

Parsimony imperils Chest Fund

The continued existence of the Williams Chest Fund may well be in jeopardy unless its present operating procedures are modified. At a meeting held yesterday noon to discuss the future of the charity fund, junior Steve Bishop, head of the Lehman Service Council, suggested that it be subsumed under his organization. Also in attendance were College Chaplain John Eusden, Dean Andrew Crider, Winthrop Wassenaar (former head of the Williamstown Boys' Club), and two members of the College Council. Will Luedke and John Chandler have been looking into the status of the Fund since early this semester. They now plan to ask the CC for a two-week postponement of the final decision on the organization's fate.

Over half the money the Fund distributed last year, some \$2500, went to students initiating so-called Creative Summer Projects. The recipients were selected on the basis of descriptive applications submitted to Jacobs, who evidently made the decisions on grants himself. As Chandler concluded from his investigation, "It was pretty much in one man's hands." Furthermore, no reports on the use the money was put to have been made by any of the participants. Individual grants ranged from \$50 to \$200.

Such largesse may be ill-advised since the recent history of the Chest Fund has been marred by the worst possible plague of charity drives - a dearth of contributors. In February, 1971, Ron Jacobs '72, then in charge of the Fund, announced

that pledges and contributions were falling \$4,000 short of the \$6,000 goal. Fully \$800 of the \$2,000 given was received from the freshman class. Jacobs extended the campaign through the beginning of March, but scarcely \$3,000 was raised.

In the meantime, Pat Hubner '72 proposed a money-making scheme to the College Council. If it would advance him a \$6,000 loan, he would invest it on Wall Street under the auspices of his father's bank. Any return on the investment would go directly into the Fund, and the loan would be repaid. The Council agreed to the plan, and the money was made available to Hubner. Soon afterward, College Bus-

iness Director Shane Riorden got wind of the proposal and expressed serious doubt as to its legitimacy. (The CC has since drafted a by-law forbidding similar use of funds in the future.) The loan was retracted. Hubner provided the Chest Fund with \$2,000 net profit and a list of those organizations which were to be recipients of the money.

This brought the total endowment to around \$5,000, which was distributed this summer. Besides the \$2,500 paid to Creative Summer Projects, the other funds were apportioned in the following way:

7 July Greylock ABC Program \$250; 18 July Williamstown Day Care Center, \$500;

22 Aug. Williams-in-Hong Kong \$200; Williamstown ABC \$500; Berkshire Farm for Boys \$200; Upstreet Program \$100; Williamstown Boys' Club \$900.

The Fund was left, at the beginning of the semester, with a balance of \$564.18. This amount, together with whatever is raised by any means during the year, will be paid out next summer. One of the primary motivations behind establishing the Chest in the first place was an effort to keep solicitors for individual organizations off the campus. Whether the Fund, in its present condition, can continue to fulfill that function seems extremely problematic at this time.

Kagan defines the malleable mind

American pre-adolescents, despite the "educational" atmosphere that Sesame Street and creative playthings provide for them during the Wonder years, exhibit no more qualitative intelligence than primitive Guatemalan Indians of the same age. This is the conclusion of a study which Dr. Jerome Kagan of Harvard University detailed Tuesday to a rapt Bronfman audience. His hour-long lecture, ponderously entitled "Cognitive Growth and Plasticity During the Early Years," was a direct rebuttal to B. F. Skinner and other behaviorists, who contend that the environment is the predominant factor in individual development. The human mind, which Locke once described as a "tabula rasa," now appears to Kagan as a psychic Rosetta Stone, inscribed with an indelible code for cognitive growth.

What makes Kagan's discovery all the more remarkable is the fact that the normal Indian twelve-year-old, when an infant, resembles a "little ghost." "Their mothers treat them as Americans would treat a cashmere sweater, something to be

looked at and protected, but not entered into a relationship with," the professor related. Rarely fondled, seldom spoken to, and confined in the sterile environment of bare thatch huts, the San Marcos babies become listless, passive, and alarmingly silent. To this extent, their surroundings do induce severe retardation. At 18 months, they are two to three months behind their Cambridge, Mass contemporaries in cognitive functions, that is, the ability to interpret events rather than just to assimilate them.

Between the ages of one and two, however, the children enter the more stimulating ambience of the village.

Through experiments the results of which gave him "goose pimples," Kagan demonstrated that, by their teens, the Indian youngsters have recovered completely. "Like the tortoise, they catch up," he explained. Kagan concluded that the early effects of environment are entirely reversible, up to this age at least, and that "the capacity for perceptual and conceptual inference is an inherent human com-

petence which cannot be denied the child." The physical context in which he grows merely regulates the rate of emergence of this ability.

The implications of Kagan's work for American educational practice are obvious and far-reaching. By prescribing different treatment for those children who have not exhibited certain capacities by school-age, educators may create artificial deficiencies, which they label "mental retardation" and even "mild brain damage." "America values facts," he continued, "so it measures what you know. It ignores the actual thought processes, which develop as surely as walking . . . There are very few 'dumb' children, if they are evaluated by the standards of their own society."

To Kagan, the Western ideal of the individual identity has always seemed "like a box of gems, with traits engraved on them, an inalterable personal make-up." What his work suggests is that the diamonds in the rough can be uncovered anywhere if a society is eager enough to look for them.

Prof. Robert Gaudino has long been combatting the shibboleths of the liberal arts education at Williams. He has sought to break down the barriers between the academic and non-academic worlds. The Williams-at-Home program, which was initiated last fall, "represents the latest part of several years effort in experimenting with the uses of experience in educating." This experimentation is a departure from the traditionally academic and insular approach to education formerly taken by the College.

This sacred cow of educational theory was first modified in the fall of 1969 with the institution of the Williams-in-India program. A similar program, Williams-in-the-City, was attempted the next year but failed due to student apathy.

Upon the completion of the first year of the WAH program, Gaudino has, in "A Preliminary Reckoning", sought to assess the successes and failures of the program and re-state the argument for experiential education.

In the report he stresses: "I write about the program as it has to be reported back to the college. It has to be made visible to the college, seen in the light and present activities of the college."

He begins by examining the premises of the program:

"Our purpose is not just to have experience. It is to use it. It is to reflect upon it, to let it enhance or inhibit our sense of self. It is both to put us inside experience and to move us beyond it. It is true that just having experience is important for the Williams student. His formal education has not provided for it. Experience has been left to times off. "Do it during summer vacations!", which means having experience without reflection, without the use of the mind."

What Is Experience

"Experience is direct touch with something different. It is an up-close, face-to-face look at that which is other, strange, hard to see. It is not something the student is likely to seek on his own. One can expect resistance. It may have to be forced. There is little in it that is

spontaneous and natural. Seeing by experience is not easy. It takes competence and intelligence, and some degree of self control. Experience is not just found. It is used. It is particular, of course, but not those familiar particulars close to home which reinforce and make secure. One must be alert, tirelessly so. One must live in the present without apology.

"If experience is growth, then it is an uncomfortable, limiting, bumpy kind of growth. It may stretch, but it also compresses. As it increases, it diminishes. It opens out into variety, difference, confusion, even loss. It reduces the chances for making reality over like oneself.

"Practically, it connects with people and situations that the student does not ordinarily meet at home or in college, and would not seek out on his own. It is not what he would set up for a profitable summer. It is not so pleasant, for it involves testing on grounds which the student does not originate or create. He does not make experience. Others do. Therefore, in its immediate impact, it does not reinforce or confirm. Control is difficult, robbing experience of a certified future, of an assured use. In the end, of course, quite a bit of it is lost, cut out by our uneven memories, selected and shaped to our own visions of reality. In the interest of making sense out of it, some clipping it down to our size is inevitable, some reduction through forgetting is appropriate.

Reception of Experience

"The aim of WAH is not experience for its own sake. The aim is education, an education which uses experience for its own ends. The intention is to see as particularly as possible, and to move toward perspective on what is seen. It is to use experience for reflection. Reflection on persons, on their family situation, on their work, on their existence in a real world. Reflection requires, both as an approach to learning and as a method of living, not just a distance from self, but some reduction in the sense of self. There is a kind of pleasure in the checking of one's expression, of holding back the self in

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Home is not the same

edited and condensed by Paul Owens

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CORRESPONDENCE

What monolith?

To the editors:

If Mr. Rollert thinks fighting the SM (Sugarcoated Monolith) of Consciousness III is difficult, he wouldn't believe what it's like to convince people of the BS of the SM (simplistic monolith) of "international Communist cooperation in military aggression."

If he thinks McGovern is callous about the fate of the South Vietnamese people (as though Nixon were their savior), he should remember the Laotians, Cambodians, North and South Vietnamese who suffer from Nixon's bombs before speaking of "callousness". If we want to talk about "saving people," let us ask what the Nixon government was doing during the crises of Biafra and Bangla Desh. It is obvious that saving the Thieu dictatorship merits more of our attention and resources than do a few million starving people.

If Mr. Rollert thinks McGovern is not worried about "Israel, and Eastern Europe, and the American lower-middle class, and the capitalist economy in general," he should read the *New York Times* I read.

If he thinks the complaints against Nixon are basically "inconsistency and lack of credibility," does he mean that if RMN were consistent and credible it would change the issues? Nixon is consistent—in his incredibility. But is the case against the President as mild as this? One can be credible and still be a liar. The implication seems to be that if only Nixon did not get caught lying . . .

If Mr. Rollert thinks that "these issues have been discussed seldom, if ever," an "inexcusable fact," and that "if we are to be an open intellectual community . . . we must . . . begin debating the issues . . . for the sake of . . . intellectual honesty," he should hear what McGovern says about debating in public. I agree with Mr. Rollert; the fact that Nixon refuses to discuss the issues is inexcusable.

Finally, if Mr. Rollert thinks it's tough advocating Nixon at Williams, he should see how far one gets with Marx. Better still, he should try speaking out for peace in Saigon. **Chris Curtis '73**

Clarifying meditation

To the editors:

Re your article on Transcendental Meditation (TM): In the main, Lionel Jensen got the facts across, but I was a little disturbed by the extra lively writing which in this case seemed to me less effective than straight reporting, and indeed, needlessly confusing. He was undoubtedly overwhelmed by Amy Kabatznick's enthusiasm and "verbiage," and one would not want him to record everything she said verbally without skepticism, even had that been possible. However, as a meditator, I would particularly like to dispel the fantastic atmosphere created in Jensen's article. Many meditators, particularly young meditation teachers, do become very enthusiastic crusaders. Also, many meditators and non-meditators are turned off by the feeling of the teachers' being "disciples" of Maharishi. What is actually a very careful, cautious system of teaching comes across as frenetic and cultish. This is bound to happen when you try to introduce something as new (for us) and strange as meditation. However, it should be noted that one's attitudes do not really matter. However it works, it works, for everyone. I have been meditating since last May and my father (a "rational" college professor and

Williams alumnus) and mother have been meditating since the middle of the summer. We all have found the deep rest and release of stress that meditation gives us to be very valuable. That is all the preaching I want to do. Go ahead and be skeptical, but do not mock what you have not tried yourself.

Suvie Judd '74

P. S. - It is odd that TM should be associated with drug use. I refer anyone interested to a letter from Herbert Benson, M.D. of the Harvard Medical School, to the *New England Journal of Medicine*. (Nov. 13, 1969), recommending that Transcendental Meditation be explored for the alleviation of drug abuse.

Shades of gray

To the editors:

I am writing in response to Mr. S. Nyamavu's recent article entitled, "White people and Black music" in *Viewpoint*. I strongly disagree that jazz can be equated with Black music. I know nothing about true Black music and do not pretend to, being a "White boy." I can not doubt its existence, nor will I try to; however, one thing I can say and firmly believe is that jazz, in its true form, is not "Black music." It seems to me that it shows great naivete and lack of knowledge of the roots of jazz to say that it was originated by Blacks exclusively. The fact is that jazz was a great conglomeration of different musical roots, of which the Black music plays a great role. Jazz is a real art form that requires a great knowledge and appreciation for music and musical form. Black blues and slave work songs played an integral part in the formation of jazz, just as did harmonic structure and qualities developed in Europe. Jazz was not developed uniquely in the South by Blacks, but sprang up rather spontaneously throughout America, tying the various roots of White and Black music together into an intricate form of art, an art that could never have survived without the great cooperation and existence of both White and Black music.

The contention that "Blacks play it best" is a matter of purely personal opinion; however, when one discusses jazz and its evolution, it would seem odd to restrict it entirely to the great Black artists. Such musicians as Benny Goodman or Tommy Dorsey were instrumental in the evolution of jazz and in making it the intricate art form that it is today. Jack Teagarden was a white trombone player and blues singer who Louis Armstrong once considered the best in his field. Teagarden played a great role in getting the blues to be accepted as a real musical form in America. His blues' voice and trombone indicate that color does not have to make a difference.

Looking back at jazz history, it is impossible not to notice how closely Whites and Blacks have always worked together in this field. There were the great combinations like Goodman and Teddy Wilson or Armstrong and Teagarden or Colman Hawkins and Bud Freeman, who both worked to get the saxophone to be an accepted jazz instrument in the days when the music was dominated by trumpets and trombones. The working-together of Whites and Blacks enabled jazz to evolve.

Jazz is a real art that has taken the genius of many musicians, and it has borrowed ideas from all areas of music, White and Black alike. Perhaps "White folk" do not understand true Black music, but one thing is certain: that music is not the same as jazz. **Benjamin Duke '75**

Reflections

The green ceiling was supplying no answers. Squirring between the dirty sheets of our bed to avoid cracker crumbs and an old Cheerio, we looked up at the ceiling in defiance. Why is it necessary to get up and face this day, we asked. There was no answer.

The room was sombre and cold; black cobwebs enveloped each corner and spread darkly along the walls. An action, color poster of a football player looked oddly unreal on one wall—a splash of life amid the deep gloom. Neil Young's plaintive reflection that "everybody knows this is nowhere" echoed through the thin walls from a source downstairs. But we were isolated and alone, contained in four walls like a small, motionless capsule isolated in space. Finally, ready to face the bright new day, we lurched unceremoniously into the hall to be greeted by cloudily fluorescent light and a row of blue doors, their faces set impassively in their roles.

It was raining outside. It was not just a shower, but a heavy, driving rain that whipped and stung your face, carried by a wind that belled its laughter at our stupidity in coming out this day. People streamed out of buildings, directed by an unknown hand to new places in the puzzle each hour. Who did we know among these people? Perhaps a handful; most were unknown, passing by in a stolid row. A pair of eyes here or there offered faint recognition—a faint offering of friendship—but most glinted coldly.

In the warmth of a shop, into the face of one of those tacky and diamond-hard blondes that are always in the old gangster movies, we ask: "Can you cash a check here?"

"There are other stores on the street." In another: "Do you have my laundry?"

"Maybe later in the day."

Outside, a child, obviously proud of his yellow slicker, dances in the rivulets running into a nearby gutter. He is happy and content in the rain, not rushing furiously through it like his fellow men on the adjacent sidewalk. Singing a child's rhyme, he teeters on the edge of the gutter and then pulls himself away. Pleased with his abilities, he skips down the street, flashing his bright red rain hat against the dismal sky. It is a moment out of time; a brief second of innocence and pleasure.

But it is gone—we reach for the mo-

ment to try to bring it back, but the moment is like the rain, running unceasingly through our hands, and incapable of being delayed.

There is a note from a friend in Baxter: "I'm into that life is meaningless syndrome. I've been living in a dorm for four years, and I'm tired of the record players and the food and the dorm jargon. What is the purpose of this experience? The only valuable things which I developed in those years were some honest relationships, and knowing that the people with whom I developed those relationships are so far away now is very depressing."

Eyes meet again in the lunch room—across a table, across the room. "Hi, I'm John." Do we know him, we ask ourselves. People are funneled into the room and, standing at its entrance, they look for a friendly face, or even a body to which they can attach a first name. All the lonely people.

But we don't stop to think about it while gurgling abrasive root beer; there must be a purpose to this life, we tell ourselves. We are being educated! But is this education a revelation, a new beginning, or is it a repetition, a poorly constructed maze through which each of us must pass, must pass, must pass . . .

The day unfolds. The athletes all say "hi" to the men of the field house, the janitors and attendants. These men are buddies for many and engage in the easy camaraderie which often develops between the athlete and the men who are always cleaning around the shower. But one man, caught motionless between towels and mops, is staring silently into the rain, exchanging no pleasantries, no "good ones." It is as if the towels and mops and shoulder pads have lost their meaning for the moment, and the quiet, vacant smile asks, "Why must I play this role? Why must I be this small piece in the puzzle?"

At night, at a party: all the lonely people. "Get drunk and drown your sorrows." "If I don't get one in ten days I'll turn into a . . ." There are shallow smiles and forced laughter. But, back in bed late at night, finished the full circle, the ceiling still offers no answers. The dark cobwebs are ever-present, but now they penetrate the mind. The thin shafts of light, hope are gone, and there is only the dark, the one true friend, and the goddamn Cheerio.

There is silence.

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Williams' music scene

The Music Department at Williams will provide many more hours of performances this semester, highlighted by the Berkshire Symphony and the Williams Choral Society.

Malcolm Frager, major award-winning concert pianist, will play Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 4 in G major* in the orchestra's opening program on October 20. Completing the Freshman Parents' Weekend concert are Honegger's *Pacific 231*, Sibelius' *Symphony No. 5* and Debussy's *Clarinete Rapsodie*, with James Mark as soloist.

For the fall concert on November 16th, the Choral Society will present a French program featuring Arthur Honegger's *Christmas Cantata*, the *Fete Polonoise* from the opera "Le Roi Malgre Lui" of Chabrier, and Faure's beloved and gentle *Requiem*.

A smaller offshoot of the Choral Society, the Chapel Choir will present a program on October 22, during parents' Weekends. That program will be devoted to the compositions of Ralph Vaughn Williams.

The world is a sub-committee

The College Council has announced openings for membership on a newly-formed Food Services Committee. This is an opportunity for all perennial food grippers to express constructive criticism as regards the culinary fare of the College. Interested persons may pick up applications at the Student Affairs office.

At last night's CUL meeting, the question of student attendance at Faculty meetings was again raised. A subcommittee composed of four Council members and four CUL people will investigate the problem.

A first, at the AMT

The Adams Memorial Theatre main stage will host a dramatic world premiere on Friday, Nov. 10. "The General Brutus" by Jeff Wanschel, will be directed by Bruce MacDonald. Auditions will be held in the AMT Library at 4 and 7:30 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 16. There are 25 parts open for both men and women.

The basic problem of Pavlo Hummel

David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones*, which is about a blinded soldier's return home from Vietnam, was one of the two most critically successful plays produced last year on the New York stage. Judged critically, *Sticks and Bones* is not much better than most contemporary theatre, but it seems to have struck the proverbial chord with critics and audiences alike, and its success is all too understandable in terms of its immediate impact on a populace weary of war: for the play is, in effect, an exercise in bourgeois guerilla theatre, of theatrical consciousness-raising.

Rabe's earlier play, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, which opened last night at the AMT under the direction of Steve Travis, is also about a soldier and Vietnam. Unlike *Sticks and Bones*, however, *Pavlo Hummel* deals not with the effects Vietnam has at home but, as its title implies, with the effects of military training and the war itself on a young recruit. And, as with *Sticks and Bones*, it would seem that *Pavlo Hummel*'s success must be based more on the nature of its topic than of its treatment of it.

The problem with *Pavlo Hummel* is the problem of most didactic art: it contains too much didacticism and not enough art. *Pavlo Hummel* is a kind of tract on the atrocities that the army perpetrates on its

own, and it is fanatically relentless in its exposition of them. As is the current mode, much of this is done on stage rather than suggested - thus we must constantly be witness to Pavlo being physically and psychologically harassed and beaten, and his endurance becomes our own. In a play where we are made to feel that the characters are somehow recognizable as human beings, instead of mere representations of cruelty and suffering, this is a virtue; in *Pavlo Hummel*, where the latter is the case, this results in the relatively easy dramatics of humiliation.

What is at fault here is not this production, but the play itself. *Pavlo Hummel* labors under the misconception that pounding a nail into the wall is the same as elaborating a point. Unfortunately, Mr. Travis' direction quite expertly conveys the frenzy of Rabe's script. With the assistance of Richard Jeter's superb set (which dominates the theatre by its extension into the audience), Mr. Travis pummels us with Rabe's often obscene and scatological hammerings. There is a limit to how much we can be shocked or revolted by the continuous repetition of "fuck you" and "shit". Admittedly these colloquialisms are reflective of their speakers' verbal and mental limitations, and of their vulgarity, but there is little art in transcribing this

and then having actors expound histrionically.

Still, the acting in *Pavlo Hummel* is commendable. Pavlo Hummel himself is very well portrayed by Steven Schulman, who manages to insinuate some humanity into a role which is almost devoid of it. Practically all of the other characters are variations on the savage: the morose Kress (Peter Mertz), the sadistic Sgt. Tower (Peter Kozik, in an outstanding performance), and the persistent Ardell (Bruce MacDonald), who hound Pavlo throughout. The only significant exception is Pavlo's mother, Mrs. Hummel, whom we meet once, when Pavlo goes home before being sent overseas. Maggi Renzi plays this woman with understanding and feeling, transforming what is but another bathetic monologue into something resembling a live presence. Charles Fox is effective as Brisbey, a basket case who refers to himself as "Stump", but the role is itself too exaggerated.

Yet it is neither exaggeration nor repetitiveness which ultimately characterizes *Pavlo Hummel* but rather blatancy and formlessness. No manner of writhing on stage in wounded agony can express a bullet's pain in the context of exchanges like "You're a walking, talking scar... How many times are you going to let them hit

you?" - "As many times as they want." We should, for instance, feel something at the play's end, when the dying, impotent Pavlo chants the following ditty: "I saw two stockings on the street, - Gee I wish I was between those feet. - But once a week I go to town, - They see me coming, they just lie down. - Sergeant, Sergeant, can't you see, - All this misery's killing me"; but the pathos and irony of this are obliterated by the inadequacy of the play's characterization - all that we have in *Pavlo Hummel* is caricature.

Rabe's explosion of human pettiness is, most of all, unsuccessful because incomplete. The realism *Pavlo Hummel* purports to fail to present more than a prismatic weakness and brutality. To assume that a representation of moral chaos through lack of form is argument enough is to deny the validity of the theatre and hence of the argument proper. Despite its very legitimate despair, and this particular production's proficiency in assaulting us with it, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* suffers from being more exorcism than experience. The play's final effect appears to be that of a mass exorcism of its audience's guilt, revulsion and fear concerning the immorality of the military and the war in Vietnam, rather than a dramatic - and therefore artistic - examination which might seek to explain this.

Arturo Calventi

In lieu of words

Banking on the "universal appeal" of the National Theatre of the Deaf, senior Steve Harty and the College Council will sponsor an appearance of that group in the AMT on Oct. 23. The performers will present a re-enactment of the epic "Gilgamesh", the Sumerian story of the creation of the world.

Harty received a \$1,000 loan from the College Council and made arrangements to provide the other half of the \$2,000 production cost. Harty hopes to break even by charging \$2.00 a seat to students for the performance. After seeing the NTD perform last summer, Harty was so impressed at this "entirely different kind of theatre" that he was certain it would be successful at Williams.

"Gilgamesh" is directed by Larry Arrick, with settings by David Hays, costumes by Fred Voelpel and lighting by John Gleason. Music is provided on Francois Baschet's "sculptures" expressly commissioned for the NTD. These art works are really "sound instruments" made from glass rods and metal tubes.

"The ability of deaf people to sense and communicate things by means other than verbal is fantastic," says David Hays. "Because of the reliance on sources other than the human voice, actors are communicating with audiences with a kind of depth and intensity we have never seen before. This is happy, joyful work."

The National Theatre of the Deaf, now

in its sixth year, is a culmination of many years' work that began as a germ of an idea in 1958, when the drama "The Miracle Worker" was in preparation prior to its long-run success on Broadway.

Mary Switzer, Commissioner of the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration (VRA) of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and Dr. Edna Simon Levine, a prominent psychologist in deafness research, shared such a vision. Although the VRA was eager to finance the project, it was not possible unless a university or foundation could be found to act as a sponsoring organization. David Hays, the Broadway scenic designer who worked with the director of "Miracle Worker", became associated with the Eugene O'Neill Theater Foundation (now the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center) in 1964. At that time, plans for the company began to take definite shape. The fledgling foundation took the project for a theatre of the deaf under its wing and shortly thereafter VRA awarded a \$331,000 three-year grant. The grant provided preparation for tours; on tour, the company earned its own way. A grant from the Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare finances a five-week school for deaf actors each summer at the O'Neill Center's Waterford, Connecticut headquarters.

Among the government's reasons for financing the company were to bring better theatre to the deaf community, to create pride among the deaf by proving that they

can contribute a valid art form of their own to the community, and to correct misconceptions about these gifted people. But the National Theatre of the Deaf should not be confused with a theatre for the deaf. It is an experience for both deaf and hearing audiences. The O'Neill Center's aim in this venture is purely artistic, while the government's is social. Yet if the artistic aim succeeds, the social goals must follow. Hearing audiences have been visibly and audibly shaken by their first encounter with this remarkable company. (If they came with the condescending intention of

seeing a performance by a well-intentioned but amateur company of handicapped people, they soon learned that the actors on stage were offering insights and emotions they had rarely experienced in a theatre.)

Tickets for "Gilgamesh" are available now at the AMT box office.

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more home

Continued from Page 1

order to see others, to see both their individuality and their situation. The student reduces his own sense of self in the interest of understanding and responding to the particular person and situation before him. All of this assumes, of course, a strong and confident sense of self to begin with which can put up with the reduction. Thus, the first step in learning through experience is not the achievement of articulated knowledge, but direct engagement with what is in front of one. The temperament necessary for this sort of interaction is rare, he notes, because: "we teach the student to question books, not other human beings or situations."

Home Life vs. Academe

"What is this 'at-homeness' anyway? It's necessary to make clear right now that there's something subversive about it. Subversive of the college! It undermines the institution in its most civilized, vulnerable, serious, conventional tasks. Given the purposes of the college, Williams-at-

Home is a kind of impossibility. It is, for the institution, not a very promising experiment. If it succeeds, all the worse. Too much of particulars, looseness, things best kept private. Not enough of professional observation, coherent method, disciplined theory.

"People 'at home' are more likely to be relaxed, to be themselves without apology or rational explanation. They are among their own kind, among the more durable things. Things that they have selected for themselves. It is a casual environment in which they can be complex, inconsistent, angry, trusting."

"It is the students' responsibility to fit in with the host family. 'In their own homes people have the right to make the rules, to enforce them, and to break them according to their own wishes and needs. The visitor has no rights or claims; he is the intruder. Whatever rights and actions the visitor makes possible for himself are gifts or concessions from the family. The student has to see more than his hosts see. He has to remain quiet longer.'"

"The home is a good place for early growth and old age. It is the beginning

point, and a pleasant place to rest toward the end. We all need it, respond to it, use it in our own ways. Evidently, it is not the best place for testing reality. It has its own reality. That is the challenge to the visitor.

"Williams is something else. It is more removed, wary, skeptical. Perhaps even suspicious. It tries to take the student out of the home. That is its peculiar accomplishment, its particular task, its conscious intention. It seeks to put aside the narrowness and prejudice of the home place. The work of the college assumes that the home endows the student with no rights and no serious insights. The home is not preparation for the intellectual, analytical purposes of a truly higher education. It gets in the way. The requirements of study do not include the purposes of the home, what it does, its ways of relating, its methods of living. As a place of study and learning, the college wants students that come from a 'good' home. It is dependent upon a good home, meaning that its activity is dependent on the security, poise, self-confidence, willingness to risk that a good home makes possible."

The college does not ask for or want the whole person.

The Academic Mind

"What the college really wants is access to the mind of the student. It wants to develop that mind, encourage it in articulations different in kind from home values. The college wants to reorient the students'

way of seeing and knowing, his way of dealing with specific realities outside of himself. It starts him on a precise, clearly defined vocabulary. Words and concepts not shaped out of his experience and background, but by the needs of disciplined theory. The student is provided with well defined methods of bringing reality into a coherent and consistent theoretical expression. The college places him in a community of professionals who can use that precise vocabulary, those established methods, the reigning paradigms, for unambiguous discussion with each other and, through his communication, to push inquiry along certain designated lines."

"They would call these pursuits humane, but they try very hard to keep their own humanity out of it, and certainly the students' humanity has no standing. Reduction of the effects of self is indication of their rigor, their control, their courage. The professional must get away from home in this effort, for this particular part of his life. The training and discipline of the mind, so necessary to all serious and stable articulations of reality, is the basic task of the college. The home is concerned with early growth, wholeness, exclusiveness, protection, being oneself, old age. The college is concerned with mind, conscious selectivity, precision in talk, distinguishing, disciplined generalizing, the middle years."

The Detached Self

"Important to this work of the college is a high level of self-awareness. The effort to separate fact from value is the struggle to separate self from work. It expresses the need for the professional to be very aware of his own premises and of their effect on his study. He seeks to become aware of self in order to reduce its

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effects. The purpose is not the flowering and free development and full expression of self, but the curbing and control of it. This serious effort to remove the self is grounded in a desire for knowledge not derived from one's own needs, not from one's own class, not from one's own family, not from one's own home. This concern has definite consequence: how one knows affects very definitely what one knows. Method influences content. It also takes particular kinds of personalities to do its work. Commanding and using an academic discipline is not an easy, natural, effortless task. It is not dancing in a meadow. It requires a different kind of imagination. Much less abandon. It demands interest, dedication, passion, skills, long hours of study, and a willingness to change and shift with the evidence. There's a good deal of disappointment and wasted effort, too. Home life is far more secure and easy and stabilizing, not at all tense about objectifying reality."

Conflicting Values

"Williams-at-Home, then, is not an innocent or haphazard title. Williams-at-Home is better because it suggests tension, even opposition, perhaps betrayal. It shows awareness about what it is doing. The home contradicts Williams in its most established and valued study. Williams is the place for reflection, putting a distance between self and subject matter in order to objectify reality. Home is the place for direct experience, the expression of the whole self, the reduction of reality to locality. It is with this basic distinction that Williams-at-Home begins. The program originates in this difference, or more exactly, in the seeing of this difference. It

juxtaposes the two educations, clarifying each through the other. It is the opposition between the two which is learned.

"The modes of learning in Williams-at-Home are more attuned to the college; the uses and ends of this learning are more like home. This study insists upon reflection, because that is what a college does best. But the reflection in WAH is not used to enhance the academic discipline. Rather, its purpose is wider personal observation. The aim is to prepare students to be both perceptive about and sensitive to meanings in life. It is to encourage them to look closely at people and situations. It is not to put together objective theory. It should be evident that our purpose is not the professional elaboration of theory. It is rather to prepare the student for living in the world with some imagination and grace.

The Resulting Growth

"Both home and college are uncomfortable in the presence of each other. It could be said they are unfriendly. They don't like contact. It unsettles their conviction and proper work. They would ra-

ther be left on their own, each in his own proper environment.

"Traveling in a year off from college or working through a summer are not substitutes for Williams-at-Home. They tend to give themselves up to experience without reflection. They form pleasant but vague memories. They lack the Williams component. But, on the other hand, the classroom without experience can produce boredom and indifference, and often produces too great a vulnerability to theoretical knowledge.

"Growth in personal insight is a basic aim of Williams-at-Home. The individual moves both with and against certain hard, external realities: It is learning by direct engagement, by opinion in tension and opposition to others, by the formation of identity in touch and in contrast with real people in real places.

"All this is rightly suspect at Williams, not because it is denied as necessary, but because of the belief that it is best done elsewhere. The very legitimate question raised by the college is: Doesn't the survival of disciplined knowledge depend upon

the survival of the institution of the college with its formed academic specialties so well defined in their premises, methods, purposes? The answer is no. This is too parochial an approach. The grounds are too narrow and exclusive for a liberating education. It is not practical enough to show the student his exact limits. The sense of limits provided by the discipline is theoretically drawn, not practically. The full education is the one that penetrates into the meaning of both home and college, betraying each in turn by the awareness of the other. The best education is to see and know more than either side tells of itself. Isolated from each other, neither one can tell the student about its opposite. But seeing and knowing both sides, and how they are opposed, is at the center of study in Williams-at-Home.

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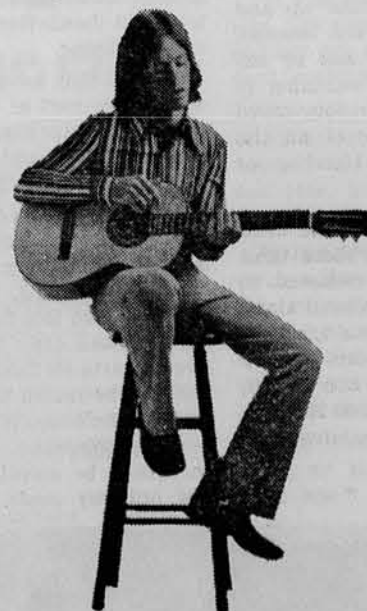
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volume 1, number 28

Male, female crews prepare for Regatta

"They have a good chance to take it all if they row well, as they can."

Bob Wiley, coach of the men's crew

"They are developing very well and have the potential to be one of the best crews around. Sunday should show it."

George Marcus, coach of the women's crew

Seven college crews will compete in the first annual Williams' fall regatta on Lake Onota, Pittsfield this Sunday. Crews from Connecticut, Worcester Tech, University of Rhode Island, Amherst, Holy Cross, A.I.C. and Williams will race over the 2,000 yard course that runs from the northwest corner of the lake to Burbank Park. The Williams Rowing clubhouse is in the lake's northeast corner.

Rowing at Williams was revitalized in 1967 after an absence of 30 years. Like any new venture, the club for a while had difficulty fielding quality crews. Last spring, however, Williams' oarsmen under head coach Bob Wiley beat traditional rivals Amherst and Wesleyan and qualified for the semifinals in the 60-crew Dad Vail Regatta of Philadelphia.

The races Sunday will be held in the following order:

10:30 a.m., first heat, men's varsity; 11:00 a.m., second heat, men's varsity; 1:00 p.m., second freshman eights; 1:30 p.m., women's jayvee eights; 2:00 p.m., men's varsity consolation finals; 2:30 p.m., first freshman eights; 3:00 p.m., men's jayvee eights; 3:30 p.m., men's varsity fours; 4:00 p.m., women's varsity eights; 4:15 p.m., men's varsity eight finals.

Men's Crew—

The men's crew, practicing three hours every weekday on Lake Onota, is pointing toward this Fall Regatta. A good showing Sunday would give the self-confidence necessary to do well in a week's time in the Head-of-the-Charles, usually a barometer of the fall's productivity.

The crew warms up in pairs before moving to larger shells for sprints up and down the lake in power tens and twentys. Although lacking exceptional size or experience the varsity eight is beginning to work well together. Training in four-oared shells has improved the style of all the oarsmen and has made the blending of these eight much easier.

Because of the harsh spring the crew depends on its fall program more than most schools. Thus they are reckoned to be one of the favorites this weekend along with Holy Cross and W.P.I. This top Purple men's shell comprises Scott Rowley (cox), Toby Garfield (stroke), Bob Brantl, Chuck Ossola, Rick Unger, Kirk Renaud, Captain Bill Walton, Mark Donahue and Dick Geier.



photo by Charles Baer

Williams' varsity crews practice on the rough waters of Lake Onota.

Women's crew—

by Janet Milne

Rowing at Williams is a chance for women to try a competitive sport completely new, new to themselves and to American collegiate athletics.

This latest development in rowing, the presence of oarswomen, is catching on fast here. This year there are almost as many women as men rowing out of the boat house on Lake Onota in Pittsfield.

Last year proved women's rowing to be more than just another lark instigated by women's lib. The women's eight rowed fall and spring seasons and showed that women could row well, work hard, and become devoted to the sport. This fall all the 'veterans' on campus are back for another season and about fourteen others have decided to put their hands to the oars and commit themselves to practicing five times a week. Under the coaching of George Marcus both a varsity and a JV eight are fast taking shape - and getting in shape.

Williams does not stand alone in this trend toward more oarswomen. Last weekend Williams became one of the charter members of the New England Association of Women's Rowing Colleges, an organization of ten colleges with two high schools as special members. These represent the schools with crews which had firmly established themselves last year; more crews are developing.

Though they have a separate coach, the women are part of the same organization as the men who row. Everyone practices at the same time, and Friday practices this fall featured races between coed crews.

Serious intercollegiate competition is a vital part of the women's program, especially in the spring. The fall is devoted mostly to learning, but a taste of racing will be gained this Sunday afternoon when the Williams crew teams host their first large regatta on Lake Onota. Williams women will be racing their 1000 meter course against Wellesley, W.P.I., Connecticut College and Wesleyan. Come cheer Williams on. You'll be surprised. Oarswomen look like ordinary coeds.



photo by Charles Baer

The Women's JV crew rehearses their spirit.

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SOCCER		
Hamilton	Home	11:30
CROSS-COUNTRY		
No Race		
RUGBY		
Albany Medical	Home	11:00
CREW		
Crew-Regatta	Home - all day	(Sunday)

they never had found the gym, for their best runner could manage only 15th place and they fell 15-50, a shutout effort by the Williams frosh.

The freshmen also got their first introduction to Coach Tony Plansky's well-known ways of the road, ably demonstrated in traversing Pittsfield on the return route. All indications are that the victorious runners are glad that their upcoming meets, RPI and Vermont on Wednesday and Tufts and MIT next Saturday, are at home.

Forecast

Football—

The Williams football team will be putting its eight-game win streak on the line against Middlebury, who enters the contest 3-0 with victories over Bates, Wesleyan and W.P.I. Both teams are in good physical condition with the exception of the Ephs' standout tight end, Larry Heighes. Heighes, who won the offensive-player-of-the-week honors in the opening game, suffered a broken hand Saturday against Rochester and will be sidelined three weeks. He will be replaced by sophomore Roger Erwin.

Last year's game is still fresh in the memories of those who played. With QB Pete Mackey picking the Eph defense apart, Middlebury led at the half 28-14. But the Purple came back with three touchdowns in the second half to win 33-28. Ed D'Arata scored the winning touchdown, his fourth of the game, on a fourth-and-seven from the Panthers' 32.

"We'll score, I'll guarantee that," head coach Bob Odell told 90 members of the Sideline Quarterbacks at the weekly luncheon meeting Wednesday in the Alumni House. "The defense will have to contain the diversified Middlebury attack."

Soccer—

The Purple booters "should win" over Hamilton coach Jeff Vennell said. "Hamilton plays a physical style of soccer, but if we play as we have recently (against Union and Dartmouth), we should beat them." The Ephmen won last year's game 4-1.

Sports mail

Dear Sir:—

Now that "Williams" has become interested in rowing as a sport I would suggest you indoctrinate your staff in the basic terms applying thereto.

I note in your issue of October 3rd on page 2 you publish an item under the title "Sculling along the crest". What that means I do not know. Your writer refers to the "Williams Crew Team", and I assume he means the Williams Crew. There is no such thing as a "crew team". A crew is a crew and a team is a team. They mean much the same thing, but one does not refer to a rowing team. The same illiterate error is compounded under the photograph on page 7.

Also in the item on page 3 reference is made to a new "launch boat". I assume the reference is to a "launch". One does not refer to a ship boat, a sloop boat, a schooner boat, etc.

On page 7, again, your writer at the end of paragraph two refers to "the remaining positions in the scull". I assume he means shell.

I suggest Bob Wiley give a course in seamanship to your staff.

Incidentally I think the RecordAdvocate is a much needed improvement over the rather vulgar and inept Record in recent years.

Good luck,
Leonard Jacob II, '16

Soccer team outplays Dartmouth 0-0

The Purple booters outshot their Green counterparts 35-8, played superior defense and had many shots barely slide past the Dartmouth goal. After two five-minute overtime periods Saturday, however, the score remained 0-0. "We were unlucky," commented coach Jeff Vennell. "We played well enough to win except we couldn't put the ball in the goal."

The offensive shots on goal were just off; they were not muffs. A line drive by Bill McMillan hit the crossbar, and heads by John Buehler and Tom Koerner slipped past the side posts. The score might easily have been, like its predecessor against Union, 5-0.

Dartmouth missed a penalty shot by four feet in the only chance but one they had to score all afternoon. The other Don Allison fielded nicely.

Williams' defense played as a solid unit, even when Steve Dewey and Bill Battey shuffled in. They dealt the Green, playing more individually than as a team, continual setbacks by backing up and sealing off rarely open men.

Frosh harriers sweep tri-meet

The Williams freshmen opened their college cross country careers Wednesday with impressive performances against Hotchkiss and Lenox in a tri-meet held on Hotchkiss' challenging 2.7 mile course. The race got off to a late start because the Lenox team was tardy after having driven for close to an hour around the massive Lakeville campus before locating the gym.

The delay proved to be no problem for the Ephmen, however, as purple shirts were the first three to cross the finish line. Keith Parker set the pace with a time of 13:50 followed by Bob Clifford (14:06) and John Rathgeber whose strong finish in 14:14 edged out Hotchkiss' first finisher by two seconds. Fred Rogers came in soon after and Rick Sproul, Williams' fifth man, coming in eighth place, gave the Purple a 19-36 victory over their hosts. Chip Cornell, Pete Reynolds, and Deane Foss finished 11th, 14th and 16th respectively. As for Lenox, it might have been better if