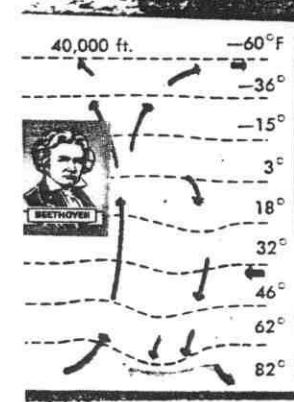
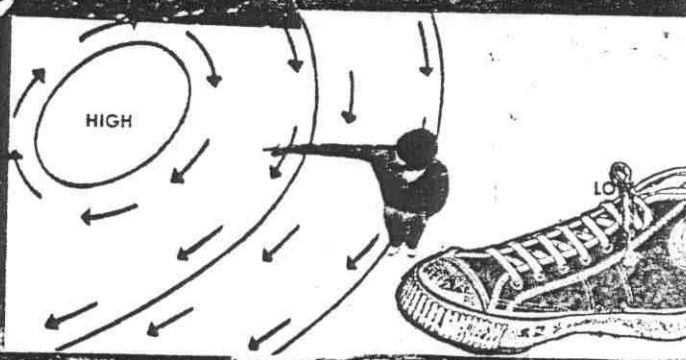


AT THE LIGHT



— BARD ROCK ISSUE



U-HAUL
ADVENTURE IN MOVING

U-HAUL
ADVENTURE IN MOVING

U-HAUL
ADVENTURE IN MOVING

RIGHT EQUIPMENT

RIGHT EQUIPMENT

RIGHT EQUIPMENT

JE NE REGRETTE RIEN.

— THE EDITOR

YOU SAY I MADE A BIG MISTAKE IN GETTING THIS ISSUE SO BIG AND SO STUFFED YOU PROBABLY WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT, LET ALONE READ IT ALL? NONSENSE. THINK OF IT AS CANDY 'N' GRAVY FOR YOUR X-MAS STOCKING. NOW LISSEN UP, YOU GUYS GOT THIS WHOLE HOLIDAY PLUS JANUARY TO READ *The Light*. JE NE REGRETTE RIEN.

CONTENTS

Cover	Missy Brown & Bill Abelson
Contents	
Some Thoughts.....	Bill Abelson
Season's Greetings	Bill
Mr. Gift	Erica Saks
Correspondence	Dr. Curbo / Julie Cleveland
I Blew my Nose Rather than Dirty the Toilet Seat	Guy Yarden & Jon Brown
Bard Bands in Recent History	Charles Lenk
The Current Bard Music Scene	Marquis Querrbi
The Light Interview: The Trolls	Bill Abelson
The Light Intraview: Kirby-Art Carlson-Art Weinstein	K, Carlson, Weinstein
'Where's the Inspo'	Nancy Chase
Music	Arthur Weinstein
Review of Live Short & Suffer	Emily Armour
Beer as Bait; or, The Truth about those Boyz in Leather.....	Roxanne & Sharona
Confessions of a L— C— Groupie	F. A.
The Light Interview: Bill Driver	Bill Abelson
Reviews of <u>Friday Night</u> , <u>The Name Game</u> , <u>Original Peace</u> , & <u>Lear</u>	Andrew Joffe
<u>Poetry Section:</u>	
Poem	Karla Paschkis
Two Poems	Kellie Delaney
Poem	Siobhan
Poem	Holly Berezow
Poem & Drawing	Sarah Johnson
Two Poems: "Bard Bands" & "Poem for Nathaniel West"	George Hunka
Study in Black and White	Elizabeth Hendrix
Original Photographs	T. Roth, B. Miral, I. Stoler
Collage	Karla Paschkis
Mr. Gift's Christmas Album	Erica Saks
Back Cover	Stu Wood, Nelson Bragg

THE LIGHT Volume X, Number III. No. XXXVII all told.

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The Light gratefully thanks Elie Yarden for his help, encouragement, and advice.

Twilites photo courtesy Hugh Crawford. Lost Cause, Albee Trolls & April Fresh photos courtesy Tracy Roth.

Some Thoughts on Willie Pannell's

Reply to my Editorial

Well Willie, I hope you don't see me as your pupil. If you see yourself as an educator to everyone whom you consider to be in need of educating - I just don't think that idea will wash. Most people resent having the pupil, that is subordinate, role imposed upon them, and unwilling pupils learn nothing.

If on the other hand your aim is to disseminate accurate information regarding the political & economic subordination and repression of non-whites by the elite, patriarchal U.S./Western "Power structure", then I say, the more power to you the better. People of all races, myself included, can benefit from a fuller understanding of their activities and mentality, and of racist mentality in general.

It wouldn't surprise me if the dump people were insufficiently careful and considerate in clarifying the scent at the dump. I don't know if this is so, but if it is I'd say they are certainly partially at fault for the bad feelings that resulted.

The usage of crosses at the dump was silly and casual, not particularly directed or venomous. Nevertheless, their presence and the actions engaged in were undeniably anti-Christian. They were not anti-black or anti-semitic. But if any devout Christians were appalled and outraged by those actions, I don't blame them a bit. Despite the wonderfully giddy fun it must have been to toss crosses onto a bonfire (and would have been for me had I participated). When one group is having a dynamite time and another - understanding accurately the emotions and intentions present - is outraged at what's happening - I have no overseer's judgement on how to resolve that, nor suggestion of a fair and appropriate outcome.

I think both sides would be right.

I think it would be an interesting human drama.

Your second "lesson" is based on a total misunderstanding. When I suggest that you may hold a "black and white, rigid paradigm which bears no relationship to ... reality", I do not mean a negro and caucasian-based one. I refer to the boundaries your apparent paradigm sets up, whereby something non-racist, aracist to be precise, has been misinterpreted with little attention paid to context, intent or true feelings. "I DECLARE INFLEXIBLE OPPOSITION TO RACISM IN ALL ITS FORMS ... (INCLUDING) UNCONSCIOUS, AND SYMBOLIC." Because of your inflexible interpretation of the symbol of crossburning, despite the utter and total disparity from the context, procedures, and mentality present when crosses are immolated by racists, you apparently shoved the dump events into your "racist, intolerable, insupportable" slot. Your view is black and white, that is, it doesn't seem to allow for any gray areas. You have seized upon aracist activity and rigidly labelled it unequivocally RACIST. Written-in-stone.

What if you heard "Bill Abelson burned a black man last night" and rushed out to condemn me - after I had burned Unkle Kirby's finger passing him a cigarette lighter? What if you heard a black man was stabbed by a white student in Woods Studio last night and urged the expulsion if the latter - not realizing Oliver James had been nicked while rehearsing a fencing scene in a play?

The dump party had as much to do with racism as the above examples do.

My "avowed negation of moral standards"? Well, the whole of what I'm saying here and in the last issue is that Absolute morality, law, or judgement, retained and executed without regard to the specific factors of an individual situation, the first-hand, vivid reality of a moment, is terribly dangerous, invariably unjust, and usually brutal. What I'm saying is that life isn't checkerboards, data charts, or kneejerk classifications. That stuff is garbage, abstraction. I'm saying life is being present in the fullness of this moment and situation, and that if you weren't there, the accuracy of your judgement of events cannot be absolute. It's hard for me to believe anyone present, unless a devout Christian, would have been upset.

If I'm wrong, Willie, and if you had been ... well, I'd accept your reaction, but I'd hope with all my heart you'd keep cool enough not to hurt anybody. That - not hurting another physically, emotionally, or psychically - is my ultimate and only moral standard (if I must engage in intercourse with this odd idea "morality"). Again, though, I judge its upholding or violation solely upon the factors present in a given individual situation.

Why am I appalled by the imposition of Absolute, preconceived morals? Because I trust the human animal's instinctive morals, as real as the animals' instinctive morals (no killing for sport). Violations of our innate morality, i.e. unjustified violence, occur because too many of us are taught not to love 1) ourselves, and 2) others. We're taught to respect and trust outside authority, laws conceived and laid down by others, rather than to trust our animal judgement, knowledge and love, our animal respect.

Homo sapiens should be more animalistic.

Bill Abelson

With a heavy heart, hung head, and hand clutched to sobbing breast I bid unthinkable farewell to that true Bard bastion The Lost Cause. They died for peace, they died for freedom, they died for your sins. In the process they destroyed everything they ever stood for.

'I never died' says he?

Final printing hasn't been done as I write this, but I fully expect that this is the most visually appealing issue The Light has ever put out. I hope this visual quality and clarity can begin to put an end to a perception I fear many have of The Light - that we're something obscure and difficult to understand, as well as something created exclusively by and for a small group of people. My attitude is that The Light is for everybody and everything. That's not boring.

In the same vein, I want The Light to be true to our new sub-title Bard's Creative Arts Magazine. Last issue made a good start towards fulfilling that title, given the coverage of every department save Art. This edition's articles unfortunately have to do only with music, theatre and poetry - Film, Art, and Dance are completely unrepresented. Each of these areas affords rich work and fields of thought which can & ought to be presented in print. Please send submissions to box 97 or get in touch with me.

Please don't think material in The Light has to be weird or nasty. Yes, we love to be terribly weird and nasty. We also love to be stimulating and informative.



there is reason to be

Season's Greetings

The Light wishes to wish our clientele, particularly the completely famished & the completely satiated, the most rewarding of happy new nows.

Pink moon to you all.

Love and war,

Bill



MR. GIFT back in Action 大 大 * 大 大 大 大



Are You Abnormal?



THEN YOU ARE PROBABLY BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE!

YES! YOUR KIND SHALL TRIUMPH!

Correspondence...

Dear Dr. Curbo,

While you thought you were pretty cool in the first issue of the Bard Times exposing bush-league stuff like the fish flesh swindle and the Titanic lifeboat syndrome, we pulled off the big one in your own back yard. All you newspaper guys thought you would have an easy time of it, taking on the control mechanisms as if we were a bunch of lightweights. Well we got some news for you. We were the ones who spread the word about cross burnings! We personally informed Jerome Bass and inflamed the community against those boys by spreading the disinformation that closed their minds. We did not even supply the word racist. All you sick radicals still have enough liberal guilt in you to come up with that one. You think you are out of the woods now, but the damage caused by this will linger for a long time. Remember that the only thing more powerful than the truth is a good lie. We just thought you'd like to know. We're winkin' atcha.

Love,

The hard workin' boys at Rumor Control

During the course of this semester, several people have told me that "Bard sucks", "The people here are so cold", "Nobody cares about anyone else", and so on. People want to change Bard, to change the other people at Bard. They go down the road looking for fulfillment, and go home depressed. They complain, and campaign, and Bard stays the same. 'There is no sense of a community here, a supportive, positive environment' they cry out.

I blame this on no one but myself. The way I see it, improvement of the Bard community begins with each individual's self-improvement. Rather than criticize and blame those around you for a hostile environment, look to yourself to improve the community. If each person who complains (and even those who don't), is angry and/or depressed about life at Bard works on changing his/her own attitude, Bard will become a place for them to be.

Julie Cleveland

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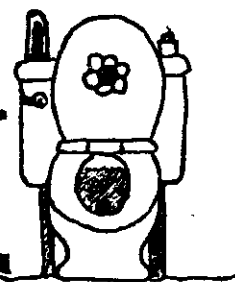
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FOR Pirk's dick Deborah Taylor

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WHY NOT?

Blew My Nose Rather Than Dirty the Toilet Seat



ca.1984

Guy Yarden - jon brown

In the Sea of the Dead there is no future, indeed, there is no furniture. How can I furnish the future? How far is "you've got to"? The waters are thick with nuns and sharks, the former requiring ritual, the latter craving meat. I will carry the bloody meat in buckets to the shore. I will wade into the water and tend to my hungry relatives, that fishified race.

I've always been fascinated with the idea of being a salesman for Midas. Not that mufflers are in my line, but if I can quell other people's noise, mine will become more apparent.

The Job: to leap onto the flanks of consciousness, drag it down with teeth and nails, rip it flesh from bone; to digest that which I have killed and consumed and then recreate it as my own shit.

Every game must have a plan, and every artist must have his goals? In addressing my plans for the future I am immediately consumed with fright at the idea of long-range planning, something which it seems has always been some sort of institutional function. As I have yet to consider my soul being as an institution, I feel that the implications of such decisions would be surrounded by the veil of personal interest.

It is my objective to cultivate the seed of social uselessness so that the fruit of perception might grace my limbs; the root of artistic cunning comes from displacement from the social world, which is dominated by economic relationships. Since the artist performs no economically useful function, he must, by his wits, live on the edges of that world. Distance hones his perceptions for survival in this brutish world by which the artist will not be absorbed and is alternately despised and revered.

The Upper College; the lower work. Vice Versa. An unpleasant insignification. I would not like to position myself as accountable for the difference.

Logically, the best way of reaching my declared objectives hummingbird egg → ostrich egg - is to become a stronger, healthier person, at least in body. After all who can say which mind be the stronger/healthier - the smaller or the larger? Following this line of seasoning, I will hatch with brawn to match that brutal world awaiting.

Brutal indeed! Our capacity for personal comfort is exceeded only by an even greater capacity for all-encompassing horror. The world greets me with open arms but I suspect it conceals something up its sleeve.

Academically it would be of interest and possibly of value to attempt an incorporation of sorts. Time, bombs, and behavior are foreseeable strategies in performed maneuvers concerning an inter/intra-role mesh, whereas Literature would normally emanate as advised by the Division.

I blew my nose rather than dirty the toilet seat.
Which brings me to a last matter of little importance.
I stare into the sacred and throbbing face of tastelessness;
I am not squeamish. I embrace it with all my might. I have
taken moderation and given it a funky bass line that goes
"doink".

"Let's run it up the flagpole and see who pulls down
their pants and jerks off in front of it."

The End?



UPI

Pope John Paul watching as clowns cavort with kangaroo wearing boxing gloves at Vatican yesterday.

'80 formal brought together individuals of talent and mental toughness, or, as was most often the case, big egos and a need to strut and posture in front of a crowd. The bands that played on that day were the Male Models, Jizm and the Lumenismz, the natal Lost Cause, Caucasians, and those creamy Samoans. The best thing about this gig, based on eyewitness reports and an intensive listening to the cassette of the Samoans performance, is that the audience went absolutely apeshit over the music and actually participated by ranting, raving, dancing on stage, throwing beer, going off in the bushes to fuck, etc., tripping brains out in their own solipsistic worlds, etc., minus the extremely savage violence that marked a recent dance. I'd be surprised if I saw that kind of beautiful tribalism now, in this Apollonian wonderland full of cool elites and socialized neurotic wimps. In the past rock evoked that reaction.

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF HISTORIAN: *Charles Lenk, Esq.*



THE HISTORY OF BARD BANDS 1978-1981

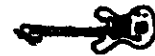
"Yeah, yeah, they had a Battle of the Bands here last October. First one in many years, they say. I figure, who the fuck cares who's the best band at Bard? It's just music to get drunk by."

Cynical Bard party-boy

Thank God not everybody has that attitude towards the rock and roll scene here. There are those who find the histories, personnel, lyrics, and attitudes of the current crop of Annandale Deafeners as fascinating as other hard-core rock and roll devotees find the L.A. or even Baltimore "punk" and "post-punk" scenes. Only, it's so much easier to keep track of things here because the Bard party-band scene, like Bard itself, is small and necessarily incestuous. That's what this article is about: the intricacies and evolutions of Bard bands for the last three years.

Three years only, because April 1978 marks the beginning of the present trek of bands that sprung up in the wake of the New York "punk" movement that flourished mostly in '76 and '77. The delay it took for the music of NYC to make it in force 100 miles up the Hudson - two years at most - is not uncommon; only in the last two years have Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and other medium-sized cities farther away from the City started to have an active punk or pop culture (thanks mostly to small independent labels and the relatively cheap cost of recording and pressing). But even so, at Bard the savageness that characterized such NY greats as Richard Hell and the Voidoids or the early Talking Heads did not go over well at Bard before early '78. During the middle '70s, Bard music was dominated by drivelling "jazz-bos" (Steely Dan imitators, most of them); in April 1978, some guys who were thoroughly disgruntled with these faggots finally got hold of the first Sex Pistols album and decided that they could do it too. These boys were soon to found Virus, the first band at Bard in some

CONT. →



years to show any life in their approach. Their enthusiasm almost compensated for lack of talent or taste; with few exceptions, the bands mentioned in this article have followed skillfully in Virus' footsteps at some time in their careers.

The list of bands that deserve mention is actually pretty short:

Virus
Twilites (ex-Twilites)
Lost Cause
Samoanz
Male Model
Caucasions
Units (Reversals)
Trolls



plus some notable one-shot bands like Judenrat, Art Party and the Openings, and up-and-coming bands like Live Short and Suffer or Antsy Nancy and the Campus Male. But let's start at the beginning.

Art Carlson is a venerable figure in Bard rock and roll. He started as a founder of Virus in his junior year, went on to become an original Samoan, and now blows his sax and rants into the microphone for Live Short and Suffer. As well, he has maintained a steady place with the Trolls (probably the most consistent band around) since the band was started God-knows-how-long-ago. In other words, Art has seen it all. One afternoon recently he helped me trace the origins of the two bands that paved the way for the scene as we know it today – Virus and the Twilites.

Virus was formed by Carlson and Mike Griffin, with the idea to play rock and roll that would relieve the constipated jazz-oriented musical scene at Bard. There were no other rock bands in existence in April '78, and Art and Mike figured that no matter how bad they played they were bound to get some appreciation. They were right. Their first gig was, technically, a musical disaster: between the five songs that the band knew and had to play twice to stretch their set out, the fact that the band had only rehearsed three times before performing, the inexpertise of all the musicians involved (besides Art on vocal and sax and Mike on bass, there was Bob Fagen and Art Weinstein on guitars and Barry Bonnerwith on drums), Art's sickness from bad clams, and the band's drunkenness, there were enough reasons why the show should have been unmemorable on all counts. Instead of getting shoved offstage, however, Virus caused the audience to go wild: pogoing, rolling on the floor, and pouring beer on each other, the audience reacted more unreservedly than any had within Art's memory. "In the next week, we had about fifteen people ask to join us," he said. "We told them to go fuck themselves, just as they had when we first proposed starting a rock and roll band. They told us we were stupid to try it, and now they wanted to join. Some of them went off and formed the Twilites."

Virus existed for about a year after its conception. The band played a total of about seven gigs, including several at the Innkeepers Pub with rivals the Twilites, during its career; most of them were abysmal musically, owing to the bandmembers' tendencies to get drunk before the show and not listen to each other during the show. They expanded their repertoire from "Holidays in the Sun", "Anarchy in the UK", and "Blitzkrieg Bop" to include Iggy Pop's "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and "No Fun" and Cheap Trick's "Surrender" as well as the band's own compositions – "Suds and Doobies", "Get Naked", and "Trolling for Trolls" by Art, and "Cynic in Love" (written in early '78 about Robert Meyerowitz) by Mike. Rumors abounded: Art threw up on stage. Fagen and Griffin dropped their pants. Virus' volume could make you deaf. None of them are true, Art insists. "We had a hard



time just playing anything, forget doing asshole things on stage.”

The main thing about Virus is not that they were really sloppy musically on stage because they didn't rehearse, or that they were often too drunk to care. They were all of that. It's a lot more important that they were the first to do it (as well as the first to break up, in May 1979*) and that they inspired others to start performing.

The first, and really only band that Virus inspired was the Twilites, who were formed in late April 1978. These people wanted to play punk, just like they saw Virus doing – except many felt, as Art stated, that punk lost something in the transition to Bard and so preferred to call it “college rock”. Even so, those people who formed the Twilites— Lee Self and George Hirosoy on guitar, Bill Swindler on bass, and Barry Bonnerwith (moonlighting from Virus) on drums – couldn't agree on how to play this “college rock” and the band had not even performed publicly before it had split into two factions. One, that retained the name the Twilites, lasted for the month of May and then ceased to exist. In this short-lived effort were Hirosoy, Swindler, Bonnerwith and several others. They played music that had a strong pop influence, “almost cabaret at times” according to an observer. This blend was not received well by the audience, and this reaction, coupled with internal tensions, led to that faction's demise at the end of the school year.

The other half, which took the name the Ex-Twilites (very clever, boys) but dropped the “ex-” after the other half split up, lasted considerably longer: a year and a half longer, as a matter of fact. During the time they were together, the Twilites gave Bard audiences an idea of what was happening in the clubs in New York. They surpassed Virus in musical skill, turning out weird but cohesive shows; the first band within memory to play outside Bard, they played CBGB's several times in 1979 (to a lukewarm reception, admittedly: New Yorkers felt that what the Twilites had to say was relatively old hat [nevertheless the copy shop on Broadway and Astor still has a Twilites poster on its wall – B: A.]). The band members were also public figures: people talked about the leader's extensive drug habits almost as much as they discussed the weather. Perhaps, however, the best way to describe the Twilites is to show the effect the band had on its audience: by April of 1979, a year after the Twilites' founding and about the time Virus split up, the Twilites had no place left to play at Bard as they had been banned both from the Inn Keepers Pub after dancing people had put their heads through the ceiling there and from the Commons after someone threw a table through a plate-glass window during one of their shows. It is true – the Lost Cause may have promoted the concept of “wreck rock,” but the Twilites invented the idea.

The core of the Twilites consisted of Kevin Begos on vocals, Lee Self and Jerry (whose last name seems to have been misplaced somewhere) on guitars, and Stu Wood on drums. The band had some trouble with keeping a steady bass player; they had Vicky Hirt, Bill Swindler, or no one at all temporarily, before a local boy named Elmo joined in early '79. All of the people involved in the band were skillful at their playing (except for Lee Self, who preferred trying to look cool – successfully – to learning how to play well). Elmo was more of a heavy metal type, but he gave the anchor the band needed; Begos proved that one needn't sing properly to make a point while performing; Jerry played quite a few scathing lines; and Stu Wood was then, just as he is today, one of the best drummers at Bard (having displayed his skill and versatility since then with the Samoanz, Caucasians, and Lost Cause). The Twilites had the same idea as Virus, basically: “to say ‘fuck you’ to all those people who said ‘fuck you’ to us,” according to Carlson. But the Twilites executed this idea a whole lot better, owing entirely to the vastly greater musical skill and discipline of the band.

* Editor's Note: There followed one final Virus appearance, a hastily-arranged affair at a Manor party in September '79 with an Albany drummer subbing for a banned-from-campus Bonnerwith.



Virus, spring 1978.



The Twilites.



"Discipline," perhaps, is not such a good choice of a word, for disciplined bands don't let their members bring their drug habits on stage, and Begos and Self seemed to perform most shows in a strung-out coma. The drug habits of the singer and guitarists were comprehensive, involving a lot of smack, liquid meth, etc. (and at one time interrupting Self's career with the band when he had to detoxify for some months). If, as some critics claim, the the aim of every other "punk" or "new wave" band is to imitate the Velvet Underground, the Twilites succeeded very well. - if only in that their music was made by junkies to be listened to by other junkies, or by people who were totally flipped out in other ways. Twilites performances inspired madness among the audience for a long time, but by the late fall of '79 interest had dwindled and between-members tension had increased sufficiently to split up the band for good.

Before we go on to the post-Twilites scene (and a bleak one it is), we should turn back to one of the more famous parties of 1978, notable both for what happened and who played that night. At the end of December '78, Stone Row was to be vacated to renovation, so to mark the beginning of a projected semester-long vacancy (which eventually stretched out to 2½ years) and to aid the "renovators" the residents of Potter, McVickar, and both Hoffmans threw a "Stone Row Demolition Party." The object was to get drunk and destroy as much of the building as possible - porcelain, brick-work, pipes, etc. Musical accompaniment was furnished by Virus and another band, Judenrat, which performed its only gig at this party. Judenrat was the talentless trio of Tom Gardner, Andy Zimmerman, and Eric Weissman, playing a half-hour set of covers like Spirit in the Sky, Gigantor the Space Age Robot, Jumping Jack Flash, and Fame, along with their one original, Son of Sam (Son of Sam Vietnam LSD Shooting Spree), all in a very toneless way. Judenrat is memorable for the fact that the band's music was so bad it was good.

Back to the fall of '79. Bard Rock & roll, so lively for the year before, seemed dead for all intents and purposes: The Twilites were mostly in the City. The Lost Cause was just an idea in Ivan Stoler's and Steve Bennish's perverted little heads, and the future members of the Samoanz had not yet decided that Bard needed a band to play all 17 minutes of the Velvets' Sister Ray. The only rock & roll in sight were expensive, imported New York bands and little one-night bands put together by Cliff Pemsler. Pemsler was a boy with a vision: he wanted to be the closest thing to a teen-pop-idol Bard could have. He made several bands that had very little promise; the most memorable of them, Art Party and the Openings, played someone's senior project at Proctor in October. Cliff Pemsler and Doug Henderson (in the same band! those were the days) played guitar, Clint Penka played bass (his erratic, obviously unpracticed style led Pemsler to accuse the audience of giving Penka 'ludes - quite rightly so, it turned out), Doug Reeder drummed, Liz Royte tried to play piano, and various misfits like Dave Baldwin and Bill Abelson took their turns belting songs that no one could understand* at the mike. I walked away from that one with a fixed determination not to listen to any Bard band again.

The only other music worthy of any notice that whole fall was provided by another one-shot band, the Bolling Drones. These very good Stones imitators (all their songs were Stones covers, in fact) played two shows - a really good one at Halloween and a later one at Blithe-wood that was bad enough to persuade the band to split up. Probably the first Bard "supergroup" in sometime, the Drones consisted of Jeff Taylor, who everybody insists is going to be a star someday and could make it on the strength of his Jagger imitation on vocals, Bill Swindler on guitar, Drew Shearer on bass, Knox Chandler on guitar, and Glen Carter on drums. Most of these musicians were (and still are) primarily jazz players, making a foray into rock & roll to imitate their favorite band. They were hot for a while, but doing only Stones songs had distinct limitations (not to mention personality and ego clashes) for they quit, and there was nothing worth listening to until the spring of 1980.

April always seems to be a good month to start a rock & roll band, and in '80 it brought forth the four bands that dominated the scene for the next year: the Lost Cause, the Samoanz, the Male Models, and the Caucasians. Between themselves, these four bands generated enough

*(wrong - everyone knew I was singing Love Potion Number 9 - B. A.)



excitement in their existence to dispel forever any impression that Bard students are always apathetic about what they listen to while they get so drunk they pee in their pants and then try to pick someone up.

Let's start with the Caucasians. They were never a rock & roll band, actually: they were guitarist/leader Knox Chandler's idea of a funk band that had strong jazz and rock influences. Pretentious bullshit, some said – even though one could dance to them. Or most of the time, anyway – when they made their debut in May '80 at a memorial to the late Steven Tetrault the Caucasians were more like an orchestra than anything else, and the size – 12 players – led to a lot of confusion on the part of the musicians. By the time the band made its last appearance in the coffee shop in February '81 there were only five members: this streamlining led to greater musical tightness. If the Caucs had stayed together longer, they might have taken it pretty far: the basic six of Chandler, Kevin NacNeil on sax, Doug Kolmar on guitar, Bill Swindler (again!) keyboards/vocals, John Leaman on bass, and whoever was drumming at the moment (in their first lineup they had three drummers at the same time, including Glen Carter and Doug Reeder, but for the second half of the band's existence Stu Wood was doing it all very well, thank you) were all very accomplished musicians and their stage appeal was definite. When they were good, they were the best dance band around. But their intended gigs at both Bard and the City kept falling through, and both Knox and Swindler had graduated after their debut and were hence involved in other things for late '79 / early '80. Plus, the band was in a constant state of flux, owing to Chandler's changing visions of how "his" band was to play (including writing out parts for every player). Chandler's unabashed leadership brought about many problems within the group, but it was his departure for points south last March that put an end to the Caucasians.

The Male Models stayed together considerably longer – in fact, they are trying to make it in the City (as Male Model) to this day. Their longevity as a group can be largely attributed to the fact that it's a lot easier to stay together when there are only two real members. The dynamic duo that, with various sidemen, is Male Model are singer/songwriter/guitarists Cliff Pemsler and David Eskin. When these two started playing together in March '80, it was apparent that Pemsler's days of one-shot groups while searching for a partner were done: Eskin was the perfect foil for him musically, vocally, and visually. With the addition of Scott Lithgow (who was even more visually oriented than either Dave or Cliff, and who often played on stage without being plugged in) on "guitar" and occasional vocals and the excellent rhythm section of Doug Kolmar on bass and local boy Bill Notley drumming the band became something lasting. The Model was probably the strongest pop band Bard has seen in years: they took the Bay City Rollers approach a little farther out with their lunatic, confused musical performances and their emphasis of their squeaky clean cuteness. (yech -- Cliff tried to make it palatable, but playing on roller-skates was too much.) Their sets consisted of covers – Bowie's Rebel Rebel (Lithgow's "vocal" turn), Baby's on Fire (Kolmar's vocal this time, and a good one too), and Hang on to Yourself – originals like the bastardised-reggae Hairdo, their show ender Funk You (the title sez it all), the memorable Teeny Bop ("So edibly fourteen / thirteen and I want to scream!), and old Pemsler favorite, Trigger Happy Lad. Most of these songs have been dropped from the Model's format since their last show as a Bard band (a reunion at the Winter Formal 1980) in favor of more experimental funk (yech again). Even so, the Male Model performs occasionally in NYC – go see 'em if you have the chance.

Now, onto the heavyweights. The Samoanz were conceived in December of 1979 and actualized at their debut at Blithewood in April 1980. The band was the invention of four people: Chris Cochrane, an ex-folkie with considerable talent at composition, guitar playing, and singing; Nayland Blake, an art major who decided he could sing lead; Doug Henderson, in December '79 a newcomer to Bard who preferred experimenting with his guitar (and later saxophone) to playing it, but did both on stage (and very well, too) regularly; and Jimmy Rodewald, the dark mystery man who broke his moratorium on playing his bass in public to become a Samoan. The original idea was to play



60's psychedelic music – Inna-Godda-da-Vidda, Jimi Hendrix, and Sister Ray – though that idea failed somewhere in the realization of the band. Glen Carter was enlisted to drum, Art Carlson loaned his sax playing and vocal prowess (?), and the first incarnation of the Samoanz was born.

That first edition of the band played two gigs, both at Blithewood; one at their own party, the other at the formal. Both shows were the same basic ten-song set: group originals like Lost My Lucy, Fucking Homos, and the long-since-buried Car Song, as well as two Virus covers (Freshman Girls and Suds and Doobies) and the time-honored Sweet Jane and Couldn't Get High. Both of these shows were good enough musically, but were awfully confused; the first because any debut is that way, the second because Mark Kirby had only flown in that day to drum for the absent Carter. Even so, the band showed great promise. Then school ended until the next fall, and various changes occurred in the band over the summer – for one, Art Carlson left for Albany (and took Kirby with him). Thus, the Samoanz needed both a permanent drummer and someone to take Art's place.

Both of these spots were filled in September 1980 – Kirby's by drummer Jon Greene (whose tastes lay mostly in jazz, but was quite accomplished) and Art's by Guy Yarden, who began playing both organ and violin when he joined the group (his classical piano training paid off excellently on the organ). This was the second incarnation of the Samoanz, and it played about four gigs during its one semester existence – at the October "Battle of the Bands," at the Manor Deca-dance in November (both with the Lost Cause) and the "Merry Christmas or else" party with the Caucasians. All of these shows made it evident that the Samoanz were probably the best rehearsed and possibly the most inventive Bard band around; the addition of new songs like the reggae Advertiser or Well Adjusted as well as the perfection of such older songs as Pakistan (and two versions – country western and regular – of the Velvet's White Light / White Heat) had audiences in positive rapture. The Samoanz were usually good and only rarely off-base – the rhythm section of Greene and Rodewald never quite jelled and everyone was continually learning things about band playing (a first for all but Greene), but the band was unmistakably hot anyway.

When writing about the Samoanz, it is as important to comment on their social significance as their musical ability. While it was not uncommon for Bard bands to appeal to certain crowds of people – e.g. Virus,

Twilites and the Lost Cause – it has rarely been as pronounced as it was with the Samoanz for most of their history. People identified the attitude – musical and social – of the band and its hangers-on as one corresponding to "artistic snobbiness" (which was exemplified by the musical Pere-Ubuesge leanings and the odd video-light shows presented during performances). There was even a section of the dining commons referred to as the "Samoanz Corner". Luckily, most people didn't let the fact that they might have felt the Samoanz were being lofty interfere with enjoying their music.

In January of 1981 the band changed personnel again: Rodewald left for South America and Greene was canned (or quit – it's hard to say) due to musical differences. The rhythm section was replaced with two excellent musicians: Marc Dale on bass, and the redoubtable Stu Wood on drums. Musically, the band was now the best it had ever been – Wood and Dale worked like clockwork both with each other and with Yarden, Henderson, Cochrane and Blake (all of whom had also improved tremendously since September), and new numbers like the wall-shaking She Walks showed that the songwriting was very strong – and proceeded to prove it frequently all that spring, with numerous shows everywhere (three shows in four days one weekend). In fact, the band played so much that they played themselves out. By early May, everyone in the Samoanz wanted to try something else than what they were doing, and so put an end to the band on May 8. While all members have, indeed, moved on to better things, the Samoanz were, during their heyday, easily the most professional band on campus. I was sorry to see them go.



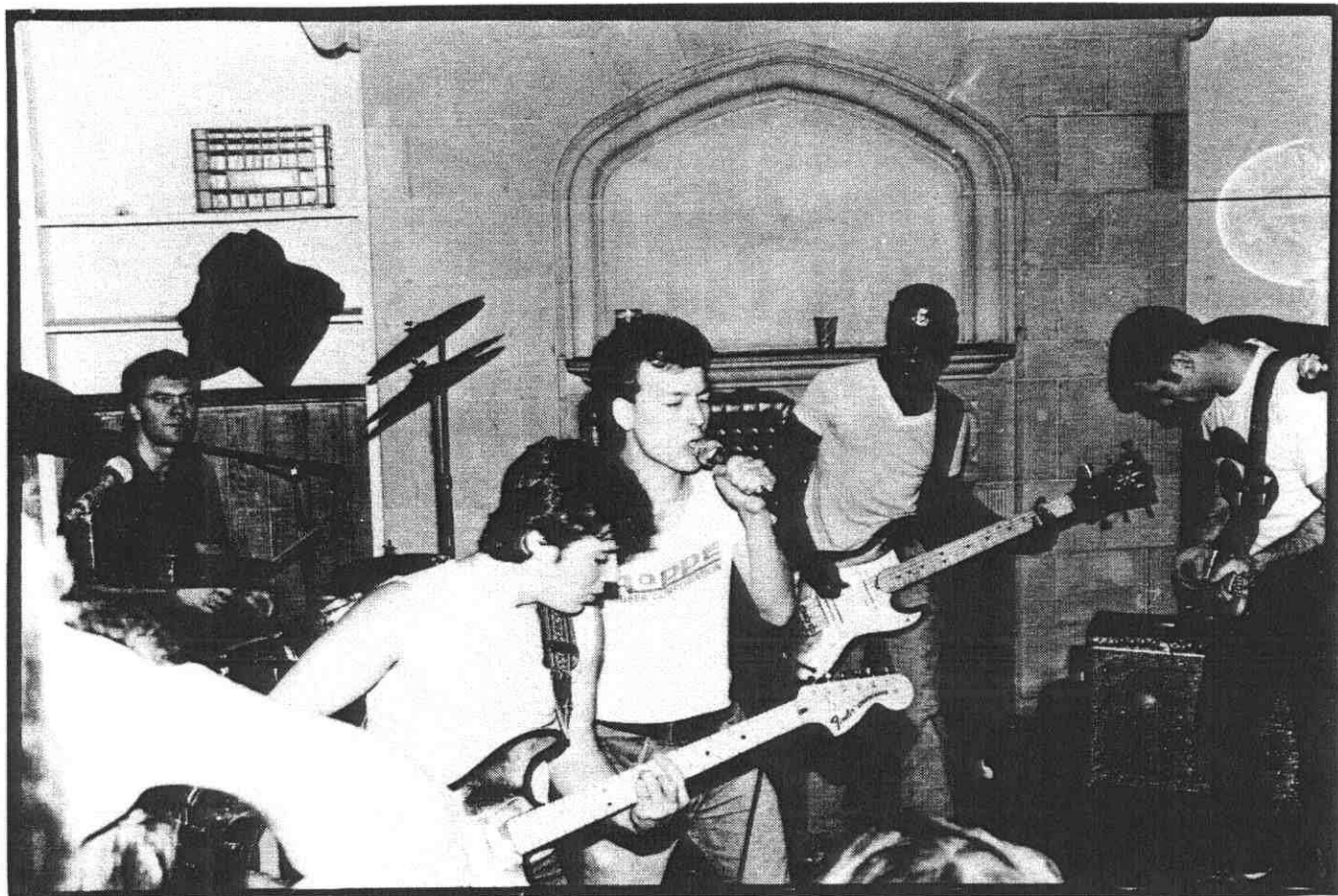
Or maybe I'm not so sorry, considering how the Lost Cause has benefitted from it. Since their almost identical date of inception, the Lost Cause and the Samoanz have led parallel existences – improving musically, adding and dropping band members, formats and styles every semester, and becoming Bard institutions – drawing different but equally loyal numbers of fans. The main difference between the two is that the Lost Cause is in existence today and probably will be for some time to come.

The Lost Cause has had a different audience than any other band, because it has a somewhat, shall we say, rawer approach to it's music. It's audience is one that doesn't mind sloppy musicianship (in Cause history, sloppy to the point that all the band could do was laugh at how bad it was) or having abuse hurled at it, but comes because it knows a band doesn't have to be good or polite to be fun. That's been the idea of the Cause from the beginning – it's so much fun to play in a rock & roll band that it doesn't matter that you can't sing or people think you're an asshole. While the Samoanz had the slickness, the Lost Cause had the spontaneity and the fireball energy.

But enough glorification. The Lost Cause was first proposed by Ivan Stoler and Steve Bennish, who decided to learn to sing and play bass (neither did) in order to export their unique political and social philosophies – as exemplified in the earliest L. C. songs, Mind Fuck and Take the Bird World and Shove It – to the masses. That was in the spring of 1980. It took them from then until the spring of the next year for Bennish and Ivan to put a lasting bond together. With the help of guitarist Mark Cortman – a folkie who specialized in Grateful Dead and protest songs and for that reason was the musical antithesis of Ivan – they enlisted Doug Reeder to play drums and Sandor Black to play rhythm.

It was an unlikely bunch of people to form a group – not like the Samoanz, most of whom were friends outside of the band. Cortman's leanings have already been explained; Bennish and Stoler were strong rock & rollers (Sex Pistols, NY Dolls, Dead Boys, etc.) with attitudes to match (they were the ones who coined the term "wreck rock" to describe the Cause), while Reeder was a drugged-looking hippie with such a strong affinity for jazz that he was continually incapable of producing the strong, simple beat that the Cause demanded, and Sandor was a drummer of eight years standing (quite a good one, too) who had just nicked up the stratocaster but was already beginning to show guitar-hero pretensions. When the Cause played, it wasn't just a show, but a circus (who else would place a keg on stage during their set?) In the last months of Spring 1980, the Cause provided this circus three or four times, each time repeating their seven songs twice – the original songs augmented by J. Geils' Love Stinks, Greg Kihn's Desire Me, and a couple of originals I don't remember. Their lack of quality was made up for by their enthusiasm, each time proving them the true successor to Virus.


When the next school year began, Cortman had split and been replaced by Cliff Pemsler; Roger Rosenthal was also added to play organ. Pemsler was a more logical choice for band leader and chief musician than Cortman, because his pop ambitions were closer to the rock & roll that Ivan envisioned. (By this time it was clear that Ivan was the true head of the band in everything but music: he wrote the lyrics and provided with his charisma the glue that kept the Cause together. Bennish's contributions were minimal and indeed, he had to be continually taught how to play his bass-lines.) Cliff played three gigs with the band before his graduation in December – the two with the Samoanz, and the third at the Inn Keepers Pub (the Cause being the first Bard band to play there since the pogo-happy Twilites gig two years ago). With each show, it became increasingly noticeable that the Cause was developing quite a flair for on stage performing. Rosenthal's organ (when it could be heard, which was rarely) gave some much needed musical coloring, as did Pemsler's high-pitched guitar and backing vocals; new songs, such as I Wanna Be Like Johnny Quest, Moving to Rhodesia, and the instant classic Only You, Anita Bryant showed that Ivan was capable of writing articulate lyrics and that the band was (though still somewhat handicapped by the Bennish-Reeder rhythm section) capable of providing articulate backing. Of



The Cause's last stand. Stu Wood, Sandor Black, Ivan Stoler, Marc Dale, Michael O'Bryant. 12/5/'81.



"It's a mixed-up, mumbled-up, shook-up world..."



course, there were numerous fuck-ups, and Ivan was more outrageous (and, yes, obnoxious) than ever: but that was the Lost Cause with Cliffy.

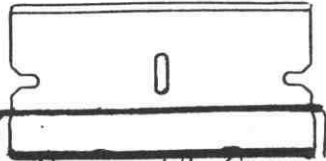
Those salad days were over when Cliff went to pursue Male Model-ing in the City. However, the band was not left searching frantically for a replacement, as it had been in the early days of September: it had been agreed for some time that Michael O'Brien was to take over the chief-instrumentalist part, effective in February 1981. O'Brien was, at that time, a relative newcomer to the Bard band scene; his practical experience up until joining the Cause had been as guitarist/vocalist for the Units (later the Reversals), a one-shot band with Glen Carter, Tony Bennie, and Art Weinstein that played mostly Beatles/Doors/etc. songs and became a two-shot band when it won the October 1981 Battle of the Bands and consequently got to play the Halloween Dance. O'Brien's playing with the Units proved one thing: previously visible or not, he had quite a talent for playing rock and roll. His first gig with the Cause confirmed that talent, as well as the fact that his presence gave an air of professionalism and discipline that the band had always been lacking.

During the spring of '81, the Cause played five times, the last without Ivan (who had just come down with mono. The band played an abysmal set). These gigs showed a more mature sextet that was no longer careless about being the worst band on campus (in the early days, something they prided themselves on). In fact, it was just the opposite: the Cause was really trying to get good - and doing it. O'Brien and Sandor worked together better (vocally and on guitar) than either of the other teams had; Roger played solid organ lines that could at last be heard; Bennish and Reeder had real moments of rock and roll exactitude and could even get some people dancing; and Ivan, (relatively) freed of worries as to the competence of his band, could concentrate on improving his vocal chops. Ivan and Michael made quite a good songwriting team, too: they turned out I Don't Wanna Look Like You, Acid Casualty (with a jazz feel to it - well done, Michael) and the unperformed Milkman. At the time the Samoanz were breaking up, the Cause was gearing up to play the best ever.

This ambition has been realized this last semester, due largely to personnel changes. As I have stated, the band's main weakness was its beat. This was remedied when Bennish quit and Reeder left school in June 1981, and were replaced by, of all people, ex-Samoanz Marc Dale and Stu Wood. Rosenthal exited as well, leaving the Cause with a leaner Stones-like sound. In the latest edition of the band, there are less defined lead-and-backup roles: all the musicians are competent enough to play without having to be told what and teamwork is the order of the day. The Cause played three shows during the fall of '81, showcasing excellent new material (Better to Look than Receive, about avoiding hassles with pick-ups, stick in my mind as the best) and winning a loyal, if often bizarre, following. Without a doubt, the Lost Cause is the best Bard has to offer today.

(Just a word about the Trolls: though technically not a Bard band because only guitarist Chris Cochrane and Marc Dale - busy little boys, aren't they? - are actually students here, the Trolls have played more shows around Bard than the Lost Cause and the Samoanz together. Cochrane, Dale, Art Carlson, and drummer Kirby have been playing all the opening and closing spots at parties, dances, etc. they could since October '80 and rarely turned in a less-than-smoking show. The foursome - with the occasional addition of Chris Wangro - are consummate musicians, and the funk-jazz brew they play makes them still the most danceable band around. They're a must to see.)

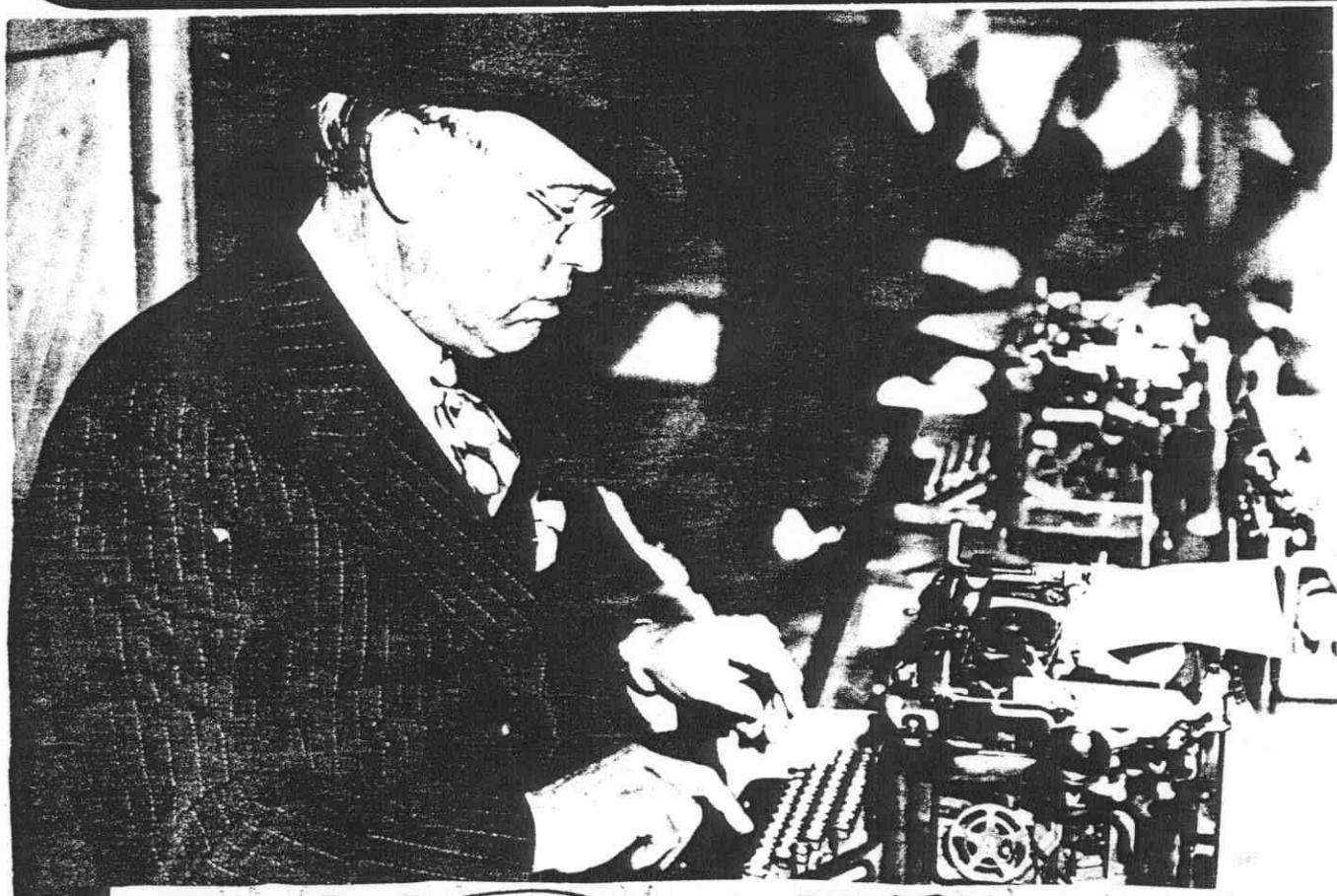
Spring of 1981 brought, as spring does, a slew of new bands. Chief among them (chief because both lasted into this fall) were Orange Crush (later to become Live Short and Suffer) and Antsy Nancy and the Campus Male. Live Short and Suffer plays funk-salsa-ska oriented dance music that is very buoyant and have played enough times that most of you have seen them by now. The best thing about these guys is that they are fun: watching the antics of bassist John Jacobs, guitarist Andrea Cairone, trombonist Brian Sullivan, and saxist Art Carlson



is enough to make one forget their songs all sound the same. Antsy Nancy and the Campus Male consists of Nancy Chase, vocals (female rockers are rare enough here), Michael O'Brien on guitar, the much-abused Pat Covert on bass, and your humble narrator on drums (fuck you to those who think that all rock critics are frustrated musicians). The Antsy Nancy band has played three times in public during its existence and are charming to those who like their music raw. Enough said.

Of course, there are more bands to come – hopefully, some of you will be motivated to form your own and show Bard what good music is really about. My apologies to you losers who were in bands forgettable enough to escape my attention. And, a little word of wisdom from a Bard sage to all of you readers who are trying to succeed in any endeavor, rock and roll or otherwise: when you first get to Bard you think it sucks. After a while, you get used to it. By the time you graduate, you suck. God bless you.

FIN



THE UP TO THE MINUTE MUSIC SCENE AT BARD BY KIRBY.

So here it is, another day when I've quit school. Oh well. There is always tomorrow as they say. It's 3 PM and it's time to play so I pick up the drum sticks and bang away. Oh yes, the old Oberlin College voices keep up a chatter in my mind: "This is great, Kirby, but you gotta be able to make a living!" I wonder how this afternoon's music will translate into big important, paying gigs in the future. But only in passing. Future wealth aside this activity is what I want to do day in day out. As Oliver Lake once said, he has faith that if he picks up his horn everyday then he's going to be able to make it somehow, and after all isn't it what you do each day that counts?

That about sums up the Bard music scene and aesthetic. That's the reason why certain non-students involve themselves in the musical activities. Indeed, certain of us have made such a scene possible. I hasten to add though that the Bard musicians for the most part are not just solipsists or hobbyists but see themselves as performers with a desire to put their music in front of people. Last year when I performed with the Wastoids at the Fall '80 Battle of the Bands, I was knocked out by the enthusiasm of the crowd, their willingness to give back energy and express themselves in non-passive ways. This contrasted my experience in the detached environment of Oberlin, stifled by the omnipotence of the Western music aesthetic; in the laid back jazz as art environment of hippie health food San Francisco; and the music=shit environment of Albany. So, to get such positive responses from a crowd of intoxicated and involved people was almost too good to be true.

A lot of other musicians must have felt this way, too, because there were a lot of bands then and there are more bands now. However, like the California gold rush, the current scene here is only a shadow, a rumour, a reflection in a pond once grasped then gone. To make it country simple, a lot of the players thing that it is less fun to play music at Bard events, for Bard audiences. Maybe it's the end of an era when people really got off on home grown culture, when such culture was important. Like the explosion of the sixties, the excitement of something newly discovered became today's cliché. Failure to live up to that expectation breed resentment. The very impulse that leads to the creation of the situation is crucified or at least ignored, leaving some of us wondering what happened. The following views are the attempts of some members of the Bard scene to deal with this issues and others. It is by no means a total, ultimate, or last

CONT. →



April Fresh and the Downies. Arthur Carlson, April, Marc Dale, Kirby, Mike O'Brian.



Downies Kirby, Fresh, Carlson, Dale & O'Brian livin' the good life.



and express what's going on.

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At this point I cut off my tape recorder and settled down to drinking my pitcher – alone. I was with Nelson, who is the only person I can talk to when I'm upset over a paucity of intimate involvement, and want to feel better. In the middle of talking about girls we also talked about the second most important thing – performing music, whereupon we touched on this writer's pet peeve.

KIRBY – What I don't like about the music scene here is that there is no justice. You cannot please people unless you suck off their wimpiest expectations.

NELSON – You have to masturbate your instruments.

KIRBY – And nowadays it's really cool to put people down, as opposed to the supportive atmosphere that used to exist.

NELSON – The Bard music scene is based on what's fashionable at the time. Don't jerk off the dog!

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KIRBY – What do you like in music and people?

KRATOS – What I like in music are good hard clashing chords, lots of dissonance, pizzaz and power. What I like in people is sincerity, depth of character and big tits.

KIRBY – I was waiting for that. (Girls laugh in dark Adolph's background)

STEPHANIE – Honesty. With themselves.

KIRBY – How are musicians relating to the audience at ?Bard?

STEPHANIE – I feel they relate in a very humanistic manner.

KIRBY – What do you mean by that?

STEPHANIE – I've been kissed by many of the musicians including you, Kirby. Hahahahaha!

KIRBY – Oh gosh! What do you dislike about it?

STEPHANIE – Not enough jazz.

KIRBY – What do you like in music?

STEPHANIE – Arhythmic beats.

KIRBY – You're not a discophile?

STEPHANIE – No, definitely not.

It's certain that since the Bard days of Steely Dan (late Sixties) and the second wave of music started by Virus that music here has proliferated. And as a result of that the various sounds, influences, tastes and styles tend to merge. This is the direction of music the world over, what Ornette Coleman calls harmelodic music, the fusion of many seemingly disparate voices. What ramifications does this have for music and culture?

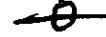
KIRBY – What is the music of the Eighties?

ART CARLSON – Powerful and beautiful music of many colors.

ARTHOR WEINSTEIN – Sound without excuses.

KRATOS – A relentless back beat with dissonant chords and an incredible rhythm laid on top of it.

STEPHANIE – Arhythmic, dissonant in the way individuals define the dissonance because



dissonance can be a certain harmony. And improvised.

NELSON - I agree with Kratos on the dissonance, I don't know how definite the back beat is, lots of horns, extremely simple bass line, to hell with the guitar, the guitar is going downhill these days.

KIRBY - The music of the eighties will have an higher enzyme content, the sage once said. It's all of the above and more, and it's going on right here in Annandale and Tivoli, NY. But most people won't realize it until it's in Robert Christgau's column and their friends have records reviewed in Rolling Stone.

THE



ps if i hadn't heard the trolls/samoans show in procter last year, i would have packed my bags and moved to biloxi. kp

"So I say to the ...
I say, but you know how she is, so she says ..."



"Now, there's one helluva hockey player!"

AMA Report

Paralyzes Up, Deaths Down In Football

30 San Francisco Chronicle

Wed.

School Candy Machines Defended

Nashville

A candy vending machine in a school provides children with an "island of pleasure" that is similar to athletics and keeps children

from other evils such as alcohol, a candy manufacturer's representative testified at a government hearing yesterday.

James Mack said banning can-

dy sales from schools could lead to drug abuse and drinking.

Mack, representing the National Confectioners Association and

National Candy Wholesaler ciation, said eating candy such other recreational acti dancing and athletics.

"Popular as are conf and other treats with childre are not"



A Light Exclusive Interview with:



This interview was conducted on November 20 in the kitchen of Trollhouse in Tivoli.

MARK DALE - First of all, I think the music scene at Bard is shit. Too much politics, no one knows what the hell they're doing -

ART CARLSON - The euphoria is gone ...

CHRIS COCHRANE - He's lying, he doesn't know what he's doing. That's why he's so upset that other people are going somewhere and he's not.

BILL ABELSON - I want to start by asking the silent member of the Trolls, Mark Dale, where he feels the band is at at this time.

DALE - Well - it took several great leaps forward today -

BILL - Well, what happened today, Dale?

DALE - A lotta hangover, it made a big difference in my playing abilities.

BILL - I know, I didn't get my part in Lear together until Sunday, when I was totally hung over & I had two performances -

DALE - Exactly.

BILL - And I just couldn't think, so ... I just had to be there then.

CHRIS - It's the beer that helped. Always drink beer when you get a hangover.

ART - Yes, I'd say the Trolls are the best-nourished band of all the Bard bands.

DALE - That's what we ate last night. Beer. Today I wasn't thinking about what I was doing, so I had lots of fun.

MARK KIRBY - Well, see, that's your problem, too much thought.

DALE - I think that's all of our problem.

CHRIS - Speak for yourself.

DALE - Well, you don't think.

ART - Yeah, maybe Cochrane. But he's still in school.

BILL - Can't you guys get a bit more concrete and tell me about either the mood or musical substance of the music (today) ?

CHRIS - Well, Cyrus brought beer and crackers, that really helped. Put a cigarette in my mouth in the middle of a solo.

KIRBY - Basically all of our songs, like "Tasmanian Nights" and "Stop", which we played at Albee, we got them tight & driving, just started wailing out on the songs like we knew them.

ART - Me, I'm getting into the great black music sound.

DALE - Art Carlson = wailing white man.

BILL - Do you guys talk about what direction you consciously want the music to go in, or do you always like, let it happen?

DALE - For my money, the less talk the better.

ART - I'd say the only times we've decided the music would go in a certain direction, it's usually been wrong.

CHRIS - I disagree, I think the last time we had a conversation it helped the band greatly.

cont.

Trolls

This summer we were gonna play Tivoli Day & we had a big talk about what we thought the music was about.

BILL - You had to go the rock 'n' roll route that gig - is that right?

ART - It was one of the options. No, we played our set. We played our normal set we woulda played at Bard.

BILL - Really? It seemed much more tailored to rock 'n' roll ears.

ART - I think that's just the way people heard it. I mean, we play driving music, and that can be construed in a number of ways.

CHRIS - At times I think talk kinda helps things, because you get to barriers.

BILL - Is Chris the sensitive one? "The sensitive Troll"?

KIRBY - Well, just like (twists up face, bares lower teeth) "What do you mean by that? I don't like what you have to say. Therefore it's fucked up my playing ability. So now - the place which it led us to -"

DALE (whispers) - Kirby's imitating me.

KIRBY - What do you mean by that?

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BILL - What's your status as far as demos & playing in the City & things like that go? Kirby?

KIRBY - The opportunities are there, but any of our old stuff wouldn't be worthwhile, because our new material sounds better than any of that old stuff.

ART - I think in a while we maybe can go back and do the old stuff and do it better, but now we're getting our new plateau level together.

DALE - Getting our identity together. It's getting there, but until then there's not much use doing a demo & all that shit. Things will change & it would not be representative of the band anymore.

BILL - What you're saying might be interpreted to mean you'll never be able to make a representative demo.

ART - Well, we never will! I mean, they're good for about a month and then you're better than you were before, or at least different. I can go through a lot of solo space in a month.

BILL - Well, speaking of your solos Art, is this really you on this Monroe St. (D. C.) tape from 1979? It leads me to think that the Art Carlson of the Virus days was a bit more talented player than his reputation would suggest.

CHRIS - I thought he was hot in Virus, I remember seeing them my freshman year, I thought they were great.

DALE - Well, you were an impressionable freshman.

CHRIS - Well, I had heard stuff like the Sex Pistols, but when you add (Art's) sax on top of that it kind of tilts your head, whether it was good or bad. It seemed like Art was listening at that point.

ART - I think the point is consistency, I mean the ideas have always been there, it's a matter of executing them and consistently. At that point I was not physically or technically that good a player, and I would come with moments of brilliance only to go through months of tepidness. And I wasn't practicing a lot.

BILL - Has your ability to play what you hear, the notes you hear in your head, improved markedly since that time?

ART - Yes.

Also since that time, I've been playing every day, sometimes six or eight hours a day, so you've just gotta get more connected.

BILL - Yeah. Is Art gonna get a job soon?

KIRBY (as everyone cracks up) - YEASS ... says Kirby, holding scissors.

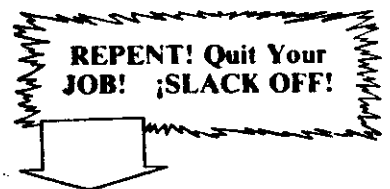
ART - It's almost a year since my last job.

KIRBY - You're 'uxy overdue.

ART - We gotta start makin' money from music ...

DALE - You're livin' on borrowed time, not to mention money.

KIRBY - That's the other reason why once we get to the plateau where we're playing excellently, to then get a demo tape & get on the road. Plus I wanna play other places besides Bard - playing at Bard is losing its thrill.



TROLLS

ART - Well, it's goin' nowhere.

KIRBY - The act itself, what I get out of playing live, is somewhat lacking here, lately.

BILL - Kirby, what do you feel about the opening comments about the Bard scene losing its thrill & becoming too cutting even, maybe?

KIRBY - Well, it seems people are becoming too spoiled, or just not into Bard bands. The audience sorta gave you much more, which was neater - the music of all the bands then was much more tepid, Trolls, the Cause & Samoans - which made it fun, lots more fun.

ART - People are more cynical, "Oh, it's the Lost Cause ..." I think to an extent bands like Lost Cause might have reached the threshold of their audience, everyone that could possibly have heard them has & has decided whether they like them or not.

BILL - The Wedge movement is peaking. I don't know whether it has anything to do w/cynicism but the Wedge movement is definately peaking.

CHRIS - I think last spring was probably the end of an era in a lot of ways. I think the people in school now are much more conservative & have much more money & aren't really interested in having fun in let's say a cynical way, but they're afraid of something and I think ... I think this place is changing a lot and it's not necessarily that they're tired of the music, I don't think they wanna hear the music. A lot of people haven't heard the Lost Cause because they're not interested.

DALE - Well, I think that's perfectly valid, that they're where they're at as much as the previous Bard population was.

CHRIS - Well, I disagree about that but I'm not saying that's wrong, I just think they're in a different place.

Where we are is another group of people & I think it's the end of an era at Bard. Most of the people here now, from Juniors on down, are just a different kind of mentality.

DALE - That brings up the question of whether we have kept up w/the times. They're into something different & we're into, quote unquote, "the old shit".

CHRIS - I don't necessarily think it's old shit. I think our stuff isn't so conservative, and I think people have trouble dealing with that.

KIRBY - As far as that relates to the music scene & Arthur's comment about people being more cynical. I think what he means is that people go, "Ohhh, OK, this is the Lost Cause with their shit" as opposed to, "I'm gonna have some fun & watch the Lost Cause."

DALE - Taking it for granted.

KIRBY - Yeah, plus multi-bands playing for reasons not necessarily to do w/their music have just become bad scenes for a lot of people.

At the Sottery dance and at Adolph's (at that time) I just felt there were bad vibes in general, and at the dance that bloomed as far as violent dancing on the floor & getting knocked around - Art - it wasn't fun any more.

BILL - But there was ridiculous pseudo-violence at your gigs at Manor last year.

KIRBY - But people's attitudes towards it have changed.

ART - That's not the worst of it as far as the bands are concerned - the bands just have to give back what they're getting. I mean, I could care less what's happening on the floor if we were playing good music & there weren't bad vibes between the musicians because I think there are. When you have three bands or four bands playing at the same time, there's a whole star trip thing. And the Lost Cause is guilty of this & I love the Lost Cause, I think they're fantastic. I think they're a fantastic band, but their whole attitude is detrimental to having music that people enjoy happening, which is why Live Short & Suffer has a lot of popularity. People are putting their music under less scrutiny because the whole idea is to have fun rather than making a statement. It's just a whole different approach to the audience.

BILL - I'm not sure if the Bard rock scene in the last few years has seen any audience interest in anything besides having fun. I mean, Live Short is less interested in being music than the others.

KIRBY - I've always wondered about dancing, because I haven't seen people dancing to Live Short & Suffer until their last two gigs, but people have gotten into it in other ways.

ART - For one thing, Live Short & Suffer doesn't have any campus personalities.

CHRIS - And that was one reason probably why the Samoans broke up -

ART - The Samoans and Virus -

CHRIS - All this image thing going on every time we (the Samoans) went on stage, which wasn't necessarily

TROLLS

wanted but -

ART - Ultimately all that shit interferes w/the music no matter how much you think you might be able to manipulate it.

* * *

KIRBY - I remember what a thrill the first Battle of the Bands (October 1980) in Commons was, when we played pretty much what the Trolls have always played, part out-there and part music-with-a-beat. The last couple of gigs I've been getting burned out because people are saying, why don't you play these specific songs, like "Sex Machine", else we can't dance to your music, whereas at Manor House (last year) we played this song that was in 5/4, which wasn't dancing beat but everybody was up doing some kind of movement to it. So I don't know what made the attitude change. And not just conservative students or new people but people who last year would be twitching to rythmless noise.

ART - Let's talk about the Sottery gig. That was the Trolls' reaction to dance music.

CHRIS - To the whole scene at Sottery. We all exchanged instruments. There were generally five guitars, two bass guitars, & I played drums, which I really don't know how to do at all.

KIRBY - In other words, your standard Wastoids set (the Trolls in 1979=Gag Boy and the Wastoids - Ed.) which by the way, last year when we did Wastoids at the end of a set people would go apeshit. "Fuck You I Love You", "Arita Bryant" ...

CHRIS - I thought it (Sottery) was a really important gig because we jammed, and not always those tight songs that we knew. We could relax and have a good time, "Oh, we have to be this or have to be that." A lot of people took it wrong & thought we were trying to insult them.

KIRBY - I just thought it had to do w/the whole general hateful atmosphere in the air.

Every gig that we've played from the Rear Entrance (October 1981) on we've heard, "That stuff is OK - why don't you do 'Sex Machine'?" Three people who ended up not dancing, saying, "Ohhh, OK the Trolls are playing 'Sex Machine', I'm satisfied." That attitude made me in a fuck-you mood as far as fuck your expectations, plee-ase, it's not like you're paying \$12 at the Ritz.

ART - Besides, I thought at least "Corpse of a Nation" and "Dog's Life" are excellent songs, they're dancable too, I think someday they will be recognized by historians as real jewels in our crown.

KIRBY - A few people liked it but everybody else acted pretty hurt, "Aw bullshit fuck you, so what, blhhh." That whole attitude I find really oppressive, especially in this kind of scene where it's not like you read in the Voice the Trolls play dance music. It's like you walk in for beer & you can walk out & come back but not this like (intensely) "I really hate what you're doing! You're not satisfying ME! Ohhh I hate! That was really bad! You guys are awful, wooh! (Becoming bull) WOO-HH!" The whole attitude is rank.

ART - But we're not bitter about this. (Laughter)

KIRBY - I'm not bitter, those hateful scumbags who used to be my friends.

ART - We forgive our audience for their stupidities. We're Christian man.

DALE - In a situation like that when the vibes were real ugly there's ways of trying to deal w/that and I for one am not altogether happy w/the way we handled it. I just don't like saying fuck you to the audience.

CHRIS - I did n't think we were necessarily though.

DALE - I would be happier trying to play something better.

KIRBY - I'd have to agree that like -

CHRIS - And I think we did that (at the next gig) in Albee too, I think we proved to a lot of people - although most people had left because somebody didn't buy the beer - a lot of people were surprised & said that's the best they'd heard the Trolls. Sottery wasn't just we decided to do Wastoids, it was planned beforehand. It wasn't completely a reaction to what went on.

KIRBY - And at that third gig we played more, how should I call it -

ART - The Modern Age.

KIRBY - The Modern Age Trolls, we were playing our right instruments, and electric, that sound that people have come to worship.

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Trolls

BILL - We all know the answer to this, but tell the Light readers about the origins & history of this band.

KIRBY - We'll have Mark Dale field this one.

DALE - ME!!!

Well - it started when I would go to Art Carlson's house in Camp Springs, Maryland. He had a basement full of all kinds of instruments - some of which worked, some of which didn't - he had recording equipment there & he hung out there, would smoke a lot of dope, drink a lot of beer & wine & all this stuff -

KIRBY - And his parents were the only ones in our circle who would allow such activities to go on in their very premises.

CHRIS - And now you see the product of it.

KIRBY - Very rarely would the parents come down, open up the door and there'd be like twenty people shoved in a room as big as this kitchen. Half the space was taken up by the stereo, there was foot-high mountains of junk, like porno mags, Rolling Stone, underground leftist mags like Quicksilver Times & Berkeley Barb & then like beer bottles.

ART - And trash. Snot rags.

KIRBY - It was the very picture of like hippie gross degeneracy. With like Gd Joes hung from the neck w/fake blood on 'em and stuff. I came in there and I was like "Holy shit, this guy's a degenerate scumbag!"

DALE - Yeah, Humphrey was in there too. Humphrey was absolutely necessary. So I would go there & people would start jamming, start pickin' up an instrument whether they could play it or not - playing away, and - I didn't know how to play anything at that point and I picked up a few instruments and tried to play 'em and I couldn't, really. So I picked up the bass one day and they only play 'em one string at a time, so, y'know, it was an easy thing to do, and I knew that was my instrument.

KIRBY - If I may interject a recollection - me and Scott were playing -

BILL - Scott Dildine, longhaired folkie on the scene.

KIRBY - It would be this raucous noise over a somewhat sludgelike rock beat. We needed a bass player - "Hey Mark, why don't you try it?" And within five minutes he had figured out like two changes, "You Really Got Me," or something, then we started wailing out, it was like "Bliss! A bass player!" And he already kept much better time than I did, so I sorta leaned on him. My timing was so ragged.

DALE - I remember my first bass was an old hollow body, it was a joke, a fake Rickenbacker, I think.

ART - It sounded like pure shit. (Laughter) We had a guitar, electric guitar, piano next room, a ukelele, a couple amps, they were really crude but powerful things. We had these amps, a zither, we had this audio oscillator that would produce sine waves from above to below the audible spectrum. And we started trying to imitate electronic music, and it was in the back of minds that someday we would be able to imitate rock to some extent. But we didn't have any idea - any idea - I mean it took me five years to figure out a blues change, to give you an idea how slow we were moving on that front.

In 1973 these guys showed up.

KIRBY - Yeah, our private school had this Winter Field Period thing, and we all started hanging out at Art's house because I wrote this nasty screenplay -

BILL - Raw? Raw?

KIRBY - Just like - pathetic fantasies -

ART - Sub-cliche.

KIRBY - Of course it was about girls. This was high school.

And I was (slaps fists), let's make this film, boys! Art was "Well - OK," and they kept passing around a dozen joints. I was like, "Nooo - pot is evil," because everyone I knew who smoked pot was a stupid asshole. But I said, "OK - I'll take one toke," and then another. And then ANOTHER!

CHRIS - And at this point I was playing Alice Cooper in junior high school in New Jersey.

BILL - So Dale, the early Bilbo approach to music.

DALE - Well - technique was unimportant. What you wanted to do, y'see, was get out the sound.

KIRBY - The Bilbo sound.

We learned music from the ground up. We started w/noise, noise you could not describe, the original bilbo - Arthur had this microphone and his trumpet, he would just shove the microphone way up



at the Jimmy Cash Memorial Barbeque.

Dale, Carlson, Scott Dildine. Tivoli, August 1980.



The boyz like to create an out-there environment. Lookin' for action on all planes.

Trolls

into the trumpet's bell, just like "WAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEHHHHHH! WAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHH!" Mark Dale was also called upon to think up bass lines - a somewhat shifting and sludgelike Kirbo rhythm - with noise on top. We would be, "Well, let's jam again," and all eyes would be on Mark. He would be called upon to invent bass lines, three or four hours a day.

ART - Tell him about the gigs. Cafe Flore, January '75.

BILL (aware of the legendary aura surrounding this gig) - Where was the Cafe Flore?

DALE - Knights of Columbus building - Accokeek, Maryland.

KIRBY - We did have pieces - "My Girl Named Bimbo" was written for that gig! I wrote it out in this crude notation that had dots and lines for the horns. Like this means . . . "Go up and then down."

Then we discovered "Hey - spaces - where everyone cuts out while somebody plays a solo." It took us years to get to that point. That was an absolute milestone.

By this time I had some concept of rhythm; I would slow down over a period of minutes as opposed to say seconds.

ART - For a while the method the horn players learned notes, was, "OK, this note - no - put your fingers here -"

KIRBY - There was act after act of like rank folk music, "Why don't flowers grow ..." Then all of a sudden we come out and people go, "WOWWWW! Sound like King Crimson, Eric Dolphy!" So we had this big go and it sounded like shit -

ART - But it sounded good. It's the first steps of children in a way but it's sort of charming.

DALE - It was about time we discovered phrasing instead of like blithering away.

CHRIS - And I was getting into a more conservative phase, doing Band and Beatles songs.

BILL - And in '76 I was getting into Roxy Music and the Velvet Underground and Eno ...

KIRBY - We hated them then. Except "Sister Ray," that was a favorite at five in the morning after smoking thirty joints of gold.

ART - At our maximum we stoked up ounces a night.

KIRBY - That's anywhere between five and twenty people.

BILL - My romantic hope - I still viewed pot in a very hippiesque way, I was hoping to understand, to learn about beauty and truth, maybe even have a small epiphany on pot.

ART - Well, you gotta understand, we were smartasses, we already knew about beauty and truth.

BILL - I'm just wondering, you guys, what you thought pot was doing for you.

KIRBY - It was gettin' us twisted and fucked up.

CHRIS - Yeah! What else?

ART - Gave us sump'n to do.

DALE - Well, except me, I just felt like my head was in a fishbowl every time I tried it. I'd just sit in a corner and watch an' stuff.

ART - Wait for us to finish smoking pot so we could jam.

KIRBY - Everybody would ... "Mark Dale, OK - he sits in the corner, we - it's cool with us!"

CHRIS - And my friends and I were running over mailboxes and harassing the police.

ART - We used to steal jockeys off of people's lawns ... a lot of people in our neighborhood painted their jockeys white.

KIRBY - Because of liberal guilt. There'd be these white jockeys with big Mojo lips.

BILL - I meanwhile was throwing rocks through my headmaster's window at 1 AM because he hated the drama department.

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KIRBY - In '77 Arthur's parents moved to Chicago and that basically broke up Ari'ur's basement. My house would be like, "OK, let's jam quietly." "Mark!" my stepmother coming down. "Mark! Could you please hold it down?" "Mark! Uh, Mark - Dorothy's trying to get some sleep." "But Dad, it's seven o'clock!" "I know, but you know your stepmother - wacka wacka." Pure hell! So I'd be over at Arthur's house for even a scrimp of sanity, which was there in the form of Arthur sitting there cross-eyed, dumb girl hanging all over him and stuff ...

DALE - In '77 we moved the base of operations to my house & scaled down the number of players ... our music at that point started getting more of a rockish beat.

Trolls

KIRBY – Definately Crimson-influenced. There are songs that people will never hear! That I'll never play! With some of the sickest sentiments. But these guys know it's my absolute best work, I was blowing sax, playing guitar, making shit up at five in the morning ...

ART – Meanwhile I was getting Virus together at Bard.

KIRBY – And I was playing with Bob Osterlag (an electronic musician at Oberlin College). He's now playing with Fred Frith (of Henry Cow), among other things.

In 1979 I was in San Francisco playing with Arthur's cousin (Opter Flame) playing in strictly a sort of free-bop band (The Optet).

CHRIS – And I started listening to Sun Ra and Henry Cow here, stuff I had never listened to before.

KIRBY – I came back for a visit in January '80, we had this big summit conference because Mark Dale had moved to Albany out of rank living in D.C. because Scott was there. Scott said, "We'll get these excellent bands together..." So we were gonna get the Trolls together with me & Art & Dale & Scott Dildine and his sick girlfriend who can sing ... yeah, this psychotic bitch –

ART – Who actually turned out to be a better man than he was.

KIRBY – So based on that conversation where I said, "Art – I love you, but if you don't learn how to play some right notes, you're not gonna play in this band!" And that was when Art said, "Hmmm – I'd better seriously get some shit together." And he did. And got together the Samoans.

CHRIS – In part, Nayland also –

ART – And Doug Henderson. He did a lot of the legwork. He talked everybody into it.

CHRIS – The premise of doing a surf band, kind of. We decided to play the Spring Formal and Art says he has a drummer friend from San Francisco named Kirby and Kirby shows up at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and we have to play at 7 that night. He walked into Jimmy Rodewald's apartment and opened one drum case and it had old socks in it ... the smell was unbelievable.

KIRBY – It was pretty funky waiting in the airport for three days, lemme tell ya.

We were all blown away by the fact that Art was tightly playing at least three right notes in a row.

Then that summer Dale came down to Tivoli a couple of times for historic jam sessions. That was when "Fuck you, I Love You" was born.

And then we moved to Albany. Hell.

ART – That was when we realized that Scott Dildine was not gonna be with us much longer. *

KIRBY – I hated the place (Albany) from the very first time I stepped in there, but the whole thing was, "Well, we'll get a band together – "

ART – "Scott's our old friend, he won't juke us. If he says, we can rehearse, we can rehearse and that's the important thing, getting the band together."

DALE – We couldn't even rehearse. 2 PM on Saturday, call the cops.

ART – And we would come down to Bard and do gigs occasionally and that's how we got Chris Cochrane.

CHRIS – Yes, there was the Battle of the Bands that fall & I had gone to the city to pick up my boyfriend but he had come all the way up here so we missed connections and I got back up & here were Art & Kirby & Mark 5 minutes before the gig & they said, "Hey! Wanna play guitar? We got 8 songs. One starts in C and another one's got E in it and this one's a

* Note: Scott Dildine and the Trolls finally parted in late 1980. The action was mutual although less than friendly. Dildine expected the boys to be his backup band while the Trolls wanted the material and sound to be developed collectively and ex tempore as it always had.

TROLLS

little funky," so I'd be, "Funky, funky, funky ..." And "this one's about the Yankees, think about the Yankees ..."

KIRBY -- He was on rollerskates the first half & the music was happening and the audience was applauding! Coming up to us afterwards & saying how we should have won the Battle of the Bands.

ART -- And we are still bitter about that.

CHRIS -- Chris Wangro (Horns and Effects) joined the band last winter, and we worked a lot by turning on the tape recorder & making up songs.

KIRBY -- We played a lot of gigs at Bard. We were awfully influenced by James Blood Ulmer and went to CMS (Creative Music Studio in Woodstock), learned a lot there.

ART -- Now we're back to where we started, we have our own excellent house where we have an accumulation of instruments & equipment set up & smoke 37 joints before we play -- and we're all sane -- we're all grown up -- we've got chops -- we've got knowledge -- we've got maturity -- ready to become the best band in the universe.

* * *

(The band is leaving the house -- KIRBY & ART drive to Annandale w/ rolling tape machine. Bill has asked them to talk about their future.)

KIRBY -- Cochrane's going to Allentown or New York City -- we'll either stay here or go to New York City or go out of town or got to Europe --

BILL -- Chris might abandon the band?

KIRBY -- Who knows? It just depends on where shit is at. That's why I'd like to get tapes & Troll products together, to keep our music rolling forward. To keep all the band induced to sticking around.

ART -- It would be nice to support ourselves as artists. If you're a musician, you're either going to be an entertainer or an artist, the music is what you do, it's what you are. You're puttin' a lot more on the line.

If you can make money playing the music you want to play, that's really the ultimate. That's my dream goal in life.

I think that's really a central thing in the Trolls, that we have rejected the role of entertainers.

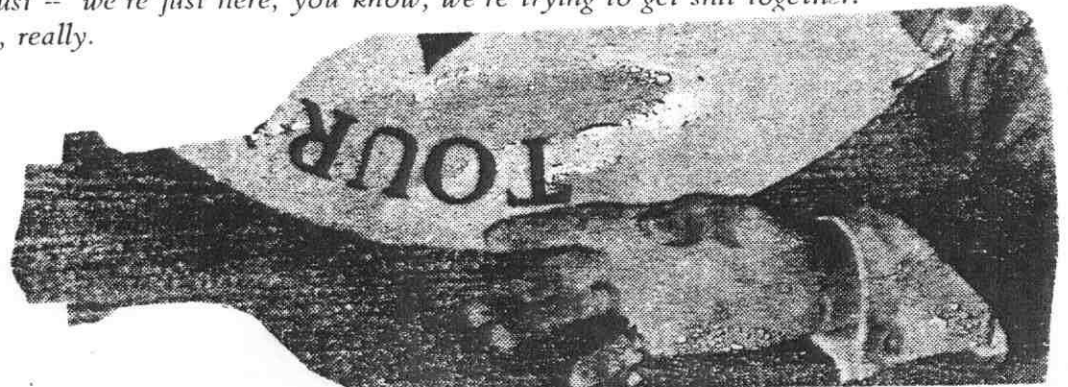
KIRBY -- I would consider living in other places if there was a music scene & fun. Even like Allentown. There are so many small scenes popping up in weird places like Mobile, Alabama and Corpus Christi, Texas and even Olympia, Washington.

I definitely see the Trolls existing in various forms over the years, even if we still fly apart like we've done in the past, you know. And hell, I want to go to Europe & have products out like records so that we can live anywhere. We could live almost anywhere, travelling between cities & the country.

ART -- Music is the universal language.

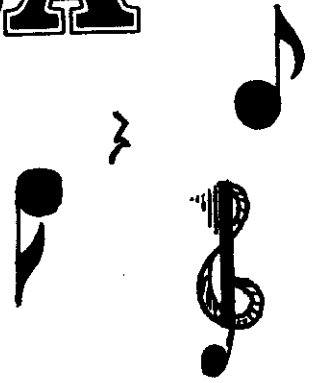
KIRBY -- It also allows you to become part of the universal global village. The idea of being at home anywhere in the United States, or the world.

Well Bill, I think that's about it, we're at Commons ... And so, tell your Light readers that the Trolls are just -- we're just here, you know, we're trying to get shit together. Like everybody else, really.



A CONVERSA -TION

on
music
and
other
topics



By ART CARLSON, ART WEINSTEIN and Kirby

KIRBY. What is it that music expresses, I mean, like, beyond lyrics.

ART CARLSON. I think music expresses something that it expresses in its own language, and it is a mistake when people try to equate music too closely with a set of feelings or any kind of specific, verbal correlation in general. There are instances of musical realism wherein music is used to depict certain things literally --

ART WEINSTEIN. Or at least that is its intent.

A.C. -- Like Meatloaf's "Paradise by the Dashboard Light" is an attempt to musically recreate a situation.

K. Like fucking (laughs) in your car.

A.C. Right. But to attempt to correlate anything Ornette Coleman has done to something that specific will just get you into trouble.

K. Once I was in this workshop with Anthony Braxton and it was called Phenomenology of Music. One of the main points he made based on various investigations and so forth expresses non-physical, or -- I hate to use the word vibes because Jake (Grossberg) and everybody at the M.F.A. (Bard's Master of Fine Arts summer program) will hold their heads when they see this in The Light -- but it expresses non-physical energies that are inherent in every age. You might wanna call it the mood or the sign of the times. That's what music expresses.

A.C. I would buy that.

A.W. I think music mostly expresses just itself. And anything else you manage to tack onto it is just a free ride. If you're up there playing or sitting there listening and correlate suddenly with something you feel or you feel certain connections or structures or just -- however it comes to you that's how it is. You can listen creatively and create myths and fictions that are just fine.

A.C. You can't necessarily blame the musicians for that, though.

A.W. Exactly. More and more for me it's gotten to be get into the right type of attitude where you're on a level of introspection so that things resonate because they're being looked at again and again with no intent to deny that time has passed since the moment you have an idea and the moment you hear something and then a few moments later you're making a connection across time. It's a condition that is as much a part of the person playing as the person listening and it's not intrinsic to the notes. Once there played they're just out there. Music is between the sound and you. It's not in the sound and it's not just you.

K. How do you, as someone who is not up there making music relate to music? Do you think it's an active thing?

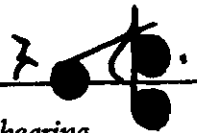
A.W. Yes, very active.

A.C. On one level at least. At various levels.

A.W. You have to be paying attention.

A.C. Also I find not paying attention to be a profitable mode of listening to music. I tried to argue that point with the M.F.A. program without any success that you don't have to be sitting there paying rapt attention.

cont.



A.W. I agree. It's a matter of degree. If you're totally ignoring it you wouldn't be hearing. It's not like a linear spectrum either; it's not like from there you listen to various degrees either really listening or not listening. There's so many levels on which things enter your consciousness. It's not like it comes from a void either. It has everything to do with are you listening to a record. Are you staying in a bunch of naked peoples' savage homes? It's not like it should be abstracted.

A.C. What about the difference between music as art and music as entertainment? What do you think about the possibilities of reconciling those two questions in a given situation? Like a concert at Bard? Or for that matter, any commercial group where they'll not want to hear any wrong notes.

A.W. I think there's a matter of faith between performer and audience; that he's not just up there jerking off. Whether it's jerking off spiritually or - if somebody gets into it on any level they're not going to be terribly concerned whether you intended to play everything you played. If you make what happens happen and they understand that it happened in whatever way, even though the way they understand it may not be the way you played it, the connection is made. If it's not, it's not. And if the people you play for have certain expectations then what can you do?

K. That's what happened when the Trolls played Sottery. The expectation was so high; like Bard's greatest funk band. It's really weird, like in the past when we played we played stuff that was danceable not in a familiar mode which is pretty much disco-oriented around here these days, and people would just dance to it anyway, dance to it in five. But then it changed to where - people just don't seem to be getting into Bard music all that much as far as physically feeling back, as much as they used to. Except for Live Short and Suffer.

A.C. In general I don't think the energy is as good between bands in the collaborative sense of hey, we're all here making music. There's more like a star syndrome, like OK, we're not going on 'til there's a big enough audience, or we're not gonna do this or do that. The real challenge is still being a good musician.

A.W. What defines being a good musician?

A.C. Well, just having knowledge of your instrument, and the strength to play it, and to execute your ideas.

A.W. Structural knowledge?

A.C. All kinds of knowledge. Knowledge of sound, what makes up musical fields.

A.W. At least for me I'd like to get into any music I can stomach, really. Anything I can experience with anybody else gives me a sense of omnipresence or at least closer to it. When I'm sitting around clapping my hands with somebody there's a connection - you're consequently getting feedback.

K. How do you deal with the element of chance? During the M.F.A. program this summer it seemed like the artists particularly visual artists, which dominates the aesthetics of that program - put forth the idea that good art -

A.W. As not arbitrary -

K. -- You're responsible for everything.

A.C. That's an outgrowth of the fact that the program was dominated by painters' perspective where you start with a blank canvas and cover the surface with paint and you can't say the paint accidentally got there because it's so much in your control and it doesn't operate in the linear time frame like music. In music, you know, what is a mistake, and if you make something you consider a mistake then you can't correct it. So the whole relationship to chance is different and you have to make it work in your favor.

A.W. Not that you can't make it work in painting either.

A.C. Well you can but there's a big rejection of that by a lot of artists. Also what we're talking about is a listeners' relationship to music and you know, once it leaves the amplifier you're no longer responsible for what happens to it - for what the room does to it or it's out of your control and it can get altered or distorted in all kinds of ways so that it's impossible to do the same performance twice. Whereas it's quite possible to make the same painting twice. You can make a painting look more like another painting than you can make a piece of music sound like another piece of music.

K. Well I think you can do it to the same degree which is not perfect.

A.C. When people think improvisation they think you're pulling something out of the air. But what



people don't realize is improvisation is something you practice considerably and which is anything but a chance operation.

A.W. There's always chance. There's chance when you write. By chance you wrote that note in the sense that there's always chance. It starts to move toward whether or not things are determined. It's silly to think you can control everything and besides, why would I want to?

A.C. That's the fiction a lot of people live by - that they have to control everything.

K. How would you categorize your music?

A.C. Free improvised uh, jazz and roll.

A.W. Zoo haired music.

A.C. I don't like the word avant-garde. A lot of people started getting into music by taking a lot of lessons and shit and learned the rudiments but I learned the rudiments last, I'm just now learning the rudiments, so it's funny that a lot of people are concerned with freedom and how can we get into a free situation, am I playing "free"? I've been playing free all my life, and part of the battle now is to learn to play unfree (laughs) or to channel that to a more ultimate state of freedom.

A.W. Free is a coercive word. I first started playing bluegrass and that's not free at all. That wasn't free because mind refused to see two feet back of itself. You gotta get the group perspective.

A.C. Pan-musicalist, that's my category of music.

A.W. Is there a category pan-musicalist?

K. Now there is.

A.W. Get down! Get back up again. I had a radio show once. Art for Art's Sake. I just played the records I like. It was pan-musicalist.

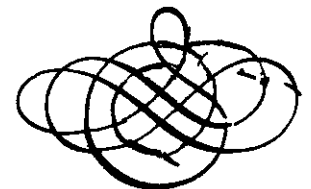
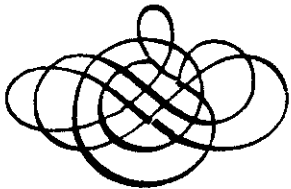
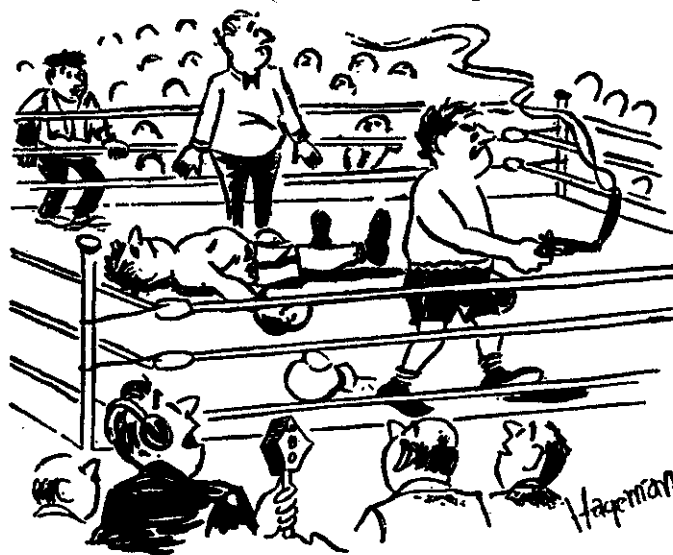
"Where's the inspo. (short for inspiration)"

The inspo for rock 'n' roll. The inspo comes when the sun sets low. When I cook a great dinner & talk on the phone. When the getting is good at the local bar, when I see a 10 in a fancy sports car. The inspo comes when I'm down and out. When there's nothing real to shout about. It's a desperation, it's a fools way out.

It's a pornographic magazine; it's the N.Y. Times with the fashion scene. The inspo comes when I have a date, and invariably he shows up ... late. It's severe depression it's pool hall blues or sitting down to watch the tube. Doing the laundry at 4 in the morning, it's also anticipating the alarm clock's warning. The inspo, bad love on the radios and movies. The inspo, in a lukewarm cup of coffee staring blandly at me. The inspo for rock 'n' rollers.



Antsy Nancy



"... now Hennessy moves to a neutral corner as 35,000 stunned fans see the complexion of this grudge fight change completely!"



THE MIND of ARTHUR WEINSTEIN

music

i never thought about its color or politic or its who or what; just its it. AND IF FORCED (like -- oh, you're twisting my arm) to talk or/moreover to speak on it, i would crack all sorts of calories to denie its connection to any thing but itself. But hey; i was manifestering my own festering self. so ... coming out of the ivory lab (w/all its keys) desiring to add the clashing of my test tubes to the din of "80's music" I confront the extramusical issues.


say music. say thought. say what you like and what as often as you like. say things should only be what they are. say but they are.

the any that you manage to graft 'thing' onto has a myriad of qualities which only thought gives edges. (boundary). the numenon is bountyful (perhaps this is an art-icle of faith (that dirty word) numenon is numberless and nameless. until you came along.

what does this have to do with our topic? i would like the music of the 80's (that bounderous thing) to be exemplitive type behavior. this need not be new or cool or aardvark gord or notwhat or interesting. go ahead and be uninteresting. exemplify yourself or your not self. say music is a verb. the edges are moveable frets. wax yourself.

end

SHORT A REVIEW OF LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER



FRIDAY NIGHT - Kline Commons - why I think they
ARE the best band at Bard.

When I saw Live Short for the first time, earlier in the semester, I would never have guessed they could rise to be the best band Bard has to offer. They were new, no reputation as a unit, no members were major, elite class heroes, nor were any members pals with the editors of either of the cool papers. Their future seemed bleak to me, who was smitten still with the outstanding performance of Take Drugs and Fuck, whose lead singer could make an evening of Ben Boretz's farting noises palatable if he hummed along to them while wearing a suit.

Lost Cause flatters themselves with that name; thru their posters and silly pseudo-violent songs they depict harsh depravity and a wanton, careless outlook on life that is pretentious and absurd in this country club on the river. Ivan does exude a small amount of sex appeal (the only appeal they have left), but his onstage maneuvers are not unlike those of a nursery school bad boy who just wet his pants. He's no Peter Tork.

The "badass", "fabulous", monotonous and otherwise evil sound of the Trolls failed to live up to the reputation given them by a certain sector of the Bard media. Courtney & Western, and Coffee-to-Go-Go are nice to see in the coffee shop on occasional Sunday nights, but absolutely unsuitable for a sottery bash.

It appears that I have acclaimed Live Short the best by my use of the elimination process; this is an injustice. They are a fine band in their own right, lately made finer by the addition of a certain sax player that needs no further mention. Live Short and Suffer uses no silly pretenses, they don't sell sex, they do not cover banal tunes, and they radiate an excellent sense of humor which I find unrivaled here.

Friday night's performance showed Bard who the leader is. Those bad men had an air of experience; their dark shades and suits were superiorly cool in a refreshingly non-sexual way. The music was keen too - beat the shit outta the public servants, I thought.

My only misgiving about the band is that they do have a tendency towards a repetitious sound - perhaps a passel of rotating, special guest stars could alleviate this problem... I'd cream to see Nayland sing a few w/ them...

Emily Armour -

From the 'Boys in the Band' Department:

The Light Presents:

LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER!



^{SHORT}
This interview was conducted by Doctor Kirby in the Manor padded cell during various LSAS. rehearsals.

KIRBY - John, what made you get this band together? (Noise, noodling)

JOHN - We felt a need to bring real music to Bard.

KIRBY - Real music? You mean the Samoans, Trolls, all that are bullshit?

JOHN - The Samoans are defunkt and the Trolls don't play around here any more, ya know.

KIRBY - So you brought real music, excellent.

ANDREA - It was after seeing the Swollen Monkeys.

KIRBY - I do notice the influence.

JOHN - We're really boring.

KIRBY - How do you justify that?

NELSON - He doesn't mean it like that, you see we bore into other people's minds.

KIRBY - Let's start with the evolution of the band from its first drunken concept to its present reality.

JOHN - It started way back (last year) when we asked John Lehman to join the band.

KIRBY - Who's we?

JOHN - Andrea and myself. Then we asked Brian (trombonus maximus) to come in. When John quit, I took up bass.

KIRBY - What did you play before?

JOHN - I played guitar, Andrea played guitar, John played bass, Brian played trombone. John quit and we re-formed as a quartet with Sandor on drums.

PETER - Isn't he dead now?

BRIAN - He got run over by a truck.

JOHN - Stu came in and played Sandor. And then we added Baird and Nick Quissinberry on guitar. Then we switched Andrea to organ. Later Art and/or Doug Henderson. Anyway, the present thing with Nelson, me, Andrea, Art, Brian, Pete, who is our third "second alto" player.

Cont → "OH YA!" →

NELSON -- First we added Jon Brown, who didn't wanna rehearse but wanted to play. (Laughs) And then there was Chris Kendall, who was with us for the Halloween gig. And now Peter.

PETER -- I'm strictly rental. From Alto rental service.

BRIAN -- Peter's just a robot, actually.

ART -- Got him from Manpower.

KIRBY -- How do you conceive of your material?

BRIAN -- We jam it up and then it takes twenty minutes to organize it into sections.

ART -- No, not any more, we usta --

JOHN -- We jam it up and fight a lot.

ART -- No, we just give a lot of shit to Nelson.

NELSON -- They just say play your drums, play your drums, but I have to put a major amount of input because I'm a big mouth.

PETER -- It's true.

NELSON -- Actually, I enjoy this band very much.

After a whirl of noise and stupidity, our intrepid reporter asks:

KIRBY -- See, I haven't prepared very much for this interview.

NELSON -- That's okay -- let's see -- why don't you ask us ...

BRIAN -- What's the philosophy behind our music?

KIRBY -- Ditto.

ANDREA -- Kirby, you're supposed to be interviewing us.

KIRBY -- No nonsense.

JOHN -- Kirby, when did you first come to Bard? (Laughs)

KIRBY -- What was your first tune?

JOHN -- What was it? "Grapefruit Streaks", a little salsa number.

ART -- Ask the band what kinda groupie status does the band have?

KIRBY -- How much groupie status ...

(LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER laughs, babble, Brian toots on his horn.)

KIRBY -- Has your music resulted in any positive change in your sex lives? Any negative change?

ANDREA -- No.

JOHN -- What sex life?

KIRBY -- Excellent Art. I can't blame you after that. To what do you owe your current popularity? From my perspective last spring you were relatively the laughing stock band of Bard and now you're definitely up there in popularity appeal.

JOHN -- I think that's because we're the only band that's been playing.

ANDREA -- And I think we play better than anybody else. Except April Fresh and her boys.

PETER -- I agree.

JOHN -- Make sure they know he said that.

ANDREA -- I didn't say that. (Band laughs)

KIRBY -- What do you like and dislike about the Bard music scene?

PETER -- No comment.

BRIAN -- I like the stereo in Annandale House.

KIRBY -- Ha ha ha. All seriousness aside.

BRIAN -- Want me to be serious ...

ANDREA -- I think people are too serious.

→ "JO MAMA!" →



NELSON -- *I think they're more concerned with sound than music.*
 ANDREA -- *That's bullshit.*
 JOHN -- *I don't think it's bullshit.*
 PETER -- *Sound is music.*
 NELSON -- *I just farted, ya call that music?*
 KIRBY -- *Well, maybe if it was loud enough ...*
 BRIAN -- *You could put it through an echo, add a distortion box, it might sound great. Add a rhythm section to it, it'll, you know ...*
 NELSON -- *The Bard music scene? I think there are good bands and bad bands and that's the way it is all over the place.*
 ANDREA -- *I think people use "avant-garde" as an excuse to not learn how to play.*
 NELSON -- *Yea!*
 LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER -- *Bravo.*
 KIRBY -- *Holy cow! Would you like to name names off the record like, ha ha, Stockman?*

KIRBY -- *How would you characterize your music?*
 BRIAN -- *Meaningless dance music.*
 NELSON -- *Dance music.*
 LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER -- *Yeah!*
 NELSON -- *Horn oriented with a solid bass line.*
 KIRBY -- *Do people really dance to that Salsa shit?*
 JOHN -- *If they can Mombo.*
 NELSON -- *Can you mombo with your Mombo?*
 KIRBY -- *How would you define dance music?*
 BRIAN -- *It's got a catchy tune and a beat.*
 PETER -- *Tribal beat.*
 NELSON -- *Besides, we put a spell over them and they can't control themselves.*
 ANDREA -- *Tell the readers to disregard anything Nelson says.*
 LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER -- *(Laughs.)*

BRIAN -- *It's the blonde hair, essentially is what it is. Blondes make 'em dance.*
 ART CARLSON -- *Near blondes.*
 KIRBY -- *How do you relate to audiences?*
 NELSON -- *We want to be different, we want an original sound. Right?*
 ANDREA -- *We like the audience and we want them to like us.*
 LIVE SHORT AND SUFFER -- *Wait ... (Laughs)*
 KIRBY -- *What are some of the themes of your lyrics?*
 BRIAN -- *Women giving it to their friends, sex, yeah --*
 NELSON -- *Lotta sex!*
 PETER -- *Sex!*
 ANDREA -- *Bagel music is asexual. "Ugh" is about the rise of civilization, of man.*
 BRIAN -- *Very heavy song. It's all about the gays who play football by Te wks.*
 KIRBY -- *What about "Inverted Population"?*
 BRIAN -- *It's a very heavy song.*
 KIRBY -- *That's the one you should press into a 45.*

(read second verse backwards.)

»» "OH NO!" ««

INVERTED POPULATION

*Destitution
Not distraction
NAME
Not drama
A hundred years before
An anti-climax
Describing people
Driven westward*

Inverted population is achieved

*Artworks of composition
And form the of construction
The governing laws of variety
The of foundation the at lie
Which laws*

Inverted population is achieved

*Understanding
Finding my way
Between meaning
And ambiguity*

Inverted population is achieved

*A hand lifts a knife
The eyes of the victim open suddenly
His hands clutch a table
The knife is jerked up
The eyes blink involuntarily
Blood gushes
A mouth shrieks
Something drips onto a shoe*

*Inverted population
Is achieved*

DEC.
1981

Roxanne and Sharona Present:

BEER AS BAIT OR :

12¢

THE TRUTH!

ABOUT THE BOYZ IN LEATHER!

Groupie Tales!

#1



It all started when Wilde Bill told me about this special rock 'n' roll issue of The Light, and I suggested that someone write an overview of Bard musicians from the feminine perspective. Bill thought it was a nifty idea, and so did I, at the time. Now, however, I've got to write it and I'm down to my fourth and last deadline (Bill, you're a very generous guy - do you play an instrument?) and I don't remember what I had intended to say, so my friend Roxanne has agreed to help me.

Well, I guess I'll start off by explaining that the only advice my mama ever gave me about men was, "Stay away from musicians. They'll break your heart." She should know. My father was a trumpet player until he decided to become an anthropologist, and after the divorce, she fell in love with a professional trumpet player. However, he travels a lot. Oh well. Abstinence does make the heart grow fonder.

Of course, her admonition was a foolish, or at least pointless, one. Rock 'n' roll being such sexy music, and pubescent girls being so impressionable, it was natural that the musicians become the focus of all this feminine desire. (For my mother it was jazz musicians: but then, look what Chopin did for George Sand. Some things never change.) And then, big business got a hold of the industry, and now there's something for everyone, from Bowie's androgyny for the latent crowd, to the suicidal tendencies of the late Sid Vicious for the fashionably alienated.

There's something for everyone here at Bard, too - providing you take innate pleasure in black leather. It's fine out in the rock and roll world; we all wanted to know what they were like off-stage. Did David ever change little Zowie's Pampers? Did Bianca ever darn Mick's socks? Did Keith ever run to the drugstore for Anita at 4 a.m. to get some Tampax? For that matter, DID Sid kill Nancy? But what do we want to know about our black-leather boyz? What do we want from them? For that matter, what do they want from us?

Well, we don't know, but the point is, the smart girl must always keep in mind that what you see is not necessarily what you get. The soft-spoken ballad-crooner may still beat the shit out of you if he has a few too many, and that oh! so confident guitar player who keeps staring at you with sultry promise in his eyes may have the smallest prick in recorded history - but such is life. A groupie's work is never done.

To the new-comer, they may all look alike from a distance or in the dark light of Adolph's.



However, after a few performances, one quickly begins to sense the immense diversity of our boyz. There's Ivan Stoler, the James Dean of Bard (with those pouty good looks) and lead singer of the Lost Cause, Art Carlson, the king of men, currently working with Live Short and Suffer. For the teeny-bopper crowd, there's Sandor-able (LC guitarist) – he'll be getting some stiff competition from Jon Brown (we don't know who he plays with). Tivoli's Trollhouse features Marc Dale's savage bass-playing and excellent dancing. (The Trolls also offer Chris Cochrane on guitar – we love him a lot but, forget it girls, he's taken.) Also attempting a shot at rock-stardom is Charles Lenk, playing with Antsy Nancy and the Campus Male (D. O. A.). We could go on ...

Now that you've seen a sample of the options, how do you get to meet them? That's not much of a problem. Amidst such slim pickings, the problem is to distinguish yourself in some way. One way is to man the tape. Whenever the man of your choice approaches, push aside the throng of outstretched cups and fill his right away. He'll remember you. In fact, he'll probably be back very soon, to get another beer before you give the tap away. If you're at the bar, the same approach works. Get a pitcher and walk around the room with it (offer some to a few people, so he doesn't think you're a lush). If he smokes pot, always have some – but never have any papers.

Actually all of this is pretty basic. Meeting men isn't that hard. The problems start the morning after your night of intimate bliss, when your cheery "good morning" is greeted with a hostile grunt. Go take a shower – he needs to be alone. (We would like to point out that this is not true of all the boyz but be prepared.) It may be best to be low-keyed -- until he is reassured that you do not plan to handcuff him to your bed. Otherwise, you might have to face the discomfiting situation of wanting to avoid certain parts of the dining commons (depending on where he sits). Still, the troubles pass. After a while you'll start talking to each other again, maybe even eat dinner together once in a while. And who knows, maybe some day you'll be able to say you knew him when ...

FUN QUOTES AND FAMOUS LAST WORDS OF SOME REAL BARD GROUPIES

"Plug in, boys."

"If you give a dance, you gotta pay the band."

"All my men wear black leather, or they wear nothing at all."

"Share and share alike."

"What do you mean, you never take it off?"

"You want him, baby? Take a number."

"Hey, it's alright. Not everyone can ride a motorcycle."

"What do you mean, you won't give me busfare back to school?"



CONFESIONS OF A L-U-C-KY GROUPIE

---- A PERSONAL ACCOUNT BY F.A. ----

I was at a student art opening, gaping at a self-indulgent, yet amusing piece of work when I felt a presence behind me. I smelled leather. My heart started pounding.

"My God," I thought, "it must be a musician!"

I turned my head slowly and looked up. I saw no one. Then I looked down, and saw that it was B.S., a guitarist notorious for his groupie stories.

"Yeah, B.S. is notorious for his groupie stories," O.M. had said to me a scant hour before. I had wondered how much B.S. had embellished upon his stories, and how many of them were purely fantastical.

O.M. had then begun to relate to me one of the juicier tales. Suddenly, I felt myself blushing. I already knew the story O.M. was telling me, because I was there when it happened, if you know what I mean. Luckily, it was dark out, so my pink face did not give me away.

O.M. and I then began to talk about love and sex and the like. I patiently waited for him to drop me a little hint in a big way, but no hint arrived. We walked into Proctor Art Center and went our separate ways.

Standing before B.S., my head still buzzing from the leather smell, I remembered the groupie story and smiled. We talked of nothing.

Our conversation was pleasantly interrupted by S.I., Bard's rock and roll legend. S.I. greeted me while very affectionately sliding his hands down B.S.'s torso to his crotch. I gasped softly and tried not to swoon. I'd always wanted S.I. to do that to me and I mean it. Unfortunately, S.I. and I were old friends, which precluded any possibility of bedroom honors. (I mean, shit, who would ever do THAT to someone they LIKE.) S.I. went his separate way.

I turned hopefully back to B.S., my eyes gleaming, and impatiently waited for him to pursue our groupie story further. But, no, I was left hanging. The party was over. We wandered our separate ways.

Now, dear reader, you may be wondering, "Doesn't the LUCKY ever put out?" Well, let me put it to you this way: Being a groupie may look glamorous, but it takes a lot of hard work and dedication. There will be many lonely nights spent only with your imagination; you'll have nothing to hold on to except some cheap Times Square toy or something you found in the refrigerator. Oh sure, I've had a little action a couple of times with a couple of the guys, but then I've been working at it for over a year now. That includes T-shirts, buttons, screaming and moaning, dancing wildly at every gig, and throwing myself at their feet both on stage and off.

"But is it really worth it?" you might well ask.

That part I'll never confess.

FIN.

WILLIAM ARTHUR DRIVER

Part III

(Bill Driver, born June 1926 in Leeds, England, has been head of the Bard drama department since 1959. This is Part III of a III-part, III-hour interview I held with Bill August 2 in New York City. Part IV will appear next issue. – Bill Abelson)

BILL ABELSON: How do you compare the talent in the department at this point with in the past?

BILL DRIVER: That's an invidious question.

I think if one feeds into the equation the question of ethos, one would find that it probably isn't much different, the talent. The way the talent will be realized is a whole other matter.

BA: Do you find what we're into exploring (today) is too wide or too narrow or that we're just into what we're presented with? I feel that as a whole, we're not inquisitive enough about different types of theatre.

BD: I think the people who weren't interested at all in anything outside themselves, or any aesthetic creation of another period, were the people of the late 60s-early 70s. Don't think that's true anymore. I think it's about to be very much not true.

But then, which is better – hum! I'm probably too pragmatic – I'm not sure. I can think of various vignettes of that period, like a senior project board when a fairly hostile young actress said something to me about her personal problems of the past two or three years, I don't remember what her complaint was. I said, "Oh, but – come on. That's ancient history, that's water under the bridge. We're not here to act out resentments." Her immediate reply, and this is pure 1969, was, "Mr. Driver" – which is what I was called in those days – "aren't we here to change history?"

Well, that's what students were there to do at that point, which is sort of quite right. Whether you wanted them to or not is another matter, or whether you thought it's a good cultural process or whether it leads to salvation is another matter. But that's the truth. Now, nobody would say that now.

BA: Well. Not too many of us.

BD: Well, there are always rebels, and so on. I think the danger over the last few years and maybe even still is a sort of morose conformity.

BA: I think that's an excellent phrase to describe it.

BD: Again, I'm not making a pure value judgement, saying I disapprove of this, or disapprove

Cont. →

of that girl in '69. But the morose conformity I think cannot be dealt with by saying, "You must not be morose and you must not conform." Or you must unlearn your psychological and moral self, but just providing people with enterprises, contests in which one hopes, maybe falsely, that they will discover that there's more they haven't unearthed and dreamed of ... I will say to somebody, "I've learnt to know very well, personally" or "I don't really buy the way you think" or "Why don't you look at it this way," but as a prescriptive approach, no.

There came a point at the end of the sixties where prescriptive approaches were damned before you even made them. When you began to think, "Well, I'll be damned if I'm going to be told endlessly that I can't say on any subject that there is a good reason if you think about it why one ought to do this, or shouldn't do that." Tricky.

BA: Do you see a peak year as far as talent in the Bard theatre?

BD: There was the '64-5-6 period was like that, and '74-5-7. But these things are so unpredictable. There's no logic to them.

They have to do with a certain sense of community, mind you. Now that's a foolish, camp, sociological word. Living together and having an identity which is partly shared and partly individual. Now it seems to me very strongly that people don't have that, at the moment.

BA: Well, the drama majors tend to band together. (November note - not this year, baby!) But as far as a completely collective drive and deep feeling about one another, I wouldn't say so.

BD: And aesthetic identity too. That's guessing. That's been missing for, I suppose, four years. The '74-'77 particular group of people had it - obviously accidents of history and temperament, personality and all sorts of things.

BA: I suppose you have no input about how many freshmen interested in drama are going to be accepted. No way of knowing.

BD: No. There's never been any ability or permission to review. We take what we get.

Early seventies, we did indeed devise a system in which one screened and auditioned younger students explicitly, not in terms of talent but in terms of application and involvement. But even that is a thing of the past now.

BA: Switching gears again, what's your opinion of the Kristin Linklater technique?

BD: Oh! Fine, fine. Any method, however the mechanics of it are developed and used that makes people realize that words - which is what it's all about - that words are more than their literal meaning, more than the letters of which they are made, that they have emotional and therefore poetic associations, and if you're going to act they have to come out of our mouth colored with these associations - your own as well as some equation made between your own and the author's associations for whom obviously, if it's somebody like Shakespeare, they have huge connections. If they don't do that then you're going to be no good, ultimately. And that's true of course of Lear.

BA: You don't seem to stress warmup-physical, vocal ... Do you think it's overemphasized today?

BD: I do. I think it's a hangover from, I suppose, the end of the 60s. That it's deluding if one isn't careful. The warmups become sort of built-in guarantees that if one does this one will be a better actor. Which I don't feel is true at all.

However, the problem of getting people who as yet don't really know what acting is all about, to the place where they do, is very tricky. Because you're playing with psychology and the temperament of individuals. Therefore on the one hand you can't delude them and say, "If you do this warmup, do six pushups and do a sense memory and focus, you will be a splendid -" But on the other hand -

BA: To be themselves and let it all hang out?

WILLIAM DRIVER



ing at anything. A Governors' Scholarship, rugby, cricket and School colours, and a prefecture, would have made him a paragon of the *Boys' Own Paper*, but for a rather excessive interest in the theatre. At the age of four he had upstaged the whole of a local company on his first of all first nights, and at ten inflicted a pot-pourri of everything from revue to Victorian melodrama on his long-suffering family every holiday. School didn't assist his dramatic ambitions very much; Aristophanes, 'The Dream' and a short-lived production of 'Journey's End,' suppressed for its unsuitable obscenity, made up the total. It did, however, help him to be elected to a Merton Postmastership in Classics in March, 1944.

The Navy came as a pleasant interlude. He ended up in Plymouth, though he had been intended for a more stirring rôle. The prelude was eight months at the Inter-Services Special Intelligence School in Bedford, learning Japanese. It looked



like Tokyo, or at least Washington. Still, Plymouth had its compensations: cider, Wrens, and shipboard parties. His relations with the sea continued to be remote, but the theatre, that relentless mistress, still pursued him. There was a Dramatics Festival to administer, and plays to produce, such as the impossible 'Shall We Join the Ladies?' with Andrew Pavlovsky as an improbable villain. Then, of course, in October, 1947, there was Oxford.

SOME people march into Oxford, playing their own brass bands to herald their coming. Some, they say, explode into the place; others just slip up. Bill was in the last category. Still trying to do everything at once, he succeeded as far as anyone can; not very far. He rowed, wrote, worked, acted. By the summer his course was becoming more defined, and he appeared, humbly enough,

in the E.T.C.'s *Troilus and Cressida*. It would be over-emphatic to list all the productions he has been in. He has travelled on two tours, and his acting has been seen from Berlin to Ilkley, from Bradford to Bonn. He has played for Esmé Church in several vacations at the Bradford Civic Playhouse. He is a good trouper, 'the only person we weren't scared of,' one of his fellow-tourers confessed. All this outside activity has meant correspondingly less acting in Oxford. He has been seen here as Sebastian in 'The Tempest,' Jasper in 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' and in a five-course performance in 'Peer Gynt,' in which he reached his high-water mark, as M. Ballou, Mads Moen, the cook, a troll, and the inevitable madman. The *Oxford Times* gasped at his significant all-roundness with reason. Lately, however, he has turned to productions (from Heywood to Martin Seymour-Smith), and it is there his ambitions now lie.

Yet many up here would argue that his contribution to Oxford theatre has been on the hitherside of the footlights. As Steward and Secretary of the O.U.D.S. he has done devoted work which can only be appreciated by the members of that Society, by those who know the extent of his little-publicised efforts. More particularly it is as *The Isis* Theatre Editor last Trinity and Michaelmas Terms that he will be remembered. His criticisms were balanced and judicious; not scoring easy runs or turning somersaults of adulation. He has a capacity for grasping the central point of a play and then seeing the details within their perspective. He has that respect for the theatre which means no light dismissal of attempts which are original even if they are not successful. Perhaps this is the legacy his sporting past left him from the mornings when he panted industriously round tracks and rowed his way into a performance without bouquets in Merton's Second VIII.

★ ★

HE has paid court to the theatre as producer, actor, critic. What comes next? It is the crudest question that can be asked of anyone two weeks from Schools. Bill, however, has the answer ready. He will follow the will-o'-the-wisp to see where it takes him. He has a lot left to learn about the theatre, but he is ready to work hard. That other will-o'-the-wisp, the all-round man he would still half like to be, which has led him to be over-cautious in committing himself to one interest rather than another, still enchants him, but he is now able to abandon its pursuit.

CRITICAL IDOL



IDOLS are not easy to write. One must tread a tight-rope between flattery and banality, avoiding the superlatives of the *Pictorial* or the pussyfoot pedantries of *The Times*. Too often an Idol is an obituary rather than a profile; its subject a shooting star which has shot its bolt.

It is unlikely that this will be true of Bill Driver. This is his last term at Oxford, and in a few weeks' time he will have begun again at the bottom of the ladder. He has not had one of the flashy University careers which make agents alert and editors curious; but he has done what he wants to do with a quiet persistence which bids fair for the future. He lives in a room as unaffected as he is himself, insulated in essays. Work has perhaps taken second place since Mods., although at one time an academic career was predicted for him. It has yielded through his love of the theatre, to which he shows the same loyalty that he does to his many friends. Yet he can be an extraordinarily clear thinker; one friend said of him that he had a pin-point mind. This clarity shows itself in his logic as in his writing. He is in some ways better at criticising than at creating, in itself a symptom of this analytic ability.

Bill Driver is an all-round man who has straightened out. His home is in Yorks-ire, where he went to Bradford Grammar School. His boyhood was an example of what all British boyhood ought to be. He did too many things to be outstand-



BD: Yeah. And that's what warmups are all about. But people do these things, and then they're back to square one when they do a part. Very oft, they don't make connections. I think one finds out these things by going through the pain of not knowing them. Kicking oneself after a performance and saying, "That was terrible. What was I doing?" And once you're hurt enough – or disappointed in yourself enough – you damn well think to yourself, "What's the explanation?" The answer is available to all human beings. Because it's a psychological human question. Whether they can also act is another question. But warmups don't teach you to act.

BA: I remember one rehearsal for *The Would-Be Gentleman* (this past May), the night the fight scene was laid out, the sheer energy that you and as a result the rest of us brought in that rehearsal, I thought, warmup isn't necessary if you bring this to the situation itself.

BD: I agree with that entirely.

Warmups as a mechanical thing bore me to death. OK – that's me. But I think what you're really doing, teaching, is dealing with specific individuals in a specific way – and, as you're saying, to warm them up by injecting enthusiasm or some sort of specific spark.

BA: Although I still believe in warmups for myself, because they can't hurt –

BD: You have to be rooted, you have to be focussed –

BA: And to help me break out into emotional and physical spontaneity.

BD: Yeah. Mmm. But once you know how to do it, then it's up to you to do it yourself. To deal with that problem.

BA: So what's your opinion of method acting?

BD (faintly incredulous): Method acting?

It leads to the great introversion for me. Introspection. But then, there are many subsidiary aspects to that answer. If you mean New York method, as produced in the fifties and early sixties, then I would protect any actor almost with my body and my life from the high priest.

BA: Mr. Strasberg?

BD: Yes. He is the most awful man I've ever seen teach acting in my life. Because he's humanly power-mad and destructive. Period. If you're a masochist, sure.

BA: Can I print this?

BD: Oh, sure. Yeah. Yeah.

Anyway it's dead. Except for its positive aspects, I suppose, as all changes and revolutions, they die and they leave their positive residue.

But what I say about Strasberg, who is the most frightening man I've ever seen torture actors in my life – I was in his master class at the height of his power and fame.

That doesn't mean I think the man he derived it from, Stanislavski, was the same sort of person. I read his books, understand the theory, but like all attempts to translate practical theatrical activity – directing, teaching, etc. – into codified books – you know that it doesn't make sense, although you can see what sort of sense it intends to make. I think, obviously, if I'd been a devotee or a pupil or an admirer of this man in 1902. – (he taught from) 1895-1935 – I'd probably not only have benefitted but understood everything that was going on. Which I do in theory when I read it. But there's no way you can follow those books and think you're teaching somebody how to act.

BA: In terms of the people that (Strasberg) has helped to produce, it's an impressive number. Brando, Pacino, Hoffman, Shelley Winters ...

BD: Yeah. But they'd be working anyway. If you have talent and self-knowledge you can take these things.

I remember two things at the (Actor's) Studio that illustrate the point. One of them is utterly negative, which made me sick to my stomach. The young girl who was playing in that musical (*Gypsy*) on Broadway at that moment – she played the daughter – was one

class trying to do "Gallop apace, you fiery steeds" or something like that, Juliet, I forget which soliloquy. And Strasberg used to sit in the front row with a tape recorder on one side and a stage manager on the other, and this poor girl who was all of eighteen and a sudden Broadway star, she got through two lines. (He) stopped her. He said, "How do you feel about that emotion? Have you ever been left alone? High and dry?" She answered him, "Maestro." She started again, got through two more lines and he stopped her again and started brainwashing her once more. This went on for about fifteen minutes 'til the poor girl just collapsed in tears and left.

Now people do burst into tears in acting classes because you're dealing with their inner self. But one got the feeling that that was the cathartic thing that was intended, that that was what she was meant to do. I left that class, not by temperament being in tune with this sort of behavior. I thought it was disgusting.

A few weeks later the offering in the class was a complete playing of Strindberg's *The Stronger* by Anne Bancroft and Viveca Lindfors.

The Actor's Studio is a church with bleachers, a playing area with flats, and then there's a whole space behind (the flats) which is essentially empty. It's the nave and chancel of the church, (where begins) a plinth that runs all the way around the room.

So. Anne Bancroft is playing *The Stronger* – the silent one, in other words. This, don't forget, is the master class. So she's sitting with her coffee in the coffee shop in Stockholm and thinking about her sexual situation and we all look for a few seconds and Lee says, "Annie. What you thinking?" She tells him. And he pursues the question – twists – and she doesn't burst into tears because she's not vulnerable. And after about ten minutes a voice – with that Lindfors Swedish accent – yells, "For God's sake, Lee, what are you doing? Look, Lee – don't forget we're in Stockholm, and it's winter, and Christmas is coming, and it's cold out here." – Laying the whole fantasy of this way of theatre on the line. So, he allowed the lights to come back up, to go back to the beginning of the scene. And down the aisle comes Viveca Lindfors, who by the way is a devotee of Strasberg and the Studio. She makes her entrance, sees her lover's wife sitting there. She comes sweeping down the aisle, dumps all the packages on the table, utters the first lines which are just ones of greeting, and then says, "But you must excuse me – I've been kept waiting so long outside." Then – she exited from the set, through the flats behind her, she went right to the back of the building, and proceeded to remove her undergarments and pee on the plinth. And then she pulled herself together again and she came back, she put in another line, and she said, "Ohhh! That's better. All that cold. Now I can play this play."

And I felt like cheering. "You deserved that, you bastard." And it's absolutely true.

BA: What has been the most rewarding acting experience in your life?

BD (after a long pause): Mmmm. I know. Playing Octavius Robinson in (Shaw's) *Man and Superman*, that poet, that wit, and like all poets despised by Shaw, (Candide's) *Marchbanks* and so on. And getting a huge laugh as Octavius, disappointed by Mrs. Whitfield, bursts into tears and races off the stage followed by an exit round, which I had never in my life – I was very young – had before.

BA: Oh, I didn't mean a moment, I meant a role.

BD: A role. Oh, Queen Elizabeth in *Bicentennial Chic* (author: Bill Driver) in Bard College in 1976. That's it. Appeared at the very end of the whole history of the United States. I loved doing that hugely.

BA: I suppose commenting on the whole 200-year show, huh?

BD: Oh, I just came on teetering on my high heels with my pearls and presented to the United States and the city of Philadelphia the new bell that she did indeed – this was December '76 – present six months before. I made the whole speech, then was given a silver jubilee mug filled with beer by the case. I had been to my cousin's wedding that

afternoon as best man and given it as a present and someone had appropriated it and it was passed 'round the whole cast.

BA: Onstage?

BD: Yes. And that was the end of the show. But I did a sort of striptease. Right there in Preston.

BA: With the lights up?

BD: Yeah. Sure. Only so far as taking off my dress and my heels and my stockings, and my pearls and my queenly hat.

BA: I've been farther at a rock 'n' roll event or two.

BD: I loved doing that. The strip was to say, this was all quite serious. I meant what I was saying in the speech, and given the nature of disguise and roleplaying in the theatre, that I was to be seen as acknowledging that I was here in the United States of America and on Bard campus. With all its complications, that it wasn't meant as anything but honestly and expressively and sincerely.

Whereas if, I think, I had just done that transvestite act and then the lights had come down – it's a slap in the face.

BA: What was your most valuable as significant early training in the theatre?

BD: I have no training. Except to work and make mistakes on the stage, being paid to make mistakes.

However, I was lucky in that I found myself very early in my career, never having an acting class in my life, nor being near one until I taught one at Bard, I found myself in very good companies. The impression it made on me is visible in the Bard program: I realized that I was surrounded, in performance when I had to produce, by people who dazzled me by what they could do just like that (snaps fingers). And I found myself challenged to set about to find out how to do it myself. Which led to my famous discovery at the Old Vic.

My first night on the West End stage, my first big-time acting moment, in Henry VI Part III. Giving a performance which I knew was brilliant in my head but in my heart I knew wasn't working. You know that actor's experience.

It's a long antiphonal scene, rather like a church service, between the King and the son that has killed his father and a father that has killed his son and it sums up civil war – nobody speaks to each other. What I had to do was stand silhouetted in a gothic arch with the king in the middle and my balancing character on the other side for, oh, 100 lines of the king and then a trumpet call and I had to lift myself up, move downstage down a ramp, without any sense of natural behavior: sheathing sword, come to rest. (Then) I have a long speech in which I discover that the body (before me) is my father's body, and so has the father discovered his son's body over on the other side of the stage. At the end of it, I had to pick him up from a kneeling position with no "natural" wobbling or anything like that, come to absolute vertical, move downstage off the ramp, turn center in time with the other person doing the same thing with his body, and then go upstage, up steps, through the center arch, and then divide stage left and right, and I did it. When the lights first came up on me I was pretty well naked, in the sense that I only had on tights and a jerkin, and I felt totally naked I was so nervous, and my tights were quivering, when you think the whole world, at least this first-night audience at the Old Vic can see every muscle quivering, which they were.

And I put down the actor. He put his arm around my shoulder, said, "Bill, are you all right?" And I – big new star of London – "Of course. We have to get on again quite soon. Let's get back to the dressing room." But he still hung onto my shoulders, said, "No, are you sure?" I said, "Of course I'm sure. Perfectly OK." Knowing that I was exhausted with tension from the scene. And I finally said, "Why?" "Well – can you do the rest of the play if I tell you?" "Of course." "Do you know you played that whole scene standing on my hand?"

BA: Your own father.

BD: That's when I learned the truth about acting.

BA: C'est-a-dire?

BD: C'est-a-dire it's done not with the head, but with the body. That the reason I was agonized about the quality of everything I wanted to do and understood about the part, the reason that I wasn't doing it with my body. It was cerebral. How else could I have stood on somebody's hand for ten minutes and not known?

I don't mean that the very next night my performance was transformed. I don't know when the penny dropped. But certainly it's easily the most vivid learning experience in my life. One never to be forgotten.

BA: How do you see your own future?

BD: My own future. Oh -- the finishing of that theatre. I mean the Bard Theatre. After that, I don't know.

BA: Would you imagine retiring, or continuing at Bard until you drop?

BD: I expect I shall be at Bard until I drop. Yeah. If I were to be absolutely truthful.

But I don't have that planning or long-term thinking sort of mind. It's that long-term. I live from moment to moment. Fairly natural ... instinctive. Don't mean that I don't think ...

BA: What interests you about contemporary theatre, most specifically in New York?

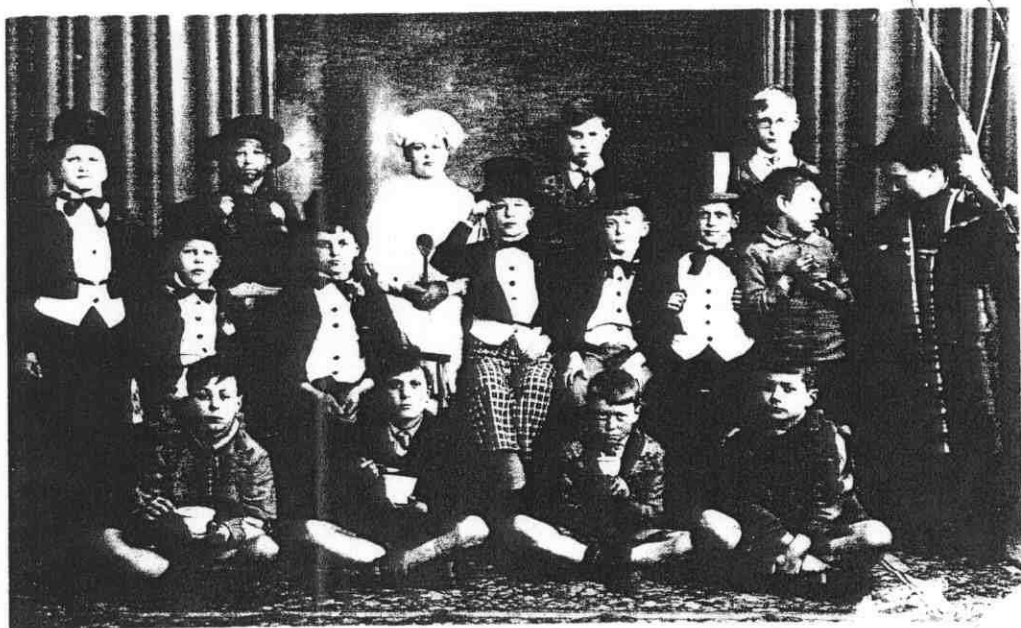
BD: Hard to formulate, but I think I can. What I respond to intensely is -- the same thing, but two different representations of it. Sweeney Todd and (JoAnne Akalitis') Dead End Kids. Neither of which did I like totally or think were totally successful. I thought Sweeney Todd was very overblown, but that's because of Broadway input, I suppose. When I saw it it nearly blew me and Arlene Laub, whom I saw it with, out of the theatre. But I liked its intentions. And its guts and its political motives. Just as I did JoAnne's. It's some sort of cross between the two, or their core, that I like a lot. And they're very typical of New York.

BA: What about young American playwrights? Mamet ... you don't seem to like Weller ...

BD: I find Weller sort of uninteresting -- suburban -- politically, emotionally, socially.

Never managed to latch onto (Mamet's) American Buffalo or Sexual Perversity in Chicago. They seem to be turned in on themselves. They don't seem to be something I can relate to personally -- maybe it's a matter of my temperament, but they seem to be feeding off themselves. Which isn't true of Dead End Kids or Sweeney Todd. You know, they're taking on the world. That's definitely a matter of taste -- not aesthetic judgement.

I like theatre that's in there fighting.



Oliver Twist

1936

Bill is second row center.



Greenwich Village, 1963



Age 24.



Peer Gynt, Oxford University. The mad scene.

*Henry Parker
1922*

THEATER REVIEWS

by Andrew Joffe

← Name Game

The main flaw of Holly Berezow's Name Game was that it was difficult to tell what it was trying to be. It seemed like a play, but it had as much dramatic conflict as Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound, in which the main character is nailed to a rock at the outset and proceeds to lament his fate until the play's end. Perhaps, then, one should view it as a piece of performance poetry. Unfortunately, it is hard to say anything about the poetry as it was effectively obscured and even undermined by the performance. The boundaries that separated Ms. Berezow the poet and Ms. Berezow the director were indistinct, but it is clear, from the few flashes of wit that the poet was able to sneak past the director, to which role Ms. Berezow is better suited.

The staging was by turns pretentious, static, and amateurish, with actors meandering here and there, using grade school gestures to point up key lines. In probably the worst ten minutes of the evening, the actors stood stock still and chanted the names of the characters at the audience, accompanied by four musicians, also chanting. (It felt as if they were scolding us for daring to show up at the performance.) There had been no attempt to turn the dance studio into anything but what it was: an empty space, vague and nebulous. Perhaps that was why the performers seemed to be acting in a vacuum, without conviction or connection to what they were saying. Although Bill Abelson as Ra, the Sun God, and Sandi Olsen as Eve had some good moments, including a trite but affecting scene of antiphonal monologues, Ra poeticizing masturbation, and Eve in suicidal despair, they were lost in a sea of words in which Ms. Berezow the director had apparently little faith.

In short, there was no theatrical clarity or focus that would have enabled the audience to make head or tail of the script. Now and then, glimpses of meaning would peep out through the clutter, only to be lost again the next moment. What the play was about, I could not tell you. I can say that, because of the neat job of sabotage done by the director to the poet, it was in the end full of sound and half-hearted fury, signifying...well, enough said.

● ● ● ← Original Peace

Original Peace was a rather enjoyable piece of group theater. Using the biblical character of Cain as a symbol of man's search for inner peace, it presented scenes of varying tone and style. It was professionally done, reasonably entertaining, in some spots exciting and imaginative in its staging. There was a nice sense of ensemble among the company, and it was obvious that a lot of work by all involved had gone into its creation. My only question was: "Why?"

Every piece of theater must have some aim, even if that aim is only to entertain (a less ignoble aim than some people would care to believe). As conceived by Nadine Andre, Barry Lane, and Beth Lipton, this production sacrificed some entertainment value to the idea of "saying something," and then never really said anything.

Cont.

(Theater Reviews continued)

It seemed a shame that the inventiveness and energy that this show contained was primarily used to dress up a bunch of platitudes that even Rod Serling would have been ashamed to mouth. The performers deserve much credit for being able to muster so much conviction over something so empty, but in trying to convince us that there was something being "said", they only pointed up the philosophic and intellectual shallowness of their endeavor.

This, however, was somewhat disguised by the general enjoyableness of the production. The entire company was good, especially Barry Lane as Cain, Steven Carter as the devil in all his incarnations, including a cynical sideshow barker, Bill Boynton as Abel, and Beth Lipton as Eve, although she becomes a bit pretentious at times. The set concept, a triangular circus ring, was serviceable, as was the music by Nadine Andre and Beth Lipton. For all its faults, Original Peace was not boring, a claim that cannot be made by many student productions at Bard.

← Friday Night

I cannot think why George Apostolakis chose to direct the first act of Edward Albee's A Delicate Balance instead of a complete one-act play. This choice made it very difficult for Mr. Apostolakis to elicit any tangible amount of character development from the cast, most of whom delivered credible and creditable performances despite this handicap. The play concerns an upper middle class couple: Agnes, who is domineering and Tobias, who is acquiescent. Living with them is Agnes' sister, Claire, who insists, "I am not an alcoholic, I'm a drunk." It would not be fair to tell you more, because that is all the audiences who saw "Friday Night" (the title of the play's first act) got to see. Because the script presented was not a complete entity, the production could do little more than present a group of character sketches, without any real thread to tie them together.

The cast was quite good. Best were probably Greg Eghigian and Grace Walcott as Harry and Edna, a couple who realize the emptiness of their lives and turn to Agnes and Tobias for comfort. Their entrance comes at the end of the act, but their short scene is very well written and sensitively played. Paul Carter, as Tobias, turned in a subtle performance, almost too subtle. One would have liked to see a little more underlying tension. (Minor carping: I dare anyone to put away the amount of anisette that Mr. Carter was portrayed as having and not feel it.) Moira McCarthy as Claire was believable, if a little unfocused. Libby Shapiro as Agnes was disappointing. Bordering on stock acting, her performance seemed full of actor's trickery and technique, which obscured her character rather than heightened it.

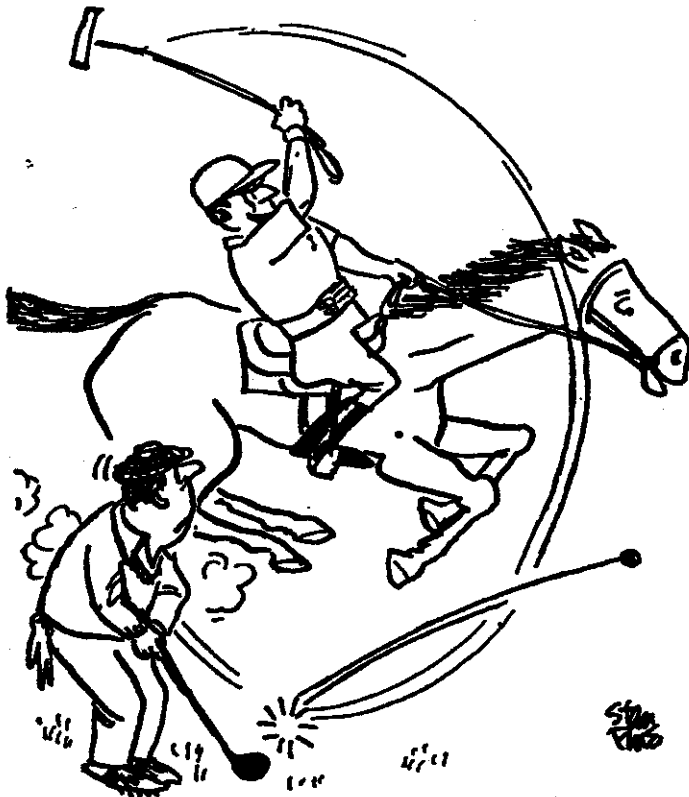
Mr. Apostolakis' direction was clean and studied, too much so. The pace dragged slightly, and the staging seemed self-consciously simple. Although the space was nicely defined, there was no real environment suggested, unless the effect desired was extreme sterility. His handling of the actors was competent, but, as noted before, the thread of the script eluded him. Perhaps he can overcome these problems the next time around by presenting a complete script.

Theater Reviews Continued: *Lear*

Edward Bond's *Lear* is a much simpler play than its Shakespearian prototype. There are no complex human motivations here, merely the business of survival within the governmental and bureaucratic systems that control human life. It is a disturbing play rather than a tragic one. *Lear* does not go spectacularly mad in this version; he goes quietly mad (or becomes quietly sane, depending on your point of view) upon realizing that the system that had been his life is the worst type of insanity. It is a play of violence and power, but the human element is crucial. If we don't see the characters as human beings, the violent and disturbing situations and images in the script are devoid of their power to disturb. The Bard Theatre's production, directed by William Driver, was largely successful in this area.

The cast of twenty-five performers, many of them playing three or four different characters, created a world of living people within the confines of Meryl Joseph's stylized unit set, a huge, bloodstained battlefield that surrounded and engulfed them. Michael Bell as *Lear*, although a little weak at first, subtly grew in stature and strength, a subtlety that transformed *Lear* the king, *Lear* the fugitive, and *Lear* the outcast into *Lear* the man. Bill Abelson as the Grave-digger's Boy, who befriends *Lear* and later becomes the mad king's ghostly vision symbolizing the human suffering caused by governmental tyranny, was consistently believable and human, and did some remarkable physical work as the ghost, hovering and observing at the end of scenes. Susan Nicholson and Heather Harris as *Lear*'s rebellious and sadistic daughters were convincing as sisters, as sadists, and as ruling powers, all at the same time, while keeping their characterizations clear and distinct. Good moments were provided by the rest of the cast, and especially by Elissa Moser, Bud Ruhe, Hal Hillman, Courtney Adams, Chris Hunter, John Psillakis, and George Apostolakos.

The production was disturbing and arresting, but not as much as it might have been. Two factors hindered it. One was its length. Three and a half hours is a long time to sustain the degree of intensity that the script requires. Another liability was the device of blacking out the lights for ten to fifteen seconds between scenes. This effectively slowed the play's momentum and padded the length of the performance. The play retained much of its impact, however, thanks to the cast and the general excellence of the play's conception.



FIN

P O E T R Y

— Contributing Writers:

Karla Paschkis

Kellie Delaney

Siobhan

Holly Berezow

Sarah Johnson

George Hunka

Elizabeth Hendrix





*on matte gray days
i am a gallery.
framed and on walls,
abstracted.*

*on matte gray days
i am a gallery.
i hang myself
on my cellular walls.*

-- Karla Paschikis



Kellie Delaney

Life is captured in ninety minutes -
a new face in the same story
brings to mind the likeness and absurdity.

We enter alone with empty hands while
flowers and programmed farewells await our exit
and in between are the opposites.

They depend on each other.
i watch my discontents and illusions
on a video screen and i am redundant.

Without resolution -
reality is vague and ambivalent -
it can be conjured for a price.

Gathering moss with age in the
age of sterility
bent

the shrine
the forum
the whiskey
the dump

dumped at the shrine for napoleon
dumped whiskey on myself at the forum
drank whiskey to convince them the dump is a shrine
held a forum to make the shrine a dump

home box office tragedies

now i think i know why i feel the impulse
to change and re-arrange my life. the fragments
never make sense anyway
and change is the only constancy i can perceive

still i am not that wild flower that grows
without stipulations and still if i try
to read between your expectations i lose.
i still receive your letters triumphantly as if

winning the triple crown on your horse
seeking always a confession because the ropes
you held me with
when i was bound in slip-knots

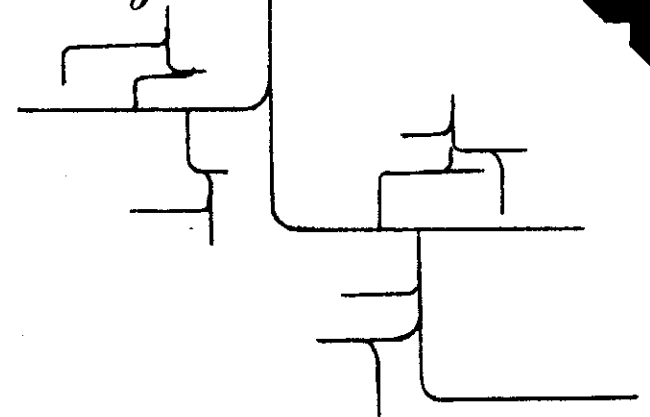
have been cut . in some ways the dummy of
your ventriloquism will always be me.
you musician dictator sod
intentions chose your names

i am lying in a place beyond the
circumference of your vast but limited
world gasping under the bloody sheets
you repeatedly pulled

over my face



Kellie Delaney



Siobhan

Siobhan



Siobhan

I heard that music again, wishing it was here
reach to Paris across the room
it's been too long
in old comfort rising against the fear that I may not
touch it --
What is real will be hidden,
it always is
I will be here not it --
Here I sleep naked
and night alters its force
shades half pulled against
all my things where they should be
to carry this through to
close quiet
now against the fear of dark
breeze pricks my shoulder
and the voice through the radio
here is where I
cry --
as close to alone as I choose
the eyes in the window are foreign
those eyes a smaller window
trees hide here
me naked amid the leaves.
The piano leaves me in whispers
no further
angels in mothers' clothes
blue wagons
and the angel comes and
leaves me far behind
Against the fear, noise and light
recreations of vulnerable memory
the fantasy lies in the combining
I sleep naked in a double bed
where I am real it is not
where I am not it is

Sound sense of breath
hours are all there is

Siobhan

*"where the winter olive is taken"
("How is it far if you think it?")*

*(Pound)
(Confuscious)*

there in the temple where we met

King/King a coffee shop the place

indistinct as the fall of Matter

taken into hand I am

*becoming fire on fire
(the hills were already burning)*

extinguishment in the other way

*I know of as "form"
(inactive All abandoned in those hours
the book of motive forces dampened)*

the periphery still as you look over my shoulder

I am the Kuan Yin

*the fat moon taken by the palms unfurred
(elsewhere the hands felt dry)*

fine wits are disfigured by abuse of sperm

but no threnody here the dynamic is pure

eyes exploring aesthetics in every crevasse

*of pale fabric on young yang
(he danced within my circle the way water kills fire)*

still, be still, look away

fumble breasts in concentration

I cannot take your Kundalini

Artemis

Khati

the moon born not for taking

cont. →

Kuanon calling the breast-hill calling

I am Kuan

Yin

Nothing is gained

by trying

Nothing is

everything

holly berezow

11/3/81

If women put themselves in a situation where they are demanding their rights, they put themselves in the position of beggars. If we are really are going to change society we have to be in a position where we can give. If we want to be in a position to give, then we have to realize that we have something to give. We have an innate intuition of how it is with nature, to the point that we have menstruation every month, connected with the moon and tides. Therefore, we are receiving a part of nature and that makes us very powerful. We have to use the fact that we are outside of the male power structure. We should try to work in our way way rather than in theirs -- and use our own wisdom.

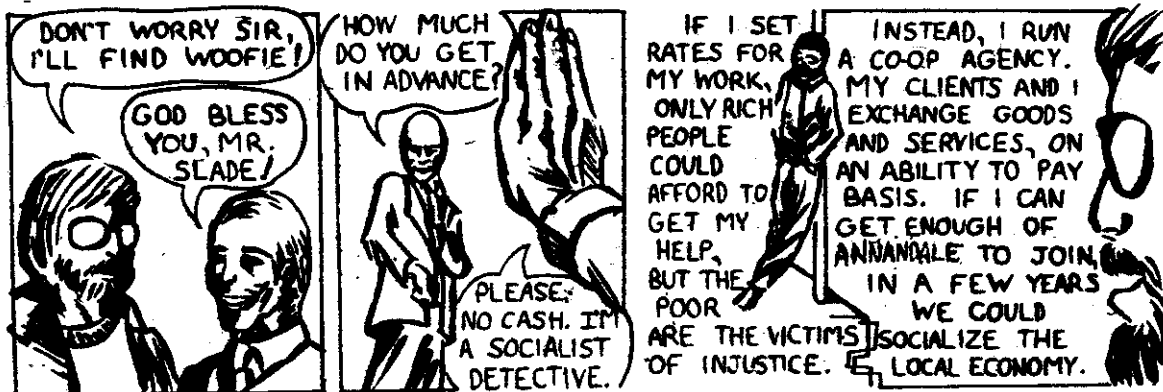
For instance, when I was going to Apple meetings with lawyers who represented the other Beatles, if I tried to play the same game they were playing, I would lose because I didn't have their experience. In confronting them, I had to be myself, which meant using my instinct. In one meeting that was very important, I knew I didn't have the power to stop the dangerous things that the lawyers would try to do. The only power I had was to manage to move the date of the meeting to when the moon was void astrologically -- not in line with the earth. If you have a meeting when the moon is void, everything you decide will later be annulled. I said, "Well, we have to meet on this particular date because it is the only one available to me." And we met, and they decided on a lot of things I couldn't stop, and later the decisions were annulled. This is just an example of how I operate.

*Yoko Ono
1981*

The Mind of SARAH JOHNSON

As energy unleashed us toward doom a state we envisioned in
 glances common unto vague matters of shopping transfixed then dis-
 regarded in lieu of traffic jams we mentally sifted through cauli-
 flower heads of which if not languoring molds rattled empty
 empty empty coughs thickened as energy licentious suckled
 perturbations us we redirected fears blacklisted redirected
 us we into deep-fried hallows our eyes sunk with joy
 Yet who was we us in the face of them who crashing deep among the specks
 against which they were infinite
 Against them who tunneling among stars yet our lives continued at a
 startling rate
 We crept on through the vigor of their doomsday rush fantasies
 Empty empty empty we us diverted by popcorn balls the size of
 fists clung sputtering to gumball palaces grease-cut neon
 entrails snagged by their grinders this energy it this
 this energy they harbored dead skin coilings tucked then savored
 beneath their fingernails (this they told us) this energy they
 smashed smashing snagged and snagging churned we it they us
 we gagging sipped
 Such trivial misdirections: What drank you for your supper? And we
 submitted polite response
 We cloaked us selfless hour within us' spittle-mildewed/certificates/
 yeah well neatly pruned charges of status and fashion harmless and a
 few more hairpins crept we clung we empty empty and tunneling eyes into
 the crotches of us' own souls/in collective diversion grinning spasmod-
 ically like Christmas shells but when we groped with us' eyes us sheathed
 in distractions from us' shelves by the accoutrements of purported
 existence we groped and found the sinking splashed we found us' souls
 pissing in hushed rage/empty empty/void that was us' solace slunk from
 liberation by the form procreated by their shadow/unleashed by their
 energy/an offer of soul and sustenance thin gruel granted/it was a
 polite and inconsequential affair

end

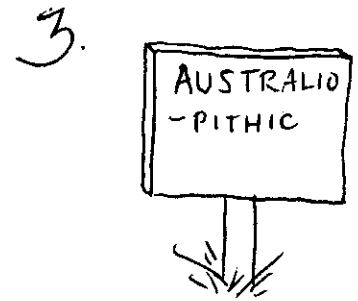
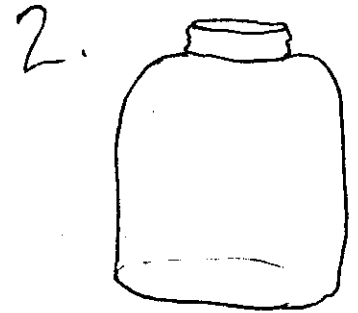
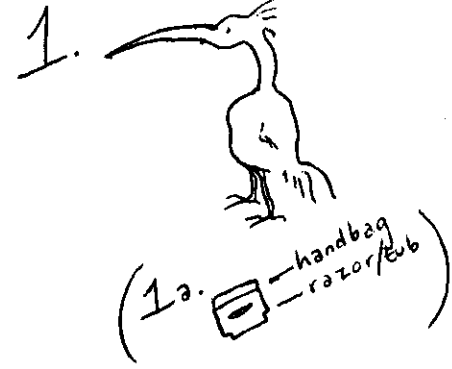


Q:
What urges
this gentleman on
through the untidy
romance of life?



A:

TAKE
YOUR
PICK



Note: Mr. B. Tendencies after great deliberation crawled inside #2 and has not been seen clearly since. His action has been reproached in the June & Nov. issues of Australiopithic Monthly.

bard bands

poem for nathaniel west

of course, I still remember when I was introducing the Lost Cause,
a band which has gone through numerous breakups,
rearrangements, through a period of professionalism,
and Charlie Lenk thinks they're the best they've ever been.
well ... I don't think I was wasting my time
when I promoted a band which was musically
lousy,
and their lyrics had a certain coarse class,
and nobody had any illusions about how good they were,
or how bad they were.

I didn't like the music then.
I still don't.

At their performance at the Innkeepers Pub,
somebody asked me how they were.
"They're terrible," I said, "I don't like the music."
"Why do you introduce them, then?"
"They asked me to," I said.

It goes a little further than that now.
You had to admire their spirit, their guts,
For being coarse,
For being untalented,
But for putting out what was pure and unprofessional.

You have to have a talent for
that.

nobody remembers how good he was
or how bad he was.
he seems to have known what was behind those
dear abby columns
and what idiots those people were
for writing to a newspaper
and shoving their sorrows beneath the eyes of a man
who smoked cigars and drank too much
as any man who knows how useless life is
would do.

but, of course, nobody remembers him for that now.
just for the realization that hollywood was not a place where
dreams came true,
but not for how much people were fucked up.

faulkner isn't much.
hemingway isn't much more.
not compared to a man
who seemed to know what was really going on
in a city, where it counts.

people might cry,
but for nothing that means any thing.
they cry because they don't know where their next lay is coming from,
or because they don't know who they are
and they've never cared enough to find out.

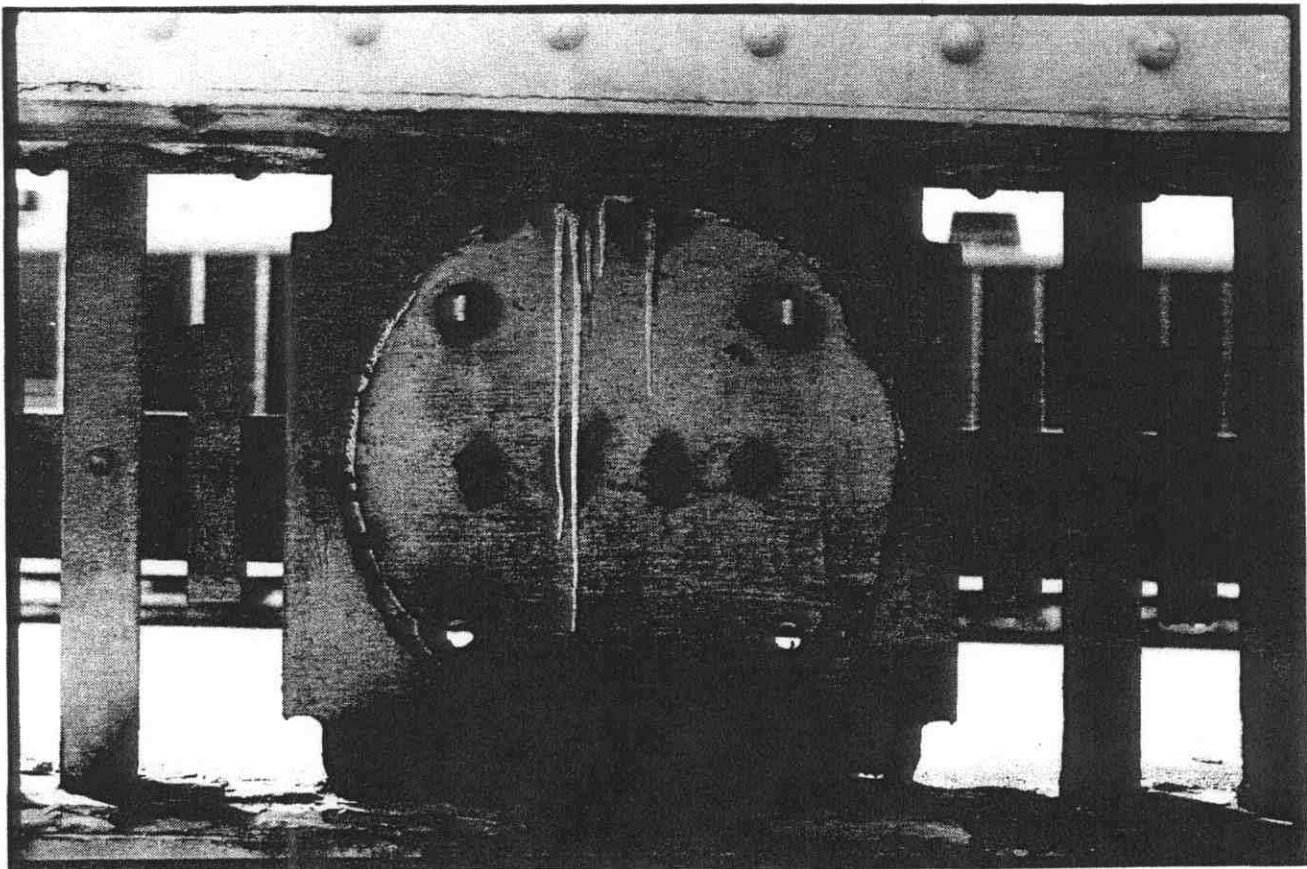
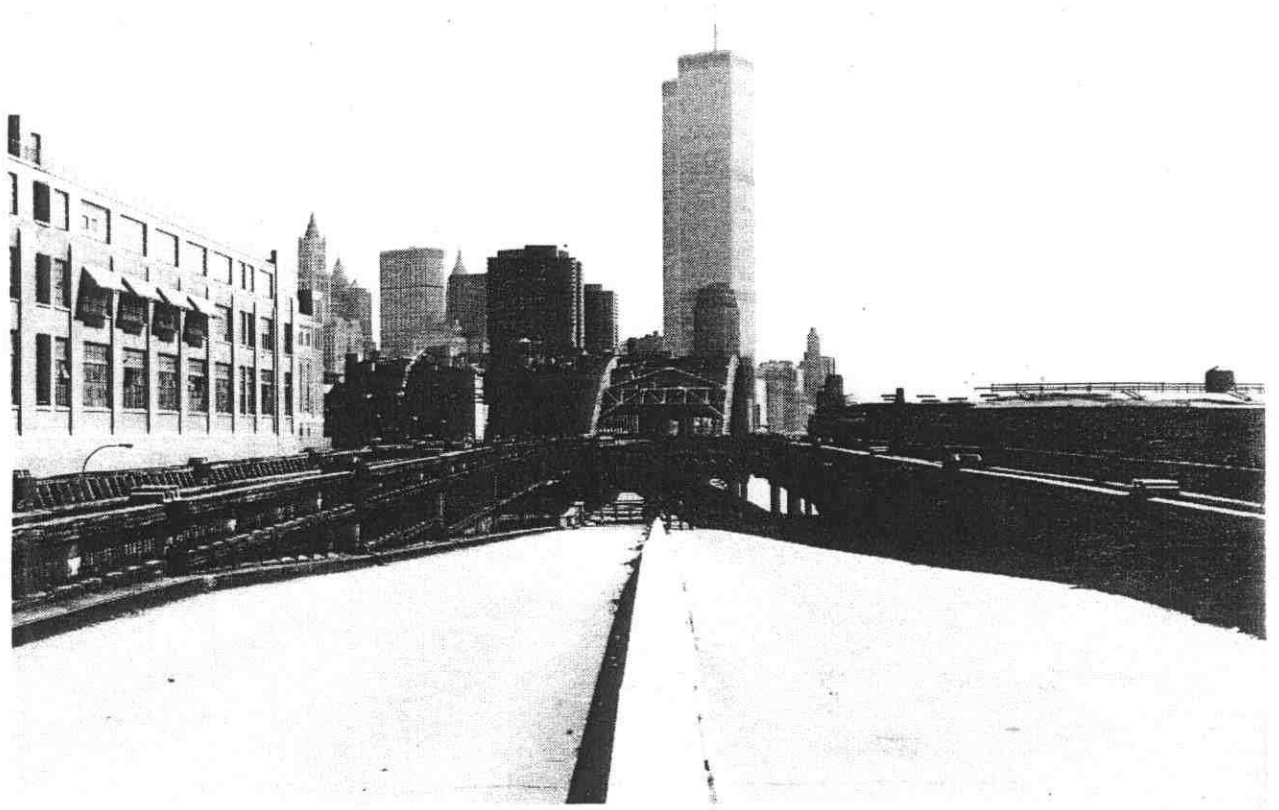
some people
are better than others.

George Hunka

Tracy Roth







The Mind of ELIZABETH HENDRIX

Study in Black and White

There is a delicate surrealist sensation that overcomes one, deeply upsetting the balance of the world's stability. Consistency, the means for relative comparison and predictability are destroyed. Thus, a violent uprooting occurs so devastating because now, and from this moment on, opinions and judgements have no ground for credibility.

There is a delicate surrealist sensation, overintoxicated, a tremendous urge to regurgitate the inconsistency. One can no longer be sure that the chair one sits in will not suddenly become a writhing mass of stone that has suddenly somehow pululated, churning and gurgling for a while and just as suddenly returning to its former state, or perhaps another.

There is a delicate surrealist sensation -- Nothing can be taken for granted anymore; anxiety exquisitely interferes with every activity, every thought. Reality disintegrates, usurped by uncertain and impermanent impressions. Appearances must be re-evaluated and dissected quickly before they drift, or we drift out of focus. Sometimes there is a splash of prolonged vision, scarcely daring to wait for an extended perspective on the moment's set of appearances.

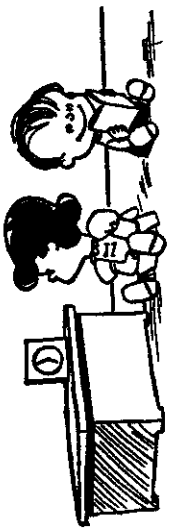
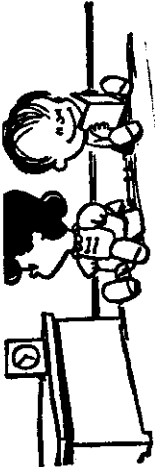
There is a delicate surrealist sensation - As if past personal knowledge quietly explodes, and history. No meaning to time as beings step consciously into each moment. As if onto spring ice. Forgetting the last moment, in relief that is murdered by the strangling fear of the next. Apathy replaces the remnants of God.

There is a delicate surrealist sensation - Every life devoted in panic to the blinding darkness of the next moment. A thick shell clapped around every alibi, lowering everything to the same level of depravity and simplicity. Emotion all drowned and blended to one-anxiety, fear indistinguishable from flashes of a weak relief that the last moment is over. Nothing is unacceptable in an unexplainable and inescapable world. Undefined transitions from moment to moment.

There is a -- ! Afraid to think of oneself as a valid creature. Afraid even to assume a self. Fear of anything resembling a truth - still - beating your head against the wall and for the moment you exist. Then melt in a shimmering river shrieking noiselessly and getting caught in the weeds. Then feeling the strike of a rabbit underneath the wheel of your automobile.

There -
The ballerina dances with the lumberjack.

end



'A B.L.T. for God
—hold the mayo'

HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

Vermont is, as
you might suspect,
against adultery

'I like to
irritate
people I
don't like'

through the
REAR

like drilling with

spaghetti

Now along comes LSD (see following pages), and it looks as if my safe world of normal consciousness is going to be revealed as a wasteland inhabited by wild men and their dreary ideas. If the evangelical users and promoters of LSD are right, we might just be awfully lucky to be on board the planet at this time of discovery. To judge from the ecstatic endorsement of the "acid heads," no one has really lived until he has launched himself on a "trip." Powered by LSD, no one has really explored his psyche until its true convolutions and colors have been bathed in

WHAT YOU MUST DO:

1. Admit your need (I am a sinner).
2. Be willing to turn from sin (repent).
3. Believe that Jesus Christ died for you (on the Cross) and rose from the dead.
4. Through prayer, invite Jesus Christ to come in and control your life. (Receive Him as Savior and Lord.)

WHAT TO PRAY:

DEAR FATHER, I KNOW THAT I AM A SINNER AND NEED FORGIVENESS. I BELIEVE THAT CHRIST DIED FOR MY SIN. I AM WILLING TO TURN FROM SIN. I NOW INVITE JESUS CHRIST TO COME INTO MY HEART AND LIVE AS MY PERSONAL SAVIOR. I AM WILLING, BY GOD'S GRACE TO FOLLOW AND OBEY CHRIST AS THE LORD OF MY LIFE.

DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR OWN PERSONAL SAVIOR? YES NO

date

IF YOUR ANSWER WAS YES, THEN THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFUL NEW LIFE WITH CHRIST. NOW:

1. Read your Bible every day to get to know Christ better.
2. Talk to God in prayer every day.
3. Tell others about Christ.
4. Be baptized, worship, fellowship, and serve with other Christians in a church where Christ is preached.
5. Read **THE NEXT STEP**. It contains vital information for your Christian growth.

TAKE MY HAND
LORD JESUS,
I'M COMING HOME!

THE NEXT STEP
FOR NEW BELIEVERS

Live Your Life...
Relieved of Menstrual Distress

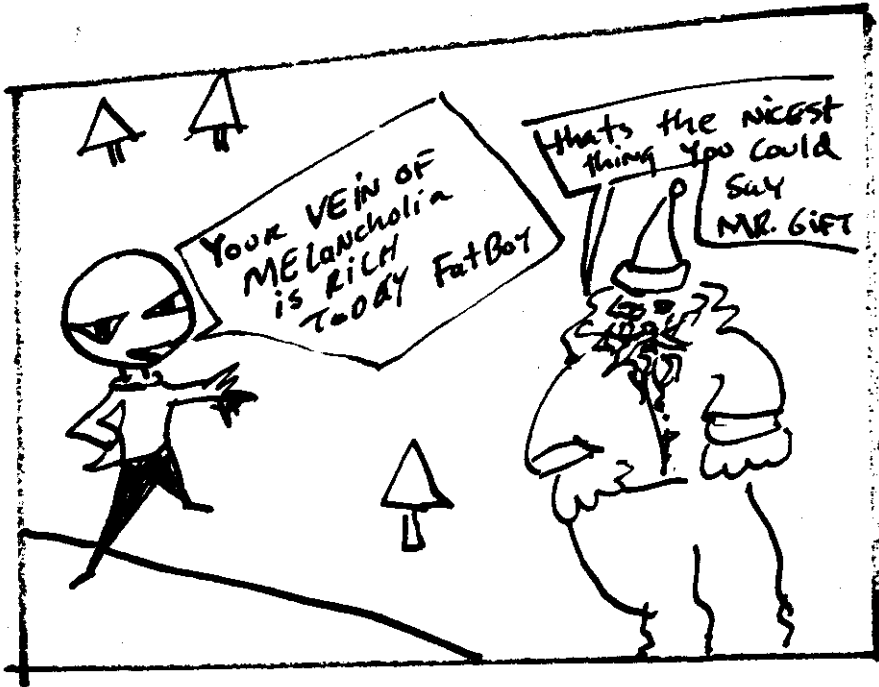
In the modern life you lead, there come the calm times, too. Strolling hand in hand. Reading together. Talking together. These are the precious, serene moments. And you let nothing interfere. Not even functional menstrual distress.

What about
a world
without sex?

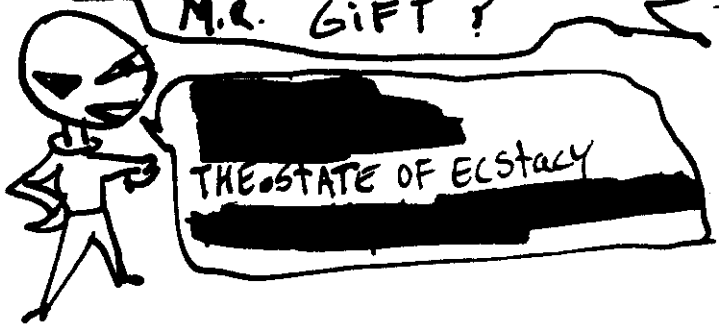
I MUST HAVE
BEEN INSANE!

A San Francisco mathematician takes a trip on LSD with his cat, who is on the drug too. He does this every other week.

DING DONG MEARY X-MASS



WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR X-MASS MR. GIFT?



ERIC WAS TOO LAZY,
ANGRY AT ME, AND
SEXUALLY DISTRACTED
BY HIS GIRL DEBBIE TO
FINISH THIS PAGE WHEN
I VISITED HIM. SO I HAD
TO DO IT FOR HIM. JE NE
REGRETTE RIEN!
-THE EDITOR



WHY ARE YOU NOT KILLING ANYONE THIS X-MASS MR. GIFT?



A BELL
with
A
DINGER

Look out for

Artie Burgundy knows what's good... for him.

We at Wretch Drums are proud to have Artie Burgundy join our stable of Rock Superstars. From mindless nihilistic bashing with The Twilites*, to funkini' out with The Caucasians*, and dancin'-the -mess-around Samoanz*, Artie has literally beat his way to The TOP! Now he deserves the best. WRETCH®

Now Artie can have all the drums his huge ego desires, gratis WRETCH®. True, he doesn't touch more than 50%-60% of his set in any gig, but he gets all the women he wants. He's telling you to buy WRETCH® and you'll do it because he's cool and you're not. WRETCH®



"From bashing on Mom's pots and pans to playing the Garden with The Lost Cause I always knew I had what it takes - raw talent. Boy have times changed. In the current repressive atmosphere of conservative thinking, tight money and general paranoia, talent takes a back seat to hype, pretension, gimmickry and poses. That's why I play WRETCH®. They're slick, so I look slick. If I look slick I'll sound good.*

"WRETCH and I have worked together to develop my custom autographed 2-Bass Drum system. The STWO BEAT®. One for the left foot and one for the right foot! Double the speed, Double the sound at Twice the price! Go for it with The STWO BEAT® and WRETCH®. Look out for Number 1."

WRETCH®

Artie Burgundy

WHAT A TEAM!

* "Wretch where was your self-righteous generosity when it really counted; back at Bard College, Those salad days of pure energy uncorrupt music and horrid equipment. Before I commenced into this dog-eat-dog world, before I realized to what depths I had to sink in order to 'make it'. If only...."

Artie