

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 darnedest 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-

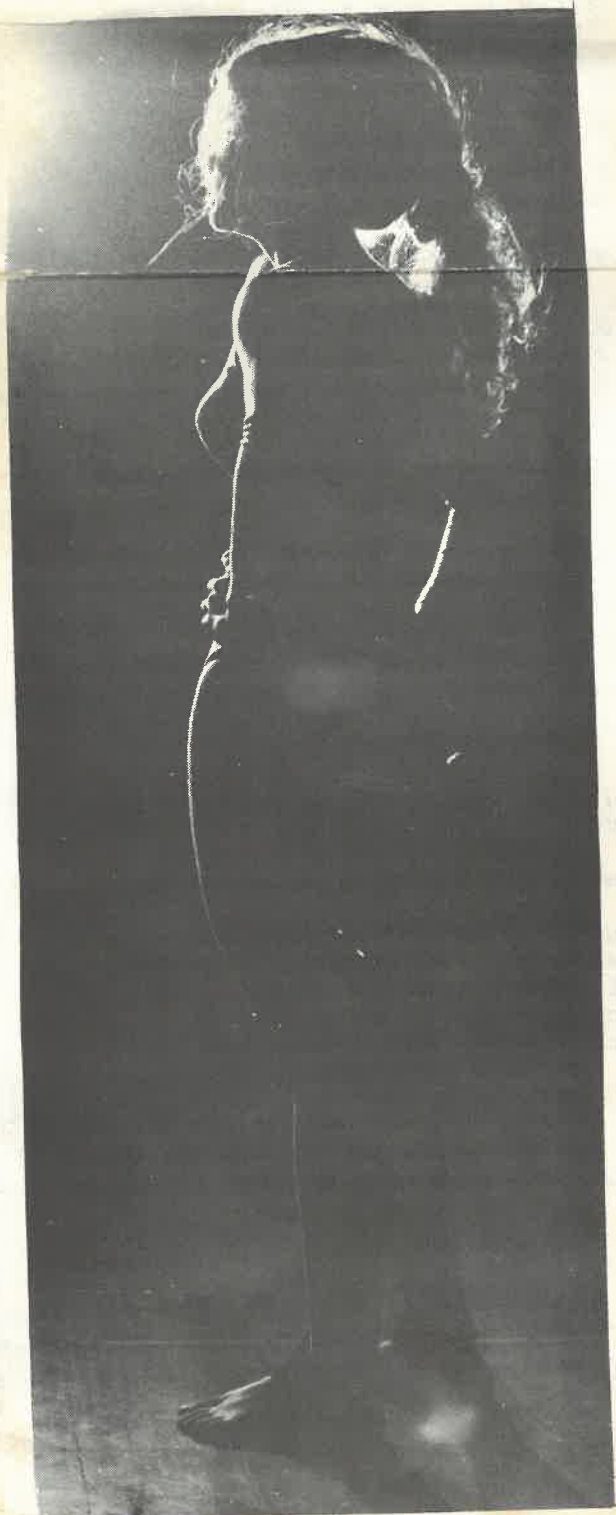
Pastiche extends its apologies, even though butts were not ground into the floor nor left on the table. It was due to a misunderstanding, and won't happen again.

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?

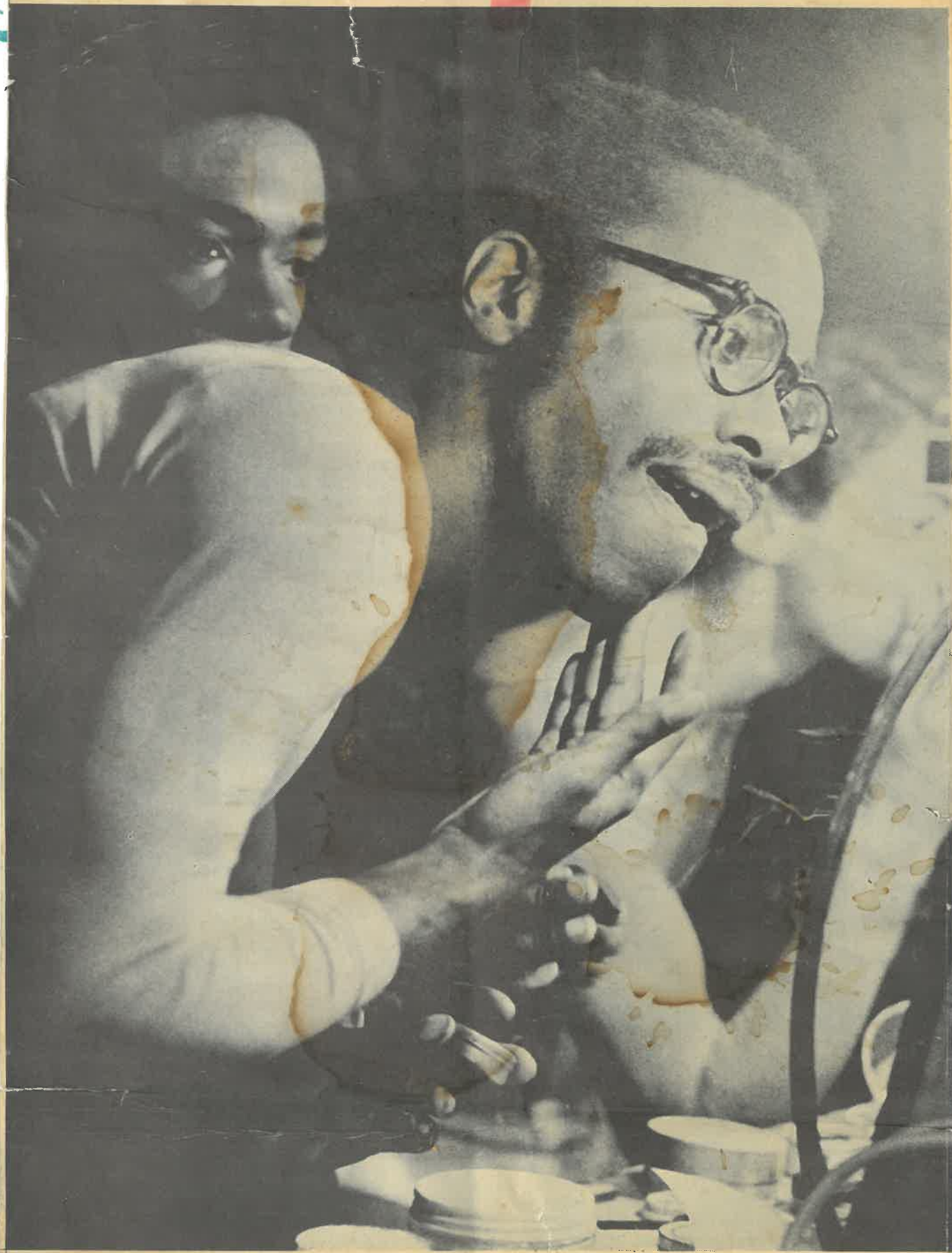
"I'm not allowed to travel etc..

"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.





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