

# PASTICHE



## Prelude to a 'Thing'

Tuesday night, Arthur Sainer, Ken Greenleaf and I (and probably some other people) had a talk, a conversation, a happening, with Steve Israel of the Living Theatre. (Steve is Mr. Sainer's old buddy or whatever from the good old days in New York City). He said a lot of things, some good things, sang songs, answered the phone, smiled, gave me a cookie. We said some things too. It was nice, relaxed, good feelings.

Downstairs a party was happening: strobe lights, rock, Buster Keaton on a wall, rock, lights, Bennington people mingling, rock, rock, lights. Upstairs we talked, and it made me realize, above everything else, that Steve Israel (and most probably the rest of the troupe) is a person — not a member of a circus freak show, not just part of the Living Theatre Extraordinaire.

We talked about the country and what's happening to it. He said America was in despair, but the young people and the left in general were doing their best to save it, that good things were beginning to happen. He mentioned revolution. He told how the Living Theatre "took" the Fillmore East in New York in order for the Lower East Side community to have a place to meet each other, discuss problems, hear some rock, see some theater once a week. There was no violence: they told Bill Graham (the owner) that they would take it if he didn't give it to them, which he didn't, so they did. They got up on stage and did their thing, got the audience on stage, said a magic word, and "took" the Fillmore.

Doreen asked if he thought violence was counter-revolutionary. He said that non-violence was a very precious thing. One has to recognize the negatives in this country: prejudice, uptightness, hatred, violence, poverty, Nixon; then one has to fight them in a life way — not an anti-life violent way. Fight the negatives with positives. And he talked about love. Living Theatre love — which may seem violent to some — but is love all the same. It's a matter of smiling and doing your thing and getting high if you want to and above all: LIVING.

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*"The interest in babies is intense, and in the little histories of Jane Jones,*

*mythological All-Figure Citizen & Bennington Girl... Jane inevitably*

*majors in 'social science, with an emphasis on psychology' and becomes a teacher."*

## Bennington and the American Way

People who like to differentiate between breathing at Bennington and inhaling in the Real World might enjoy a look at the college alumnae publications — not the current hip-hopful things, but the home-lier, unabashed magazine experiments of years ago. The taste here for pictures of faculty with their wives and children arranged in front of a North Bennington fireplace (these are their credentials, in a way; it is 1951) and the narration of steps taken in the female avant garde, with the dynamic graduate walking Saskatchewan wearing her baby (she has a nickname for her husband and does not neglect to recount the adventures of the family pet — a dog named after her favorite author) seems to indicate that if Bennington isn't the roaring mainstream of American thoughts and values, it can make a claim at least to being a reflecting pool or puddle.

Looking at the bound volumes of the old alumnae quarterly in the library last paperweek, I savored the obvious incongruities and anachronisms — the word "lass" is used to refer to female students rather more

frequently than is now the practice, the lassies themselves appear to favor saddle shoes over wooden clunders (one notices anew just how awful lipstick was) and in one report of an NRT spent in a factory the girl rather strangely assumes that she'll have to buy some special clothes to make it with the working class. The interest in babies is intense, and in the little histories of Jane Jones, mythological Allfigure Citizen & Bennington Girl which are occasionally sketched out to give people an idea of what is really going on up there, Jane inevitably decides to major in "social science, with an emphasis on

psychology", and becomes a teacher. A teacher of children, that is to say. Although the recipients of her enlightened Bennington ideas are occasionally romanticized into Navaho or Peruvian children, she somehow never chooses to encounter Swarthmore students, for example, or even freshmen Comp 1 candidates at Slippery Rock State Jr. College.

A great deal of self-congratulation can  
- con't. p. 4, col. 1 -

## Chicago: An Aftermath

I found myself again quails/accidentally in Chicago for the election. My original plan had been to fly student fare to California which was the furthest I could get standby. (I only got half way due purely to economic failures.) Anyway, perhaps I was actually enacting a nostalgic return, subconsciously.

The first thing that happened was so odd that I think you ought to know about it. I was standing outside a theater in the midst of a typical Chicago middle class pre-performance crowd, when George Wallace, in person, drove by. When he saw the crowd, the candidate instinctively waved. People were alternately reaching pitches of extreme hysteria, and attempting to display their lack of enthusiasm.

Assuming the usual turmoil caused by a personage five feet away from a group, the reaction I saw was not only hypertrophied, but frightening. One man

in particular, appearing for all the world an ideal, rational, reasonably wealthy businessman, went positively berserk when he saw that Wallace had, at one point, waved right personally at him. His shrill giggles could be heard all the way into the theater. When I sat down I couldn't help thinking that Wallace had his finger on a far deeper nerve in Americans than anyone cared to realize.

That same night Humphrey had a torchlight parade through the loop, for associative reasons which, recalling the delegates' march in August, were beyond contempt, in my opinion. I did not attend.

The American Civil Liberties Union sponsored an art show in conjunction with Chicago's small number of modern art galleries and a many well known New York artists who were in sympathy not so much

- con't. p. 4, col. 2 -



## Editorial apology

As the reader can see from the letters of Messrs. Rowe and Sainer, there has been much response to the Faction letter in last week's *Pastiche*.

Mr. Rowe asks that apologize to Mr. Bloustein and the College. That we gladly do: we were hasty, if not irresponsible, in not checking up on whether Mr. Bloustein were related to a night watchman (which is false). As to the possibility that Mr. Bloustein is a racist--that is an inference, and we, like an overwhelming majority of the students we spoke to, did not gather that from the letter.

We now take the opportunity to clarify our editorial policy. We publish all letters to the editor (until such time as we get swamped,) and publish anonymous letters with the provision that someone on the staff knows the author or authors. We will not publish libel, if we know it to be libel, and will check up better in the future. All letters should be in the *Pastiche* box by Wednesdays in order to come out on Mondays.

## Rowe: 'college maligned'

To the editor:

I do not know who "The Faction" is or what it does. But the letter it published in the last issue of *Pastiche* is deplorable, and the writer, or writers responsible show little regard for facts and little ability to draw appropriate conclusions from their own facts. There are plenty of racist institutions in this country and plenty of racists officials; but to suggest that Bennington College is such an institution, or that Mr. Bloustein such a person is an outrage. "The Faction" has maligned and offended this College and its President. The least the writers of the letter can do is crawl out from beneath their anonymity and offer a public apology. Furthermore, the editors of *Pastiche* are guilty of gross irresponsibility for publishing the letter. A public apology from them to the College and to Mr. Bloustein is in order.

Leonard Rowe

## Racism, dialogue, and the college community

To the editor:

As a member of the Bennington Community, and more particularly as a faculty member, I found "The Faction" letter most disturbing, both for its facts and its fancies. Does the President hire racists? Knowingly? I would doubt it. I find the charge insupportable, and vicious. Are there racists on campus? I suppose there are.

What should we do about it? I don't

Am I a racist? I try not to be.



To the editors:

I protest! I protest K.W.'s letter in last week's *Pastiche*. Before anyone else begins biting the hand that feeds them, maybe the community should know that:

1. The dining room is overcrowded. But, until there are changes in Commons to accomodate the expansion, it is all we have. Count your blessings. As my mother says, remember the starving Armenians.

2. Mr. Parry has been in the hospital. He is back this week, and that will undoubtedly improve some things. (Waitress morale, for one. We're all glad to see his smile again.)

3. There is no such thing as a table without a waitress. Of course, every waitress can't be faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a diesel locomotive -- and it's difficult to leap tall buildings in a single bound when you're balancing ten people's dirty dishes on your shoulder, and trying to remember a complex series of drink and dessert orders. The waitresses are assigned numbers based on the number of tables they serve. They line up according to these numbers. (This prevents a few zealots from forcing all the waitresses into line at ten of six.) The line is very long this year. Be patient, and remember that rudeness is not the way to get fast service. You know, K.W., your waitress may have had an even harder day at the library than you have, but she interrupts her intellectual labour and postpones her rest to run to the kitchen and get you that extra grape nut.

4. Yes, Virginia, there is cottage chesse. Or eggs. If either or both are essential to your well-being, get a note from the Health Service attesting to this fact and you will be accomodated. If you're merely persnicketty, I'm sure we have a cereal to meet your individual needs. And there's always bread and butter.

5. Know why we run out of food? If K.W. really wants that second hamburger, she

should be more careful about signing in. Don't come to dinner unless you are signed in. If switchboard tells us there are 312 people on campus, we prepare to feed 312 people. Not only does it help the kitchen if you sign in promptly, but Emily "Dusty" Israel, whose tender dust-cloth preserves the rich patina of our chairs and tables, tells me that Judicial, too, is eager to emphasize the need for prompt sign-in.

6. The kitchen has more to put up with than you do. Of course, you could lighten its load a little by observing a few don'ts:

Don't borrow dishes and utensils for your coffee hour unless you absolutely have to -- and if you do, don't wait three weeks to return them unwashed.

Don't say "yeecch" when your waitress appears. Even if you mean the food she's carrying, it creates bad feeling. And do listen when she takes drink orders.

Don't accuse the dining room of forcing you to be a "starving artist". There are people dedicating their lives to keeping you well-nourished. Respect the white-robed men and women, and the girls in green.

Don't stay seated after you hear the bell. It means bye-bye.

And Don't leave this on the dining room floor. The galleys that have been carpeting the center dining room are giving Sally Edwards a chronic stoop.

K.W. considerably tells us where she can be found (hard at work in the library or the ceramics studio, remember?) so I guess I should do the same. I can be found slipping in the salad dressing you spill in the blue dining room at lunch, and at dinner I can be found wearily staggering under a heavy tray to the first round eight on your left in the faculty. And I welcome you to either of those locations, since I am quite literally your obedient and humble servant,

Lindsley Cameron

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# Living Theatre

Dear Editor,

The Living Theater was effective. They shocked, moved, outraged, delighted, and amused their audience (and excited). There was nothing apathetic or dull about the reaction of the Bennington Community and that says something in itself. The actors seemed honest - well, some of them did - and there is no question that they were involved in what they were doing - whatever it was. However, although I applaud the effectiveness of their method, I question the clarity of what they were trying to accomplish. They say they want change; they are radicals, and want a revolution. They realize that a revolution needs people, and their purpose is to collect as many people as possible; to get minds working towards the direction of change. Whom are they trying to get together? Certainly not the Catholic migrant workers; certainly not the Baptist southern unemployed miners; certainly not the ignorant sharecroppers. Aren't these people supposed to be the root of a revolution? I think so, and if any of them saw the Living Theater they would either think that they were terrible sinners, or hippies who have gone out of their minds. Bennington doesn't feel that way because Bennington is already conscious and concerned with the problems, and its members have had the education to understand what the actors were talking about. But Bennington students shouldn't be the ones to start the revolution; and there wouldn't be a revolution even if they tried. It's the poor people that a revolution talks about. And poor people are too hungry to worry about the symbolism of getting up on stage and taking your clothes off. If the purpose of the Theater is to get people of our backgrounds to look at the problems, give up our standards, and go to the poor people, then their method is too harsh and unrealistic. The only people who would agree with their ideas are people who have already thought about change. Good for them. But the Living Theater can't change individuals who have been brought up on conventional standards and morality. Good organizing is when you gently show the people the problems, help them come to their own conclusions, only asking questions and watching and learning the whole time; and remaining entirely flexible. And then letting the poor people take over. Human nature can't take having the truth thrust at it, bare and cruel, in an omniscient way. It's alienating and degrading. And it's especially alienating when the truth is thrust at you in a way that you don't understand or in a way that's contrary to everything you've been taught. So the students who already want change like the theater, and the person who's dying every six minutes of hunger whom the theater talked about either is shocked beyond belief or couldn't give a shit. -A Gentle Radical-

JUSTUS TAYLOR  
SANDALMAKER

Vermont Leathers  
at the Potters yard

MOD/MINI

MAXI/GROOVEY

NEW/OLD

SMOOTH/YOU

## 'Tis of thee, sweet land, I sing

I have prayed for America, cried for America, cursed at America. I read in November's Esquire what four brilliant writers had to say about the Democratic Convention in Chicago: Terry Southern, William Burroughs, Jean Genet and John Sack. And I saw that maybe instead of crying or praying, it might be better to write something and try to transcend the nausea I feel at the state of things in this country. It's not only Nixon or the cops or the racial situation or the war - it's also the people in this country who aren't upset or frightened by it. The people who sit back and feel secure and don't realize what's really happening here. And I'm scared, scared by the violence, the racism, the enthusiastic right wing sweep toward police-state politics, and of course, I am appalled at the continuing murder of Biafran and Vietnamese children and citizens. I am tired of pretending about America and of apologizing for it. I only wish most other Americans were too. I am referring mostly to the America outside Bennington, for though this place isn't perfect, it is a step or twelve above the Mayor Daleys and the Wallaces and, I hope, the Humphreys. Terry Southern ends his piece on Chicago with an anecdote:

## Alumnus Dances

We seem to be able to keep tabs on many of our alumnae, but very few on our (very few) alumni. Lonny Joseph Gordon who received a dance and art fellowship to Bennington in 1963, has a good excuse. He is in Tokyo, Japan on a Fulbright-Hays Renewal Grant in dance, art, and theatre. He was the first American to receive a Fulbright-Hays Grant to Japan in these fields and is now the first to have received an extension.

Lonny spoke with reverence and perhaps a twinge of nostalgia in referring to his days at Bennington, particularly when he mentioned his work in the dance department under William Bales, Martha Whitman and Jack Moore. In the art department he paid tribute to Peter Stroud and Paul Feeley.

Lonny is the first foreigner to be invited to be a private student of Kabuki theatre under the famous Kabuki dancer, Kanزابuro Nakamura XVII with whom he has been studying since October of last year. He is studying Kabuki in terms of the total design of the theatre, including costumes, make-up, settings, movement. He is also reviewing the history of this ancient art form.

Lonny is now most involved with teaching modern dance to a number of Japanese dancers. He calls his class "The Art of Performance: A Technical Approach". He is able to teach these classes through an arrangement with Mariko Sanjo, a dancer of renown in Japan.

Teaching these classes is one of the most challenging enterprises Lonny has undertaken. He described his class as "an advanced approach to performance for professional modern dancers." He teaches his own technique rather than that of another dancer. He believes strongly that he should not ask his student to do anything which he himself has not mastered. Thus he is not only a teacher, but also a fellow dancer.

Lonny has found his Japanese students to be very hard-working, dedicated and technically competent. He pointed out that "their anatomical structure is well-suited to modern dance, as is their sensitivity". They have a natural ability to attack a movement with brute force, he said. They are very realistic in their approach to and interpretation of modern dance. "The Japanese students are open in their response to their culture and to the total cultural environment of the times."

Lonny's class is an exciting one. He is an absorbing and demanding teacher, using his skill to demonstrate and to plan movements that are helpful and pertinent to the class. He takes time to

Next to me a middle-aged man, wearing a straw hat and a Hubert Humphrey band, watched the incident with distaste. "Those damn kids," he muttered, "I haven't seen a clean one yet." When he looked back out into the street where, at that moment, a flying squad of blue helmets and gas masks, clubs swinging, charged straight into a crowd obviously of bystanders. "Hell," he grunted, "I'd just as soon live in one of those damn police states as put up with that kind of thing."

Genet studies the police closely; he talks of their thighs - "thick and muscular" - and "the sea of policeman's bellies barring our way into the Democratic convention." These are the pigs - too unhip to follow the edict "Pearls Before Swine." Southern says of them at one point: "They were soon distracted by activity farther down the block, and they rushed away. Because it wasn't really us they wanted to get - it was the children."

The children, the hippies, the yuppies, the New Left - us? We are the ones they want to get because we are the ones who are going to have to come up with the answers, with the changes. The edict for our mission comes now from Jean Genet, a Frenchman:

"Hippies, young people of the demonstration, you no longer belong to America, which has moreover repudiated you. Hippies with long hair, you are making America's hair curl. But you, between earth and sky, are the beginning of a new continent, an Earth of Fire rising strangely above, or hollowed out below, what once was this sick country - an earth of fire first and, if you like, an earth of flowers. But you must begin, here and now, another continent."

I don't know about building another continent, but I feel that at least some change is possible. Now I have written, I feel I can talk, because there are people at Bennington who can come up with answers. I'm sure. So we need to talk. Susan Greenthal and I (and I hope some other people too) will be in Leigh living room on Sunday night after 11; we hope people will join us. To talk, to cry, to laugh, to wait, to try to think of what we can do for America. This is a plea and an invitation to all of you. -Judith Gershman-

help an individual student and yet the class never comes to a standstill. With a drum as his occasional prop, he carefully watches individual students and the total movement pattern of the class. Lonny has the ability to instantly create movement patterns which will stress the areas needing concentration. One is aware that he is balancing one movement with another. His exercises are like exciting dances.

In Lonny's class there is a spirit of freedom as well as discipline. One feels that he and his students are trying together to attain a certain goal. He concentrates on the quality of movement, voiding the more simple attitude of working on one level only. He often places a free interpretation in opposition to a sudden attack.

Two other areas of concentration in Lonny's class are focus and tactility. If his class could be viewed aerially, one would see that he is precise in his aim to define direction for each movement. He focuses an audience's eyes in the direction he chooses and thus defines the space around him. He is striving for a more thorough degree of tactile sensitivity in his students.

Since he has been in Japan, Lonny has made two lecture-performance tours of Japan for the United States Information Service. On May 1, 1968, He performed in a concert with Mariko Sanjo, the previously mentioned celebrity of Japan. A program of this concert will be on the dance bulletin board for the next several days.

Mara Purl



# Bennington and the American Way

be found in almost all the statements of college purpose and practice, a comfortable attitude which is still very much with us. Perhaps less available these days is the fund of high enthusiasm about almost everything which is revealed most frequently in accounts of public occasions. Reports of graduations, alumnae reunions, testimonial suppers, and the like seem to demand some expression of being so overcome with joy and the company that only an impression of the spruce appearance, firm handshake, and Mt. Anthony rising in the distance remains.

Thumbing through the remains of the past one is occasionally surprised by the minor accidents of history. Thus a spread page report on NRT in the early 50's yields these fragments: "In Washington one student was Third Assistant Secretary to the newly-elected Senator from Minnesota, Mr. Hubert Humphrey...That afternoon we went to the Senate offices and called on Mr. Johnson of Texas. His aide was immediately interested, gave us names of people to see, colleges to visit, and leftist groups to avoid!"

In 1952 Bennington became propaganda. "A movie about Bennington is being made for the State Department for showing in Germany. The twenty minute film, tentatively titled American Women's College, is intended to indicate Bennington's approach to educating students as persons and as citizens. It will be shown in Germany as a part of our country's program there directed toward greater understanding and appreciation of democracy." The film story involved Helen, a well-adjusted chick with broad interests, and her roommate Barbara, who only cares about painting, is Selfish, doesn't listen at concerts, and otherwise exhibits bad traits. The is about her reform. Barbara's teachers, counselors, and peers notice her problems and unite to persuade her to cultivate an interest in people, an interest she consummates by spending NRT in an architecture office. And by becoming a social science major with emphasis on psychology, no doubt.

-Robin Walker-

# Chicago: An Aftermath (continued)

with the students, as with all who are learning to fear the police. The whole thing was called "Response," and seemed to assume that those who wished to participate were used to marching, as there were rather large distances between galleries. I saw representations of Mayor Daley in great variety and rendered by astonishingly lurid imaginations. I saw a very uninteresting movie about a parade (everyone thought "movie" meant scenes of the "recent unpleasantness"). I saw works, old and new, by artists known throughout the country. The nicest part was just walking down the street seeing other people wearing their "Response" buttons...feeling of brotherhood. The idea of the whole thing was really good, and as the tickets costs \$2.50 I expect the ACLU profited pretty well. (The money was to pay court costs of people still in trouble from August.)

Election day was drawing near, and under a constant barrage of criticism of my lack of initiative in not registering to vote, not working for Humphrey, etc., I decided I ought to assert myself somehow. So naturally I called up S.D.S. (which has an office downtown, is listed in the phone boo ...doesn't seem right somehow), and asked what was up.

# Talk of the Town

When your swank friends from New York start arriving for the skiing season, above all, don't panic. It is possible, in and around Bennington, to enact a reasonable facsimile of a "night of the town" in any large city. All you require is the imagination to transcend the elemental tawdriness of the situation, and enough money in the wallet of your impressionable friend to insure the proper state of intoxication (an excellent aid to the imagination).

"But where do we go?" you might well ask. I will answer: "To the five Flies." For those of you who do not know, this is a large establishment right exactly on the New York state border, on rte. 67A. (New York means 18, you understand, and you must have identification.)

I try very hard to avoid weekends up here, but when it is a matter of academic necessity, I remain. I had the great luck to fulfill all of the requirements above stated. We went to the Five Flies and just danced and danced. The band wasn't very good, but you could certainly hear it. The room was filled with fascinating people, presumably over 18 years old, and a couple of state troopers (having a hell of a time, I'm sure). The atmosphere is easy, if somewhat raucous. A reasonably healthy person can be expected to last about two fun-filled hours there.

You see, there is something to do here. I am saying: do not despair. (It's a good place to go when faculty parties get you down, too.)

-Jean Holabird-

As I had expected, there was a demonstration planned for Tuesday, an "anti-election" rally. We were to assemble in Lincoln Park and march, yes, march to the Conrad Hilton in protest. I was then subjected to a harangue on Women's rights and how I should form a group at Bennington to discuss those rights, which I found rather out of character with S.D.S. I did not complain, and we parted amicably.

I sat in Lincoln Park on Tuesday from 11AM to 2 PM and saw a plurality of complete news teams, sound men, reporters, TV cameras. There were not many other people there, but the major amusement was the baiting of the media. All you had to do was get into a clump of "weirdos" and snout, and they'd all come running, huffing, "Where is it," "What's happening," "don't miss it."

It really was funny, but not what I'd call elevated in the true protest sense. I saw a couple of old long lost friends, and people sat around. Someone said, "Go out and hand out pamphlets." Another said, "Stay here and organize." There wasn't a policeman to be seen. Lots of dogs, though, running around. Northwestern S.D.S. arrived, to cheers; U. of C. S.D.S. arrived, to more cheers. What happened then wasn't too clear except when it came evident that there was a schism in the ranks of S.D.S. from U. of C.; they were all arguing about whether to picket the IBM building or not, whether to march or not, whether to ever speak to each other again or not.

So I got up and left. About a hundred students sang peacefully in front of the Conrad Hilton far into the night. No one cared much.

-Jean Holabird

# Prelude continued

Someone asked what he thought would happen at Bennington when the troupe came. He smiled and said, "There'll be some changes made at Bennington after we leave. But they'll be positive ones."

Then he sang his songs, strumming intently on a guitar, and answered the phone in the middle of one of them and said, "It can't be for me. I just got here." Someone came in and took the phone and Steve sang a song about mountains and life and changes and somehow that was interrupted too.

He talked about his father, and New York, and colleges (they had just performed at Rutgers). He said the only trouble they have had so far in this country was to have two of their plays banned in Boston. (Par for the course - I suppose). Then someone started playing the organ, Steve disappeared, and we joined the rock-lights-rock-high party downstairs...

I don't know much about the Living Theatre and it being roughly 4:30 on Thursday night, I assume that in a few hours I'll know at least something. Perhaps I should leave some space here for Part II or After Experiencing The Living Theatre. But I think maybe I'll let someone else talk about them or wait until next week or next year to have my say.

-Judith Gerahman-

I feel at this point that it is necessary to add a post mortem, however brief, for it would be incomplete if I finished without saying a few things about the performance. Violence is a bad thing: whether or not it is used for art's sake. There were few points during the evening when I felt that Love was embracing the room; most of the time it was disturbing. Maybe I still don't know anything about the Living Theatre, and that makes me sad.

J.C



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