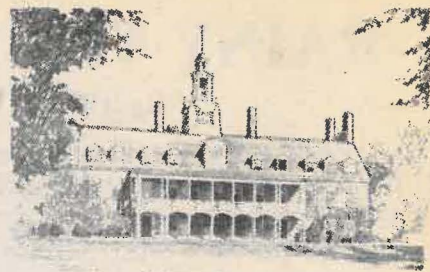


# The Commons



VOL. 1, NO. 8

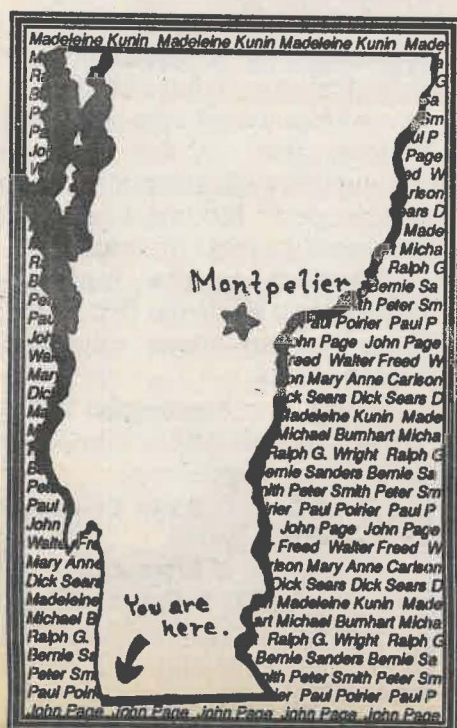
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1988

BENNINGTON COLLEGE, BENNINGTON, VT 05201

## POLITICS

### Local Candidates

By CHRISTINE T. JACKOWSKI



Many of you may know me because I registered you to vote, and gave you the tongue-twister Freeman's Oath. I am also the one who puts all of the political information in your mailboxes, urging you to vote. I was asked to write up some things on Vermont politics, and since at least 60% of the campus community votes in Vermont, I agreed that it was a job that had to be done.

First, please allow me to remind ALL registered persons to vote, Tuesday, November 8. Persons living on campus vote in North Bennington, in the Fire House, on Prospect Street (behind Percy's). The voting hours are 7 AM to 7 PM, and I have arranged for the van to run off the usual schedule, to allow for frequent trips to North Bennington for voters. There is NO excuse not to vote.

Now a few words about the

candidates. Present Governor Madeleine Kunin (Democrat) is running against Michael Burnhart, Republican. There is little doubt in my mind that Madeleine will maintain her seat. She's a pal of Mike Dukakis and her political beliefs nearly mirror his.

Democrat Ralph G. Wright is again running for his seat as Speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives. Ralph is from North Bennington, and put together the Bennington (Boy's) Program, an alternative high school for young men unable to deal with the conventional high school setting. I have worked with Ralph in this program, and am pleased to see someone who respects these young, troubled men. The program is very successful, I believe because of his efforts.

Bernie Sanders, presently the Socialist mayor of Burlington, VT, is running for the State's one Congressional seat in Washington. I also am lucky enough to know Bernie, and am thrilled with his successful campaign work - Bernie is closing the lead quickly against Peter Smith, his Republican opponent. Bernie's running as an independent, and is strongly ahead of Paul Poirier, the Democrat running.

For those of you who have been to Burlington, you can attest to the fact that the largest city in Vermont is clean and well-run. Bernie wants to put Vermont back on the maps, so to speak, and most certainly will do that in Washington. Bernie strongly supports women. He says, "Under my leadership, Burlington has been a statewide leader in the struggle for women's rights. In Congress, I will

See CANDIDATES page 3

### Congressional Race

By LITZIE HUDGINS



Growth Bill which requires towns who wish to expand to make a regional plan. This bill cuts down on expansion and keeps the state from loosing its natural forests. Before she was elected Governor in 1984 (governors serve a two year term in VT), Kunin served in the legislature.

Kunin's opponent is Republican Micheal Bernhardt. He is a conservative who is republican leader of the Vermont House of Representatives. He voted against the Clean Water Act and Governor Kunin's Growth Bill yet maintains that he is an environmentalist.

In the campaign for Lieutenant Governor, incumbent Democrat Howard Dean is running for another term. He is a practicing physician as is his wife who practices under her own name. He is Pro-Choice. During his last term in office, Dean has worked hard to make Day Care available to working mothers and people with low incomes.

Challenging Dean, is Republican Pan Zolatos. Zolatos has held no elected post, but has been active on Republican committees.

Vermont is unique in that its legislature is run by citizens; not professional politicians. The people who are elected to the legislature hold full time jobs that they relinquish for three to four months while they are involved in the legislature. The candidates for State Senate are: John Page-R, Walter Freed-R, Mary Anne Carlson-D, and Dick Sears-D. Only two will be elected.

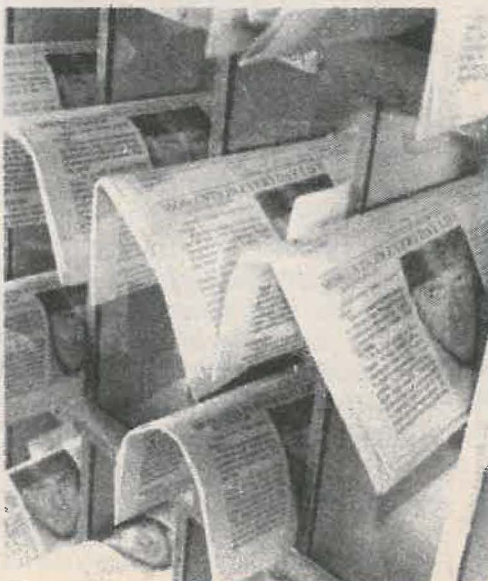
Page has one term (two years) as a conservative Republican in the House under his belt. Before he was elected to the House, Page was the Agricultural Extension Agent

See CONGRESS page 2

## MOMENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

By DAVID PECAN

There are moments in everyday life when we all have a little trouble accepting the way that we look. It is hard to feel comfortable with your self when the media that surrounds you puts all of its energy into marketing the 'perfect body type'. The way your face looks, the shape of your body, your taste in clothes... none of it is making the grade. I'm not one of those people who complains about the impersonal, master race slant that the television, magazines, and films use in their portrayal of people; I don't use words like 'plastic'. I don't scream about conspiracy in the media. I just



feel a little uncomfortable, a little behind the times, a little ugly.

The faces in the pictures are kind of easy to identify, though they're a little hard to place. Huge deserts of pearly white teeth. Ripe tanned busts, swollen with breath scented like wintergreen mint- heaving out sighs of conversation. Hair that smells like good fruit salad framing blue eyes that sparkle the word 'yes' a million times every second.

The men are either really tough and silent, or they are cute and boyish. The cute ones always have something to say. The tough ones don't have to say a thing. Each one

## A weekly column

of them is really rich and ruthless. They all snort white powder to help them stay awake while they cruise the darkened streets in their sleek cars... looking for your girlfriend. The tough ones will punch you in the nose. The cute ones will run away and then make fun of you on a talk show a week later. Each one is untouchable in his own way

The only place I can go to escape all of it is in the bathtub. No television crushing my ego, no magazines making fun of my

See MOMENTS page 2



# RAINY WAFFLE ICE-CREAM

By BREWSTER BROCKMANN

Rainy November first, after dark my friend suggested to take a drive and get some ice cream and I agreed with no problem whatsoever. His car on the other hand did have a problem, the windshield wiper didn't work, but this didn't seem to bother Dave. By the time we were going seventy, the ride started to get rougher and rougher, but this was the only way of keeping the rain off the windshield. Still there wasn't very much visibility. Both of us became quite tense but as long as that blurry yellow line was visible, we were alright. I told him about the roads where I came from, how the Mexican government didn't see the point of having yellow lines on the road or the shiny shit on the side, or even fixing the potholes which grow at a steady rate with the yearly rainy season. He said "Brewster man, we would be so dead by now" without taking his eyes off of the road. I remembered Katia's father saying if you never take risks in life you will never get anywhere. This seemed only natural and very true.

All I could hear was a mixture of silence, spraying water and the velvet underground. Conversion wasn't in existence except for a

warning on this dead truck I spotted that the pilot would have never seen. Then my eyes caught the "Manchester Next Right" sign and I started to feel a lot more comfortable. The restaurant he had in mind I always thought was a bicycle shop because of the sign which said "Lanney's" below an antique bicycle. Anyway we were alive and hungry and ready to eat.

At the entrance of Lanney's, two girls tried to pick us up but ended up kidding or just plain chicken. The meal was great and we got to take helium balloons home, black and white ones. The ride back wasn't so exciting since the rain turned to a drizzle and the stereo quit on us. I was relaxed and thought of how much fun the ride was, the interesting restaurant full of antiques and autographs of famous rock stars, and of the two men who sat next to us. One of them said to the other, "My first experience with explosives was when I lit one in my house and it blew a chunk out of the roof, well the chunk came crashing down and destroyed the cast iron sink which ruined the floor, you know, the one grandpa put down a week before..."

# MOMENTS

Continued from page 1

clothes, no radio telling me about the clubs I can't afford to go to so I can meet the people that I don't want to know. Just me, the steaming soapy water, and a belly breaking its surface that you could lay out a church picnic spread on. Splashing around in this womb I can feel all of the beautiful people receding into the realm of dreams; I am the boss.

I am the first to admit that this is a small victory. I realize that even beautiful people get to be the boss of their own tub. Right now though, I'm on top. I feel sorry for some of my friends who never learned the tub trick. I wish that they had. They could have saved money on clothing, image consultants, nose jobs, painful diets; they could have relaxed and joined me at the drive through chicken place, instead of choking down bits of lettuce, or making themselves throw up in the quiet sterility of motel bathrooms. But no, they had to do it the hard way, and suffer for a dream that no one ever really wanted, in a land where no one is ever satisfied.

I had a friend once. He wasn't one of the beautiful people. His inability to assimilate into our malibu sex butter culture turned him into little more than a social non-entity. He decided to devote all of his time towards learning how to fight. He took his cues from the tough guys in the movies, the ones who, although they were good looking, used violence to make it in the big time. Finally, he found himself in a ring at a Kung-Fu match, in a sleazy warehouse in Brooklyn, about to fight a guy who was in excellent physical condition and who just happened to have

everyone on the edge of their seat because...he was so handsome.

The referee flagged the two of them together, the good looking guy felt he had the advantage. Maybe it was cause things had always gone his way, maybe he always got the girl in the end, or maybe he figured that the social non-entity he was about to fight was too out of shape to be very good. When the two met the handsome fellow leaned close to the other's ear;

"You a good fighter, fat boy?" he hissed.

"I'm no fighter," the other answered, "I'm a pig butcher." In a moment it was over. The ref blew his whistle as the fat boy brought his heel home and parked it like a two ton truck on the pretty boy's nose. The crowd went wild, and there, for that brief instant, as he was held aloft in triumph, my friend was a winner. He was ugly, and he was sweaty, and he was going home alone, but at that moment there wasn't I guy in the audience, including myself, who didn't want to be in his shoes.

Happy endings are like anything else- where there's one there's another and another. Years later, this guy saw himself reflected in a window pane, wearing a pair of navy blue long johns, making his way across a candle lit room to his bed. He smiled at the most beautiful women in the world as she lay there, looking up at him. It wasn't easy being the most handsome man in the world, but he was getting used to it. He would grit his teeth and go down the middle like a pro, the crowd would go wild, the whistle would blow, and it would be lights out for the bad guys. Let's here it for the home team.

# CONGRESS

Continued from page 1

(AEA) for 35 years. The AEA helps farmers and gardeners. Freed owns Johnson Oil Company located in Dorset, VT. Both candidates voted against a state-wide property tax and hold typically conservative views on most issues.

Carlson and Sears both describe themselves as liberal Democrats. Carlson is a proponent of environmental protection and Child Care. She is also honest enough to admit that she doesn't know enough about the state-wide tax subject to make a stand for or against it.

Very briefly, the state-wide property tax states that the only way to control growth is to give control over property tax on second homes and commercial properties to the government. That way, the towns won't be able to compete against each other for second properties.

Dick Sears chairs the Bennington Board of Selectmen which is the governing body of Bennington. He runs a home for trouble boys in Bennington.

Although there are eight seats in the Vermont House of Representatives up for grabs, Bennington Students can only choose from the three candidates in our district.

Democrat Ralph Wright is the current Speaker of the Vt. House, a position he has held for tow terms. He is a liberal democrat.

Dick Pembroke, also a Democrat, is running for a seat in the House as well. He runs a landscaping business and is very interested in protecting the environment. He has served one term in the House, but has not been very vocal. He is labeled liberal, but is not as liberal as Wright.

The only Republican candidate open to Bennington Students is Jeffrey Andress. The only information available on his political views is that he is very fundamentalist and very conservative.

In the US Senate, the seat of retiring Republican Robert Stafford is being sought by James Staffords-R, Bill Grey-D, Jeffrey Leevy-Liberty Union, and King Milne-Independent.

Milne believes that our future is in space and that we should declare the Soviet Union our favorite trading partner and join them in space exploration.

No information on Leevy was available except that he teaches at Marlboro College. The Liberty Union Party is a liberal party that has broken from the Democrats because they believe the Democrats are not liberal enough.

James Jeffords has been a Republican congressman for 16 years. He was the only republican to vote against Reagan's tax cut of 1981. He also voted against gun control. The issue of gun control is very touchy in Vermont.

Bill Grey, not to be confused with the Bill Gray of Philadelphia, has a strong political connection with Senator Patrick Leahy. Grey was Leahy's campaign manager.

Although there is little information on where Grey stands on many of issues, through his connection with Leahy we can infer that he is liberal minded. He is a practicing lawyer Putney and worked in the Attorney General's office under the Carter Administration.

Finally, there are six candidates for the US House of Representatives: Morris Earle-Small Beautiful, Bernard Sanders Socialist, Peter Smith-R, Peter Diamondstone-Liberty Union, James Hedbor-Libertarian, and P. Poirier-D.

Earle believes that although technology is a good thing, American people have allowed it to overwhelm us and take control. He believes that we are losing our individuality and wants to make sure that we don't become a population that is only a mass of numbers.

Sanders is the mayor of Burlington. He is the first socialist mayor of any major city in the United States.

Smith is a Bennington College Trustee, and describes himself as mainstream Republican.

No information was available on Peter Diamondstone.

Hedbor is a Libertarian. The Libertarian party is founded on anti government and isolationist beliefs. He is for decreasing the defense budget.

Poirier is the majority leader of the Vt. House and is described as mainstream Democrat.

If you have read this far, you are to be commended. Politics can sometimes be monotonous, but it is important to know what the candidates stand for when you go to the polls. It is also important to remember that our vote counts. Our age group is one of the largest voting groups yet very few of us take the time to vote. Bennington Students vote at the North Bennington firehouse which is located behind Percy's on Prospect Street.

## The Commons

Newspapers never sleep

STAFF: Diana Adams, Satie Airame, Ilena Andrews, Anonymous Hippopotamus, Courtney Baker, Both of US, Brewster Brockmann, Phoebe Brown, Sara Carder, Adam F. Cohen, Gioia Connell, Heather Estey, Anna Gaskell, Litzie Hudgins, Christine T. Jackowski, Ann Kalill, Gregory Noveck, Dan O'Day, Dave Pecan, Clark Perks, Tim Pitzer, Nick Scheer, Jonathan Sherman, Emily Singer, Marc Spitz, St. Fabula, Raoul Venuzeula

The Commons, Box A-105, Bennington College, Bennington VT 05201 (802) 447-7652



# THE BOTTOM LINE

By TIM PITZER

**Q. Why the fuck isn't there a change machine in the laundry room? I mean, all the vending machines are in there!**

—pissed-off in Fels

Well Pissed, The Bottom Line checked out your question and found out some very interesting facts. First of all, there are only two change machines on campus. One (which dispenses only dimes) in the library foyer, and the other (a quarter dispenser) is in the mail room. The major problem with these is accessibility.

Security locks the mail room "around ten o'clock" everyday save Friday, when it is locked a little after 6:30. After that time you have a choice: You can go and pester the snack bar for change, in which case you may find yourself in quite a long line (not to mention that it is a slight inconvenience for Food Services and takes their change); or, if you have quarters, just trek on over to the library for dimes. Until midnight, that is. Oh well, how many students really do laundry (or want one of those nutritious Three Musketeers Bars) after midnight?

Actually, the demand for such change is enormous, judging by the few number of "complaints" students have voiced. And when I asked students, all agreed that it would be helpful, especially on weekends. So The Bottom Line went in search of a solution.

All investigations led to Paul Renzi, Director of Food Services. I asked him about the possibility of moving the change machine out of the post office (where it has no clear purpose) into the laundry room (where it could service the food machines as well as the washers and dryers). He said that the main concern is security, not money.

In the library, the dime machine

is installed by the UMC industries, the same company that owns the copy machines. They simply gave the X-Changer to the library to use with their copiers. The same type of situation occurred with the quarter machine. The difference is that the laundry room is completely unsupervised. I looked at the room after the interview to see if there was a perfect location for an X-Changer, and I found a cigarette machine broken open, product missing, and the money compartment almost dislodged.

Nevertheless, The Bottom Line asked if the machine could be put into an area reachable twenty-four hours a day. Mr. Renzi agreed to try to move the machine next to the snack-bar in Commons. If it is vandalized, it will simply be moved back in the mail room. Fair enough.

But this brings to mind a disturbing attitude. Who would break open a cigarette machine? I never thought that even a crazed Bennington tobacco freak would ever have resorted to a life of crime. Once again, this school amazed me. But it is more than that. I was told that three years ago, people actually took their trays to the window. The student of old would clean up their spilt milk, and tried to avoid throwing half their cereal back onto the table "for the help to clean." Are these same Bennington students who rebel against their infamous rich-kid stereotype still throwing food on the ground during an infantile tantrum?

Enough sermonizing. Suffice it to say that The Bottom Line wants your questions. If there is something going on (new chimneys???) that you don't understand, or anything you want investigated, drop a note in Box D491. For this week, that's the bottom line.



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## DAVID PECAN VERY LIVE AT PERCYS

By SARA CARDER AND HEATHER ESTEY

We are now officially David Pecan's groupies. While we thought the New Zoo Jazz Review's act was really groovy, there was something about Dave's lewd, yet sensitive performance that... well, it really made us laugh. Sorry about the near illiteracy of those opening statements, but it's late and we're baked (Heather has had a few too many Motrin). In recalling David's pathos filled monologues, though, even Heather can manage a grin, Dave's topics ranged from riske, dangerous and safe sex (special bit of knowledge gained: Masturbating on raw skin is scary shit), to woeful tales of Dave's past Halloweens. And everyone who can admit to looking divine while trying to impersonate Paul Stanley is worthy of our admiration at least.

Dave's act was musically inclined even though, by his own admission, he uses only three chords Buddy Holly utilized throughout his whole entire career. According to Dave, those same three chords make up every song in music history. (We

believe him) Crowd favorites included; "Teenage Cremation", "I Don't Want to Sleep Alone Tonight," "TV Land," and "Satan Is My Best Friend"(!)

For those who haven't heard, Dave is running for President. His videotaped campaign ad (courtesy of John McKinnon) was certainly an inspiration for the common man. It had our political little hearts pounding, anyway. By the way, Mr. McKinnon, we've heard that George Bush was in North Bennington looking for you this week. Too bad you missed him - must've been the only fifteen minutes in John's life when he wasn't in Percy's. Oh Well....

We also paused for an interlude which ended with Dave Sechy standing before us in Leopard Skin Underwear. His poetry reading wasn't bad either (How 'bout a show of your own sometime Mr. Sechy?).

David returned and regaled us with a few more songs (including a nutty little Spanish number, the lyrics of which we will not repeat in

this or any other setting) and a few more stories until the kind people of Percy's had to kick us out and close up. And so we all filed out in a more or less orderly fashion, a little happier than when we went in.

Dave pointed out to us repeatedly during his performance that he really doesn't understand why people find the painful parts of his life so amusing. This was a question that plagued us afterwards, too. Unfortunately, despite our extensive pondering (and Heather's slightly warped belief that Motrin is a mind expanding drug), we did not come up with a truly profound answer to David's question. All we can really say is that we're not laughing at you Dave, we're laughing with you. We can all identify (and if you can't you're either a real moron or Vanna White. Wait, is there a difference?). Well, we wish that the strength and humor of this review matched the strength and humor of Dave's performance.... but it doesn't. All we can say in closing is - We Love You Dave!

## CANDIDATES

*Continued from page 1*

fight for a progressive child care bill, for economic justice for women, and for re-ordering of our national priorities away from military spending. I will oppose any attempt to restrict women's reproductive rights." Bernie supports the environment, the poor, and the sick. Plus, he has been endorsed by Ben and Jerry, of Cherry Garcia ice cream fame!

I wish I had more time to write this article—there is much more that can be said about these candidates, and their opponents. A last couple of reminders: If anyone recently registered to vote in Vermont, whether by me, or any other notary public has difficulty, please get in touch with me on election day. It would help to take the copy of the voter registration for given to you to the polls with you. People who live in Bennington (town) vote at St. Francis Parish Center. Any questions? Drop me a note at Box C 348. And finally, remember what Billy Brass says - "Democracy without responsibility is not democracy. In the end, only the youth of America can save



# HEAD to HEAD

By Emily, the Liberal  
To Tim, The Arrogant  
Prick

By Tim, The Conservative  
To Emily, you closed-  
minded Slut

"Bush has gained a wider margin in the polls." Is the world coming to an end? As election day grows near, the national polls indicate that George Bush's lead has become larger and larger. What exactly does that mean?

That means that us Bennington students, who obviously weren't asked to participate in the national survey, must go out on Tuesday, November 8 and vote for Dukakis. If Bush wins, abortion will be illegal, and we will all be lucky if we are still alive by the year 2000. He also wants to cut funding to the less fortunate so that the Rich can live well; for you heartless Conservatives (like Tim), that probably seems like paradise.

If Dukakis wins, all of us can look forward to a longer life with raised taxes, but what is the alternative? Dukakis is for abortion because he feels that the decision belongs to the woman. It's a woman's body, so shouldn't a woman have the right to decide? If it is illegal, then we will go back to dirty knives and fold-up tables in unsanitary conditions (like in Dirty Dancing). And then these poor women will be sentenced to the death penalty. Way to go Bush! You really want us all dead, don't you? So again I ask you, what is the solution? Well, I know some people who are planning on moving to Canada. Shall we join them? God help us. So remember to vote; we're all going to die someday, anyway.

Well, now that we have that unfounded emotionalism out of the way...let's get down to facts.

Why would anyone vote for Dukakis? Give me one reason. The abortion topic is hardly enough motivation to put an untried and clearly unqualified man in the White House. Listen up folks, a President does not have unlimited power. Bush couldn't make pissing in a Coke bottle illegal if he wanted to. Laws are in the hands of Congress, not the executive!

Fine, Bush is pro-missiles. Wouldn't it be wonderful if a man could take a magic wand and make all war devices go away? Sorry to break it to you Emily, but not even the Almighty Mike Dukakis has that ability. Wake up!

And a President does not work alone. Much (if not ALL) of his decision is based on what his advisors tell him. Imagine in this stage of the game, removing all of the Cabinet, the men who have worked for eight years, on a day to day basis with this country and others. Now imagine replacing them with Dukakis supporters. Not a healthy idea, is it Emily?

So, to all of you (pause) Liberals out there, paying homage to your King, Dukakis, I say wake up and smell the smog.

NEXT WEEK: MARIJUANA

# NO MORE SHOES FOR IMELDA

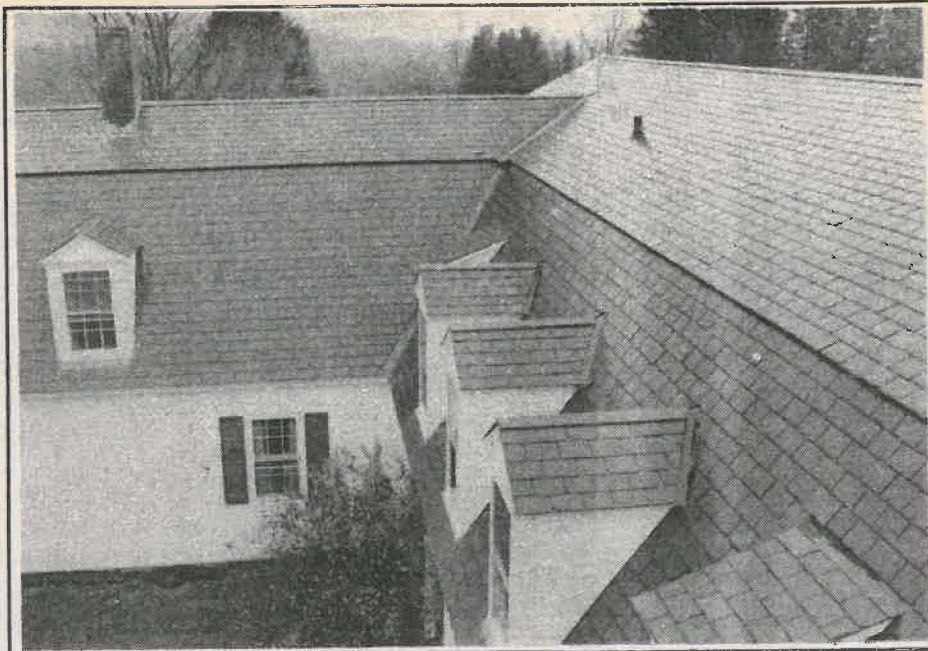
By PHEOBE BROWN

America's favorite ousted leaders, Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos are being brought to trial on charges of racketeering and embezzlement. They are accused of transferring \$103 million dollars stolen from the Philippino government into U.S. banks and using these funds, as well as \$165 million defrauded from two U.S. banks, to purchase prime real estate in Manhattan.

Things look bleak for the Marcos family. They managed to flee from the Philippines (with aid from our government) with enough money to settle into a posh exile and countless pairs of shoes but that wasn't enough for this money hungry couple. Using the stolen funds combined with the bank funds, they purchased the Crown Building (perhaps due to it's regal name), the Herald Shopping

Center (to keep the shoe supply steady), and office buildings at 40 Wall Street and 200 Madison Avenue. As a result of this real estate binge, they are now facing, if convicted, a maximum of fifty years in prison and fines totaling one million dollars.

It's time for this lovely couple to be brought to justice. Stealing funds of this amount from a country plagued by poverty and political instability, coupled with the lavish lifestyle the Marcos' maintained while in power seems grounds enough for social punishment. Their greed brought them this far and, while mere greediness alone is not enough to constitute imprisonment, theft of money is. These two have a problem of excess. Since they don't know when to stop, the courts should inform them.



# WOOLLEY HOUSE It Exists!!

By ANN KALILL

Finally. Here is segment one of my series regarding on-campus housing. I was, as you know, going to start with Booth House. However, the house chairs at Booth were too busy to deal with an interview this week, so I decided to start at the other end of the spectrum (because, well, I live in this house, and so it was easy for me to get an interview.)

Woolley House is a semi-quiet house near Dewey (we all know where Dewey is, right?). Woolley contains seventeen women and twelve men who are mainly underclassmen. Co-house chair Amina Sharma answered my questions, while Gabby Leff (the other chair) was, unfortunately, unavailable. So here it goes.....

AK: Ann Kalill  
AS: Amina Sharma

AK: Most of the students in Woolley House are freshmen, why is that?  
AS: Well, I suppose it's because a lot of the upperclassmen that lived here last year were seniors and not a lot of people but some people moved off campus. So it ended up that we had a large amount of doubles upstairs that were empty.

AK: So they threw all the freshmen in there.  
AS: Some freshmen who lived there last year got singles in other houses. So they moved out. So, I mean, it's not for any one reason.

AK: It seems like Woolley is the biggest freshman house, though.  
AS: Is it?

AK: Probably.  
AS: Except that I think Noyes is like that right now too. Thirty new students or something. Do you think that it's a bad thing that we have all freshmen?

AK: Yeah. It makes for a lot of noise.  
AS: I can see that.

AK: How come there are never any parties in Woolley House?  
AS: Because we're a semi-quiet house.  
AK: But semi-quiet houses occasionally have parties.  
AS: This house is leaning towards being more quiet than loud. Most

people in our house don't want to have parties because of the mess, and the fact that people have to clean up afterwards, and people want to study, and they don't want the living room to be trashed. That's basically the real reason - we don't want the living room to get trashed. It gets disgusting. Woolley's the kind of house where they hold seminars, lectures, you know, and sometimes even classes.

AK: That's true, but when you say Woolley is tending toward being a quiet house, do you really think it is?  
AS: It's supposed to. As it is right now, it's not. But I don't think that these houses - the Swan and Woolley people - should even have parties because the living rooms are too small.

AK: Yes, but the Swan-Woolley party was really good.  
AS: When we do it - we do it well (She laughs)

AK: Didn't there use to be parties in Woolley?  
AS: I don't know. That would have been before my time. I know that the last party they had here was about three years ago, it was a Halloween party - meant to be a house party, and a lot of the campus crashed it. The whole living room got trashed, and that's when they decided not to have any more parties.

AK: There was a rumor circulating that the house chairs of Woolley wanted to move some of the freshmen to Booth. Is that true?  
AS: No. That's not true at all.

AK: Do you know why that rumor might have been started?  
AS: Yeah, because I think that some people in Woolley thought they were going to get kicked out because they overheard Gabby, she's on Housing Committee, talking to someone about the policy of throwing out students, and one of the students was near by and probably misinterpreted it and thought that she was trying to throw out students.

AK: I see. Have any students been moved out?  
AS: Yeah. We lost one freshman to Booth.

See WOOLLEY page 6

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# WOOLLEY

Continued from page 4

AK: People say that students in Woolley, like many quiet houses, are unfriendly towards each other. Do you think that's true?

AS: Not at all!!

AK: You don't think that the loud houses are warmer towards each other?

AS: I don't know. I've had friends who've moved into the louder houses, and they find that it's not any better. But I don't know. I've heard that Canfield this term is a really tight house, they are all really close to each other. But I haven't heard anything about the rest of the houses. I think that this would be a close house except that there is a division between the upstairs and downstairs. Which is too bad. I like the upstairs people, they should come downstairs more often.

AK: Well, there are mostly upperclassmen downstairs. How do you think other houses on campus view Woolley?

AS: I think it's the inconspicuous house that no one knows exists.

AK: You think so?

AS: Yeah, because Woolley's such a quiet house, and it's just so obscure.

AK: Would you agree with it's reputation of being just a dull, quiet house?

AS: No, because I live in it, and I must like it if I live in it.

AK: That's true. Especially if you're a house chair.

AS: I mean, I've lived in Woolley for three years. And I like it a lot, I don't know what I like about it specifically. I think it's because it's quiet. (Amina laughs) Well, usually. When I came as a freshman, the atmosphere here was really friendly towards freshmen. It was really a nice place to live. I've never wanted to live in another house.

AK: That's good. Do you know of anyone who stayed at Woolley for four years?

AS: Yes, a girl who graduated last year.

AK: Do you want to stay after this year?

AS: Yeah, I do. I want to stay. I mean, I feel really good in our house now, and I don't want to leave.

AK: I think that there are some new students on campus who have never heard of Woolley House, why do you think that this is the case?

AS: Because there are no parties. Because, in the past, there have been more upperclassmen than freshmen.

AK: And are they studious?

AS: No, just people who are into doing their own thing.

AK: Do you do anything collectively as a house?

AS: Do you mean this term or in the past?

AK: Both.

AS: Yeah, we've had some in-house parties that have been fun. But, we haven't done anything in a long time. This term it would be so much fun to do something like, Gabby and I were thinking of something, but I don't want to tell you because it's a surprise.

AK: Has there been any damage to the house this term?

AS: Yes there has. Not by the house but a couple of windows were punched in, and someone's door was written on in yellow spray paint. This has been a term for house damage.

AK: Do you know who did any of it?

AS: Yeah. But I can't say. We were told townies punched the windows in.

AK: What do you think of Booth and Dewey Houses?

AS: What do we think of them?

AK: What do you think people in Woolley think of them?

AS: Oh, I don't know, because everyone thinks something different.

AK: What do YOU think of them?

AS: I don't know what to tell you about Booth - they're fun. They have great parties there. And Dewey, Dewey seems really loud. I mean, louder than they've been in the past.

AK: Do you think that there are any sex or drugs in Woolley?

AS: In this house? I'm sure there's sex. I don't know about drugs. Probably. Who knows?

AK: If you could tell everyone on campus one thing about Woolley House, what would it be?

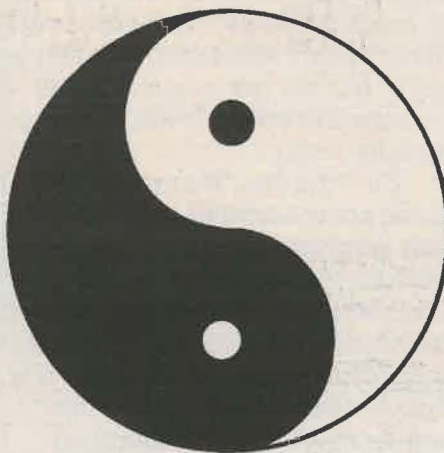
AS: Oh, boy. We're friendly.

AK: We exist.

AS: Yeah, we exist.

## THE DICHOTOMY OF THE SELF

By GIOIA CONNELL



Lately, I have been thinking about dichotomy of the self. By this I mean the experience of seeming to be very many people in one body, one self. (If you can't deal with this kind of stuff, now is the time to go read Bloom County, okay?)

The different aspects of myself seem to be intrinsically and fundamentally different, yet they are all distinctly me. I'm ditsy, dingy, airy, and flirtatious. Yet I am also dedicated, focused, responsible, and capable. That last bit sounds like it's from my resume, but you know what I mean. I'm not talking about just having a frivolous as well as a serious vice because we all have that. No, I think this is more complicated. It's about the roles we play in different situations, the different people we become in reaction to the others around us. This is about the peculiar clashes of those roles that happens between them when they are particularly distinct. Like when you are at a party, being generally wild and crazy, and suddenly you are struck with a realization about the social interaction and group dynamics going on around you. Or, say, you are at the same party, but you are a student of art instead of psychology, and you notice how the lighting from the red painted light-bulbs is shading people's faces. Being a student of both myself, these things have happened to me. It's pretty disconcerting, not to mention weird.

Those examples show the clash between the party-person that we become in a party situation, and the

academic thinkers that we are a students we are at Bennington. I think that the argument could be made that there is nothing inherently worthier in reflecting upon a situation in an intellectual or artistic way than in a humorous or brazen way. The latter is perhaps more grounded in the immediate reality. After all, isn't it just society that establishes what the "important" ways of thinking are?

There are other patterns of being that can clash. Certainly women in the 1980's have to deal with the nurturing care-giver image vs. the career/Cosmo women image. And I don't mean to alienate any men, we all have to cope with the dichotomy between the child within us, our insecurities, and the capable person that we all can be. I'm trying to think of more examples of this dichotomy of self, because I really have no particularly sweeping conclusions to come to. I bet you are all tired of my life being the only example, but it's hard to think of others. How about Nicole Holt, who wrote that incredible piece about fire in last week's paper? Did you know that Rachel Schatz plays the piano? Or that Ben Zelle writes poetry? I wonder if these people struggle as I do with this issue. Perhaps they see themselves as totalities in some way. Sometimes I see myself as a totality, but then again, sometimes I don't? Basically it confuses the fuck out of me. I mean, I happen to be on the Constitutional Advisory Committee and I also happen to be planning on wearing a G-string to Dressed to Get Laid. Isn't that kind of bizarre?

I believe that perhaps I should (-that is, we should, if any of you are still with me on this one, and feel as I do-) anyway, we could aim for a holistic existence; a life where we could affirm and validate all of our responses to what goes on. (I'm sorry if this is sounding to New Age, but just deal with it, all right?) Let's think about this holistic deal, wholeness, where everything in one's life stems from one center and no matter how differently one acts from moment to moment, somewhere the self is fully integrated and imagined.

## STUDENT COUNCIL SHIT

By EMILY SINGER

1) Judicial Amendment re-vote: "Yes, I would like 7 students" or "Yes, I would like 3 students and 3 faculty on Judicial". If 3 students and 3 faculty are elected then an amendment to the proposed community constitution will have to be added.

2) Voting will take place on Thursday, November 3rd from 11:00-6:00.

3) New voting regulations: Ballots must be handed to each person by a council representative so that cheating is prevented. The person who is voting has to put his initials next to his name and the council representative who handed him the ballot must also put their initials by the voter's name. Before each election all council representatives must visit all inhabitants of their house and explain the reason behind the election and try and answer any

questions.

4) The council advisory committee submitted their proposal for a new community constitution after only one week, three weeks before their deadline.

5) All-night study: A vote was taken in all houses regarding the use of the center dining room (salad bar room) for the new location of the all-night study room. The vote was passed and now a proposal will be submitted to the administration. There will be smoking allowed in this room during this time.

6) Community Meeting: A date will be set upon Liz Coleman's return.

7) Cases to go before Administrative review: At the present time there are several cases pending, which should normally go before Judicial. Mary Ellen Gilroy

See COUNCIL page 6



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## J.D. SALINGER AND ME...

By MARC SPITZ

He asked the concession salesperson for some Jordan almonds. He looked a little like Ralph Bellamy. He wore chino pants. I recognized him almost instantly from the recently published Time/Newsweek photos. Although he lives in seclusion in New Hampshire, J.D. Salinger was in the D.W. Griffith in Midtown; waiting to see Ken Russel's "Lair of the White Worm". He did not seem frail and reserved; reclusive. He even appeared approachable. It was a Monday matinee. The audience was sparse. I offered an unassuming line: "Excuse me, have you read much about this film? Do you like Russel?"

"I liked 'Tommy'".

The voice was strained and guttural; a bit feminine. I sensed a certain friendly encouragement. I popped...

"J.D. Salinger?" (like some beer commercial sports legend to another).

He nodded and smiled proudly. I realized that I had caused a minor scene so I attempted to downplay my discovery and unavoidable outburst.

"He has a flair with his actresses; Ann-Margaret, Glenda Jackson, Blair Brown..."

"Catherine Oxenberg!"

This reply was at once surprising and clarifying. I remembered a friend swearing to me that Salinger was obsessed with the former

Dynasty star/princess. She was appearing in the film. I did not want to touch upon this issue. I construed that a literary genius must be able to keep his or her obsessions in a constructive order. It was, however, awfully strange.

The film ran. We sat together. I could not concentrate on the story. I was paralyzed by the opportunity to explore the man behind Holden Caulfield, Franny, Zooey, and that tremendous enigma. One of the final scenes found Oxenberg in her white, cotton undies, dangling over a carnivorous phallus-worm/god. I managed, amidst my distraction, to get an erection from the sheer perversity of the scene. I wanted to know what was brewing in Salinger's head. Could we be experiencing simultaneous erections? The thought of becoming erect with one of the most mysterious and influential writers of the century over the same stimulus blew my mind. Imagine, being able to boast that you got hard with Kerouac; staring at the same waitress in some beat coffee dive. To experience excitement with a literary genius is encouraging; the validation of a suspected kindred.

I felt closer to J.D. than I had after reading his books and stories nine or ten times. After the film let out, we exchanged opinions. Then we went into Forbidden Planet and played with robots.

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## SNOW

By PHEOBE BROWN

The trees stand stark and barren against the cold November sky. Their branches sway with the gusts, so fragile-looking, yet so resilient. Through my window I watch the snow fall and wonder how it feels to fall so freely. Each flake spirals alone, left to the whims of the wind. I am painfully conscious of my own weight, knowing that I cannot drift through the air for my feet are rooted to the earth. I begin to feel like one of the trees, my feet sinking deeper and deeper downward until I can move no longer. My mind stretches outwards, as the tree branches reach to the sky. Yet, only my mind soars, my feet want the security of the ground beneath them. My mind longs for the great expanse of the sky to explore, my feet cling to the roots of gravity. I try to reason with these stubborn feet and tell them the pleasure of flying but they are much too afraid of the fall.

## COUNCIL

Continued from page 5

went ahead and set a date for the pending cases without confirmation of acceptance from Don Sieber. Don and Clark will speak to Mayor Ellen later this week about why she did not wait for Don's reply or why she didn't try and get a hold of him. She was in such a rush, and why they are being brought to Administrative review.

8) Conflict of interest: Student Services' purpose is to be helpful to the students with any problem they may come across while they are in Bennington. Instead they are becoming a hindrance. In various instances with Booth House, Student Services was not willing to accept their various offers for fixing things or when they tried to confront student services with an accident was literally slammed in their face. More will be printed about this next week. What exactly is their role becoming? This issue is being discussed in the House Chamber meetings.

# I DIED AND SPENT TWENTY MINUTES IN HELL

By BOTH OF US

LOS ANGELES (CA); It's been a good week for weird shit on the American (in) continent. Down in good ole Peru, a bunch of seriously pissed-off miniature extra-terrestrials shot it out amongst themselves in front of twelve shafted eyewitnesses. (Did we say shafted? Oh. We meant startled.) The space aliens, a.k.a. The Weirdo Warriors, fought to the death with lawn darts purchased at a local K-Mart. Fortunately for the space aliens, the battle took place in South America, where the deadly darts are still legal.

Back up here in L.A., George Bush was hot and hard on the campaign trail. In an alleged speech yesterday, he expounded on the threat posed to American society by the insidious evil of lawn darts and K-Mart, and promised that, if elected, he would be the Lawn Dart President.

That evening, he found time to bring the missus along for a quick and illicit game of lawn darts at Bob Hope's place. Other game celebs included Esther Williams, Telly Savalas, and Gene Autrey. Bob is quoted as saying, "You leave your porch light on, you never know who's going to show up." And asked why he invited Bush to his evening shin-dig, he said, "After working for Ron for eight years, I thought he should meet some real actors." Shortly after saying this, Hope was admitted to R.S.S. Memorial Hospital with a particularly stubborn

lawn dart stuck up his ass.

Always on the lookout for a good story, Your Intrepid Reporters took their lives in their hands (among other things, not all of which were necessarily their own) and set off to sniff out the truth behind the Great Lawn Dart Mystery.

WASHINGTON, D.C.; A quick trip to the Public Records Office revealed some interesting bits of information. It seems that, way back in the mists of time, (i.e. the 1970's) sales of lawn darts to minors were made illegal, but were still available to adults through the vast network of legalized sporting-goods shops across America. Since then, the Consumer Products Safety Commission, or CPSC (not to be confused with SEPC) has thought about recommending a possible partial ban on lawn darts, only illegalizing "those darts that have the potential for causing skull puncture injuries." On the twenty-first of October of this year, Congress, in all its infinite Wisdom, passed a bill "calling on the commission to ban lawn darts that can cause any puncture injury, not just skull punctures." Since these pronouncements, no results have been visible. There are, it seems, powerful interests behind the lawn dart industry. But This Newspaper can prove that lawn darts have killed and will kill again.

WEASELVILLE, (Tenn);

Eleven-year old Gwen Lunk lies deep in a coma in a local hospital after an eight-hour surgical ordeal in which an attempt was made to extract a four-inch lawn dart which was embedded in her skull in a backyard game of darts with her younger brother, Harvey, eight. It seems that Harvey overthrew slightly and missed the target, impaling his sister in the process. Their highly-distressed mother, Candice Lunk, thirty-five, said, "It's all been so.... well, difficult. But the neighbors have been wonderful. All I can say, really, is Thank God he missed the dog." The dog, Peachums, four, was unavailable for comment.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY, OXFORD (England); Professor Willard B. Schnertz, eminent thinker and holder of a doctorate in Applied Lawn Dart Theory, told This Newspaper, "Lawn darts can really be, um, rather dangerous things. Especially if you point them at somebody. Then it gets really nasty."

Could lawn darts kill again?  
"Um, yes."

WASHINGTON, D.C. (Again); Your Intrepid Reporters confronted the chairperson of the CPSC (not to be confused with the SPCA) with this information, and we were told, "Fuck off, I'm on my coffee break." Later that afternoon, the chairperson revealed that, "We really would like

to do something about this menace that stalks our backyards but every time we even think about it, large hairy men come around and threaten our pets. I suspect somebody very high up wants to stop all attempts to regulate the lawn dart trade." Whereupon, Y.I.R. (Your Intrepid Reporters) had a very enlightening and expensive couple of drinks with an anonymous top official in the National Security Commission. This Newspaper is now in a position to make revelations concerning an international Web Intrigue involving the highest level of U.S. government.

Lieutenant-colonel Sid Kling is currently facing indictment on twelve charges of Treason Against the State, Contravening Section One Through Fourteen of the Point Things Act, and General Gross Stupidity. According to our sources, Lieutenant-colonel Klinger has been implicated in a smuggling ring that involves shipping off Iranian lawn darts via Libya into Panama, where General Noriega personally supervised their distribution in the U.S. In return for this, the U.S. Marines would have use of Iranian sports facilities, including showers and complimentary bathing caps.

When questioned about the motive for such un-American behavior, Klinger replied, "It was George's idea." The vice-president was unavailable for comment, but his campaign manager was heard mutter, "Ph shit, there goes the election."





## TV by TV Bob

**Saturday**- CBS channel 6 at 8:00 pm- **DIRTY DANCING** based on the movie. The show stars a reject from the 70's **PATRICK CASSIDY** (remember Shawn from the Hardy Boys?), **DAVID PARTRIDGE**, and **McLEAN STEVENSON**. Ever since Stevenson's character in **M\*A\*S\*H\*** died, everything he's done on TV has died.

**Sunday**-TV 23 at 7:00 pm-21 **JUMP STREET**. Really cool cop show.

8:30 pm- **MARRIED WITH CHILDREN**. A funny show about a family that hates each other.

9:00 pm- **GARRY SHANDLING**. A truly talented comedian that breaks the "4th wall". He talks directly to us.

9:30 pm- **THE TRACY ULMAN SHOW**. A talented comedienne in lots of sketches; various characters - neat animation by Matt Groening.

**Monday** - Do some homework - unless you love **ALF**; 8:00 pm channel 13 although **NEWHART** is

still good for a laugh on channel 6 also at 8:00 pm.

**Tuesday**- **ROSANNE**. A funny comedienne turned homemaker. Decent show 8:30pm channels 10 or 19. **MOONLIGHTING**. **BLEECH!!!** Find it yourself

**Wednesday**- **DICK VAN DYKE** and **MARY TYLER MOORE** try to rekindle their earlier success - They fail. Channel 6 from 8:00 pm to 9:00 pm.

**WISEGUY**- 10:00 pm channel 6. Great cop drama about an undercover officer.

**TATtinger's**- 10:00 pm channel 13. Decent, intelligently written show about a restaurateur. By the guys who did **ST. ELSEWHERE**

**NIGHT COURT**- 9:00 pm on channel 13. Still funny

**Thursday**- Nothing good on. Although I haven't seen **DEAR JOHN** and I want to.

**Friday** -Who watches TV? Did you wonder how I know all this? You shouldn't. I don't do my work. Life is not a sit-com.

# TIME OF YOUR LIFE

By DIANA ADAMS

**Time of Your Life** by William Saroyan takes place in the middle of World War II. It's about a bar called "Mick's Saloon and Entertainment Palace" and the people who enter it all looking for something crucial to their life and in the end getting what they need whether they know it or not. The cast of characters and their players includes:

Chrissy Capanella - Kitty Duvall  
Todd Bakerian - Joe  
Sam Brown - Tom  
Ben Zelle - Kit Carson  
Shawn Paper - Mick  
Sam Baber - Blick  
Sarah Chandler Ward - Lorraine  
Amy Christopher - Mary L.  
Ian Bell - Krupp  
Katie Stone - Nick's Daughter  
Chris Black - Arab  
Jon Sherman - Willie  
Kevin Krakower - Drunkard  
Spencer Cox - Harry  
Tony Wilson - Wesley

Gia Marakas - Mick's Ma  
Mollia Fuller - Elsie  
Mandelspiegel  
Don Schneider - Dudley  
Pete Dinklage - McArthy  
Evan Loeffler - Paperboy  
John Kugel - Cop  
Jenny Person - Killer  
Cindy Baxter & Lesley  
McBurney - her sidekicks  
Peter Davis - Society Man  
Liz Zimmie - Society Lady

It's directed by Nicholas Martin. Technical Stage Manager - Sharon Rosen. The lights are designed by Jeff Segal. The set - Tony Carruthers. The costumes - David Cote. Stage Managers - Ted Teuten and Lori Zepp. Choreography by Brooks Ashmanskas. Technical Directors - Robynne Kingham and Todd Bakerian

It opens November 4, 5, and 6 at 8:00 pm in Lester Martin Theatre.

## BENNINGTON BEAT: HAIR AND THERE

By ADAM F. COHEN

For \$6.00 you can get a cut, \$9.00 for longer hair, though Bob usually gets "the short hair. The long hair goes to the beauty parlor." Bob gets a few of the same clients every week. "It's not like family, they just want it (a haircut) every week."

Don, the North Bennington Post Master has been a client of Bob's for 34 years. "Bob's the only barber in town," he remarked in a friendly, joking voice. He also said that "the people in North Bennington were a lot smarter, but there's no barber over there." Don's lived in North Bennington all his life, if he were "twenty, he'd probably want to live somewhere else."

Bob ruminated on the changes Bennington has gone through in the past 34 years. "Lot more traffic, buildings, and business" has come through Bennington. It used to be "that you could walk down the street and know everyone, or at least know the section of town they were from." There are of course, pros and cons to living in Bennington now and 34 years ago.

The relations between the college and the town of Bennington have changed in this time also. "Thirty years ago," Don began, "You'd never see anyone from the college in town. North Bennington is a five minute walk and we never went up and they never came down. It's all changed." We attributed this change to the ease of transportation to town we now have. "It's all happened in the last ten years," Don said. He also said that a lot of Bennington students live in North Bennington and they aren't noisy.

Bob and Andy's Barber Shop is open Tuesday to Saturday, from 8 am to 11 am and then from 1 pm to 5 pm. For six dollars you can get a pretty decent haircut and some friendly conversation. I never did ask about Andy.....

## EVIAN JELLO BOWLING

By ILENA ANDREWS

Last Friday around 10 pm in Noyes House there was the **FIRST WEEKLY GAME** of Evian Jello Bowling. What is Evian Jello Bowling? Well, there are ten Evian water bottles weighed down with lovely red and orange jello done in stripes. Then a basketball, used as a bowling ball, is hurled toward the Evian pins. Each player gets three tries to knock the pins down. Points are given the same as regular bowling except that bonus points are available for good technique. A favorite last Friday was to roll the ball so it would bounce up, hit the wall, and land on top of the pins knocking them all sown at once.

This event was enjoyed by all who participated. It will be happening again this Friday. This time there is a fashion contest for best bowling shoes worn by a participant. SO— come one and all to this smashing event, and get your aggressions out on that too trendy-yuppie water.

The official **RULES AND REGULATIONS** are:

1. Three tries per player.
2. Bonus points for good technique.
3. No fighting or cussing.
4. Wear totally hip bowling shoes.
5. No hugging.
6. Kissing only on full moon nights.
7. Bowling shirts are a must (bowling tip)

SO come by and **PLAY!!!** It can be a great tension reliever.

P.S. Have a groovy and super nifty DAY!!

## GORILLAS IN THE MIST

MOVIE REVIEW by Courtney Baker



"Gorillas in the Mist" is the story of Dian Fossey's work with gorillas in Africa. Dian Fossey is played by Sigourney Weaver who does an incredible job. The cinematography is exquisite. The views of the countryside and life of the Africans sometimes takes one's breath away. The story line is powerful; the full range of emotions makes Dian Fossey endearing. Of course, Adam didn't like it, but he doesn't like nature movies. "Gorillas in the Mist" however, goes beyond nature, it tells of a woman's

work that has helped mankind ten-fold. "Gorillas in the Mist" is worth seeing, but I would wait until it comes out on tape. Sigourney does a "rad" job at portraying Fossey. The make-up is so good, one almost believes that the actors are real gorillas - psyche -they are actually real! They make the movie scary at first and later, lovable. If one is in the mood for comedy, "Gorillas in the Mist" is not recommended, but as a natural documentary, it can be highly praised.



## CIRCLE OF JERKS

By

JONATHAN MARC SHERMAN

The first time I saw this kid, he was walking along a path, crunching the stones underneath his feet with his black boots. He walked ten yards ahead of me. I thought he was singing a song quietly at first, but when I really listened, I realized he was just repeating his own name endlessly. I would tell you his name, but I've forgotten it. My memory or his name. He turned his head at one point and I was surprised to see a pair of foam rubber Spock ears attached to his own.

His room had brown wooden floors, and there were about a hundred tea bags Scotch taped to the ceiling. Something about aroma. The room was undeniably his, and yet he would repeatedly deny this and say it was everybody's, and he would always leave the door unlocked and never seemed to kick anybody out, so I guess it was everybody's, but it was really his, deep down in the depths. I didn't stop by for months, but finally I had to. I could no longer hold my own childish self back. I had to see the Circle Jerk.

The Circle Jerk was held once a week, and it was well attended, both by those who participated and those who observed. A group of about twenty boys would gather together in a circle in his room, with newspaper spread out all over the floor in the center of the circle, and a chocolate chip cookie in the middle of the newspaper. These boys were about twelve years old, I think. They all looked much older, but I think, judging from their behavior, that they were about twelve. Twelve or thirteen. The boys would kneel down in front of this circle of spread newsprint and nineteen other boys and how ever many decided to spectate. They would pull their brightly covered boxer shorts down around their ankles, and each boys legs would form a sort of "V". Each would fixate upon his penis, caressing it, waiting for an explosion. Nobody seemed very concerned about comparing penis sizes or techniques, because everybody was so self-involved. They rarely looked up, and utterly ignored the audience that had gathered to watch. But I don't think they would have done this all if nobody showed up to watch. I think the audience was a very important part of the ritual.

A child was murdered in an alleyway last night, while this week's Circle Jerk was taking place. Brutal murder, with lots of blood. No tears. Just a dead little body, wearing a few rubber bracelets like Madonna. But that child was in an alleyway two hundred miles away, and the Circle Jerk is, after all, important. My attention was focused upon the Circle Jerk. It was easier to focus on that.

It didn't take very long. Some strange, greasy moans of pleasure or pain, and then seed flying across the room in every direction, splattering across articles, photographs, and then the cookie at random. Stains. The last boy to finish ate the now frosted cookie without complaint. Ritual. This place might confuse me, but I don't think so.

October 28, 1988  
Bennington, Vermont

## GABBING WITH GREGORY

By GREGORY NOVECK

Yo yo yo, How's it goin', all you fresh homeslices? I hope everyone's recovered from whatever hallucinogenic journeys they took this past weekend. And yes, there were many taken. The brainwave airwaves seemed quite crowded. Nes-ce pas, Shellfish and Aura? Well, I am miraculously sober if somewhat bruised and battered, so let's see what's been happening this past week.

**Quote of the Week:** "I was starting to have a serious relationship with the floor. I kept trying to leave it, but it kept following me around."

**Basic Gossip and Messages:** Daniel O'day received a sword through the hand last week after some tomfoolery in Swan living room, accidentally inflicted by yours truly... Canfield party rocked fairly hard last Friday night, though there was no serious speaker action... But let's get to the tidbits that everyone wants to know, mainly Halloween... Clark Perks proved the insanity rumours true by showing up in a straightjacket... The Love Thugs played to an excellent reception, and Dead Nuns made their Bennington Debut... Justin Palmer, Talley, and Amy Christopher were appropriately trashed and whiny in their crib by the living room... Jackie Fernandes was definitely a sight to be seen in a cute little bikini and green body paint... If you're wondering who was the Freddy Krueger that was busy harshing your flow, it was none other than Schuyler "I want Brains" Melbe... The part of James Dean was played by Dave Rein, who later found his Elizabeth Taylor... The difficult and curvaceous part of Cecily Dixon was played by the multi-faceted Spencer Cox... Tawana Brawley and Rev. Al "James Brown" Sharpton also made an appearance through their alter-egos Wednesday and Peter Davis... The Bride of Frankenstein was definitely seeing things change and turn and roll and was basically having a good time, congratulations Wendy... Celine made quite an appetizing Star Trekkie and Jeff Leib revealed his true nature... Eva went as a complete and falling-down drunk, and did quite a good job of it... Kathryn went as herself, which is hysterical enough... Elissa Jane went quite naturally as Valentine, and Future Headbanger Will Speck was a baseball player... Jen-jen looked really kinky in the gold lamée... Two luciously lovely Kisses of Death were in attendance, Stephanie Kopelson and Lang Walsh, which was more deady is hard to say... Debbie seemed to be stretching the bounds of reality as Miss Purity, and Weems was a whirling, tripping, undulating mass of color... Catty Carla Klein was a quite voluptuous, if drunk, cat in heat... Everyone's favorite redhead, Vava Marcus played the role of a freaked-out discozoid... Santa made an early appearance this year possessing Sam Smith's body for the occasion... Tony went as Ben and Ben went as Tony and people were hard put to tell the difference...

Josh Kirsh went as himself, and was seen dancing to Madonna... Noah Lohsberg was Autumn but he did not fall... Brian Reagan went as a butcher who always wanted to be a surgeon... Nasime was as pretty as her smile in a great Queen of the jungle outfit... Leigh living room was quite the happening place that night, even after I was dared to do backflips, score one for Erin... And finally, the list of people taking small journeys abroad that night is numerous: Paul, Charles, Brian (in my boots incidentally), basically everybody and then some... and, finally there seems to be a war escalating in the dining halls and beyond; hope you're all having fun, Schuyler, Laura and Rock'n'Roll D.

**Personals:** Thank you to the nice boy who keeps leaving the nice messages, and who are you anyway? E=JH<sup>2</sup>.

**Wanted-** Three hits of primo mindblower, please!!!

Yo, Freddie! I Warned you!!!

**Obituary:** Brains, the bird died today. He was a happy bird and lived a fruitful life. He is survived by owners Lizzy and Schuyler. (EDITOR'S NOTE: our condolences)

Well, in conclusion, I just want to let everyone know that Dressed to Get Laid is next week, so please give generously to everyone that's collecting. It promises to be the most incredible party of the term, and free condoms will be given out. By the By, there was no damage at Booth, so there shouldn't be any in Canfield. Just remember that Diana will be wearing her kick-ass Rock-n-Roll cowboy boots, so beware. So, until next week, everybody have a good time and think about your costume(or lack thereof). Farewell.

## SOCCER FASHION

By THE ANONYMOUS HIPPOPATOMUS and PHILLIP LOH

Burp!!! Yesterday afternoon at 3:00 pm, Bobby-Joe McGillicuddy was seen licking the wounds of his fellow soccer-mates during half-time. Although we lost a few games, we looked superb in our blue camisas. Ole! Basically, we turned the field into a fashion oasis.

We should mention some players. Did I ever mention my aunt? Jeff Reynolds swooped the field in a stunning blue and white turtleneck with precambrian black trousers, topped with a boyish cap. Tommy Gunn sported his roller-derby kneepads over mint green long johns, and his French fry beret. Sabastian refused to shed his weapons, whoops! I mean his jewelry, nevertheless he was a gem throughout all the games. Alex played so hard and fast and strong, that he had to leave after a really hard, strong, and fast 10 minutes. It is too bad that he didn't hold up because his Bohemian soccer ensemble would have. Ann Scott was not there, and she was missed. Glenn worked the field in his tennis

## SOMETHING TO BITCH ABOUT

By RAOUL VENUZEULA

"Procrastination is the thief of time." F. Cookie

Satie wanted something. Here it is. Often upon reading the paper I find myself saying, "Hmm. Satie wanted something." Thrilling, huh?

Did you ever notice how in Vermont the trees turn really nice colors one day and then three days later the leaves have blown off the trees? It's sort of frustrating. I like to go on walks but the panorama has gotten so bleak and desolate....

Dining Halls are getting creative with food. Is it possible to get a meal without anything FRIED? Think about our cholesterol level. Even McDonalds shows us the nutritional value of its food now. What is Polenta Pie? And why must they butter the lentil beans and crush them too?

VAPA is a really cool place. Every inch of it. We could play some raucous games of "Hide and Seek" in it.

Over in Noyes they started playing a really neat game. They filled Evian Water bottles with jellos and rolled a basketball at it. It's called "Evian Bowling" and it's great.

We need more fun things to do on this campus. Work is great, but so is fun. Ever since The Cafe closed the school has been lacking in a serious place to relax and talk about Literature, or gossip, or drink. Commons is nice but it isn't intimate.

What films is Film Society showing? Are they showing anything? What's going on around here?

I'd like to say something positive...Weg have an incredibly strong faculty and we don't show them enough appreciation. Let's do something for them. Invite your teachers to the Stokes Slave Auction and let them buy you for fun.

Have a really nice day.

whites with full-racket-force. Stephanie...when she played, she was very good; and when she couldn't, she didn't. But Ann Scott played in most of the games. Ann Kalill played yesterday, and she was there everyday. Hyla was there, but only for the air. Phillip Loh was really high, with his fox-like dexterity, he hit the sky. Our man Jared, from North B. was our romping referee. We'd like to thank Maria and Melinda for spitting on the side-lines. Although the soccer field was sometimes a runway for unteathered fashion, we made a wearable, tearable, durable, kickable, stickable, statement. Thanks for coming out!

As for the actual scores, they looked something like this...

Buxton 1.....Bennington 0  
Simon's Rock 6..Bennington 2  
S.I.T. 2.....Bennington 3!!  
St. Joseph's 6....Bennington 4

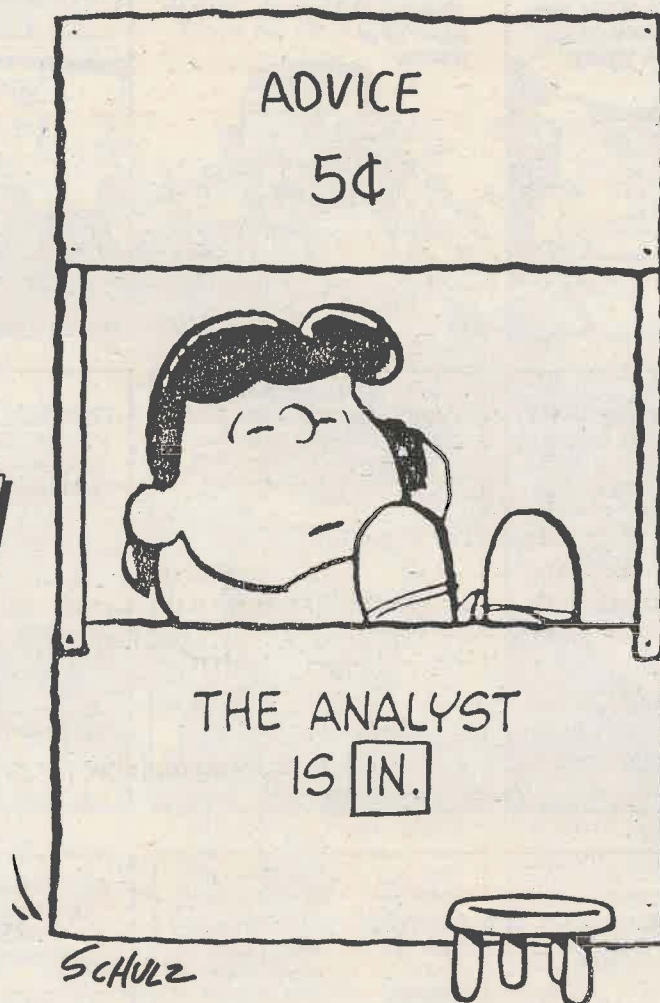


TROUBLED?

CONFUSED?

NEED SOME  
GOOD ADVICE?

ASK LUCY!!

SEND YOUR  
LETTERS TO  
LUCY c/o  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
SERVICES

## HOROSCOPIES

By ST. FABULA

Bob's Question and Joe's  
Testimony

The moon and Venus are in Scorpio while being on the verge of a huge Cancer uprising which will be funded by Sagittarius and boycotted by Capricorn. Naturally you can imagine how Pluto felt about this infidelity, being a part of the systems and all. I mean, come on you guys—show some feeling!

**SCORPIO (10/23-11/21)** Its bed is left a faded paper sheet and dead leaves stuck together by the heat. A brook to none but who remember long: This as it will be seen is other far that with brooks taken elsewhere in some. We love the things we love for what they are.

**SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21)** You have great potential in your dream world. Use this to your advantage, deny all standards of this bourgeoisie society. Start standing on podium and preaching everyone knows that's the only way to make yourself heard.

**CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19)** Twice on your head, and three times in bed. Come on little doggie, you're going to be fed. Speaking of satisfaction, you should keep feeling this way for as long as possible. Savor the sensation—never let it go again.

**AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18)** Remember the man on crutches with the three foot platform shoe? Wasn't that bizarre? The weeks keep getting better for you—but you must still work, work, work! (You jerk, jerk, jerk!) Stand by your beliefs—but you might need to check the shopping list and reevaluate your priorities.

**PISCES (2/19-3/20)** Finally you are back in black after a brief but mind altering recovery. Relax and take it all in—dump the excess baggage and keep the rest. Travel light and give what you can to tourists. The more you give, the more there is for everyone.

**ARIES (3/21-4/19)** Thanks for the gumball, Mickey!

**TAURUS (4/20-5/20)** You have nice toes, a lot of people have toes that resemble fingers—but not you—you are special. Thank you for your footprints on the path of life. I have walked beside them many a time, perhaps we all should show you more appreciation. I love you.

**GEMINI (6/21-7/22)** This is a very personal search for you - luckily there are two of you so you can split up and search the top and bottom floor simultaneously. Both of you—get to work!

**CANCER (7/23-8/22)** Start thinking about you hair. Start thinking about someone else's hair. Go up to them and touch it. Touch their face—stroke it with your fingers. Let your hand slowly move down their neck, caress it and then move on to the shoulders, gently now. You want to make a good impression.

See HOROSCOPES page 14

## CAR TROUBLE?

WE SERVICE ALL MAKES AND  
MODELS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

BROWN'S AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR

442-2905

RIGHT BY PRICE CHOPPER



# Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

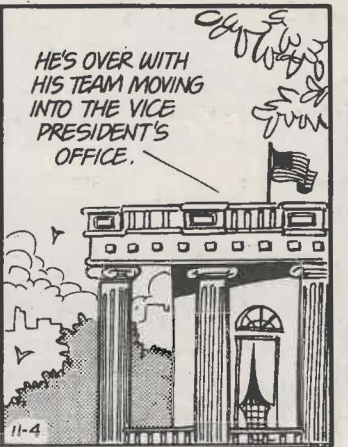
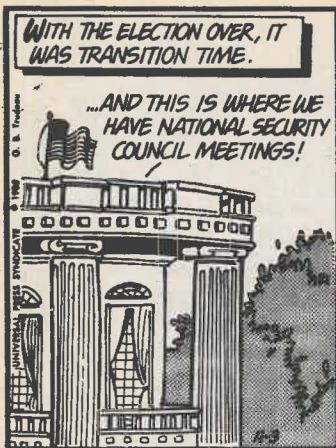
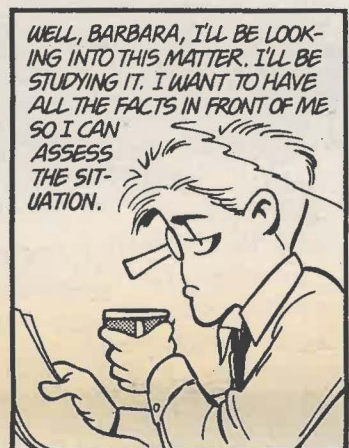
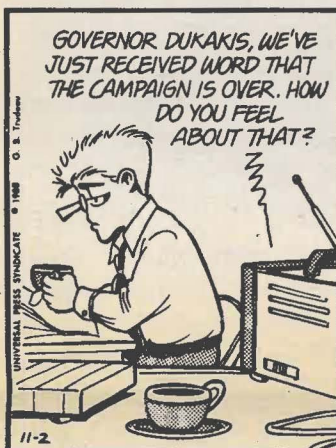
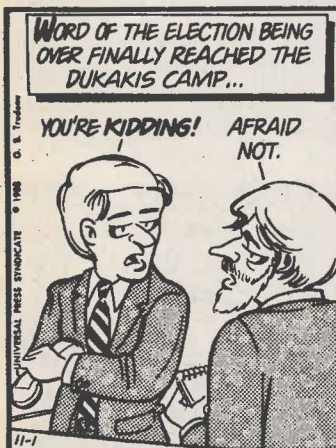
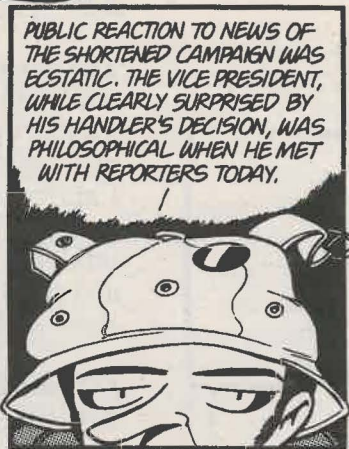
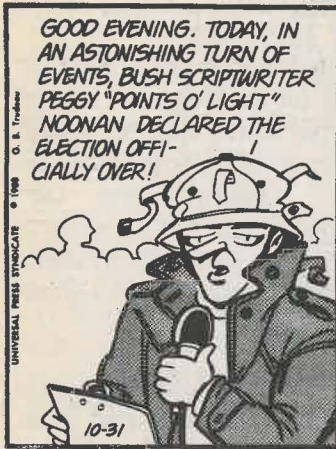
## HOROSCOPES

Continued from page 13

**LEO (8/23-9/22)** Start acting out your thesis. Fuck that! It's probably to difficult. Start acting out what you watch on T.V. There is a lesson to be learned here. Can you guess what it is? Life and T.V. are two very different concepts- isn't it amazing how we mix them up? Keep working hard- you're doing fine, give yourself a nice break occasionally.

**VIRGO (8/23-9/22)** Everything tends to make us believe there exists a certain point of the mind at which life and death, the real and the imagined, past and future, you and me, high and low, rubber boots and wooden clogs, cease to be perceived as contradictions. It becomes obvious how absurd it would be to define you.

**LIBRA (9/23-10/22)** Things are definitely getting better. You are content with this lingering affair. You are feeling better about things in general, you are clam and have control of your life, you have direction, you have a full tank of gas and the oil was checked just yesterday. Pick up a hitch hiker, work your way down to Santa Fe and the words you long to hear will be so unexpected at first: ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS!



**BENNINGTON CINEMA 1 - 2 - 3**  
Route 67A, Bennington, VT. 442-8179

**U2-Rattle and Hum**

**Halloween 4**  
John Carpenter's  
**They Live**  
Call for Times

**'Wonder Dog' dies**

Jet — the "Wonder Dog" — who captured the hearts of America's animal lovers when he survived a 32-day trip in a boxcar — is dead!

The black Labrador's owner, Melinda Stroup of Waco, N.C., said Jet was run over by a truck.

**VS**

the **VIDEO STOP**  
Rte. 67A - by Price Chopper  
442-3040

**Rentals -**  
**VCR's** **Tapes**  
**Cameras**

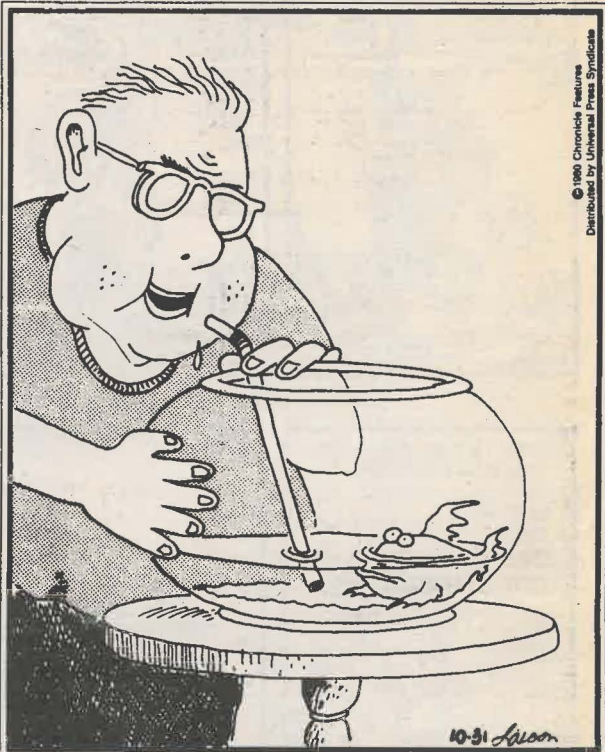
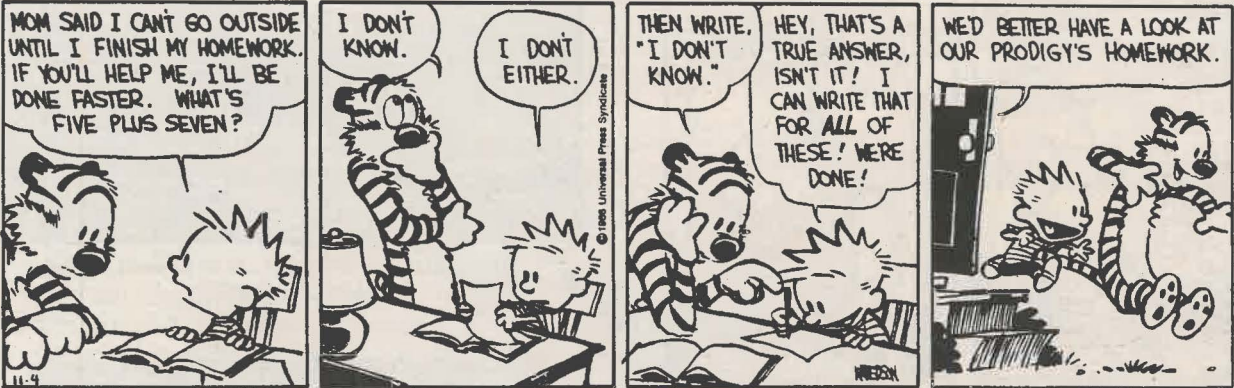


# calvin and Hobbes

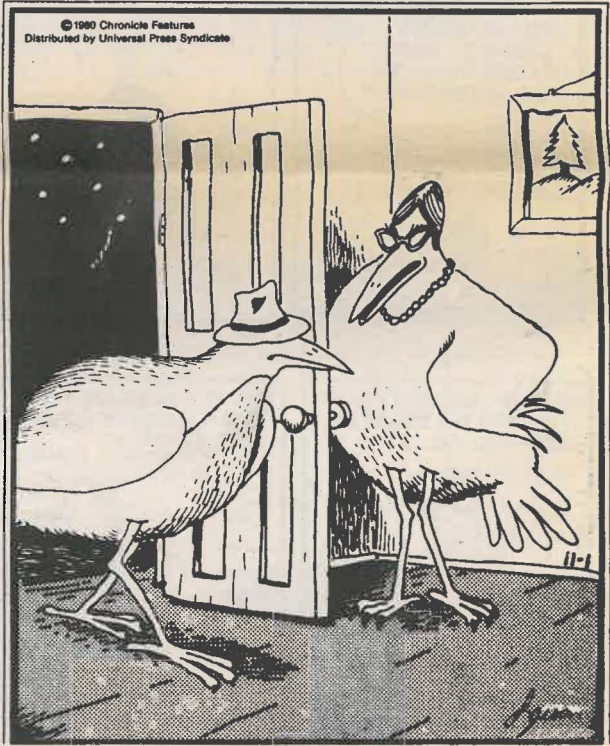
by BILL WATTERSON

## THE FAR Side

by GARY LARSON



"So! ... you STILL won't talk, eh?"



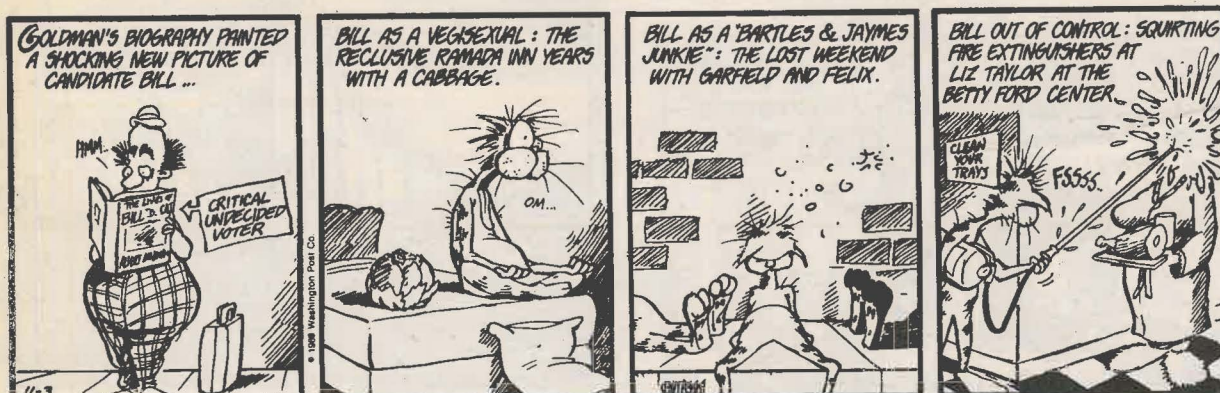
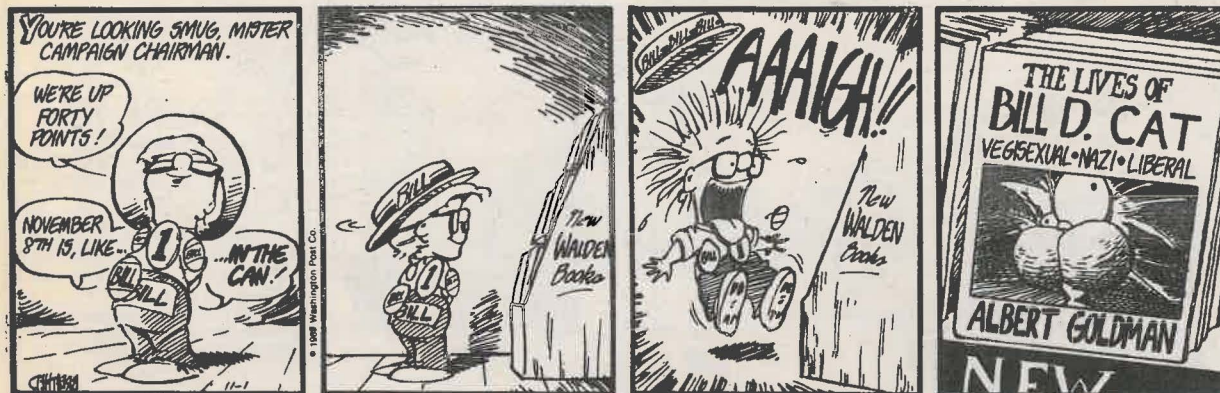
"So! ... Out bob bob bobbing along again!"



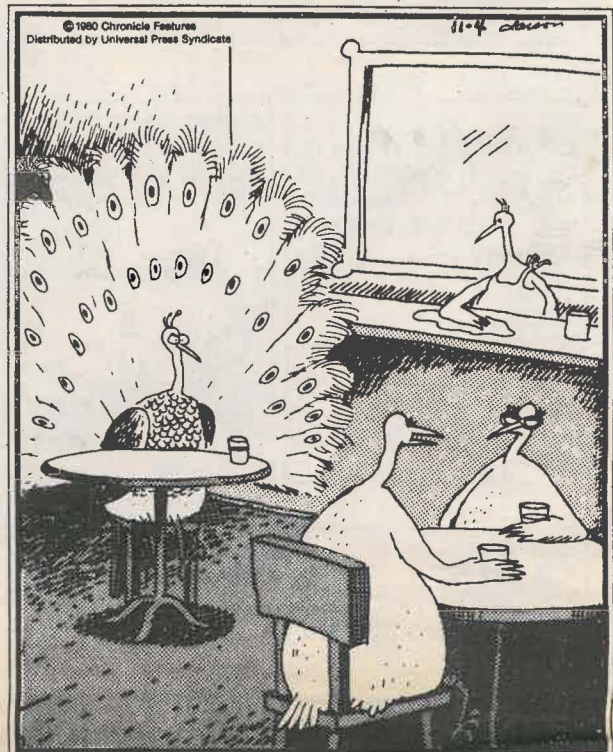


# BLOOM COUNTY

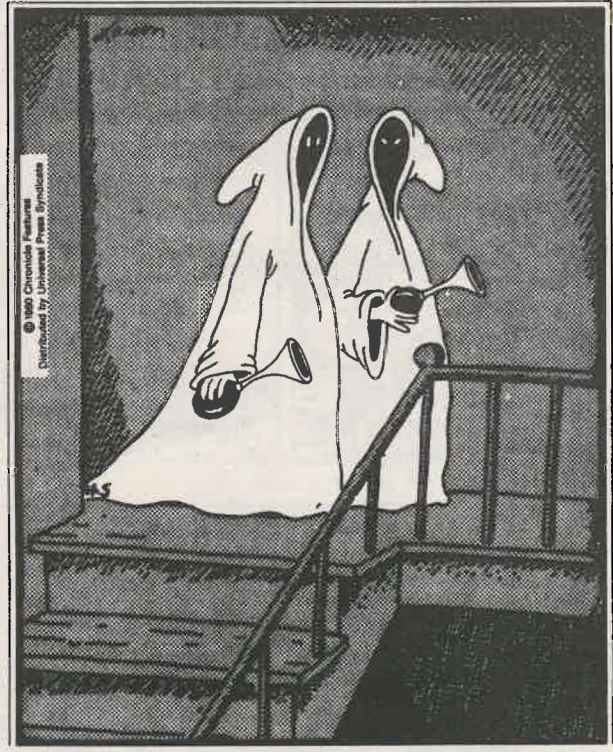
by Berke Breathed



"Go get 'em, brother."



"Don't encourage him, Sylvia."



"This is just not effective... We need to get some chains."

