

The New Paper

December

Bennington College

Vol. I No. 3

The Yale Russian Chorus

by Judith Berman & Amy Spound

In a weekend already filled with musical and theatrical events, the Yale Russian Chorus came to perform songs from the Russian liturgical and folk repertoire in Newman Court on Sunday night, December 5th. An audience, comprised largely of townspeople and students, was, from the first glorious moment to the last, swept away by the group's well known technical and dramatic mastery of these difficult pieces.

The program opened with a group of liturgical works which spanned 1000 years of Russian religious history. Most interesting was the arrangement of a chant whose origins date back to the earliest days of Russian Christianity. In this piece the tremendously rich and rumbling sound of the basses was demonstrated, conjuring up images of the cave-inhabiting monks who first sang this chant centuries ago.

What was most impressive about their performance, however, was their mastery of Russian diction, especially when required to handle the tricky rhythms, fluctuating dynamics, and quick tempos of the Russian folk songs. Many of these songs featured certain members of the chorus as soloists. Most of these solo voices were of a higher quality than one would normally find in choruses. But they more than compensated for the lack of a "big" sound with dramatic interpretations that displayed a sensitivity and musicality which is very important if any sort of feeling for the Russian spirit is to survive in such artificial surroundings. Moreover, larger, more operatic voices would have adversely affected the unified sound which this group so easily achieved. They were, in essence, voices perfectly suited to choral singing.

The professional attitude toward performing, the knowledge of Russian music history, the technical achievements, and musical sensitivity of the Russian Yale Chorus make one wish that there were more musical groups like them to go around. This college should continue to import other performing groups but at the same time should start to develop musical ensembles which might approach the caliber of this group from New Haven. For a school that boasts a music department which emphasizes performance of music rather than the study of music, there is currently nothing that even comes close.

The chorus, which describes itself as a "community of singers, dedicated to communication on stage and off," usually consists of about twenty-five Yale students (both graduate and undergraduate), faculty, alumni, and residents of New Haven. It has toured Europe and Russia

several times, while maintaining an active concert schedule during the academic year in the U.S., singing at such diverse events as the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Duchy of Luxembourg, the Montreal World's Fair, three World Youth Festivals, and has won first prize at the International Festival Chant de Choral in Lille. It plans to return to Russia in the spring.

"Khvalitye Imya Gospodn'e" (Praise the Name of the Lord) is a great joyous hymn, a part of the Russian Easter vigil service and is traditionally sung at midnight in a candle lit church in commemoration of Christ's resurrection. "Blazhen Muzh" (Blessed is the Man) is an ancient chant from a Kievan monastery which begins with a very deep bass line moving from note to note like the sound of pedals on a huge organ, and a counter-tenor solo, clear, high and unstrained. "Akh tiy serdse" (Oh you heart) is a love-sick fisherman dreaming about a woman. He sings a powerful solo, but not an overpowering one, and is answered by a rousing chorus of his friends who tell him to shut up and get back to work. There was "Borodino," a marching song, described as "telling the story of 'War and Peace' in a nutshell," and "Yekhal ya na Pabiyvku" (On furlough), a song of soldiers wondering, as they ride through Warsaw, what Russia will be like now that the war is over. In the end they decide "we'll all embrace each other and drink some more of the strong stuff."

After the concert there was a "vecherinka" at Longmeadow House. Over some of the "strong stuff" and Judith Hoover's excellent borshch I asked some of the members of the chorus how they felt about the audience. They said they had enjoyed singing in Newman Court very much. The audience wasn't as "enthusiastic" as some for which they had performed, but it was "very appreciative."

The Chorus ideally draws equally on two groups of people for its members: singers and Russian students, though just now there are more singers. I asked soloist Emerson Green if he felt uneasy singing in a language he didn't know. He replied "I consider that language is just a system of symbols for what people feel... singing or music is a matter of communication of those things. We use translations, of course. I feel that as long as I understand the meaning of each phrase I can project that meaning through my singing. The audience responds to that, even if they don't understand the words either... These things are common to all people."



"The Tempest," at the Drama Workshop.
Margaret Holloway plays Prospero.

Mark Feur

Being Gay at Bennington

by Alvin Ailing

Writing an article on the gay scene at Bennington is a sticky matter, not only because of what I am going to say but also because I am saying anything at all. Hence the pseudonym. This will at least vindicate me of any suspicion of self advertisement. (Self advertisement is actually not so bad an idea for this repressed school.) However, putting aside my initial fears I would like to discuss why being gay at Bennington is a desperate situation.

One of the reasons gay people are often found in large cosmopolitan cities is that cities can provide the diversity of people and the privacy that small towns and suburbs cannot. Gay people need these things because they are a minority, and still an unpopular one. Bennington is not only very small, but very straight. I have surprised many people when I have told them this and that I know only a handful of gay men and not many more gay women. It is assumed, even by some who live here, that Bennington is, as a friend once described it, a homosexual haven, a gay garage, a faggot frontier. It is none of these things. The school's first co-eds were largely gay, but this is no longer the case. Gay activity, if it exists at all, remains in the closet, where there is much less room. And while other schools have organized gay dances and the like, Bennington has not and probably never will.

Why? Because as far as the eye and ear can tell most people here are not gay and are even rather repelled by the whole idea. It is possible that the social-sexual

problem, which affects straights as much as gays, lies deep in the heart of the Bennington educational ideal. The college, solipsistic, almost ascetic in its isolation, promotes by its size and location alone a heavily Platonic concept of life, learning and friendship that turns sex into a physical irrelevancy. In other words, sex is not abstract enough. In "Points of View," a revised edition of "Students on Bennington" one student writes revealingly. She says, "Obviously if you're husband hunting this isn't the place to do it. Being a woman in a woman-centered college can be a very positive experience." This student implies that sex is something animalistic, hence the word "hunt." And that if one wants a mate he or she wants to get married. Most people do not confuse the two. It is possible to be a good scholar and have a good sex life at once. Plato liked to fool around. Mozart wrote dirty ditties to his pretty cousin. P.O.V. suggests that sex does not belong at Bennington. It's a weak rationalization for the fact that not many men apply to this school.

The sexual imbalance creates a tortuous situation for straight women as much as gay men. It has a bad effect on the straight men, as well, because they have it so easy. Some of the men here are the most confused and abusive I have yet encountered and Bennington is not helping them any. A friend once explained, "Given the choice between the men at Bennington and the women, a lot of women choose women,"

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LETTERS

Dear Editors,

I enjoyed Rose Crawley's article on the Meteor Cafe immensely. But what has happened to the cafe? Every night I go there the place is closed. We desperately need it open.

Yours
Myrna Janoff

Dear Editors,

This newspaper is the worst piece of journalistic trash I have ever come across. If you are going to publish a newspaper why not go all the way? Pick on a few people here and there — like the trustees, for instance. There are plenty of wrong things about this place, so don't be afraid to write about them.

Name withheld.

Dear Editor,

I am writing with reference to Merrel Hambleton's letter in the last issue of the paper. She said she would like to see articles about "some of the exciting and interesting things which particular faculty and/or students are doing which the rest of the college seldom hears about." Does she mean to suggest a gossip column, a la Suzy Knickerbocker? Or is it because Mrs. Hambleton is so alienated from the college as it is that she desperately needs a newspaper to fill her in?

Ms. Hambleton goes on to say that "even on a campus of 600 students, there is a real need for communication." This is an absurd statement. Of course there's a need for communication but not necessarily of the type she suggests. It is far too easy here to have one's meanings misconstrued or to find oneself talking to a tree for lack of anything else. In any case, for a college trustee, Ms. Hambleton does not express herself very well.

Name withheld

Dear New Paper,

I have been recently framed for rape and first degree murder. Because of this, my social situation has suffered a severe set back. Luckily, a friend of mine from reform school who is now going to Bennington has given me your address. It would make me very happy if someone, particularly a young girl, would write me a letter. My address is:

C. Manson
Sing Sing State Penitentiary
Ossining, New York

Thank you.

Dear Editors,

I think the idea of a newspaper is great and I hope you guys keep it alive. One suggestion: how about a personal section? I myself am tall, 21, a lit major and badly

nearsighted and would like an intelligent, attractive female from any department to grope with in the dark.

Sincerely,
G.B. Shaw
Box 107

Dear Editor,

I would like to see an article in your paper on people's reaction to the smoking situation. This topic would have at least one advantage in that it would involve people on a level they would not be afraid to see in print.

The reason I am concerned with this problem is that I am a former heavy smoker who has been diagnosed as very allergic to smoke. You might think my runny nose and wheeze would tip off the smoker(s) responsible — if you did, you would be wrong.

When asked politely to resist the urge to burn their pacifier they almost always do. But it fails to click in the smoker's mind that if you object to it on Monday, the same will go for Tuesday. Surprised? So was I.

Personally, I am tired of having to ask. I want two things — a larger more uplifting non-smoking area and mandatory no-smoking during class.

My less courageous non-smoking friends would be relieved, the smokers would stop encouraging each other to escalate the amount they smoke, we could think and see more clearly, smokers would save money on butts and non-smokers on kleenex and most important, no one would be hurt!

Sincerely,
Nina Coil

Dear Editor,

Would you please look into the overall abundance of ticketing that goes on 24 hours a day here. I think someone is reaping an unwarranted profit and if the college is so desperately in need of funds, let it solicit in a less underhanded fashion. Surely a warning ticket is only fair, and ten dollars for parking in front of your own house for a night is excessive. I understand the importance of keeping cars parked in the lots but I think that the incessant towing and ticketing is quite unnecessary and make this tiny community absurdly bureaucratic.

Victimized car-owner.

Dear Editor,

I fail to see why the students who are paying for the upkeep of this institution should be asked to pay an additional ten dollars to park in a field. The road is unlit and I am tired of twisted ankles and wet feet. It is also rather disturbing that the superior lots are provided for those who are not obliged to pay — ie. faculty and visitors. I see no reason why students

should not be allowed to use these lots if space is available.

Lauren Sargent

Dear Editor,

Last term I saw an instance of writing graffiti. Someone had penciled on the wall of the Dickenson toilet: "What am I doing here? I'm a lit major." The response that followed it was "Taking a lit." I have nothing else to say.

Dora Stopp

Dear Editor,

Art determines the tone of every activity here. Not only are painting, music and dance considered artistic endeavors but math, science and — yes — even dinner, become, in this fertile environment a focus for artistic achievement. Gifted sculpture students, after two months of college were on the brink of starvation because they believed, after having fashioned the definitive artwork from their food, that to eat it would be the act of a Philistine. Only after several months of therapy were these individuals again able to view meat and vegetables as foodstuffs rather than artforms.

Life here is far from traditional, as evidenced by the lack of sporting events and social organizations. (The closest Bennington approaches to social organization is the sexuality clinic on Thursday nights.) Then again life here is not necessarily one of quiet desperation. There is, after all, a party on Friday night and a movie on Saturday night. The absence of extracurricular activity, it would seem, is due to the nature of ART. The

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The New Paper

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"The Fulmar bird, found last week in Price Chopper parking lot.

BUMMER BOY

BUMMER BOY IS WOKEN UP BY HIS PET, FUCKED UP FLY. BZZZZZZ (etc)



BUMMER BOY GOES NEXT DOOR TO BUM A CIGARETTE

HEY OM, HOW'S BENNINGTON BEEN TREATING YOU? AH, GOT A SMOKE ON YA? MAYBE ABOUT?



BUMMER BOY, YOU'RE NEW HERE, SO YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BENNINGTON EXPERIENCE IS. THE ADMISSIONS DEPARTMENT TALKS ABOUT IT, THEY TELL YOU HOW GREAT IT IS AND HOW UNIQUE IT IS AND THAT THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE THAT YOU'RE GONNA GET IT, BUT THEY NEVER REALLY TELL YOU WHAT IT'S WELL I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS



IT IS GETTING FUCKED UP



This Winter and the Springtime Snowman



by Tam Stewart

The talk in Harrington's Country Store and around Will's filling station, and in the Iron Kettle where I sometimes stop on the way to school for coffee — the talk all seems to say that this winter is going to be very bad. The other day a man, a stranger, a wizened Jack Frost with a huge white beard, stamped into the Kettle and announced, "Folks, she's here." It was five degrees outside. The man sat down at the counter and ordered eggs and tea. The place was silent. Everyone watched him eat. Finally, He stopped and softly said, "And she's going to stay."

Word has it he's right about that. Plenty of signs point that way. Horses and cattle have plush rug coats (the heifers look like Persians), and squirrels are stony silent on their final nut gathering rounds. Blue jays sit like popes watching; turquoise chips. The deer are acting queerly also, flustering hunters accustomed to having them appear in choice meadows or ravines. Angry jeeps grind along the fire roads with magnum barrels poking out the windows.

I was up in Rupert not long ago for a

game dinner, a feast of freshly killed deer, bear and raccoon, and the place was full of hunters. The steamy church basement was bright with day-glow orange. Most had been unlucky that day but none seemed the worse for it and stood in line, bandoliered and wisecracking, weary horses, waiting for a plate of meat, corn, and Ladies' Aid pie. (If you go next year try the bear. See if it doesn't taste like steak cooked in honey. Venison, by contrast, is smokey and rich, and the coon is still the bandit who rattles my garbage cans in Washington, and I didn't eat any.) The consensus at the feast was that the fall had been unusual, threatening. Even caterpillars were ominously portentous; their bristles, those delicate rolling quills, had jet black tips. One of my neighbors told me they get that way about every twenty years.

"And that, b'Jesus, is that," he said glancing nervously at the sky. "Wife and I are going to Florida." I told him I was planning to stay. He said, "Well the snow is going to be up around your chin. Ever notice your corn husks? They're heavy as lead, that's what. Best stock up."

I took his advice. That was around

Thanksgiving. Since then I've squirreled away several cords of rock heavy wood; ash, maple and oak mostly. The tanks around the farm, propane, oil and kerosene, are full to the brim. The storm windows are in. I am committed. And the news is around. The reaction of the butcher, the mailman, and the curiously well informed people who speak into the party line when I'm on it — That you, David? Hear you're digging in for a spell — the reaction is I am no longer summer people.

It doesn't matter if you stay springs and falls; if you leave winters, especially hard ones, you're summer stock; pure and simple as the wind off a duck's butt. Once it is established however that you intend to persevere, (getting up early to break ice on troughs so the horses can drink, bracing ice heavy firs, and ploughing), people open up like suns. Your windshield gets scrubbed at Will's for the first time. A Sunday paper waits behind Harrington's counter with your name scribbled on it, and bartenders begin to confide.

A friend of mine, an old bow hunter named Gus Cross who lives just over the mountain, now loses a torrent of anecdotes when we meet on the dirt road that

joins our property. (Before he knew I was staying the winter our conversations were so tight, to borrow one of his expressions, they squeaked.) We usually continue on together taking a detour up through the woods, travelling perpendicular to the road so we can both keep walking and not double back. (One joy of country loop roads is that you can start out from one spot and end up there later without having ever seen old landscapes, unlike beaches, for instance, which nearly always demand retracing.)

Gus talks as though he hadn't heard his own voice in months. He revels in it, allowing it to rise and waver to a veritable yodel, then sinking it down to a stage whisper. Stories and jokes fly like confetti. Mike, his lion-sized collie, bounds ahead, faithfully blazing the way with hot squirts.

"The last winter that looked like this," he said, "was 1933. Started up right about now, and we had winter right straight through till spring. Never hardly had a January thaw. Coldest day was 30 below. By life," he pronounced it, boy loyf, "it didn't warm up that day. Goddamn fooled me. I lived down a mile outside North Bennington on McCullough's back road and had an old Chrysler. Well I was going out to play cards in South Shaftsbury. M'father says, Now boy, don't go out tonight. Says, your car'll quit on you. Oh, I says, I'll fill it with gas and let it run. He didn't say any more. He never went out nights like that. Just stayed in his chair by the fire there full of dreams. Wished I'd done that."

So I went up and started playing cards. I left that car running; you could hear it running out there in the yard. 'Bout nine o'clock I heard it stop. I said to a friend, I said, that son of a bitch. I went out and you couldn't start it. I says, then sit right there. Well I went back in and played some more till, oh, about one o'clock. Then I

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Reflections on Student Politics: Ahab's Revenge

by David B. Smallman

The very last place at Bennington that would seem suitable as a forum for anything would be our fledgling student newspaper. However, since the disintegration of the so called "Bennington Community" six or seven (hundred?) years ago, few ways remain of reaching wide audience, save for the maladictory art of galley writing (the audience for which is often, deservedly, the garbage cans in the mailroom.)

The main drawback to galleys is that the author is required to stuff (or should I say cram?) them into the boxes, an enervating process that closely resembles an esoteric masturbational rite. A personal disinclination, or perhaps even dispassion in regard to frequent repetition of the above rite should serve as a sufficient rationale for utilizing the New Newspaper. Or to state it categorically: I do the writing and leave the onanistic exercise to them. Square deal.

Now about student politics. Personally, I've had the great fortune to serve on virtually all the committees, councils, and juntas (pronounced 'huntahz') that exist at Bennington. As a Social 'Art-form' major (the term Social Science is a bombastic contradiction in terms), it seemed worthwhile to get involved in dynamic situations where stress and tension would be overtly manifest. This approach was opposed to complete immersion in the subject's stultifying literature. In retrospect, the idea was about as clever as studying structural architecture during an earthquake, i.e.; you learn how not to do something.

Still, there was the thrill of psychodrama, huge productions enacted on a stage whose parameters encompass 540 acres of campus proper. For those of you who read Esquire this Fall (not to mention the infamous Futures Report), it's hard to avoid the sense of tragi-comic activities repeatedly unfolding, originating in spontaneity and terminating

in despair. Appropriately enough, one can't help but notice that the lighting for our productions comes from those rotating prison camp floodlights in the Southwest.

The other reason for involvement in political affairs was a leftover sentiment from the late 60's concerning student activism — thrusting out the existential finger to the powers that be. As it turns out, no one around here really gives a damn except when the issue directly affects them; this speaks highly of student practicality and not at all about their idealistic zeal.

The fearful implications of such zeal are illustrated in the following "pearls" from a letter Merel Hambleton (chairperson of the Board of Trustees) sent me after reading a galley I wrote about "Grades, Trustees, and Graduate Schools." Noting that she was "breaking a long held rule never to respond to galleys," she went on to say that she was concerned about my "aggressively hostile attitude toward trustees in general (for which (she) might substitute authority)." Now then, aside from the fact that her rule will go back into force after this article, one can offer the following: if one chooses to translate moral outrage for what Merrel calls "hostility," the transaction is considerably altered, creating the spectre of authoritarian defensiveness and bringing to mind the sputtering of freshly broken insulation. That rebellion raises sparks is clearly of less concern than faulty "internal wiring," (as we should all know by now).

At the close of Mrs. Hambleton's letter, preceding remarks in which she thanked me for my "strong commitment to Bennington," she posed the following question: Do students have any responsibilities to the institution beyond their responsibilities to themselves? Though ultimately rhetorical, it's a valid question that touches upon a rather disconcerting topic. Bennington students in the past few years have quality of life, from the

manner in which the grounds are kept to the way in which the curriculum is structured. Of course, complaints continue at the same level as always. What has diminished, and not just at Bennington, is the desire to invest a little piece of one's soul in anything foreign to immediate personal gratification. The line between self-interest and self-indulgence passes through a hazy interface at Bennington; its existence signals an alienation between students and their intellectual, as well as physical environment. The dialectical nature of this alienation is seen as particularly acute in terms of students involved in the machinery of school politics and bureaucracy. What happens is that we become like disembodied spirits, ghosts in search of an evanescent electorate. Ironically, one seems to acquire flesh and bones simultaneously with the individual or collective need for bleeding and breakage. During my tenures on the Housing Committee and the Faculty Educational Policies Committee I've been called such amusingly inaccurate things as a "fascist" and a "stuffed shirt." In fact, there has never been anything but skin between my shirts and me... and their color has rarely, if ever, been brown. So much for those wounds.

Unfortunately, even for the more radical among us, the impulse to serve is so suspect that one scarcely escapes accusations of possessing a bureaucratic mentality. The lingering results are aphoristic entreaties to avoid involvement with people who seem to lack compassion, not to mention ideals. The oversensitive triteness of this conclusion is only matched by its fiercely intuitive validity. The question is "why bother" if people really don't care. Why not retreat into something like the single-minded invention of verse and prose — artistic endeavors that caress the hearts and dazzle the minds of Bennington students? Ah cynical (impotently directed) hindsight...

But consider: why did Ahab chase the

infernal whale? To rid the deep of one solitary Leviathan? Hardly. He was a fanatic...and cherished to his death the opportunity to shake a fist at the unyielding heavens.

Post Scriptum: I'd like to announce in advance my intention to run for Student Council President in the Spring (it has been suggested — facetiously? — that I run on the "Moby Dick" ticket). Will do.

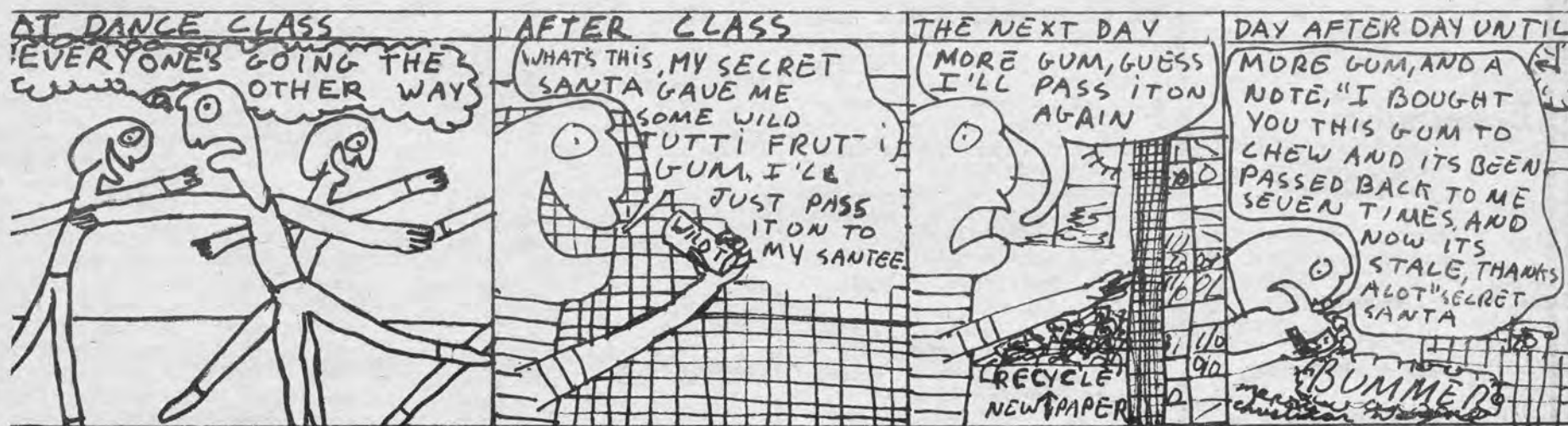
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Perry Adelman

Orchestra Luna

by Amy Spound

Orchestra Luna, a band from the Boston area which seems to spark something of an aesthetic controversy everywhere it goes, performed in Greenwall Music Hall on Saturday night, December 4th. In a valiant attempt to overcome the disadvantages of a room that is at present acoustically unfit for any type of musical presentation (even though it was specifically designated for musical performances), Luna succeeded in giving a small but enthusiastic crowd an excellent display of their ability to perform original rock songs within a theatrical framework. These songs are a synthesis of rock n' roll rhythms and riffs and Broadway style melodies (hence the aesthetic controversy). They also cover a range of emotions and subjects which one would not find in a conventional rock band. Gay love, unrequited love, iconoclastic

love, possessive love, divorce, psychiatrists, loneliness, comic book characters, a famous Steinbeck novel, and hope are just a few of the subjects presented. Likewise, choreography and dramatization of the lyrics are elements of their performance which cannot be associated with most other bands.

At the Bennington performance, however, the choreography at times reached such heights of exuberance that the action became somewhat muddled and chaotic. But, even in those hazy moments the spirit of the group came roaring through providing some compensation for the occasional incohesiveness in stage directions.

The individual members of the band were all very talented, possessing fine singing voices, skill on their respective instruments, and displayed a stage presence which has been missing in most rock bands since the beginning of the 1970's. However, individual skills, for the most part, did not interfere with the ability of the group to work as a tight unit. Occasionally, though, the lead guitar outbalanced the other instruments. This was especially true during the song "Long Distance," where the main theme played by the mellotron at the beginning of the solo section was barely audible through the sound of the guitar.

Perhaps Luna's greatest moment came during their encore number — a mock graduation ceremony with a "speaker" who extolled the virtues of the scum produced when one beats on a coathanger with a stick. This was, of course, in reference to Gunnar Schoenbeck's instruments, some of which were standing backstage, but were still visible to the audience. It was a most articulate comment on the Bennington approach to the arts and brought a very appreciative and

enthusiastic response from the audience. Other strong moments were the performances of "Greyhound," "Docot of Love," "Helen of Troy," the guitar solo on "Johnny Guitar," and the tragic but hopeful refrain in "George and Lenny," a song based on John Steinbeck's novel "Of Mice and Men."



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Moveable Type

by A.P. Helms

I'm pleased to be launching this column of last minute observations for the new and nearly new newspaper. Like most columnists, I pride myself on the integrity of my rapidly dispatched first drafts which always bear my uniquely personal stamp of probing intellectual pretension. Much like Sergeant Rock of Easy Company, I hope to take you through the battle-scarred recesses of my off-the-cuff dinner conversations, slinging the straight poop wherever I may.

Today, like every day, Bennington is obsessed with the media. Because of my personal hot line to the nation's editors, I've been savoring a scoop which is going to rock this rinky-dink campus to its socks. It seems we can expect yet another scathing expose in the slick and pulpy press, and this time there'll be no turning the other page, for this media blast is coming from someone whose notes on Bennington command not only a high price but a long attention span.

The country's hottest new investigative reporter, GWF Hegel, has more than a few devastating observations on our social and academic policy. His initial response to the quaint Vermont campus — that nature ultimately reduces itself to thought — has left scholarly mouths agape from here to Hastings-On-Coverdale. That same crafty thinker, who some have called a phenomenologist and others have dismissed as an amusing prelude to the popular "Do the Husserl" dance craze, has got quite a bombshell in his long-awaited "The Bennington Topos."

Hegel's the kind of guy who now and then commands a front page or two, you know. He didn't just interview Alvin Feinman in Europe, he wrote "The Phenomenology of Mind." He doesn't just receive a few ad-littered pages in "Esquire," he's got half the academic world beating down his door for a few more scraps on the Spirit. And don't mistake this one for a Kantian cul-de-sac. The old philosopher king has chosen Bennington's School Spirit as a fulcrum for a closely reasoned essay on the self-conscious which will have Ephron wallowing in the concrete.

Do you think Gail Parker can fight her way out of this paper bag?: "In the way the individual self is thus immediately established at first, it is not yet conscious of being Spirit; it thus does not exist as Spirit; it may be called 'innocent,' but not strictly 'good.'" All her remarks about adultery kind of pale, don't they?

And tell me if Ephron's cutting remark about sincerity can stand up to: "Self-consciousness found the 'thing' in the form of itself, and itself in the form of a thing."

so that the objectivity of the immediate is now regarded as merely something superficial whose inner core and essence is self-conscious consciousness."

As his discourse gathers steam, he condemns Bennington's surprising blindness to his pet philosophical theme, School Spirit. It becomes clear that neither car decals nor an eight-page newspaper can make up for our hideous alienation. But don't confuse his argument with another rah-rah diatribe. Rather than imbue the campus with a benzadrine-style cheerleading, yearbook-clutching, school colors mania, GWF has something else in mind, which, if closely adhered to, would spell curtains for this newspaper and every other divisional attempt to stave off angst with a trendy dique.

The skillful, if verbose, logician closes with a watchword that may give the Admissions Office, if not all of us, pause. "Esse quam videre," Hegel chuckles, and leaves us in the world of appearance behind to fend for ourselves.

This Winter

Continued from Page 3

started for home, started right on the run; ran right down through North Bennington. Christ, that winter I didn't have any heavy underwear. Had a wool suit on though. You wore that year round. I had on that suit and a black zipper jacket and a soft hat, pair of gloves. I had woolen stocking up to my knees and a pair of slippers and rubbers. If I hadn't run I would have froze.

"Jesus when I went down out of that bridge there going out of Shaftsbury, the frost was flying right off the water, smoke was rolling right off the water, you could see the frost flying right in the air. Well I breathed through my mouth till that began to freeze, then I breathed through my nose, and every time my leg come up I slapped it, or I'd be rubbing my ears. Well b'Jesus I made it to the house and as soon as I stepped in I turned just as white as a snowman, frost popped right out all over. I went straight to the front room where we had a big chunk stove, a big square stove, you put all you could lift in, and I stepped right in behind that stove and opened her up and stayed right there for about an hour. By Jesus I was cold all next day." He paused and, tilting his head, seemed to run a quick test. "This winter won't be quite so bad, I don't think. She'll have her moments though." We turned around and walked back to the road. "You just tell your friends if they're staying," he said bending down to accept a stick from Mike, "they'd better be tough as hobnails." And full of dreams.



Anne Goodwin

AN AVANT GARD PLAY ENTITLED "W'S GOD."

by Wynn Miller

The essence of this piece is a dualistic interpretation of both the play's title meaning and the 2nd act action. Music plays the important part of agitating the philistines.

According to the author, W, W's Gd refers to the end of the world "as we know it now" similar to the phenomenon of the telephone line going dead, interpreted as "the world's gone dead."

The audience is compassionate with the blonde bombshell as she is whisked away. The combined forces of the Army, Navy, and Air Forces arrive. Here the narrator's words ring true: "We all know about war and movies and this art deals with both." A strange figure wanders in, stumbles, carrying the apocrypha, unable to do anything about the approaching holocaust.

Act two brings in the same masses, huddled in the light against the dark, symbolic of many things.

Reminder from The Admissions Office:

Students are encouraged to return to their high schools to talk with teachers in order to insure the continued high quality of students at Bennington. The Admissions Office has packets of material for you and will be glad to fill you in on any details. Please return the questionnaires.

You should probably be aware that increasing numbers of middle-income families are eligible for financial aid, something which is undoubtedly of concern to the people you talk to.

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Being gay

Continued from Page 1

maybe for the first time."

There is a poor cross section of people here. The college is made up of students from basically the same backgrounds: white, middle class, suburban. The high transfer rate might have something to do with this fact and the limitations it imposes on those who not only fancy but need a more diverse student body.

It is obvious that many of those who are here are extremely reticent about involvement. One female student transferred to Columbia University because, she said, "I feel as though I'm wasting my youth. I want a solid relationship and I can't find one." Why is this so? Here are some rationals: attachment means imprisonment, a student doesn't want to get involved with someone only to bear the pain of separation at the end of a term, or to be talked about on the grapevine, to have someone in his or her hair all the time, or a hindrance to his or her work. Very often one may want a lover but would rather sleep with a sheep than with what is otherwise available. Bennington is often a frustrating place for straights, but it is a fairly impossible one for gays. While the school is small, the ratio of out of the closet gays to straights is smaller. Social organization would be fatuous because there is just no one to organize. The solution then would be somehow to enlarge the school's population, but no such plan can be carried out under the present financial condition. Another solution would be to request admissions to attract a greater mix of people, including more interesting — or just more — men. But this is an impossible proposition for an administration which has been unable to recruit a substantial number of qualified men over the past few years.

Bennington is sometimes called an incestuous community. But it is incestuous only in an abstract way. The sex here is mental. I myself have given up. Who needs all the useless longing and loneliness that has characterized more than anything else my Bennington experience? To quote a line from David Mamet's play, "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," "The last time I masturbated all I could think of was my left hand."

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Dear Ms Lonelyhearts

Dear Ms. Lonelyhearts,

After a flaccid night at a local watering spot, I decided to make some action of my own. I drank deeply of a bottle of Jack Daniels. To condense, I now find myself missing a few personal articles. I seem to recall that I was in several dormitory rooms, but exactly whose or where has not made a lasting impression on my memory. (Why do I feel convinced that I was talking to Al Pacino? Does he go here?) In any case, I am desperate to get back my fuschia sandalfoot panty hose — they don't make that color anymore! But it's been three days now, and whoever has them hasn't surfaced. Any ideas?

Signed
Cold Feet

Ms. Lonelyhearts replies:

Dear Cold Feet,

For heaven's sake dear, if Al Pacino was going to school here I promise you I'd know about it. Little slips by Ms. Lonelyhearts, you'll find. As far as those pantyhose — next time you want to catch a man, I have endorsed a full line of silk stockings that I'm sure you'll find more effective. And honey — fuschia is out, out, out. My advice is to get yourself a subscription to "Mademoiselle" — tout de suite. And stay off the sauce, doll.

Love,
Ms. Lonelyhearts

Dear Ms. Lonelyhearts,

I'm in a complete panic. I had a paper that was three weeks overdue, and my mind was drawing a complete blank. Staring at that white page got to me — well, it was 3 a.m. and I lost my head. I ended up cribbing my entire paper from John Cameron's Anthology of Critical Interpretations of American Poetry. Not one word is my own. It's not the moral question that gets me, I'm just sure I'm going to get caught. As of this morning, my teacher hadn't read my paper, but he was carrying a copy of Cameron's book. Quick — is there any way I can get it back? I can't face my parents if I'm sent packing.

Signed,
Scared Shitless

Ms. Lonelyhearts replies:

Dear SS,

Ducky, calm down. Have you ever got a lot of growing up to do. Now how on earth do you think that joker got to stand up at the front of that class and assign papers to you? Do you realize that in order to get that ol' PhD you'd have to write on more pages (back and front) than you could fill in a year of speeding your brains out? Cribbing is the name of the game, sweetheart. Now why do you think he was

carrying that book? He needs help too — publish, perish, etc., etc. Cool your jets. You're beginning to learn what college is all about.

Love,
Ms. Lonelyhearts

Dear Ms. Lonelyhearts,

I'm beside myself. Lately I've had a hacking cough that will not go away. I've noticed a change in my warts and moles and there's a sore on my left calf that has not healed for three months. This is hard to talk about, but I've had unusual bleeding and discharge. And just yesterday I noticed a lump on my breast that was not there before. Need I go on? You can tell by now I'm

— A Complete Wreck

Ms. Lonelyhearts replies:

Dear Wreck,

Now hold on one second. Just listen to yourself! Always putting yourself down, harping on what's wrong with you. You must have some good points (everyone does, I'm told). Why not dwell on those for a bit? Really — if you don't toot your own horn, no one else will.

Love,
Ms. Lonelyhearts

Pen Friends

Jerzy Rumieniczuk, ul. Malczewskiego 12, m. 16, 26-600 Radom, POLAND. 22-year-old chemistry student interested in the exchange of records, travel and all kinds of sport. Would correspond in English.

Kvetoslava Rubesova, Srbska 19, 61200 Brno 12, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 23-year-old student interested in the ancient world, travel and films. Would correspond with young people from all over the world in French, English, Latin, Ancient Greek, Russian, Portuguese and Rhaeto-Romanic.

Alexander Popov, Fr. Engelsa 102-6, 226009 Riga, Latvia, USSR. 21-year-old art student interested in the exchange of postcards, books, LPs, opinions. Would correspond with pen-friends in Western Europe, the USA, Canada and Japan in

English, German, Latvian, Polish, French and Russian.

Aushra Karchiauskaite, 11-1 Taryky, Kaishadoris, Lithuania, USSR, interested in friendly correspondence, sports, music and literature. Would correspond in Lithuanian, Russian, English and German.

Maria Helena Reyna, Estafeta Universitaria, Universidad de Panama, Panama-City, PANAMA. Young woman interested in history, languages, postcards, scientific and parapsychological journals. Would correspond with young people all around world in Spanish and English.

Ravi P. Agrawal, Ravi Engineering Works, Khakra 201 101 (U.P.), INDIA. 29-year-old man interested in stamps, postcards, first-day-covers, coins, paper-money, photo-slides, music, travel, reading, riding, films, sports and games. Would correspond in English and Hindi.

Wolfgang Ehni, 9116 Hartmannsdorf, Ernst-Thalman-Strasse 46, GDR. 26-year-old civil engineer interested in sports and the collection of sportsmen's autographs from the whole world. Would correspond in German, Russian and English.

Dodu Laurentiv, Bd. Dimitrov nr. 131 B, Sector 3, Bucharest, ROMANIA. Student interested in automobiles, postcards, stamps and travel. Would correspond in English, French and German.

"Planet's Pulse", Bryansk Teachers' Training College, Bezhitskaya, 22 Bryansk, USSR. International Friendship Club interested in the exchange of materials, views, and opinions on the life of young people in various countries through friendly correspondence. Would correspond in Russian, English, German and French.

Jan Rosevak, Dolne Kopanice c. 806, 963 01 Krupina, okr. Zvolen, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 24-year-old man interested in music and postcards of cars and towns. Would correspond in English, Czech and Russian.

Yolanda Nieto Reyes, Marti 7 Apto 10, c-o Lzorda y Maximo Gomez, Santa Clara, Las Villas, CUBA. Interested in postcards, posters and friendly correspondence in Spanish.

Udai Komak, C10 N.M. Pagay, Subekigoth, Gwalior-474 001, INDIA, 20-year-old man interested in postcards, politics, music and films. Would correspond in English and Hindi.

Serguey Dergachiov, ul. Yugo-Zapadnaya, d. 73-26. kb. 330038 Minsk, 28, USSR. Interested in modern literature, foreign languages, postcards, the history of art and culture, records and magazines. Would correspond in Spanish and Russian.

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Letters

Continued from Page 2

artist must suffer alone, preferably in a garret under adverse physical conditions. As I type this very moment, I sit in a room unheated and flea infested. In what can only be surmised as a desire to enhance my creative powers the college has turned off the heat. God knows where the fleas come from.

Visitors of the college are pleasantly surprised by the number of "objets d art" that dot the serene and picturesque campus. All manner and form of iron, steel, wood and canvas are to be found in and around the college buildings. But even in this art infatuated community there has, on occasion, developed some confusion as to the actual nature of art. One day I happened upon a student busily sketching the large air conditioner behind VAPA. When I suggested to her that what she was drawing was not the sculptural masterpiece she fancied it to be she became indignant, made several unpleasant and, I might add, untrue insinuations as to the nature of my parentage and the circumstances of my conception, and then stormed off. I recall another incident of this type. A sculptor who incorporates kleenex into her work was aghast when, at the opening of her show, a congested guest blew her nose in the art. Life among the arts is rarely dull.

Sincerely,
Carol Raskind

Seriously Ill Student remains unattended

By Amy Spound

On December 14th, at approximately 12:30 a.m., a medical emergency arose at Bennington College. The availability of any kind of emergency facility on this campus proved totally inadequate, indeed non-existent. The crisis occurred in Booth House when a student (name withheld) began to have trouble breathing. Immediately students in Booth house called the rescue squad at the watchman's booth. A guard from the watchman's booth arrived very quickly. However, it was soon quite clear that neither he nor the students milling anxiously about knew what to do in this type of situation. The student with respiratory problems was panicking and screaming for help. Meanwhile the guard was announcing over his walkie-talkie in the presence of the student, that the situation was indeed "very bad." This, of course, frightened her even more. Fifteen minutes passed before the ambulance finally arrived and she was taken to the emergency room at Putnam Hospital where she was treated and released the same night.

It is by now obvious that 1) there should have been some person immediately available who was trained for emergency situations; 2) that there should be oxygen

available for this type of crisis; 3) that somebody at the watchman's booth should be trained to proceed in a proper manner so as not to incite more panic; and 4) that students themselves should be better informed as to proceedings in a medical emergency. It was later discovered that a nurse never called the house to give instructions. Either she was never called or declined to give advice because she was just as helpless as anyone else. What is frightening is that had the student stopped breathing altogether, there would have

been nothing to help save her life between the time she began to display signs of trouble and the time the ambulance arrived.

A program must be instituted on this campus immediately, so that students and college personnel know exactly what to do in the event of an emergency. While there is no money to pay for a 24 hour health service the need is imperative. If nothing is done there will certainly be hell to pay if next time a student is not so lucky.

Unwitting witticisms

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He was home at three-thirty, home being a three-room penthouse (with terrace) on Central Park South without a

doorman outside and inside an automatic elevator.—"The Schack Job," by Henry Kane.

He calls that a home?

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—Headline in the Pasco-Kennewick-Richland (Wash.) Tri-City Herald.

And look at him now!



Alex Brown

Sic semper tyrannus. Have a Merry Christmas
and a Happy N.R.T.