

CES aims for 'community involvement'

by Morgan Mead and Carl Morgenstern

The new Director of the Center for Environmental Studies, Thomas C. Jorling, feels that it is important for the Center to maintain high standards of academics in its undergraduate educational program as well as "giving students some feel for reality" and "acting as an adjunct to academic matters in trying to assist students who want to get involved in the environmental problems of the region."

Jorling says that while the Center itself should not become involved politically, "the expertise of individuals in the Center is available to the public, including involvement in legislative activities."

To establish closer relations with the Northern Berkshire area, the Center is trying to encourage student participation in the new Arts Project being started in North Adams. Jorling also hopes to open up the 1500 acre Hopkins Forest, which the Center administers, for educational research and compatible recreation for college and community, encouraging hiking, snow-shoeing, cross-country skiing, while outlawing snowmobiles and hunting.

Jorling says that this year will be spent "flushing out the academic curriculum of the Center to make a decision regarding the advisability of an Environmental Studies major." This proposal is currently being considered by the faculty, and even the members of the Center are undecided about whether there should be such a program. Jorling would also like to offer more courses from the humanities, and an upgraded biology selection.

Jorling left an important position in the field of environmental legislation in Washington to come to Williamstown last spring. One of his idols, Charles Darwin, circled the globe just once and then spent the rest of his life reflecting on the voyage. Likewise, Jorling feels that "the pace in environmental work on a national scale during the past four years has been frenetic, and this is a good time to become detached from it and contemplate its meaning for a while."

After receiving his B.S. from Notre Dame, his M.S. at Washington State and his L.L.B. from Boston College, Jorling served in the Counsel's office of the U.S. Department of the Interior, as Assistant General Counsel to the Smithsonian Institution, and most recently as Minority Counsel to the U.S. Senate Committee on Public Works. The Public Works Committee, primarily involved in air and water pollution control, drew up most of the environmental legislation of the past several years. Senator Edmund Muskie described

Jorling to the Senate as being "an able young lawyer...who was of inestimable value to our committee."

In addition to contemplating where both he and the country are going, Jorling is now in charge of the fairly controversial C.E.S. In the past, the Center has had its share of difficulties. The previous director, Andrew J. W. Scheffey and Assistant Director Carl H. Reidel resigned simultaneously in January of 1971. There seemed, at the time, to be some friction between the directors of the Center and the College. Scheffey expressed some frustration with the College's view of the Center as an "educative institution where you have departments, and the emphasis is on keeping things in balance." Scheffey saw the Center more as a focal point for regional action.

Another problem was the fact that all the personnel of the Center were employed in inter-disciplinary capacities. That is, all teachers at the Center, including the Director, were also members of one of the departments of the College. As Scheffey said, "An institution which exists on the contributions of faculty members who spent part of their time on projects such as C.E.S. is fine up to a point, but where can you go from there?" To ameliorate this problem, Jorling has been hired solely as the director of the Center, and his teaching duties are directly related to the Center.

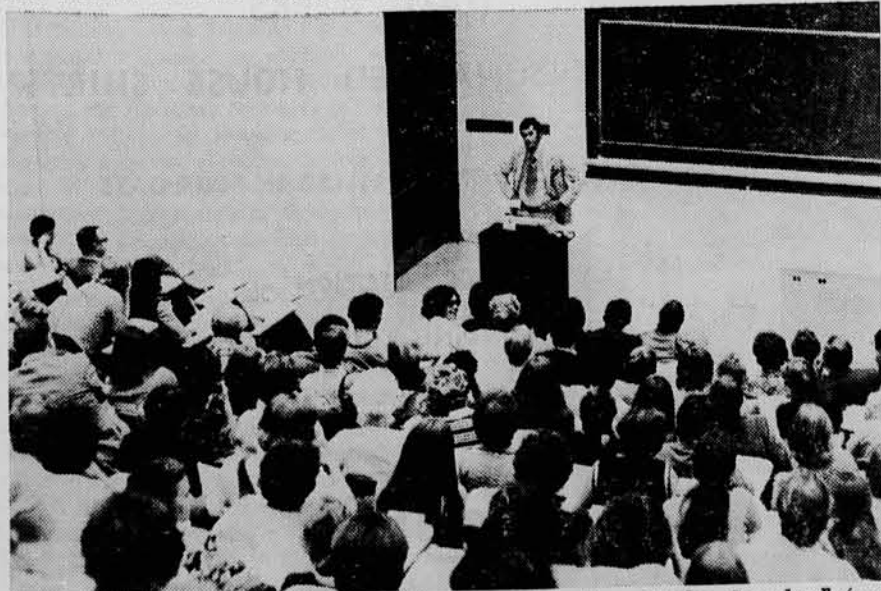
He is getting his first experience with college-level teaching this semester in Environmental Studies 401, and his classes are reported to be something very special. Jorling thinks innovatively outside of class as well: the weekly Environmental Luncheon last Friday found him expressing a hope that the menu could be spiced up with a keg of beer, creating a tavern atmosphere in the spirit of another of his idols, Thomas Jefferson. He feels that student papers are often superior to government reports on the same subject "for a variety of reasons" and would like to make more serious use of student research.

Jorling sees his role as one of helping the Center to "put a new perspective on the environment and man, integrating this perspective with what the students already know and projecting this integration into the future."

John Gagnon, Associate for Policy Research in the Center sees the organization becoming increasingly involved in integrating the concerns of Williams' students with those of neighboring Berkshire communities.

Gagnon thinks awareness of the Northern Berkshire region can have an academic basis. Thus he is promoting several types of student research. First, he encourages students in courses offering paper topic options to explore the possibilities of a subject with regional importance. Secondly, independent study for a semester

Continued on Page 4



Steven Birmingham, '50, author of "Our Crowd" and "The Grandees" (and also the TV representative of a popular anodyne), described "The Jewish Elite" to a crowd in Bronfman Tuesday night. Although frequently asked, "What was your name before it was Birmingham?" he makes no secret of his Irish Catholic ancestry. Besides relating personal anecdotes, Birmingham discussed Jewish philanthropy. "Kids always read about J. P. Morgan in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but no one ever hears about Jacob Schiff or Uriah Levy."

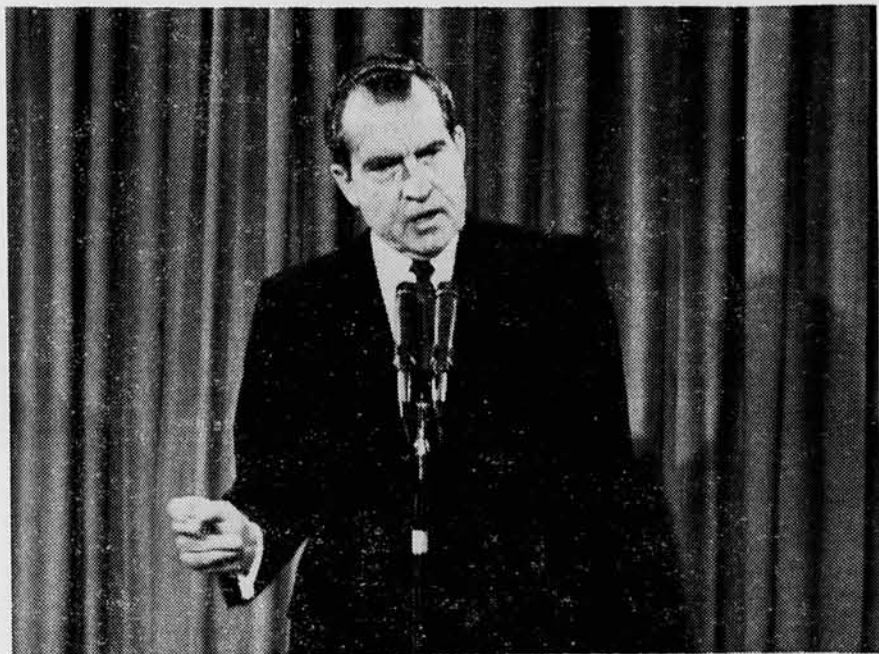
All hail the power: The Nixon convention

by Mark Donovan

There is a thin strip of land that clings uneasily to the southeastern tip of Florida known as Miami Beach. It is a very special place: a place where the humidity never seems to fall below 90 per cent, a place where it is said to rain at least once every day during the magic months of July and August. It is a land covered with cozy little buildings called hotels with wonderful names like the Fontainebleu, or the Eden Roc. It is an enchanted isle where a cheeseburger only costs \$2.50, a lounge chair by the side of the Fontainebleu pool will run you exactly \$1.04 a day, and two gin and tonics at the Playboy Club will only put you out \$5.00. Indeed, one would think that these inducements alone would be enough to draw over 10,000 visitors to this fair city in the space of four days toward the end of August. But faraway, in a

Wayne demonstration when I saw the "Duke" for the first time.

Things were more relaxed at this convention. Miami restaurant-owners were smiling because they were finally getting some business. The tennis courts were always packed, and I found out for myself that they really do have an ocean down there. There was time for leisurely cocktail parties, and it was rumored that someone had actually played eighteen holes of golf. Old friends hailed each other in hotel lobbies or on the convention floor, and they actually had time to ask about each other's families. It was truly a convention in the traditional sense of the word: there was a lot of flag-waving, anthem-playing, and floor-demonstrating. (The Democrats eliminated floor demonstrations in order to speed things up. Really worked, didn't it?)



The President

city called Washington, a king (who, for the sake of argument, we shall call Richard) decided he wanted to hold a giant party for some of his loyal subjects, and he could think of no better place than Miami Beach. And to show what a just and fair king he really was, he even invited some of his less loyal subjects whom we shall call the media. There were some uninvited guests, too, who caused a little trouble on the last day of the party. And so, for three days and three nights, the party raged, and with the passage of time, this party has come to be called the Republican Convention.

MONDAY AFTERNOON: Things are pretty quiet, and the correspondents are engaged in that age-old pastime—making news. A mini-debate over the rules for the 1976 convention is blown out of proportion and billed as an explosive confrontation between the liberals and conservatives. (Just for the record, the conservatives prevailed by a 2 to 1 margin, to absolutely nobody's surprise.) And there is an incredible amount of speculation as to whether Congressman Pete McCloskey's one delegate will actually be allowed to vote. (He was.)

MONDAY EVENING: Outside, the weather is hot and oppressive, and an occasional Miami rain shower sends the quiet denizens of Flamingo Park scurrying back into their makeshift homes. The protestors are calmly mapping out their plans for civil disobedience, and small knots of people engaged in earnest conversation dot the now-cluttered thirteen acres of the park.

It is a different story inside convention hall, however. Barry Goldwater, the all-but-forgotten standard-bearer of 1964, mounts the podium to a thunderous round of applause. His speech was preceded by a film tribute to Pat Nixon and a brief appearance by the First Lady herself. I was in the gallery at the time, talking to some of the Young Voters for the President, the world's largest cheerleading squad. They would break off in the middle of a sentence to cheer wildly for whoever happened to be on the podium at the time. I met one girl from Georgia whose entire vocabulary seemed to consist of the word "Yahoo!" needless to say, our conversation was a brief one. I met a fellow from Waynesville, Ohio who had only met three people in his entire life who were voting for McGovern. Waynesville must be a desert island or something. I found myself

Continued on Page 2

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Viewpoint

by Jay Sullivan

This is the strength, the backbone of the McGovern movement, the media claims: they are the backpackers, the bicyclists, the "common" people. In Bronfman Auditorium on September 25th this strength became real; statistics became bodies, and the striking blue "President McGovern '72" banner was pulled from the remoteness of television to the black reality of a chalkboard.

The pamphlets and papers which attempt to humanize this "human" candidate lay on the altar in front of the Bronfman seats - bread and wine for the McGovern family. Each communicant took the bread and wine because each felt a vague sense of moral commitment; despite an earnest speech pleading for a show of enthusiastic bodies at upcoming rallies, the air carried no rallying cries, no group consciousness. This was the silent minority, attempting to make their morality a vendible commodity in this Presidential election.

The meeting was an intrusion on many; some read Mr. Tompkins in Paperback un-

til 9 p.m., and then turned to satisfying their commitment to their candidate. The reality of study, of academic survival ruled until nine, when the reality of trying to elect a president intruded. A McGovern meeting is a triumph of an individual's emotional concern for the future of this nation over his daily rational concern about this math quiz. His emotional concern reflects not only his desire to insure the survival of this democracy, but his desire to insure that this democracy will change and grow.

Change and grow: McGovern is the catalyst in this experiment in democracy, the means by which change and growth will occur. This is not a political movement; it is a melting pot of individual frustrations. McGovern, in Bronfman, was never a Democrat - he was the man opposing Nixon. Voters in Williamstown were not Democratic - they were for McGovern. This movement has no roots, no historical perspective, it is temporal, and tenuous, somehow passing through this time like an errant ship with a mystical captain and many devoted followers. Perhaps when the movement defines its purpose as more

than defeating Nixon, perhaps when McGovern sheds his indecisive image, perhaps, perhaps... McGovern's ship will come in. But if honesty and openness in a campaign mirror an organization fraught with staff bickering, and a candidate constantly striving to present a cohesive set of policies, what answers can the Bronfman audience supply? Do they know the American voter - how he may feel, justly or unjustly, threatened by McGovern? Can they excite America by defining the campaign and its issues (defined in Bronfman only as "us" vs. "them"), thus forcing Nixon out of the White House and into the streets?

In the face of an incumbent President the cry that "we'll come from behind again" sounded hollow and meaningless in Bronfman. The Bronfman family may remain locked within those four walls, unable to transform its morality into political reality on November 7. It may also, too, become part of a true "people's campaign" which defines a better life for the individual American, and challenges this country to examine its conscience, re-define its goals, and find again what Sargeant Shriver calls "the most potent power of all" - love. The McGovern movement - call it the movement of love - may be an omen, a wave of the future; it may also be a passing liberal fancy, unable to appeal to the loving instincts of the unemployed factory worker in North Adams.

The Bronfman audience was screaming at the walls through their buttons and canvassing kits, screaming for a place within this society, a change of leadership, a better life for all. But the echoes were the Gallup Poll, Democrats For Nixon, and the comment of a Rhode Island Democrat that he would support McGovern 1,000 per cent, an ironic reference, of course, to the Eagleton affair. Nixon may be the man for these times - a shield protecting America from its conscience. If he is a shield, McGovernites must transform the timeless liberal rhetoric of Bronfman into a real political stimulus which will challenge America to look at herself.

They left as they had come, with a quiet sense of purpose. There was no parade of speakers. The banners were taken down, destined either to be vivid again in the glaring spotlight of victory or lost in the dust of private collections of political memorabilia.

But somehow, despite the polls, despite Democrats for Nixon, one had the impression that, as the banners were taken down, someone was saving the thumbtacks.

more power

Continued from Page 1

being restrained by a Secret Service man and looked around for the reason. It was not long before I saw Barry Goldwater himself wending his way through a maze of outstretched hands. Caught up in the spirit of the moment, I thrust out my right hand to be shaken. The Senator didn't notice it, however, and passed by, not realizing the chance he had missed.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON: The lobby of the Fontainebleau Hotel, which usually looked like the Long Island Expressway after a Mets' game during the Democratic Convention, was relatively peaceful. Things were picking up this afternoon, though: Tricia Nixon Cox was giving an autograph session. Now that's what I call excitement. TUESDAY EVENING: A frantic messenger runs into our workroom at Convention Hall with an ABC news release. People had not been far wrong when they called this a "programmed" convention, for it seemed that ABC had actually unearthed a "script" from somewhere. The scriptwriters even took it upon themselves to predict the future and how to deal with it. "At 9:17, the aisles will be clogged and the chairman will rise and say, 'Will you please clear the aisles?'" (Sure enough, the aisles were clogged at 9:17 that evening.) For the most part, the script was adhered to, and, in direct contrast to the Democratic Convention, two of the sessions actually concluded ahead of schedule. The rest of the evening bore out the predictions of the script as Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were re-nominated.

WEDNESDAY MORNING: Photographers and correspondents have that harried look on their face which can only mean one thing: "It's almost time for my deadline, and I don't have a single thing." An excited photographer rushes into the workroom, claiming he has just heard of a shooting over a police radio that he pirated from somewhere. Correspondents are hastily dispatched to the scene, while frenzied phone calls are made for further information. No one could conceal their disappointment when it was discovered that it wasn't a protestor at all but merely a bank robber who had been shot. I could not help but picture the look on the potential bank robber's face as the photographers and reporters turned away in disgust because he wasn't a demonstrator.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT: An air of nervous expectation descends upon Miami Beach.

Continued on Page 5



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HIRTS?

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Dancing is not a spring sport

by Maggie Seton

Joy Dewey is a small but energetic woman who is almost impossible to locate if she is not in the dance studio teaching classes. She conducts seven dance programs involving more than eighty students, making this the most successful year for dance at Williams. "It is a terrific load for one person," Mrs. Dewey said, as she finally sat down in a chair and curled up. "One that I take on with a smile, however."

Even Mrs. Dewey can't account for the tremendous nation-wide growth of inter-

er grant to Williams College than to any other organization in the state, the Dance Society has been able to invite one of the most popular dance companies in the country, but individual patrons and sponsors are still needed to help cover the cost.

Mrs. Dewey feels very strongly that these performances are not just entertainment, but an educational vehicle by which students may observe many different styles of dance. The concert series, in part, serves as a temporary solution for those students interested in pursuing their studies in dance, outside of the classes offered by the physical education department.

It will be stimulating to those individuals already involved in dance, as well as to those who are not. The whole dance movement in America today is exciting; as Mrs. Dewey said, "It's so indigenous to America. These are American dancers who are doing this."

So that the greatest possible number of

on Friday, September 22, came complaints from students that they were being given aisle and partial-view seats while seats were still available in the center section. Mrs. Dewey explained that this was simply an organizational error, that students were paying as much as the public for their seats, and should be given an equal choice of seats. One of the problems is the limited seating capacity at The Adams Memorial Theatre. It was in an effort to ensure patrons and sponsors good views that central seats were being reserved for them.

According to Mrs. Mary Lamb, the coordinator of ticket sales for the dance concern, an effort is being made to remedy this error, and center seats are being pulled for students in exchange for their earlier seat assignments. Students wishing to exchange their seats for others or to buy tickets for the Saturday night performance are advised to do so immediately as tickets are selling very quickly.

Taking a plunge: 'Deep End' in context

The reasons for the generally adverse reaction of student audiences to last Saturday night's screenings of Jerzy Skolimowski's *Deep End* are, it would seem, various. Their importance to us would also appear to be of variance, but they at least deserve mention, and some discussion as well. It would be easy to say, for example, that the general reaction to *Deep End* was entirely visceral, but that is too facile to be of use. The hisses which followed each screening, and the derisory remarks which proliferated among students leaving Bronfman auditorium, are signs of a problem perhaps caused as much by misguidance as by misapprehension. It may be that the function of the Saturday night films is not sufficiently understood. If so, then now is a time for clarifying the purpose of the Student Film Committee which sponsors these films, and *Deep End* should be seen as a case in point. Although *Deep End* is an especially problematic film, the issue it confronts us with must not be seen solely as a manifestation of this.

Deep End deals with the nature of a particular adolescent boy's infatuation with an older girl, a co-worker at a public bathhouse. As Charles Thomas Samuels has said, the film is "an expressionistic study," "a work of disinterested creativity, free from any moral or social intention. As its title indicates, it merely seeks to plumb the depths of an emotion; it does not show how love operates in the world or try to evoke some attitude toward it but attempts simply to create a powerful image of love's imperious force." This I believe it does, but in such a manner that makes it more than ordinarily susceptible to misunderstanding. Unfortunately, this is unavoidable because, as Samuels points out, "*Deep End*'s meaning is absolutely coterminous with its form." It is "a hyperbolic representation of adolescent sexuality."

But with the opening of the box office

I shall not attempt an exhaustive analysis of the film for several reasons, the main among them being that I consider Prof. Samuels' account in the Spring issue of *The American Scholar* essentially correct in its interpretation and therefore refer readers to it (though I note that there are a few minor technical mistakes and one major omission on Samuels' part which he himself has noticed and intends to revise for the sake of accuracy; these do not, I must insist, affect Samuels' interpretation in any way other than to reinforce it). Furthermore, an analysis of this kind is not necessary in order to ask the questions which the reaction to the film has raised, for these are as much about film and its place in our community as about film as art.

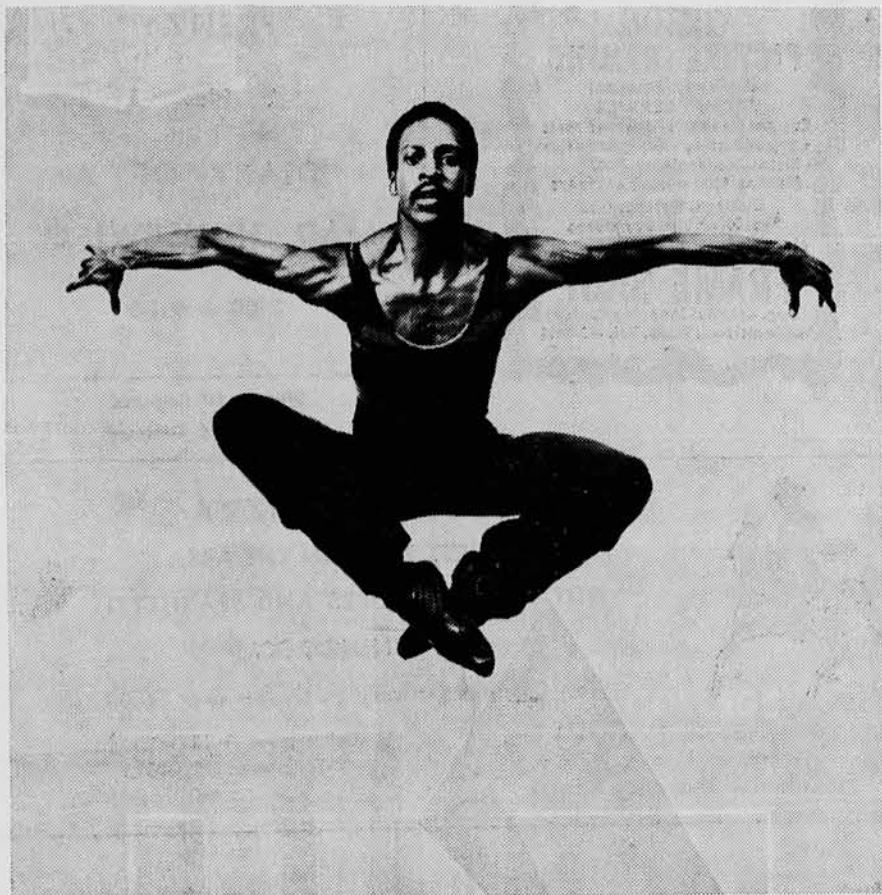
It is enough to say that *Deep End* is important in contemporary cinema because Skolimowski has taken full advantage of the filmic potential for objectifying feeling, for showing us as much as it tells us. I shall give a few instances of this skill, all with a view to answering some of the objections made to the film. These are, principally, that the technique is trite, that the theme is uninteresting, and that the ending (Susan's death, resulting from her casual rejection of Mike) is gross and gratuitous. To counter these I suggest that the film's major virtue is contained in Skolimowski's decision to treat a minor theme in great detail, so that the very thoroughness of its depiction is what gives the film substance. Although the film includes excesses (such as the repetition of the hot dog episode, the presence of a man in a kayak in the swimming pool during a conversation between Susan and Mike, and Mike's intonation of "Mummy" following the loss of his virginity, the last being more than anything jarring in tone and not really so in sense: what other word can more immediately conjure up for one a boy's confusion of lust and innocence?), what may appear to be trite is rarely other than appropriately expressionistic.

We are, in fact, prepared for that final scene and for Susan's death. Early in the film, Mike's childish impetuosity is brilliantly portrayed in a scene where he angrily tears the stuffing out of one of Susan's toy animals, then sheepishly apologizes. In a later scene, poolside, Mike is involved in a fight with some other boys in an effort to "defend" Susan. As Susan watches, standing in front of a part of the wall which is blotched in different shades of red paint (part of what Samuels calls "ocular preparation"), Mike is thrown into the pool, where - underwater - we see Susan's naked body floating next to him, an image, Skolimowski implies, just under the surface of Mike's consciousness. Coupling this with such scenes as that in which Mike dives into a poster of Susan which he has thrown in the pool, those in which he spends entire evenings running after Susan (effectively conveying the extent of his obsession) and that scene where we are shocked by the unexpected appearance of a worker painting a wall red: a forceful intrusion on our visual field (which functions from left to right) because of its sudden movement from the right side of the screen towards the center of our attention, (and yet another instance in the use of actions, even absurd ones, as foreshadowing), I would argue that Skolimowski's climactic shock is both logical, and consistent with the tone of the film.

The final scene, which is preceded by Mike's obviously unsuccessful, if ambiguous, lovemaking with Susan, climaxes with Susan's death and the accidental knocking-over of a can of red paint which splatters into the pool as her blood merges with the water, the ultimate union of act and effect in a work whose interest has centered on expressing the essence of the one by means of the other. It may be that what was most upsetting to the audience was the cynicism of the film's theme. This is understandable, yet hardly sufficient reason for vitriolic response.

Like most of the films which will be seen in Bronfman on Saturday nights this year, *Deep End* makes more than ordinary demands on its audience because its creator has demanded extraordinary things of himself and of the medium in which he works. The purpose of the College's film program is, as in the case of *Deep End*, to make available the challenge of film art and to encourage intelligent discourse about films by some of its major artists.

Paul E. Geraine



est in dance in the past few years. At Williams College, Mrs. Dewey has found that many of her beginning dancers have had no previous experience with dance on any level. Some have begun dance because they have become "more interested in exploring other facets of themselves," Mrs. Dewey said; "study has been maybe too much in books and verbal communication."

Though dance is listed under sports - a sport not yet offered a full year - Mrs. Dewey emphasizes the art of dance in her classes. Sports are seasonal games played to win, but "Dance," she insists, "is an art. It's very different that way. It makes students work with a total involvement in a disciplined way."

With an increasing interest in dance being shown on campus, the question is raised as to the possible expansion of the dance program. Mrs. Dewey replies briefly, "The College is not interested at this time in expanding dance into academic areas." Though she hopes this will eventually change, she does not foresee it in the immediate future. In response to students' interests, however, a dance society, composed of and run by students, has been established. It is largely by this group's efforts that the Dance Concert Series has come into being.

The series will open on Oct. 26-28 with the residency of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. According to Mrs. Dewey, the Ailey Company is the unchallenged leader among contemporary dance groups in this country and abroad. On Jan. 30, Jose Greco and his partner, Nana Lorca, will give a lecture-demonstration-recital in Chapin Hall. Finally, the series will conclude with the three-day visit of the Paul Taylor Dance Company in February.

Why a performance cannot be held which is restricted to students and faculty is a matter of money. It costs the College about \$7250 to have the Ailey Dance Theatre in residence on campus. Due to the generosity of the National Endowment for the Arts Dance Residency Program, the Massachusetts Council of the Arts and Humanities, which has given a larg-

students may benefit from the presentations, special ticket arrangements have been made. The College Council contributed money for the purchase of 600 student tickets, making available to students 200 free seats in the lecture-demonstration and open-rehearsal, and 200 seats for half-price at the Saturday night performance. The limited seating available at the Adams Memorial Theatre was one of the factors considered when inviting the company for a half-week residency. This way, Mrs. Dewey said, "Everybody will get to see things, I hope."

But with the opening of the box office



Members of the Alvin Ailey Theatre

more involvement

Continued from Page 1

ter with an advisor's assistance may allow investigation of greater depth. The Winter Study period will also allow students to pursue their interest, either through "99's" or in course offerings on the Berkshire environment.

Gagnon emphasizes that the products of such students' projects will be compiled in the Center's Library, located on the third floor of Van Rensselaer. There they will be readily available for use by students, community teachers, and curriculum planning boards. The Center itself is involved in the effort to make an Environmental Education curriculum available to the

school system by the national Bicentennial in 1976. For the present, however, Williams people can contribute personally to local school curriculums. Gagnon urges anyone who brings particular knowledge to a subject, either because of study or experience, to offer to share his insight by delivering a presentation at a local school. Thus a Williams student who hails from Colorado and has pictures or impressions of the Rockies might make a valuable contribution to a high school history class. The opportunity for an extended student teaching trial might also be available. Gagnon stresses the inter-disciplinary approach to this student involvement: an "expert" on any topic of interest could have a paper or presentation which the Environmental Center could employ.

The Center is doing more as an intermediary between issue-oriented students and the surrounding communities. This fall the CES staff will be responsible for regular evening talk shows on the College radio station. The subjects will be special events and issues in the northern Berkshires. The first program scheduled for October 1 will be concerned with the history and goals of the Fall Foliage Festival as interpreted by the Festival's co-chairmen. Future programs may deal with activities of the Hoosac Community Resource Corporation, the current effort to convert a North Adams freight house into a creative arts center, and the attempt to coordinate a bike path between North Adams and Williamstown. In each case, the modes of possible student involvement will be stressed.



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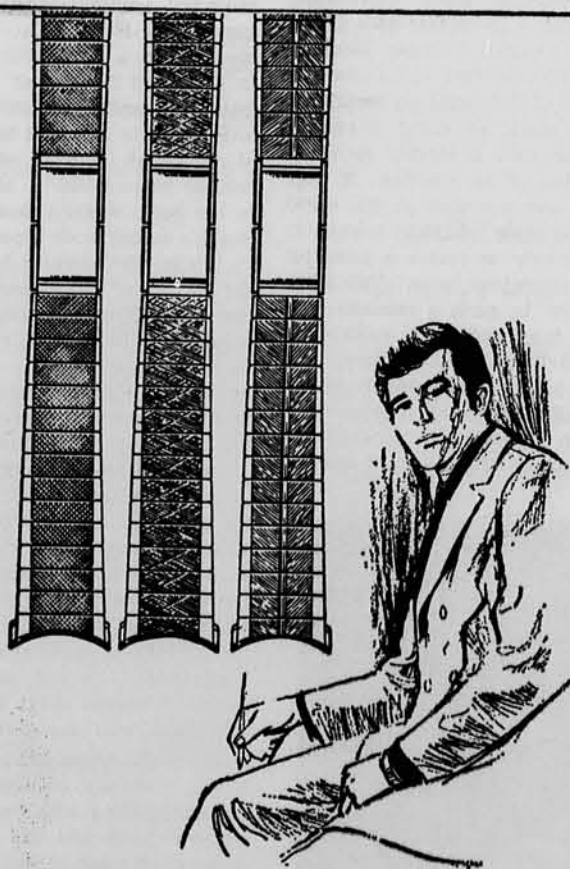
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Continued from Page 2

The long months of planning by the demonstrators are expected to culminate in a vast showing of civil disobedience, with delegates and media alike being barred from Convention Hall. But Rocky Pomerance, Miami police chief, earned his vacation with the relatively simple maneuver of ringing the entire area with old buses. The protestors were stymied and disintegrated into roving and disorganized masses.

I found myself at Convention Hall several hours early; the precaution of taking an obscure back route being unnecessary. Curiosity spurred me outside, and, of course, I couldn't be satisfied until I'd had at least a whiff of tear gas. And a whiff proved to be plenty - itching eyes and a burning throat, it's all true and not very pleasant.

Impressed with the effectiveness of the

tear gas, I retreated to the relative comfort of Convention Hall only to discover that the air-conditioning system was circulating it throughout the auditorium. Delegates and media alike were treated to their first dose of the gas, but after the discomfort wore off most seemed to take it with good humor. After all, this was the evening they could all pat themselves on their collective backs. The programmed convention was arriving at its programmed conclusion. It had been Nixon's convention for three days now, a reaffirmation of support for a man who had been President for the last four years. There had been tributes to him, his wife, and his children. Top Nixon aides had worked for months to see that his convention would work, and it had. This moment was the culmination of their efforts - the President of the United States himself striding to the podium to accept the nomination and acknowledge the confidence of his party. I was less than one hundred feet away from the man, and I felt awed and honored to be there.

The queen yawned and surveyed the view from their retreat on an island known as Key Biscayne. "Well, Richard, that was a wonderful party." "You're right, dear; it's just too bad we can't have another one just like it in four years."

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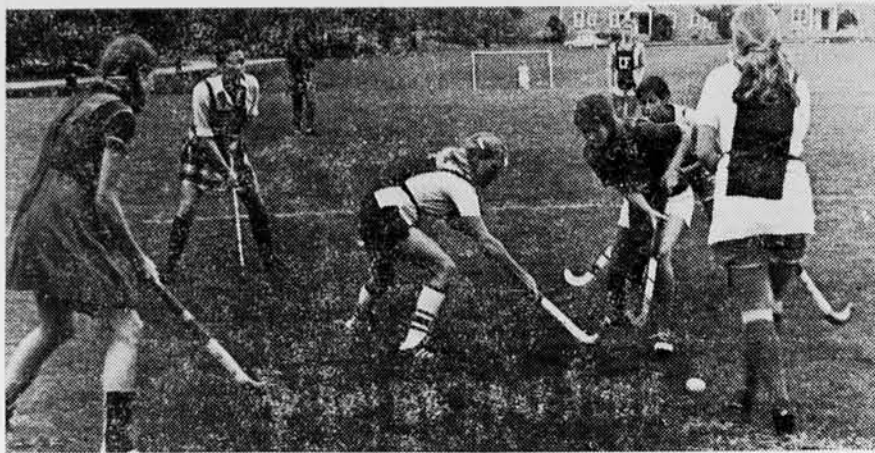


Photo by Sandy Bragg
Hockey players gambol on the green.

Janis Wertz fields hockey, tennis teams

by Diana Hole

Women's sports at Williams have entered a new era. The difference is organization, and the catalyst is Janis Wertz. Ms. Wertz, the new full-time women's physical education instructor, newly graduated from U. Mass., has done an admirable job in her first two weeks here to initiate what promises to be a full program of practices and intercollegiate competition.

This fall she is coaching field hockey and tennis. The field hockey team holds hourly afternoon practices in the middle of the week consisting of drills (from sprints to stick handling) and scrimmages. Ms. Wertz has already scheduled two games for the squad, October 5 with North Adams State and October 21 with R.P.I., and is hoping for more.

The team is in the unexpectedly blissful state of having more than two full teams (11 per side). Last year the "team" was lucky if 11 people showed up and had its only game of the season against Mt. Greylock High School. This year's team even

has two candidates for the unenviable position of goalie. Those veterans of last fall's forward line now have to adjust to the novel situation of trying to score against a goalie instead of an empty cage.

The interest in tennis is so great that Ms. Wertz has had to divide the participants into two groups: one interested in learning and casual play, the other in intercollegiate competition.

The team has the option of practicing five days a week on six courts reserved specifically for them. Ms. Wertz has set up ladders for singles and doubles; unlike the men's team, the women play one or the other, not both. This set-up will facilitate organization in the spring. Though there is a possibility of an intercollegiate match or two this fall, most of the competition will take place this spring in an eight-to-ten match schedule.

Ms. Wertz came to Williams in part because the college had no formal women's program; she would be able to mold it from scratch. All who have worked with her in this process have been impressed with her administration and athletic talents and her great sense of humor. In both field hockey and tennis the emphasis is on fun. She believes strongly in making sure that everyone has the opportunity to participate. Under her guidance many more are now doing so.



Photo by Sandy Bragg
Ms. Wertz exhorts her cohorts.

Football faces an improved Trinity

The Williams football team will be looking for its seventh straight victory tomorrow at Trinity. Williams won the game 35-10 last year, but the Bantams are considerably improved.

"Don Miller is very optimistic about his Trinity team this year," said Eph coach Bob Odell. "Trinity has a fine passing combination in QB Saul Weizenthal and split end Ron Duckett. They also have a top fullback in Joe McCabe. We'll have to contain a diversified attack, especially a potentially explosive one in the air."

Though Odell felt scrimmages against Norwich and the Army B team were "not too satisfactory", "we had a scrimmage Tuesday, and it was so enthusiastic that I cut it short." The Purple are ready.

Aikido demonstration class held

Saturday past Gilbert James of the Midwest Yoshinkai Aikido Association, based in Chicago but headquartered in Japan, gave a demonstration of aikido, one of Japan's martial arts.

The principle of aikido (literally: harmony of mind and body), is to use the minimum amount of energy to disarm or throw an opponent. By utilizing the na-

tural bend of the arm and wrist in a technique more direct than judo or karate and by greater movement, the aikidokas needs less physical strength. Hands are the primary tools, though also used are the sai (a sword-like instrument), the shaito (a sword) and a jo (a wooden stick four feet long).

This martial art is more spiritually based than its relatives. Morihei Ueshiba, revered almost as a religious leader in Japan until his recent death has been credited with being the founder of this modern-day version of the ancient samurai art. Gozo Shioda, an expert practitioner though only 5'1" and 120 lbs., has written the basic handbook for serious students, **Dynamic Aikido**.

There is no competition in aikido circles, partly because self-defense is only a by-product. Promotion is based upon execution of techniques. Degrees of proficiency are rewarded by a graduated order of belts - white, yellow, green, brown (three levels) and black (nine levels, the uppermost of which Ueshiba held at his death). James is a third dan; senior Tommy Brewer is a Shodan (first black belt).

Brewer, who participated in Saturday night's demonstration, brought aikido to Williams in 1970. He felt the necessity of greater opportunity for learning this martial art, especially at college where there is time and perhaps the last chance. Brewer's vision has been ratified. Demand for the course is causing Brewer to teach the art for physical education this year (as last). In the October-November phys. ed.

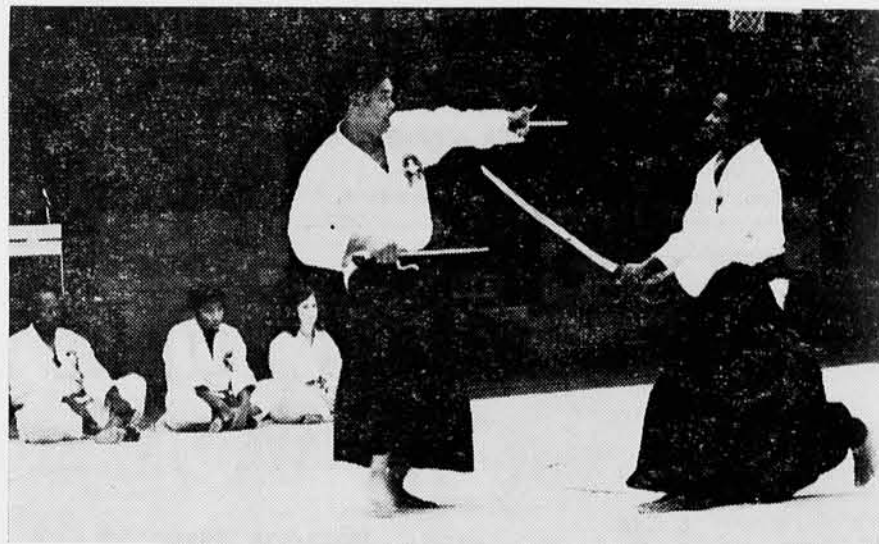


Photo by Nyamovu
Instructor Gilbert James uses two sais to thwart Tommy Brewer's attack with a shaito.

period sessions will be held twice a week, Monday and Wednesday, from 7-9 p.m.

Aikido is becoming popular at other schools. Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke and Smith now have courses taught by Kanai (sixth black belt) and his students. Such interest is becoming widespread among predominantly female colleges.

Rugger sides defeat Colgate on solid play

by Bill Widing

In their first outing of the season, the Williams Rugby Football Club looked very impressive. Colgate was the victim twice Saturday, falling 9-4 to the A side and 4-3 to the B. As the English official who umpired the game commented: "They played bloody rugby."

The A side set the pace early when Peter Chadwick bulled his way over several dark shirts and the goal line to score a try. Fullback Pete Hopkins tallied two more points on the conversion attempt to put Williams ahead 6-0. Colgate never seemed capable of mounting an offense. The Eph scrums soon proved too much for the larger but un-conditioned Lions. The hustling of co-captain Hutch Smith and Frank Davis combined with the experience of co-captain Jay Broadhurst to continually

WEEKEND SPORTS

Football - Trinity -	A	1:30
Soccer - Harvard -	A	12:30*
Cross-country - Trinity -	A	12:00
Rugby -		
Albany Medical -	H	2:00
Crew - no race		

* Please note the time of the soccer match has been moved forward.

harass the rubber-legged opposition.

A startling lapse on defense allowed the Colgate team to slip in for a try. The subsequent field goal attempt proved wide. Williams never allowed Colgate to get any closer, however, as ever-present Pete Hopkins boomed a 30-yard penalty kick through the uprights to bulge the Williams' lead to 9-4. Strong team endurance enabled the Ephs to keep Colgate away from the ball and to finalize the score at 9-4.

All the club officials were pleased with the heady teamwork exhibited so well and so early in the season. President Dave Futransky commented, "I've never seen a team play such pure rugby this early." Hutch Smith added, "I think we have a good shot at a perfect season. I'm just crossing my fingers about injuries."

The primarily freshman B side proved equal to the agility of their varsity teammates. Again demonstrating superior con-

ditioning and smarter rugby, the Ephs denied several Colgate bids. A penalty on the 35 proved costly when Colgate pounced on its opportunity and scored a well-angled field goal. Then the scrum arose and powered Colgate off the field. The line kept the ball continually in the Lions' end but was incapable of sustaining a drive.

The scrum finally got its chance. A Colgate knocker resulted in a scrum at the Lions' half-yard line. With 30 seconds remaining, the scrums united, and the Ephs powered the ball through the puffing defense to snatch a well-deserved 4-3 victory.

It has been more than a year since rugger won both contests on a single day. That year the team was the No. 1 rated college team in New England. This year's teams continue their schedules this Saturday on Cole Field against two Albany Medical School sides. If the past is significant, the future should be exciting.

The Rugby Football Club's remaining schedule which includes a Little Three Championship will be played on the following Saturdays:

Oct. 7 -	Rugger Fest - U. Mass.
Oct. 14 -	Albany Med. School - home - 11:00
Oct. 21 -	Hartford - home - 2:00
Oct. 28 -	Tufts - home - 11:00
Nov. 4 -	Springfield - away - 11:00
Nov. 11 -	Wesleyan - home - 10:30
Nov. 18 -	Amherst - away - 10:30