A special Student Council meeting last night resulted in a paper drafted of student concerns voiced at the meeting. The trustees will be on campus Thursday, and are scheduled for meetings through Sunday. Page 3.

Topper Lilien writes about off campus life in the country in his regular column, "Top's Tips." Also in Vantage, Vanguard's editorial section, are editorials urging the trustees to appraise themselves and a proposal for a new grading system. Pages 4-5.

Peter Beck's recent senior concert is reviewed on Vanguard's review page, along with a commentary on the state of rock music today. Page 6.

The softball team was forced to cancel its season-opening home-stand this weekend because of heavy rain and unplayable conditions. The squad is scheduled to open on Sunday. Page 8.
Commentary

Nagrin performance inspires thoughts

By EVE SALZMAN

Although these thoughts have nagged at me for a while, they took the form of writing with the occasion of the workshop and performance of the visiting guest artist, Daniel Nagrin, as both a controversial and controversial figure in the dance world. I am not in a position to identify or understand the motives of those who might still question his validity. But I am a "product" of contemporary thought, and the way I dance and minimal dance and all that "falls" under the category of avant-garde; I therefore "criticize" from within these realms. Unquestionably Mr. Nagrin is a master and formidable artist whose ability to evoke emotional extremes - whether or not favorable - bespeaks his effectiveness. Mr. Nagrin remarked on the "over-sensitization" of contemporary audiences. I might carry this further into the realms of the elitist. We will always find (perhaps search for) flaws in creative works, and yet it sometimes seems that it might be more enlightening to advance beyond this point of dissecting method or theory in search of "holes." There exists a danger of missing the point altogether of going beyond the art of it and reaching a realm something akin to scientific analysis.

The depths into which Daniel Nagrin delves are those inside of himself but the talent that we as an audience recognize lies in his ability to communicate these subtleties as an organized, readable and theatrical form. Daniel Nagrin's awareness of the actual movement of his body throughout the dance, but also the surroundings in which it takes place. A number of people were impressed by the mixture of literal and abstract in "Getting Well." One person questioned the "need" for the hospital bed. To this remark; I must answer with some sort of definition of the "abstract." If I cannot pin down any exact meaning to this word, I can at least describe this "state" in which one or other than in last draft form and, which would fill the gap between the once yearly publication of Silo. The first representative than selective; which might print work will be a much smaller magazine than either of the later editions. This further into the realms of the elitist. We will always comment on how insignificant the group was. I found that more than slightly curious at a school like Bennington with its reputation for being innovative. Although these thoughts have nagged at me for a while, I cannot don the Bennington "blinders." My intellect and my body sometimes feel more constrained here than I have ever felt free participating in a ballet class. Martha Wittman, before she herself sat out on her own, was a member of the Doris Humphrey Company. Just as we, I think, because it was felt that artists at Bennington had the means, through shows, of exhibiting their work. Other than in the past that formed us ... and of course with that little extra.

I find a peculiar attitude amongst some of the dance students in that history at Bennington apparently has a discriminating eye. As we learned to love Doris Humphrey, somehow we also learned to hate - or at least ignore - Martha Graham and others. One would be so tolerant at this over-emphasized and apparently over-rated name and then discuss the untruthfulness with which the dance world of modern dance, with its sharp classifications, thus runs the risk of being as narrow-minded as that of classical ballet.

As a dancer at Bennington, I have faced various problems, but I sense a common denominator. I am often asked whether classical technique has to be eliminated. I find a peculiar attitude amongst some of the dance students in that history at Bennington apparently has a discriminating eye. As we learned to love Doris Humphrey, somehow we also learned to hate - or at least ignore - Martha Graham and others. One would be so tolerant at this over-emphasized and apparently over-rated name and then discuss the untruthfulness with which the dance world of modern dance, with its sharp classifications, thus runs the risk of being as narrow-minded as that of classical ballet.

By EVE SALZMAN

Originality "happens" in the "now" of a piece - new it is in the making, and must not be "found" through being obscure, bizarre and/or "avant-garde." Nagrin commented on this plateau or point of stagnation that modern dance has reached. This stagnation is popular, but it must be properly regarded as a much more physically difficult and demanding exercise. We talk incessantly of banishing caution from our movement and yet something is changed or "thrown away" because of the "excessive pain" of "suffering" of the artist. Perhaps we need to redefine this word "caution" to fit our needs. Perhaps we need to redefine "pain" and "suffering." I have often heard the word "activated" used to describe the "state" in which one or other than in last draft form and, which would fill the gap between the once yearly publication of Silo. The first representative than selective; which might print work will be a much smaller magazine than either of the later editions. This further into the realms of the elitist. We will always comment on how insignificant the group was. I found that more than slightly curious at a school like Bennington with its reputation for being innovative. Although these thoughts have nagged at me for a while, I cannot don the Bennington "blinders." My intellect and my body sometimes feel more constrained here than I have ever felt free participating in a ballet class. Martha Wittman, before she herself sat out on her own, was a member of the Doris Humphrey Company. Just as we, I think, because it was felt that artists at Bennington had the means, through shows, of exhibiting their work. Other than in the past that formed us ... and of course with that little extra.

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I.G.: For whatever the classification is worth, a literary magazine, a journal of the arts .... ?

L.O.: How much editing is actually done before the final version? I.G.: What is "fair"? The best writing will be published, rest not. We will make mistakes, but I don't think any truly fine pieces of writing will pass us unnoticed. I also think that we have too large a number of people involved with this current year, for it has become "cliqueish." Therefore, yes, it will be a representation of the important work being done, but no, it will not be a representation of all work. It will be a representative selection of work. I.G.: How long has Silo existed? L.O.: In one form or another since Bennington was founded.

I.G.: Who funds Silo? L.O.: At this point, the college provides the capital necessary to publish the magazine and is repaid after copies have been sold (taking a loss of perhaps $200 to $300). Silo also has a small budget of it's own, ca. $400.

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M.F.A. possible

By CINDY KRAVITZ

Reacting to increased numbers of college graduates, the Faculty Education Policy Committee is discussing the creation of a formal published Master of Arts degree. Subcommittee members Ron Cohen, Jack Glick, Leroy Logan and Steven Haynes have the responsibility for the completion of this program.

An M.A. at Bennington is not new—there have always been individually designed programs for the unsolicited letters that reach different departments within the school. According to Dead of Studies Ricky Blake. These programs were designed by creating a focused program using the student's career interests.

"I think it's the tentative M.F.A. program we developed, in the vision of the field for someone who's ready," Blake said.

F.E.P.C. members cite three areas of concern in the creation of such an M.A. program:

+ whether such a program will add or detract from the teaching of undergraduates;
+ whether or not the program will enrich the intellectual environment of the school;
+ whether or not graduates of Bennington will be able to participate in the program.

Dean of Studies Blake is opposed to having graduates of the College participate in the graduate program for several reasons. He feels that students, at the end of four years, "have, or should have, exhausted the facilities and need a change, a new experience, a new adventure and a new perspective."

At present, the fate of the M.A. is in the hands of the individual division. Drama, Art, and Literature already have programs; Black Music and Music are strongly in favor of such programs.

"We've wanted a master's program for some time," says Bill Dixon, Chairman of the Black Music Division. "My feeling is that F.M.A.'s would revitalize the school--it would be another teacher and another level for students to relate to."

A Student Council-sponsored student meeting last night resulted in a paper drafted of student concerns to be presented to the trustees this weekend. The trustees are scheduled to arrive on campus Thursday.

Student Council President Kevin Farley said that paper consists of various issues that concern students, among them: the music library, budget deliberations, VAPA, the administration and others. Each student will receive a copy of the draft, and it will be presented by a Student Council committee when the students meet with the trustees Saturday morning.

"Trustees are very important at Bennington," said Farley. "Every single body at the school has a parochial interest—the trustees are the only bodies without a vested interest. They are the one body who can be judicious, and their main purpose is to safeguard the prosperity and general health of the school."

Farley added that he thinks the trustees should look very closely at the draft of student concerns:

"Students are the main financiers and the main reason that there is a school, so these concerns had better be considered very carefully."

Friday is slated to be the fullest day for the trustees, with meetings scheduled from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Committees to meet include academic affairs, admissions, financial aid, alumni relations, budget and finance, buildings and grounds, development, and the nominating committee.

Trustees meet four times a year: in October, April, and June at the College, and January in New York. At these meetings, the various committees and subcommittees which the trustees are gathered into, each must be on at least two—convene and review the current state of the College.

The current executive committee includes: Mrs. T. Edward Hambly, Chairman of the Board; Irvin J. Askow, Vice Chairman; Susan Paris Lewis, Vice Chairman; Andrew Heiskell, Secretary; and Bernard Iser, Treasurer.


Council airs student issues, drafts paper for trustees

London readies for student invasion in fall

The College will be sponsoring a program abroad in London next semester. College faculty members, Leroy Logan, Philip Minor and Graham Shane will teach part of the term, and students will also be working with teachers in London.

Logan, the director of the program, feels that the program is valuable because of the problem of limited experience inherent in the College's current size.

"The exposure to different types of theater will be extremely valuable. For example, students participating in the program will have to attend performances of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon."

One Bennington drama major feels that the program is a welcome relief:

"It will be a really good change from the Bennington style of theatrical training. I feel very strongly about the importance of having a classical background and this will make my training experience more intensive and more thorough."

The program will only cover the fall term next year and will not extend into the Non-Resident Term. Enrollment will be limited to 50 students; admission will be based on seniority and the student's major. The program is open only to students currently at Bennington.

Housing will be the student's personal responsibility, though the College will provide hotel accommodations for the first three nights.

The program, which will not be affiliated with any particular school in London, will be located wherever studio space permits.

Regular College tuition will cover airfare, the week to 10 days in Stratford, and the theatre tickets. Room and board after the three days is the student's responsibility.

At the end of the term, evaluations will be done by one of the instructors present in London.

Students interested should contact Logan at his office in VAPA.

Kornick to speak to class

Feminist author Vivian Kornick will speak at this year's graduation, announced by Senior Francie Issenman. The invitation to Kornick followed a rejection of Chocolate Tomlin, the class's first choice.

The class had decided at a recent meeting on a list of people they thought would be appropriate as graduation speakers, following a questionnaire that was placed in the mailboxes of all seniors.

"We were in a funny position," Issenman said. "It's very late to be asking people to speak, and many people we were considering had already accepted elsewhere."

Albert B. Lord of Harvard University, the College's Stanley Edgar Hyman Memorial Lecturer, spoke last night on "Oral Traditional Narrative Song: Its Composition and Poetics." The lecture took place in Shalman.

"The program is an established authority in folk poetry at Harvard. He is a professor of Slavic Literature," said John Lord, curator of Harvard's folk poetry collection and was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1949-50.

Lord is co-author of "Serbo-Croatian Folk Songs," and "The Singer of Tales."
The College's Board of Trustees is scheduled to be on campus on Thursday of this week for their Spring meeting. We hope they use the occasion to take note of several important issues and start taking the proper steps to correct them.

The major issue is that of finances. The College's current financial woes should come as no surprise — it is a situation that has been getting progressively worse, with little having been done to alleviate matters. At this meeting, however, the trustees should take a long, hard look at the College's finances: the school in the precarious position of coming close enough to rescue, but far enough away so that unless financial support comes quickly, we will soon be in an emergency state.

But while examining the College's finances, the trustees should guard against slashing the budget in an effort to over compensate for the deficit. Granted, it may have to be trimmed for the next fiscal year, but we hope the Board of Trustees will carefully evaluate those areas so earmarked. The library is one example of an area that, if cut again, could well be dealt a lethal blow.

And there are other issues aside from financial ones, issues that directly effect the students. To get a full grasp on the students’ view of the College's current state, we hope the trustees will carefully review — and keep in mind — the student concerns outlined in a paper drafted at last night's student meeting. Each trustee has been given a copy of these student recommendations, and we urge the Board to take them seriously.

Trustees have a certain responsibility to the college they represent; we think that it’s time Bennington's Board of Trustees accepts this responsibility and starts actively making decisions and taking risks. In a school such as Bennington, trustees serve a doubly important function: on the one hand, they are the only group that can act as an unprejudiced arbiter in making decisions on behalf of the College; on the other, they ultimately have the final say in the College's decision-making process.

Whether trustee responsibility is an euphemism for financial support, we don't know; but we think the time has come for the College's trustees to take stock of their role. If Bennington is to flourish — indeed, even survive — this appraisal and subsequent change will have to take place.

Optional grade system proposed

As mid-term approaches, and we await the arrival of our mid-term comments, we are again reminded of the issue of grades. Virtually every semester, there is some form of debate as to whether there should be some form of optional system of grades to replace the comment system. We think a compromise can be reached by retaining the present system but offering students the choice of whether or not they want their comments changed to grades for transcript purposes.

The advantages of this are twofold: first, it offers students the same standard for admission to graduate school as students receiving conventional marks. Although the College has long claimed that comments are not detrimental to students applying to graduate school, and in fact may be helpful, we think the opposite is more likely. A number of admissions committee members we talked to off the record admitted they tended to either overlook those students with comments, or judge by a different — and usually harsher — set of criteria.

Such a disadvantage is totally unnecessary. For the second reason why the implementation of this optional system is beneficial is that it would only effect those students who wanted it to effect them. Those satisfied with the present system would merely have to indicate their preference.

We see no reason why this system cannot be adopted immediately. The amount of work necessary for the conversion from comment to grade — whether by the dean of studies, a special committee, or the individual teacher — seems balanced by the very important choice this system offers.
Pardon me if I seem a bit sedated, but my reasons are sound. I spent my non-resident term as a resident in a plush rest-home in Westchester County, outside of New York City. I was also nursing a shattered radius in my right arm and numerous cuts and bruises, thanks to Don Ryan (no hard feelings, Don). My stay was both rewarding and relaxing — relaxing because I badly needed a rest and rewarding because I had a lot of time to think. I came out of the home a new man.

On my last day in the home, I was sitting in the cafeteria, eating bland starchy food, thinking about the new life which lay before me. I read the fortune on the back of the Salada tea bag. "A wise man," it said, "is one that makes more opportunities than he receives." Good solid advice, a good omen.

That afternoon, I also had my last appointment with my counselor. Dr. Berkowitz sat behind his desk, neurotically kneading a yellow pencil. It was clear our little rendezvous was going nowhere. The good doctor sighed and cast me a searching, sympathetic look from behind his heavy black-framed glasses.

"One last bit of advice," he said. "I implore you to hear me out." He poured himself a glass of water and pushed his glasses up high onto the bridge of his nose. He then resumed his probing stare, something which by that point I realized he must have learned in med school. He cleared his throat.

"A wise man," he said, "is one that makes more opportunities than he receives." Oh, boy.

I left that afternoon full of undiluted optimism, a clinically diagnosed schizophrenic with an idiot's smile upon my face.

It occurred to me, after I left the home, that I should have asked the doctor what a wise-guy did. A wise man, as the record will surely show, I certainly am not — though I try my best. I came back to Bennington, though, as I have said, a new man. No more of this Friday night business. No more nights at the Villager. No sir — I had plans.

To the Editor
Some students feel that the recent community meeting with Joe Murphy was a grand success. While not quite "the total coup" it is a step in the right direction: communication.

Communication is the key word to student involvement. Students can only influence policies and effectively politicize themselves if they know what those policies are about. Did any students know about the Iranian fiasco or the poor financial situation of the college before NRT? I doubt it, for if any students knew they sure kept it a secret, and is there any such animal at Bennington! The students have now shown that they want to and will become enlightened.

In the past student input didn't play an effective part in the policy-making process. When in agreement with faculty or administration policy it was always stated that a contributing factor to the decision was the will of the students. This tended to accomplish two things: first, it added further support to the policy and second it convinced students that their voice was being heard. But after a series of faculty and administration decisions, this no longer exists.
"We didn't injure anybody, we didn't seriously contaminate anybody and we certainly didn't kill anybody."

By Topper Lilenfield

move up to the country and paint my mailbox blue

My roommate, Ralph, had spent his non-resident term working in a mailroom in New York City - a mailroom full of, as he termed it “lowlifes and underworld types.” I know him well - in his book, an "underworld type" is someone who never went to private school - but I let him carry on. I had learned, over the winter, to tolerate the whims of others. But now I was going to hit Ralph with my whim.

"Ralphie boy, I'm tired of this life. I'm tired of jiggling girls and drunken guys. I'm tired of the noise and tension. I'm tired of the history of rock 'n roll being blared at me all at once every second of the day. Let's quit this miserable dorm scene and move out to the country."

Ralph eyed me suspiciously. I gave him the stare! "Okay," he sighed. "You know best."

Through an ad in the Penny-Saver, we found a small place in Black Pond, New York. The ad said: "Roomers wanted on large working farm." I saw the ad and the phrase "working farm" immediately conjured any farm hats and barns they could conjure from their childhoods.

"Ralph," I said, "this is it. This is what we've been waiting for."

He was somewhat reluctant. "Don't you think we should look at a place first?"

"Okay," I said. "It's a farm."

Three days later, we had moved out. To get to the farm, we had to drive up a perilous two-mile dirt road. Our quarters were in a re-converted chicken coop. The outside of the old coop was, I must say, a bit dismal, but the inside was exactly what I had in mind - reasonably spacious, unfinished bare pine - the works. The view was extraordinary. Misty mountains loomed in the distance, patchwork fields abounded. After we had settled, we lay in our beds and there was nothing but silence, a silence that was so lush it made your heart grow fonder.

"Ralphie boy," I said, "ain't this the life." Ralph grunted. He was tired and fell asleep early. I sat up late and took in the marvelous country night.

The farmer, Kyle Jukes Wade, was an Urquach type. His wife was long dead, but he did have three children - Brant, Brett and Kyle Jr. Each of them had got their share of the farmer's bailiwick but none of them had ever been a writer. Kyle Jr. had moved into the parlor for the weekend and was sleeping soundly. Kyle was at the table, smoking a joint with one of Kyle's sons (I could never tell them apart). Kyle's son, inspired by the pot, got the sawed-off shotgun and hit that sucker three times in the neck. He looked at me and ffs right off, by Christ..." There were wild flys right off, by Christ...

"I'm growing tired of the big city life. Tired of the glamour, tired of the sights. I'm always dreaming of roaming once more back to my home on that old river shore."

And it was then that I knew we had made the right decision. The country life was just what the doctor had prescribed.

Days later, we sat in our mandatory overalls and smoked a joint with one of Kyle's sons (I could never tell them apart). Kyle's son, inspired by the pot, got the sawed-off shotgun and hit that sucker three times in the neck. He looked at me and ffs right off, by Christ..." There were wild flys right off, by Christ...

"I let my dog out one day and he walked towards Farmer Wade's house. I heard some awful sounds and then silence. Hours later, I found my dog, dead, on the porch outside the farmer's house.

"There's a bobcat under our house," one of Kyle's sons told me apologetically.

Ralph used to be a guitarist in the school's Black Music department. Once he'd moved out to the house, though, he decided to find a new instrument.

"I want to play banjo," he told me. Ah, the banjo - how apt - when the Spring leaves blossom and bloom, to sit, chewing Maie Pouch, on the porch, to the plucking of a banjo.

"Talk to Gunnar," I told him.

That afternoon, I saw his old Volkswagen driving up the dirt road which leads to the farm - and I must say, it looked a bit stupid with an eight foot banjo strapped to its roof.

I bought a car from Paulie Buxton in Bennington. An old Maverick. One day, Ralph and I were going up the road to the farm when the car started making ominous noises. It stopped suddenly and we both got out. I lifted the hood and peered into the engine cavity.

"No engine," said Ralph. "Only cavalry," says I.

With only one car between us, times were a bit rough. We worked out a co-op system. Most days, I got up at 8 to work in Seiler's. I dragged poor Ralph out of bed on those mornings and we drove the poloing, tiny Black Pond road back to campus.

The heat had died in our house - oddly enough, at the same time old Mother Nature decided to punish us with one last snowstorm. A snowstorm, in fact, is putting it lightly. A goddamn blizzard is more like it.

Ralph and I drove through the blind whiteness of the frigid snow together, snow and sleep fogging our vision. As we rounded a particularly lethal curve, Ralph, behind the wheel, turned to me and said, matter-of-factly:

"This car is out of control."

And so it was, I remember looking at the trees growing larger and larger as they approached our faces. The car crossed the road into the opposite lane. It spun into the woods with a high squeal. Then landed in a brook, wheezing like an old man, and flipped into a ditch. The motor farted feebly and died. I was wearing a seatbelt; Ralph wasn't.

The car landed on the driver's side and immediately filled with muddy water. I opened my door. I stood on the side of the over-turned car and helped Ralph out.

"Ralph - we're alive," I said. It was then I noticed that his collar bone was sticking out of his T-shirt. He looked at me, but his eyes were miles away. I began to panic. The cold stung my face. I began to cry as Ralph drifted farther and farther away.

"Godammit, Ralph, we're alive."

The morning was silent and fresh all around us. Every sound had its pace, time stood still. I got him guided Ralph to the opposite side of the road. I hugged him around his waist and chanted through my tears.

"We're okay, kid. We're alright."

To the Editor:

Regarding your commentary on punk rock in your last issue: I think punk does not even deserve the publicity you are giving it, for by giving it any space at all you are conceding there is some worth to it. There is none at all.

Punk is absolute trash musically, foreshadows nothing. * * *

Now is the time to change this stance: students should issue: "Roomers wanted on large working farm." I saw the ad and the phrase "working farm" immediately conjured any farm hats and barns they could conjure from their childhoods.

Topper Lilenfield

Letters

clear that student input was being both ignored and used to fit the prearranged circumstances.

Now is the time to change this stance: students should supply new initiative and insight to a stagnant administration that has furthered Bennington’s financial problems.

Student Council and S.E.P.C. should demand answers to questions such as, why is a disproportionate share of money going toward an expanding bureaucracy (Public Information, Special Projects, 50th Anniversary Committee, Alumni Committee, etc., all initiated or largely expanded during Murphy’s two years here) and not towards bettering our educational standards, for this is where Bennington has built its reputation? Bureaucracies are known for their ability to waste money and their notoriously low productivity rates. This may be one of the major contributing factors to our financial woes.

The best time to gain a foothold in the decision-making process is when there is a grasping for new ideas; now is such a time. Let’s hope that students can obtain this foothold in order to alter the errors of the future.

Timothy Littlefield
Deer Hunter" seems in vogue among the more chic cliques · to name just a few. The power of "The Deer Hunter" is in its mountains lifted from a Washington landscape; the there are many flaws which cloud the film, among them: · the remote chance of three friends ending up in the same prison camp; and the inane way Michael (Robert De Niro, Cimino), however, "The Deer Hunter" is an actor's movie. De Niro, Walken and Savage are outstanding, · You"; and also in the final scene in which Cimino at movie's end, the viewer (or me, anyway) thinks that he · worked beautifully, these mostly the slower passages when Beck would hold, hesitate and then lift the note away with dexterity and feeling. Many of the faster runs became tamer, but clear as I would have preferred them, sounding a bit more like a run by the late Roland Kirk than by a staunch neo-classicist like Hindemith.

Peter Beck has a lot of talent and ideas that could take him far. But you're too young to vote. We're explicit about it. But it was always there, from Elvis' pelvis to kids rotting in · music, not about anything much except the sound of cash registers. Bands like Boston, Kansas, Kiss, Foreigner & Fleetwood Mac ruled the airwaves, with a sound remarkably like early 60s wimp-pop.

Fleetwood Mac to rescue world, or we're accustomed to career oriented bands like Toto, whose new Goldfader's thumps on the guitar and Ed Bullard's off-fumbled chord change up a third - resulting in a nearly uncomprehensible to American pop audiences, who are · Beck, who claims credit for the musical layering independent and interesting enough to avoid a direct copy of Greek's esthetic.

Of the strictly musical works, "delta t" was the less successful. Beck's solo, though not musically uninteresting, was a bit lifeless, a problem that can be explained by lack of life in the main performers. The flute promises some daring improvisation, the group a turgid interaction and renegotiation of what we are already used to.

Of the two works by other composers, I have less to say. The piece by Jacques Ibert, a composer I've never heard · Of the strictly musical works, "delta t" was the less successful. Beck, who claims credit for the musical layering independent and interesting enough to avoid a direct copy of Greek's esthetic.

The term "setting" might be better suited to Beck's arrangements. "Quartet" had · freedom to take those ideas even further. · Wedding, castrated soul, with the bass turned way up. Intended primarily for dancing, it is uniquely annoying to listen to. · Counterpoint. Of the strictly musical works, "delta t" was the less successful. Beck has a lot of talent and ideas that could take him far.

Peter Beck has a lot of talent and ideas that could take him far. But you're too young to vote. We're explicit about it. But it was always there, from Elvis' pelvis to kids rotting in theaters that showed "Blackboard Jungle," the first rock movie. Then after the first explosion, rock bogged down in the Fat Boys-Beach Boys wimp - pop rut for awhile, until the British invasion — the Stones, and The Who, who returned rebellion to rock with songs like "Get Off My Cloud" and "My Generation." By the late 60s, rock had united with long hair and LSD to scare the shit out of everybody's parents.

With the early 70s, however, rock broke into two distinct groups. Beck is one of these. The other is the punk bands like the Altman Brothers, The Grateful Dead and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; and the British bands like Bowie, Mott the Hoople and Roxy Music — arty, self-indulgent stuff, which alienated a lot of hippies and was never very popular outside New York and LA.

With the late 60s, the "mellow" American sound had become — Beck's recent album, "AOR" ("adult oriented rock" or, less formally, always on radio) — bland, overproduced
Fishing season opens

By EILEEN McMAHON

There are two things in my mind that officially signal the arrival of spring in Vermont: the buzz of itinerant dirt bikes and the sight of rivers gorged with fish and men. The latter phenomenon began again last Saturday, April 12th.

Resident fishing licenses can be purchased for $3 at the town clerk's office and the various sporting good stores around town by students who have been enrolled in the college for at least four terms. This license entitled you to enjoy the best trout fishing in North America. The plentifully stocked Battenkill River is only 20 miles north, not to mention the many obscure little brooks and streams that boast of trophy winning brook, brown and rainbows.

The natives will always recommend fishing with worms with as short a rod as possible (so you can climb around trees), and a sturdy casting reel, all of which can be purchased cheaply, prices ranging from $6 to $40. This preference over fly fishing can be attributed to Yankee thrift and, given the availability of night crawlers, economy. Fishing with worms is also much less complicated, there being two basic casts: the overhead and side cast which can be mastered in a short afternoon. The real skill is in detecting where the fish like to habitat and then how to keep them from nabbing free lunches i.e. your worms.

Mostly everyone you bump into knows a great fishing spot they would like to turn you onto. Usually they are quiet little brooks that border on farm lands. Mostly the farmers are very friendly and do not mind you stomping around their brooks, but it is the farm animals who constitute a hazard: they are more curious and persistent than dangerous, but if you don't mind a flock of geese or a bull or two as fishing companions, this is no problem either.

Beginners luck aside, it usually takes a few fishing expeditions before you catch your first fish, then, hopefully it will be over nine inches and therefore legally yours. Have patience though - there is nothing like the taste of fresh pan-fried trout. It is in fact a delicacy even in these parts, on account of a state law which prohibits the sale of trout for marketing or restaurant purposes. (The trout you find on the local menus are Canadian freshly frozen.)

Symposium slated to start Thursday

Handke works focused on this weekend

The works of Austrian dramatist Peter Handke will be the focus of a four-day symposium at the College Thursday and Friday. The symposium is being sponsored by the college's drama division in conjunction with the Goethe Institute in Boston.

Performances of Handke's "The Ride Across Lake Constance," as well as movies for which he prepared the scripts and other works, will be presented during the course of the symposium. Handke, a native Austrian, was born in 1942. After graduation from a Catholic Seminary he studied law for four years. He attracted public notice first for a 1966 attack on contemporary German writing, which was followed by his first novel, "The Horses," and his first stage success, "Offending the Audience." He has since completed seven plays, five novels, two volumes of poetry, and a memoir. Most of his works have been published in this country by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

"The Ride Across Lake Constance" will be presented Thursday through Sunday as a regular drama production of the College. Performances will be in the Lester Martin Theatre at 8 p.m. Thursday and Sunday, 9 p.m. Friday, and 7 p.m. Saturday.

"Peter Handke: Theatre & Ideas," a two-part video program in which Karl Weber discusses Handke's work and scenes from several plays are seen, at 10 a.m., 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., Friday.

"The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick," a film written by Handke and directed by Wim Wenders, 2 and 6 p.m. Friday.

"Wrong Move," written by Handke and directed by Wenders, 4 and 10 p.m. Friday.

"Public Insult," a play by Handke presented by Nightshift, a group of writers actors, filmmakers, designers, theoreticians and directors working collectively, 7 p.m., Friday and 1:30 p.m. and 10 p.m. Saturday.

Peter Handke's Poetry In Translation," a reading by Michael Roloff, Lindsay Smith, Roger Sorkin and Karl Weber, 3 p.m. Saturday.

All of the activities related to the symposium, with the exception of the movies, will be held in Vapa. Films will be presented in Tishman.
Home opener set for Sunday

Week of rain delays season

By SYDNEY SLAYTER

Even Noah was getting a little worried. The new hat's brims bowed like sullen eyebrows, the turf turned to mud. The rain came: "haven't seen rain like dia for years," Noah confided, to humber spirits. Tim Daly abandoned a Warner Bros. contract only to sip sipping bloody marys, dreaming of magnificent diving catches and talking better times with Mike "Bare Knocks" Rogers. Two weekend softball games, Saturday's against The V and Monday's against the Arlington American Legion had been washed out. "What the hell am I gonna fill the back page with?" Editor Barry Weinbaum lamented. "Ya mean I'm gonna have to write my minnow spawn paper," Fowler growled. The complaints, the loss of procrastination, were all to the same sad tune. (George Guy, though, was in ecstasy.) Tim Littlefield worked on economics, Farley never got out of bed. Topper never sobered. Chris Clark asked "What game?" Pud wrote poetry. And still the rain came. Maintenance couldn't help. When player-coach Perry Norris told 'em to bring out the tarps to cover the field, they just laughed. They'd been used years ago - along with Paul Renzi said, several gallons of Crisco - at a mad Bennington orgy. "I wanted to cream those guys," Fowler muttered, pieces of dinner spraying from his mouth like confetti. Norris' anguish was similar: "What the hell do ya think I came back tool' Benny U. for?" the senior explained to ace reporter me, Sydney Slayter.

One game earlier last week saw the Benny U. squad knock the shit out of an erratic Booth House improvisation, 28-4. Benny U. players who should be commended are: Tim Daly, Mike Rogers and believe it or not Chris Clark. Booth House player Mark Persing deserves special recognition 'cause he bought the keg. (Honk if you find all this boring, go read Topper's article.)

In other sports at the school, the soccer team practices. And practices. Rumors of a co-ed volleyball team (why not, we're liberal) hopefully will materialize. Syd Slayter wanted to cover the Alice Miller poker games, complete with published novelists and poets, but was not allowed. "Ya got an agent?" a professor screamed. Sad Syd lost his bid. And then there was the Ali-Spinks, no ... (Ah, shoot, I get all those smart guys confused). I think Rogers fight. But that was over quicker than Shavers topped Norton.