cowell, formed no school. They were united only by originality, imagination, a common desire to forge substantial new American music independent of European tradition and a common cause -- the creation of new institutions and means through which new ideas could communicate. In that sense Ruggles is one of the founders of American music because he helped to create the actual institutions -- notably the International Composers Guild -- responsible for that brief but brilliant flare-up of new-musical life in this country in the Twenties and Thirties to which those of us involved in the current resurgence of new-music activity owe a debt of recognition and gratitude.

The most fundamental bond between the composers of that period (and between them and the best younger composers today) is that which serves most easily to differentiate them -- their remarkable individuality. No one cedes anything to Carl Ruggles in this line; the very phrase "rugged individualism" seems to have been invented for him. Sometimes one thinks that his face, like his scores, has taken on the very physiognomy of the Vermont landscape he loves so well. One thinks of those scores -- rugged, uncompromising, worked and reworked, incredibly intense, in an almost constant state of ecstasy, spun out of chromatic strands which twist into dense, "dissonant" textures of the greatest tension and vision. The very titles of the pieces suggest the quality of that vision: "Toys,"

Black culture cont'd

black society's forms of expression, are being scheduled to visit the class with lectures and performances. The fall semester is concentrating on music and art; the spring term will focus on dance, theatre and literature.

Performances by these people will also be presented to the school.

Lloyd McNeill, an art instructor from Howard University, visited Bennington on the first and second of October. McNeill plans to return to Bennington to perform with his jazz group on the twenty-second and twenty-third of October.

Halim El Daab, a musicologist from Howard University, visited Bennington last weekend to give a lecture on African music and a demonstration of African instruments. This took place in the Barn Theatre at 8:30 Sunday night.

A showing of black art is being planned for early November. Hopefully, though this is yet indefinite, two blues singers from south Georgia will give a performance around the end of October.

Throughout the fall, such concerts, lectures and performances will be presented for the entire campus on Tuesday evenings, in most cases.

--Nancy Wilson

"Angels," "Portals," "Men and Mountains," "Lilacs," "Vox Clamans in Deserto," "Suntreader," "Evocations," "Organum," "Flower Music."

What do we do with this music, so intense, so condensed and inward, so demanding of us as musicians, as listeners, as human beings. Ruggles asks us for total involvement, total commitment, nothing less. Our conventional musical institutions, our traditional media, the old music public will not make the commitment. A few years ago I happened to get on a recording-grant subsidy committee and I proposed the "Suntreader"; at the time that recording came out, this masterpiece had not been performed for thirty years and never in this country! When I asked Gunther Schuller to perform "Vox Clamans in Deserto" on my New Image of Sound series at the Hunter Playhouse last year, the work had not been performed since its premiere in 1924

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Men in warehouse?

Men visiting Bennington College students will soon have the opportunity of securing sleeping quarters on campus. A yellow barn-like structure, formerly an old warehouse, has been converted into a lodge for male guests. The building, situated near Ludlow House, has a foyer which will serve as a reception room, a central room containing sleeping facilities and a bathroom in the rear. The central room hopefully will sleep a maximum of twenty-four men if double beds are provided. There are partitions provided for six beds on each side of the room. These partitions allow for a relative degree of privacy.

In the near future Exec or Leg will designate rules and set rates for the structure. Presently the house lacks interior decoration and a name. Students interested in working on its completion should contact a member of the Art and Architecture Committee. Diana Elzey will take any suggestions for the name of this building.

-- Nancy Glimm

Community Counsel cont'd

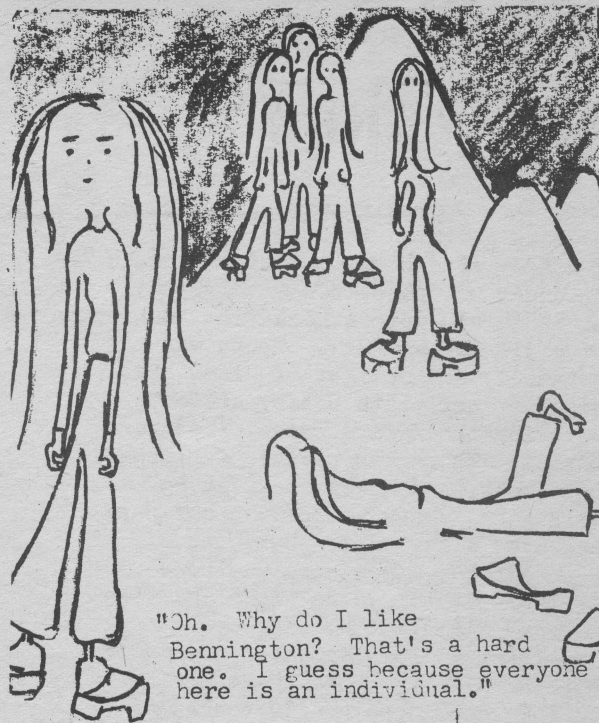
This money was agreed upon, then matched by the Administration; the total \$500 entitles the college to a non-voting member of the Board of Directors. (The theory behind the Board is that any organization or individual who buys \$500 worth of stock is entitled to membership, but, in order to enlist the support and confidence of the business community, only profit-making organizations are allowed to vote.)

At the first meeting, Community Council discussed who would be the best person to represent the college at these meetings. Arguments made in favor of the representative's being a student were that Leg. was the original supporter of membership in HOME, and that it had been taken for granted that a student would represent the college. Those arguments favoring a faculty member, wife or administrator were that such a representative would be permanently involved, and would go to the meetings as a respected member of the Bennington community, known already to the other Directors.

At the Council's second meeting, Mr. Surette, Mrs. Malamud, and Mrs. Scott were suggested as possibilities for the Board of Directors. It was suggested that Mrs. Scott be present at the Board meeting on Wednesday, Oct. 16, and ask, at that time, whether the Board would agree to having two College representatives: one, a permanent representative, and the other, a student, who would sit as an equal, though on a temporary basis.

Mr. Brown provided the Council with the legalities of changing the Constitution so the Community Council might become constitutional. At this time, there are arrangements for amending student and faculty governments, but such a procedure for inter-constituency governments seems to have been left out. These will be brought up at the next meeting.

-- Polly Welch
Felicity Wright



"Oh. Why do I like Bennington? That's a hard one. I guess because everyone here is an individual."

BENNINGTON TO GO COED
--AT 17 - 1

Young men of college age - Bennington College needs YOU.

The girls of Bennington College need you too. If you enroll next fall, they'll outnumber you 17 - 1.

Why has Bennington, an all-girls school for 36 years, finally gone coed? Says President Edward J. Bloustein:

"We can no longer continue to deprive men of the unique educational opportunity Bennington provides."

Here's to you, Ed.

(Reprinted without permission from a newspaper, the name of which we cannot remember.)

Support your local pastiche.

Mugging continued

boys to the night watchman's booth.

By that time, another boy had been found and was being detained at the night watchman's booth. Corporal Gordon Mooney of the State Police and another trooper had responded to a call for assistance, and the students involved came to identify the boys.

Sharon Parnes positively identified the two boys as those who had jumped her and Caroline Simonds identified another one. At least one of the boys was known by both Mr. Maston and Mr. Mooney.

Corporal Mooney then escorted the boys off campus.

The motives behind these assaults have not been established yet, and though one of the boys smelled of beer, according to the girl who had rescued Mr. Maston, and although there were beer cans found near Sara McGee's car near Ludlow, there is some question as to whether or not there might have been any provocation other than their having drunk too much, or the usual town/gown antagonism. This gives cause to wonder how such an incident could have been precipitated.

In a story Saturday morning by the Bennington Banner, Corporal Mooney said he found no conclusive evidence of assault upon either Mr. Cairns or the two girls; and there was no mention of Mr. Maston at all. The Banner has been notified through a couple of sources of the inaccuracy of their reporting, and Mr. Bloustein is now looking into the full incident to decide what the college will do.

- Felicity Wright

DYLAN VERSUS HARRIMAN

The thought of graduation in September excites, if not hysteria initially, at least a faint smile. Somehow though when approximately half the senior class gathered together one doleful Monday afternoon to discuss the subject under Mr. Bloustein's direction, it turned into a bona fide Bennington "thing"; it became real. There was the spontaneity and delight of discovery, typical of novitiate botany students uncovering their first species of rare mushroom. There was plenty of uproarious debate, unabashed electioneering and mudslinging. Many spoke at cross purposes, few listened to one another. At the outset the atmosphere was hopeful. Slowly it turned to stone and finally became a blatant howling bore.

My interest however was centered on something else: I stood by amusedly watching that loose Bennington ethos rear its head. And before you could say "Holy Hannah", the patriarchs and culture heroes of lost eras were upon the blackboard staring me in the nose. The question of course, is why we invariably and relentlessly invoke the same people, or those who share an identity with the so-felt giants.

Perhaps I lack an appreciation for what the lofty recent past has to offer, but the thought of Suzanne Langer, Al Capp or Averell Harriman speaking at graduation simply blows my mind. What does Harriman have to say to me? A year from now would his memorable address replete with searing governmental metaphors, briny anecdotes and peace-talk bric-a-bracs linger in my mind? No, in terms of the way I view graduation, Mr. Harriman doesn't have much to say to me.

I do take graduation, including its ceremony seriously. We should try to release ourselves from the heartfelt notion that a speaker be the incarnation of immanent Transcending Truth hovering over us. Hallowed halo sharing, bah! That's not seriousness, its earnesty does boarder on the objectionable.

Some of the best were erased in the final balloting. Of those that remained, I cast my vote for two men of our generation and a lady. I think it fitting that a woman speak, especially one who knows much of where it's at, because she is there. The euphoric statistics of liberated women in society are largely unimpressive. Roles are still ill-defined and the confusion persists. I'm not implying that this dry subject should be the thrust of an address. State of mind and being express themselves in subtle, intangible ways. Denise Levertov might indeed be such a woman.

More exciting though are the nominations of Bob Dylan and Allen Ginsberg. There is good reason to assume that either would be amenable to the idea. (Lower your eyebrows and relax) Ginsberg would not hit you with a wishy-washy "Ginsberg's Law" for infiltrating the Establishment and Dylan's not up on speak-softly-and-carry-a-big-stick. They are honest and soft and serious. They are neither politically evanescent nor are they the archangels of misty distant centuries. They are transcendent figures who reserve the gifts of contemporary vocabulary with which to relate.

--Doreen Seidler

at a Guild concert. I point these things out, not to claim credit but express astonishment and dismay; remember we are talking about two of the very few great works of art this country has produced, works that constitute perhaps one-third of the output of one of the major creative figures in America. Well, I say that if our existing institutions and media have no room for Carl Ruggles, then we need new institutions and media. Maybe that's one of the meanings that Carl Ruggles' music has today. Maybe that's why it is still so much alive; because it can still be for each of us an intense, inward experience, because it has honesty and craft, but also because it compels us to go out and do what he and colleagues tried to do in their day -- create those new means and new institutions that we must have. No one else is going to do it; it has to be you and me. Carl will be back of us all the way.

I must conclude with my favorite Ruggles story. One day, up at the old school house in Arlington where Carl lived for so many years, Henry Cowell found him alone at the piano pounding out a single hugely dissonant chord over and over again. Not wishing to disturb him, Henry waited quietly; Carl, not noticing him, went right on pounding away. After about an hour without let-up, Cowell finally burst out, "Carl, for heavens' sakes, what are you doing with that chord!"

"Why Henry," said Carl, looking up in surprise, "I'm giving it the test of time."

Carl Ruggles and his music have, of course, stood the test of time. Some of you may have noticed that I mentioned a work called "Flower Music" and have been surprised not to find it on a program of all the works of Carl Ruggles. If you ask Carl he'll tell you the reason. It's the piece he's working on now.

-- Eric Salzman

Mr. Salzman, noted music critic, delivered the above at the recent Ruggles concert at Mt. Anthony High School, Sept. 29, '68

ARTHUR SAINER:

Postscript to a concert

One learns after a time to address the incomprehensible. Why dredge up a fragment of Ode On a Grecian Urn during the Ruggles concert? "Thou...child of silence and slow time," inaccurately jotting it down on my program while Henry Brant and four orchestras move a wall of sound. One learns to listen to oneself, believing that poets speak what we are about to speak.

Brant announces that Ruggles, 92, has requested that "Sun-Treader," written in 1932 and performed almost never, be performed twice, back to back. And is performed twice. Or is it that Ruggles and "Sun-Treader" perform four orchestras and an audience?

Calabro, like a modest Mafia lad, idles the engine in back while Brant, with exquisite effrontery, pokes a flimsy stick halfway past what we cannot speak to and is in no hurry to make his getaway.

Brant might have gone on all night. Why is twice enough or once too much?

Perhaps "Sun-Treader" still goes on. Like a child's rubber ball.

* * *

"Don't I get it whether I need it or not?" -- Cage, Silence.

* * *

The best of times and the worst. What self of us is George Wallace who accommodates himself and us more subtly than Nixon and Humphrey? A time of growing terror, the flowering of senseless acts. I recall Mailer addressing a Henry Wallace rally in Hollywood in '48, remarking how long after France's triumph, the Loyalists were committed to blowing up statues.

The white/black, left/right terror seems to grow. We respond more and more without charity, respond gutfully.

But was Jesus a false prophet? Think not.

-- Arthur Sainer

Letters to editor continued

"There is nothing here--nothing (but me). I've got to get away. I can't stand it."

The license of liberty on the outside gains a shimmering when placed beside the dull gleam of campus weekends. But the monotony of organized existence becomes threatening to the free soul of BCS, who, in turn, begin to yearn for the illusion of enlightenment and wanton self-expression on the inside. Remember NRT? In any case, the student who leaves the campus for the weekend, looks and feels quite different from the infirm. There are spoons knocking on glasses to leave and, no doubt, spoons knocking on glasses to get back.

Western philosophers have termed this a phenomenon of dualism. Psychologists call it a compartmentalization of existence. The world is greatly ordered and much simplified by its occurrence. A dividing into two, an either and an or, fosters convenience. As long as long as they fail to overlap, the persistence of each is assured.

Those people who cling so desperately to Ravi Shankar and their own nehru jackets purchased en masse from India Imports and who swear so adamantly by the words of foreign philosophies and the codes of occidental thought, will be the first to deny the fact of the world's dualism. Rather, everything is one, united, interflowing, and interacting. Yet, these are the same staunch critics of American civilization--those disenchanted with the political process, convinced of its inevitable failure (unto immobility); they are the disbelievers of newspapers, television, and other mass media.

"I don't want to be spoon fed. If I had my way, I'd destroy every television set in America. News--who cares. I don't want to see it. It's painful. I don't want to know."

The world is a cold, cruel, dirty, oppressive, conforming, noncreative, monotonous, unfeeling, wagon wheel, gladly forsaken for the quiet, green, peaceful, solitude of a Vermont valley where everyone is allowed to be himself (a carbon copy of everyone else) to engage in eso-

teric conversations, bullshit, musing and self-indulgences. And yet, these are the same people who vacate the campus every weekend for that cold, cruel world.

"But we would like to change BC."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Leave BC alone. There is nothing to be changed. Don't do this. Don't do that. There are so many other things that need to be done. Far better goals to be reached."

"Name one."

"Well, wouldn't it be nice for a start if we would have salad for dinner?"

The world is not a duality. Any attempt to make it so is artificially imposed, unnatural, and self-defeating. An environment with a "without" must expand to include what is missing. Just as women's colleges are expanding to merge with men's institutions and/or becoming co-educational, so has BC extended its domain to include the "without": it has become a suitcase college. Its members have two homes, each compensating for the absences of the other; neither including the joys of the other.

The isolation of BC is artificially imposed. Just as the stifling ordiliness of the "outside" world has been guaranteed. The disenchanted are voicing their dissatisfaction with the establishment in the overt manifestation of rebellions and demonstrations and the quiet protest of the middle-aged, hidden realizations of those sitting shocked before their television screens. This is a sign of the sure demise of dualistic renderings of human existence. Either Bennington must make itself part of the world by letting in the realities (Communications) being transmitted or it will find itself ridiculously autonomous.

If a group of creatively and intellectually gifted people periodically turn their backs on the existence of another humanity, leaving the job to less imaginative inhabitants, then Bennington should not be surprised, insulted or frustrated when the world continues in its monotonous, merry way. The college is a world, in another sense.

The world should be a part of Bennington College, operating and being operated upon, not a state above and beyond it. And citizenry doesn't respond to weekend members only.

--Sharon Stockard