

PARASITAE

DECEMBER 1, 1968

CO-EDITORS

Judith Gershman
Felicity Wright

LAY-OUT

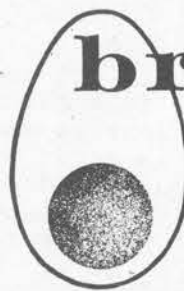
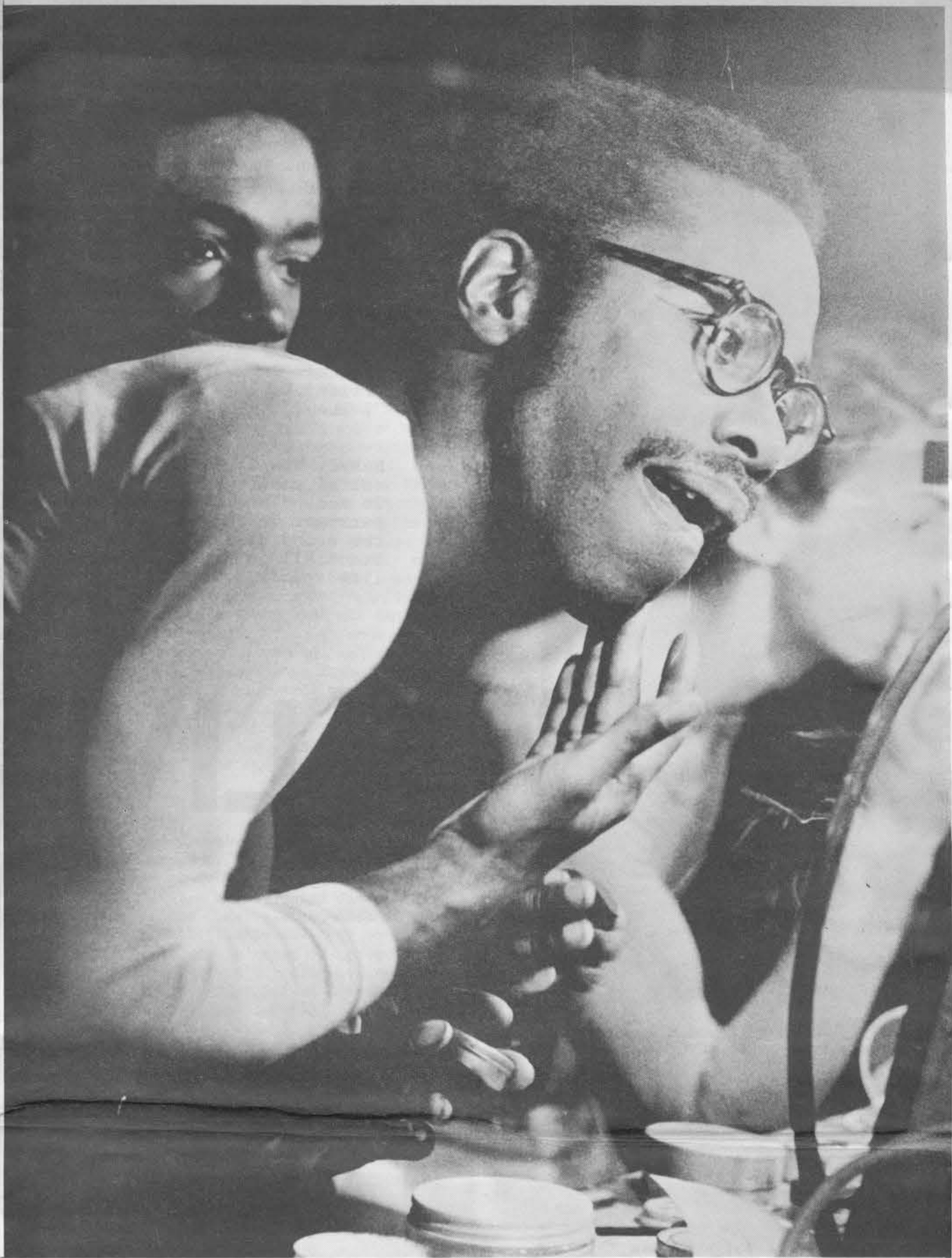
Sylvia Fischbach

BUSINESS MANAGER
Jane Leavitt

Bennington College
Bennington Vermont

STAFF

Meredith Babbe
Sarah Wallman
Deirdre Dole
Nancy Wilson
Sharon Stockard
Sally Pischl
Jean Holabird
Caroline Cochrane
Karen Franck



brasserie

lunch 12-2

dinner 6-9

cocktail lounge

324 county st

potters yard

dione lucas
cordon bleu chef
closed tuesday
802-447-7922

bennington vt

classified

HARRAD COLLEGE inquiries box 423 Latham, New York.

K L H

bird's

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

Bigger
Bennington
Bookstore

Christmas gifts too!

DANCE CONCERT

A dance is a combination of technique and theme. A dancer most likely looks at a dance from a technical standpoint; a choreographer must step out of his dancing shoes and off the stage. He must see it, not as a series of dance movements, but as a complete drama; dance is a segment of the theater and the student choreographed dances of the Wednesday night Student Fall Dance Concert approached being complete theater experiences.

"Hide and Seek," choreographed by Erika Bro, was presented first. As a non-dancer, I cannot validly comment on the technical aspects of any of the dances; I only know what I like. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole of "Hide and Seek", especially the use of the door and rear wall. The outstanding feature of the dance was the last movement. The performance had gained momentum as it went and at the height of excitement one dancer, finally found, retreats backwards to the wall. Quickly but one-by-one, the five other dancers close in on her, each slapping the wall around the dancer, trapping her with their slaps and the curtain rang down.

"Six Improvisations on a Flutter By's Wing" was choreographed and danced by Penny Larrison. This was a relaxed, interested comment about nothing in particular, just a quiet, happy dance. It was funny in the right places, most of the time in fact, thanks not only to Penny Larrison's lovely sense of humor but also to Verna Rakofsky's constant inconsistency of voice. Just before they disappeared from the stage for the last time Penny Larrison's arm snatched up her filmy orange wings as if to say: This is the end - goodbye.

The third dance was choreographed and danced by Irene Meltzer and titled "The Distantmost Thing I Know" from a poem by Michael Benedikt. I believe that Irene captured her own "distantmost thing". This was a serious dance and therefore I can only say that it was fragile and nice, but technical. Joan Zucker accompanied on the 'cello and did an admirable job. I enjoyed it.

The fourth production was in the round and therefore had an immediate effect on the audience when they had to be moved and re-seated. The dance, titled "Arasnas Nyeb", was choreographed by Adam Sacks who also did the sound. I believe that the best way to describe the performance is to show all that I wrote down on my program in the dark, as I watched:

"voices=bow on strings (cello) - faces - puppets (more strings) - can't get up - fall apart - CRASH - huddle - nonsense -

hopping - nonsense - Arasnas Nyeb - balance - stretch - humps - apart/together - Ladies and Gentlemen - The Bennington Ensemble - singing loudly - slam, slam, slam - dark and silent"

I must comment here that the use of voices and music in all these productions showed an interest in more than technique and theme. Both seemed to bring life and excitement into what often can be beautiful but vacuous. Nothing in any of these dances was stilted or dull.

"1 - 74, A Simple Process" was what I interpreted to be a comment on MIDDLE CLASS LIFE IN TODAY'S AMERICA. Large frames of many colors littered the stage. The performers filed in, distributing small bags of cotton that enabled the audience to "actively engage in the process of this work" as long as the "visual, auditory and olfactory perception" was controlled. Numbers were called, a film of the dance rehearsals was flashed on the back walls, one "collaborator" shaved her legs, another called greetings to imaginary passerbys and one, alone in her purple frame, struggled to escape. I have the feeling that this troupe is approaching the level of - "The Living Dance". (Shudder).

The next dance began with Risa Tobis, choreographer and lone dancer, crossing to downstage center and proceeding to eat Tide right out of the box and drink Clorox in a paper cup. Thus refreshed, Rias began a very energetic dance that seemed at first sight to be a tribute to Betty Crocker, and then a comment on the dull routine of housewife-life. The most fascinating piece of the dance occurred when the housewife, sick and tired of the drab life she leads, attempts to auction herself to the audience. No one will even venture the two dollars she suggests. Finally, after trying her darndest to sell herself, the housewife packs up her things and leaves the stage, drinking Clorox straight from the bottle. One very nice thing was the use of white. The costume and backdrop of Betty Crocker's box both were white. A housewife leads a sterile life, perhaps.

The seventh and last dance, "Boulangerie", was a wonderful mix-up of the phrases that make up a recipe. While the dancers danced, two people followed the instructions they spoke. The dance was directed by Leslie Berg and ended an eventful night at Commons Theater.

-Sarah Wallman -



Letter

Dear Pastiche,

It seems that the newspaper is a perfect representative of the whole community. Last Friday afternoon and night the staff of Pastiche held a make-up session in our living room. When they left, the living room was cluttered with tiny bits of cut paper. Cigarette butts were all over the table and ground into the floor. They did not clean it up. They expected the maid to do it. We feel that the privilege [sic] of using the room entails the responsibility of cleaning it up. It is not the job for Mrs. Crawford or the house members. Several of us did get together to clean it for coffee hour, after it remained filthy for the whole weekend. It appalls us to think that in any living room, not only Welling House, the staff of Pastiche would expect others to clean up after them. -The members of Welling House-

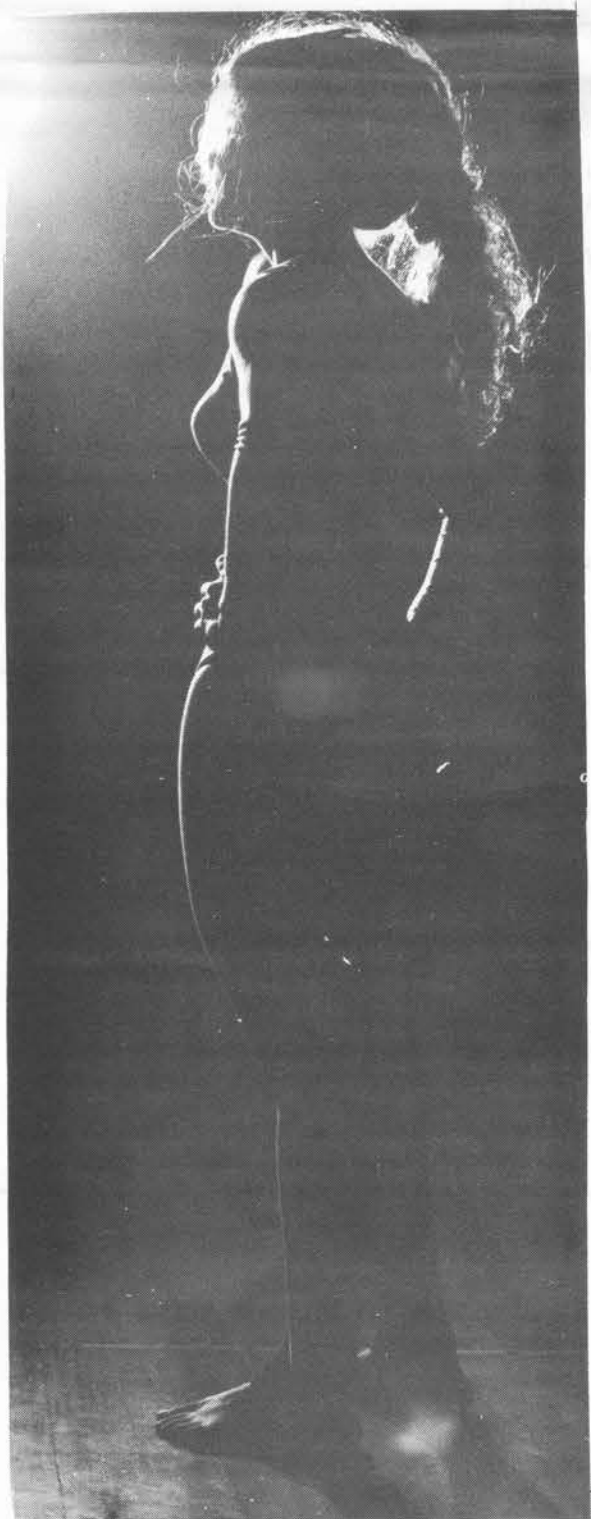
Pastiche extends its apologies, even though butts were not ground into the floor nor left on the table. It was due to a misunderstanding, and won't happen again.

Grass Suspect

Last Tuesday Judicial, Leg, and Exec heard Mrs. Flory, representing the Health Service, speak on the drug situation at Bennington. According to Mrs. Flory, marijuana can produce abnormal "psychotic reactions" in users.

The Health Service and the student government feel that information on drugs should be available to students. Leg will try to bring a speaker from Encounter, a New York-based organization for the rehabilitation of drug addicts and "pre-addicts", to the campus before the end of this term. In the near future, printed information on current drug research will be available from the Health Service.

Dance photos/J.Nooney, J.Thompson
Living theatre photo/Deirdre Dole
Living theatre layout/Deirdre Dole



"if I could turn you on... If I could drive you out of your wretched mind!"

"You want to get organized? Take off your clothes and hold each other!"

"Black!"
"White!"

"Christian!"
"Jew!"

"Short!"
"Tall!"

"Young!"
"Old!"

"Friend. I Thou."
"Friend."
"I Thou."

Naked. Naked like it is. The most real thing ever to be called real.

To accept and not only accept but give-- break the touch barrier. Touch and be touched. Feel the pain and make the sound of it. Feel the joy and make the dance of it. Stand all in a ring and hold each other and sing. Just lift your voice; with it comes your soul.

If you spit on me I will tell you that your spit is holy. Holy spit. Think about it. Heavy. The holy human body. Any manner of sharing can be. He is standing with her legs around her waist and are embracing and moving in profound unity. There is silence broken then by her joy. Oh wow oh wow oh wow !!

Anything you have to say you act out. No words for explaining-- just doing it, except a word spoken in honest release or in giving a quiet agreement.

But then there is violence felt by some and needed by others. Revolution. There is a revolution on its insistent way, they scream at you and they show you. It's all of us who are the hypocrites. A perfect reflection these players were not. There was no reflection except that of ourselves. Living theatre.

For some of us the revolution is going on inside. It is a turning to everything that was hidden behind hang-ups before. Not easy but not avoidable either. The lights that you see are outlining the body of an actor riding another actor. There is chant-- or is it silence? Hard to define the senses at this point. Breath. He lifts your arms from your sides. Breath. ("Breath deep the gathering gloom... you're not asleep Open your mind.") moody blues Breath. Breath! The breath of Life! Breath!

FLY! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!

LIVING THE AL RE

COMMENTARY

mara puri

The wall is straight and cold against your back that wouldn't have felt had you kept on your clothes. But suddenly you want to dance. No one else is dancing. The question is never even asked...to dance or not to... in a minute you are dancing. Wildly with no thought of audience or looking down. The pounding of your feet on the ground and the room spinning round..

How do you feel?
SUPERB!!!

They're shooting one another and we musn't let them! (Or are you one of the ghosts of the balcony--presumably still preparing yourself to come down?) (Come down and join us!) Jump up and grab the arms holding the weapon and stop the mind holding the hostility. Peace. There is beauty. I'm holding you. Hold me. There is peace. I Thou. Thou. I. Love. Peace. OH MY GOD he said and burst into an embrace. To be there was not to be an audience. This theatre was living within and without every mind that opened itself; with our with your with his with my love there can be serenity such as the world has only dreamed small sections before.

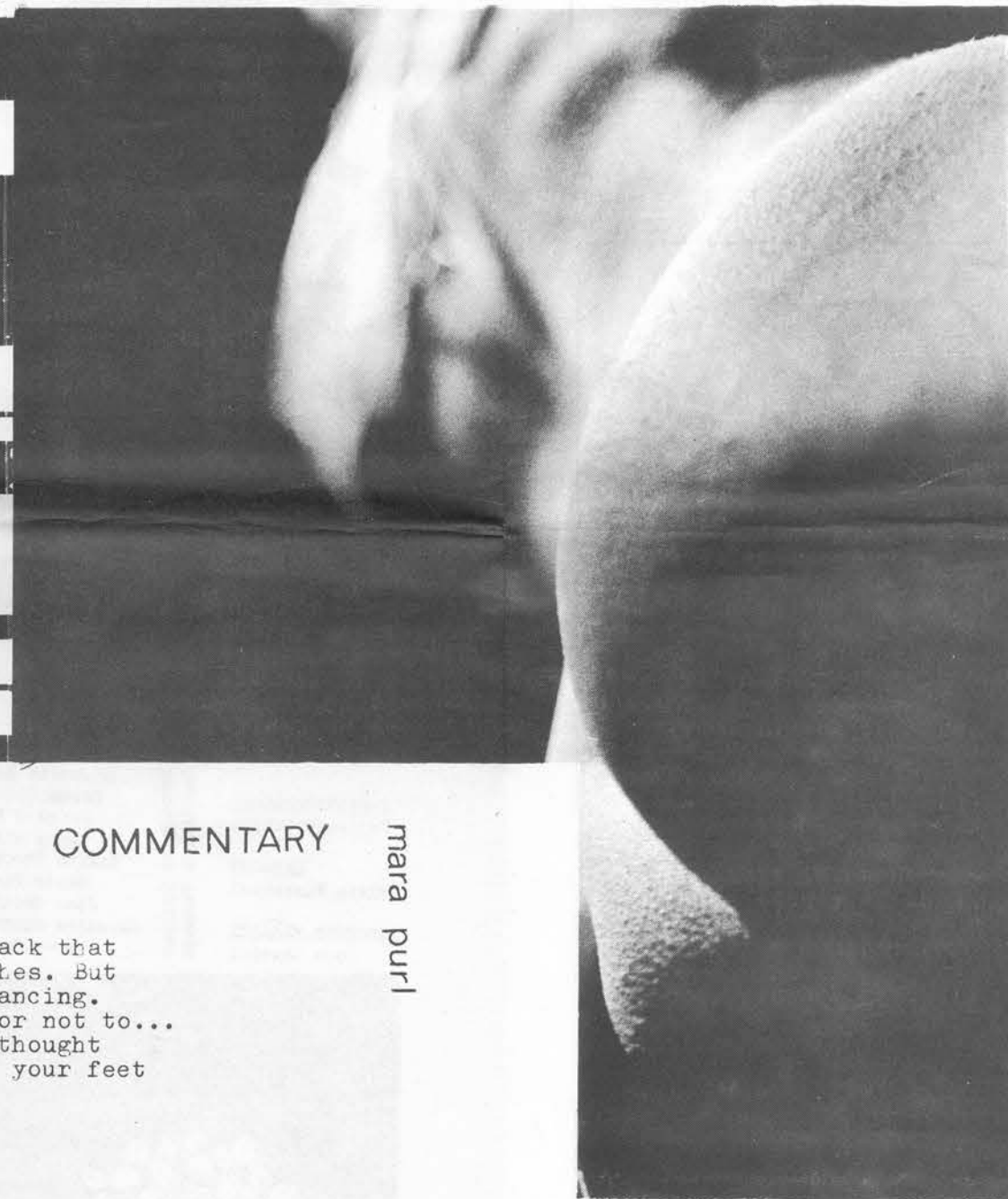
One of us kicks at another... Programmed reaction?

"I'm not allowed to travel etc..

"I'm not allowed to smoke marijuana."
"I'm not allowed to smoke marijuana."
"I'm not allowed to smoke marijuana."

"I'm not allowed to take my clothes off."
"I'm not allowed to take my clothes off."
"I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF!!"

Even while the child of sainted innocence was not a part there was the purity of giving.



Benedikt Poetry:

"air and earth"

On Wednesday, November 27, Michael Benedikt read poems from his book *The Body* for an audience in the Carriage Barn. Mr. Benedikt is an associate editor of *Art News*, has written several books on the theater, and done translations of poems and plays in addition to writing his own poetry. He joined the literature faculty this year.

Hearing his poetry, one has the sense that something quite new is happening; there is a great interplay of startling leaps of imagination and flat language with prose rhythms, an interplay of spirit and body, subject and object, or more elementally, of air and earth.

The poems are very often humorous, but are seldom without serious or even sad undercurrents. It took a while for the audience to warm to Mr. Benedikt's humor, but when he read poems written since he has been commuting up here from New York, he endeared himself to all Bennington girls with what is perhaps the ultimate poem about Troy, New York. And for those of us on the Bennington-New Haven run, he promises a poem on Pittsfield, Mass.

-Kathleen Norris-

Get the children of America out of Troy, New York! The awnings
hang slackly from the doorframes in that city
And sooner than usual every young Sweetie feels the skin
wrinkle
And soft eyes grow smudged as glass on the Town Hall clock.
As for the young gentlemen of Troy
All they do is sit on curbstones and spit on Greyhound busses,
like those I am riding on, back to New York City
O cities of the universe
You are not improving anybody much
Except maybe, in some few of you, in the sections that are
ritzest
And what child of twenty can afford to live in them except
until he is twenty; and then after forty
Fifth Avenue I love you, but when will I live on you again?
Seven more years must be waited;
By that time I can cross 67th Street once more, and again
enter the Central Park Zoo conveniently
No doubt my favorite raccoon will be dead

In the playgrounds of Troy, New York
They have no monkey bars, but all these Lincoln Logs in cast
iron
When they grow a forest in Troy, New York, it isn't cultivated,
it's invented
Each leaf is a tiny tin can or a small nail file
The City Fathers probably think that the arrangement of gas
tanks, barbed-wire-topped fences and offensive oil drums
that surround the town and constitute the suburb through
which we are now passing
Is some kind of an arboretum.
That's just about enough about you now, Troy, New York

O children of the universe (who live in Troy, New York)
The mind moves on
We have just scratched the surface of the problem
And soon I will be out of the suburbs, even, of Troy, New York

But children of the universe (and of Troy, New York)
I make this suggestion: that we may transcend the ugliness
of Troy, New York

Move out
But move out to schools in the country along the East Coast,
for example, and become architects in more beautiful
surroundings
Then come back, and for all people
Build more ritzy districts
So that the mind of man may hum with unearthly beauty, which
is only the beauty of materials
May you begin with the specific:
The maintenance of cities we can stand to stay in,
All the way from Troy, New York, to places in Georgia, like
Athens

- Michael Benedikt -

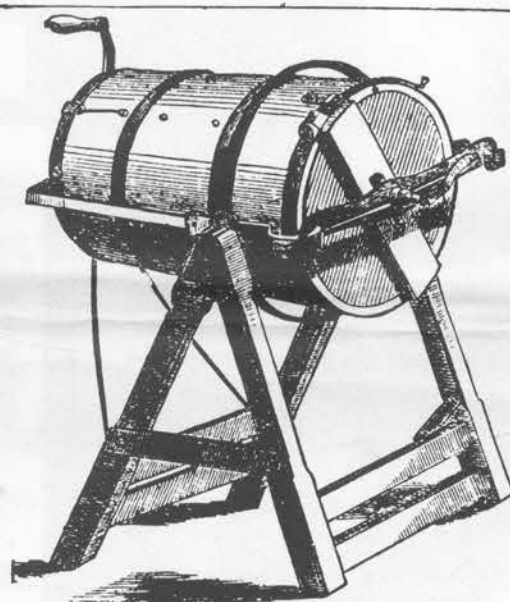
Pastiche thanks Mr. Benedikt for giving us permission to print his poem,
"Passing Through Troy".

JUSTUS TAYLOR
SANDALMAKER

MOD/MINI
MAXI/GROOVEY
NEW/OLD
SMOOTH/YOU

Vermont Leathers
at the Potters yard

Compliments of
Salvatore's Shoe Store
Hotel Putnam Bldg. Spring Street
Bennington, Vt. Williamstown, Mass.



TINGLEY'S PATENT HORIZONTAL ICE-CREAM FREEZER

Is recommended for FAMILIES, HOTELS,
SALOONS, and WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

As the best Ice-Cream Freezer in the market.

It saves ICE,
Saves TIME,
Saves LABOR,

And produces the finest quality of Cream
known to the Art.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 COMMERCE STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

GOODS MAILED
To every State and Territory just
as ordered, and even then, if not
as expected, exchanged or the
money refunded.
For samples or prices specify
on postal card what is desired,
and address,
Mail Department for Samples and Supplies,
Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

JOHN WANAMAKER
PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN