RECORD ADVOCATE

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Residents oppose pub site

by Anne Eisenmenger

The yet-to-be-opened "Log" faced what appears to be the last round of local opposition last week when 26 Williamstown residents filed a petition with the Alcoholic Beverages Commission (ABC) challenging the town's issuance of a beer and wine license on the grounds that the Log does not qualify as a "dining hall."

The ABC dismissed the petition at a hearing in Boston on Oct. 11. The Commission had ruled last August, upon request from the college, that a dining hall is any establishment where meals can be obtained.

Business Manager Shane Riorden, Pub Committee Chairman Thomas Jorling and lawyer Robert Manuel represented the College at the hearings. None of the petitioners were present.

William Granger of Williamstown, the man who initiated the petition, explained that he and the other petitioners had to work the day of the hearing and couldn't attend.

The petitioners' objections to the Log do not primarily concern the fact that it will not be a typical dining hall.

"We think it's going to be a disruptive element on the street. We feel the College was deceitful in their approach of asking for this site rather than other sites on campus, such as the basement of Baxter Hall. We don't think they surveyed the students to find out where they wanted their pub. It got to be more than just a question of a noise problem," explained Granger, whose apartment faces onto the parking lot behind the former Alumni House.

Granger acknowledged that he "probably" began the petition, but added that it was a "group of people." This group apparently included Gerald Maloney, owner of the Purple Pub.

Granger acknowledges that the petition was probably the last effort by townspeople to stop the establishment of the Log on Spring Street, but he is not optimistic about the future of the establishment.

"Maybe we should see what the administration is going to do as far as enforcing their end of the bargain (with the Williamstown Selectmen). I don't think the students are going to let them do this," he stated, alluding to promises made by the College concerning closing hours and the absence of a juke box or loud live music.

A lighter moment came during the ABC proceedings when it was discovered that the town clerk had mistakenly made the permit out to Dean Andrew Crider instead of to the College. The proprietor's name was quickly changed. □

Taking the 'no' out of no return

Magazines. Newspapers. Stationery. Cardboard. Cans. Bottles. All are destined for reuse according to Prof. Henry Art of the Committee on the Campus Environment. A revitalized and expanded recycling program is due to begin on October 23.

"It's no longer just a student program," said Art, explaining that the faculty and administration is now being requested to recycle its waste paper.

Another deviation from past recycling efforts comes with the establishment of "student recycling monitors." One student from each residential unit will be responsible not only for publicizing the program but accompanying Buildings and Grounds staff on pick-up days to assist in the collection.

Tuesday will be collection day for all houses north of Route Two plus Wood House while all other houses will have materials collected on Thursday.

"In the past B and G was doing all the dirty work," commented Art. "This year the responsibility is on the community and not B&G."

Although Williamstown itself has a very successful recycling program the college's effort will be entirely independent.

Stressing the fact that many professors and their families participate in the town program, Art explains: "We're trying to get faculty and administration to behave the same way in their work environment as they do in their home environment."

The weekly pickup applies only to newspapers, magazines and other recyclable paper waste. Cans will be collected from behind the infirmary, Greylock Dining Hall, Baxter and the Fitch-Prospect Dining Hall. A bottle recycling center will soon be established in the Bronfman Science Center.

Art stressed that although many varieties of paper are fit for recycling, they must be separated before collection since they are recycled separately. A complete description of the various classifications of paper will be given to each member of the college community prior to, or soon after, the first pick-up date.

The original recycling program was begun in 1970 by the now defunct Environmental Action Coalition. Although nominally continued since its inception, the program hit a low point last year with both publicity and participation practically non-existent.

The program will cost the college nothing since the Committee has contracted with trucker Bob Pedercini to handle all materials. Pedercini, who also does the town's recycling program, makes only a small profit on his recycling activities.

The Committee on the Campus Environment sees the recycling program as a jumping off point for a myriad of other activities. These include soft drink machines that sell returnable bottles, lowering the temperature in campus building to save fuel and "ultimately," according to Art, "to cut down on consumption."

Although student monitors have already been recruited from most upperclass houses, the Committee needs monitors for freshman dorms and academic buildings. Monitors for academic buildings will only be responsible for publicizing the program. Both professors and administrators will be expected to carry their own rubbish to the basement of Bronfman or the chapel.

"We hope they won't end up asking their secretaries or the janitors to do it," says Art.

Old pianos and other honky-tonk

by Andy Axelrod

Tom Welsh was hired by Buildings and Grounds in May 1972 to rebuild and repair all the pianos under B&G jurisdiction, the good "institutional" pianos that grace and harass dormitory living rooms and dining room lounges. The college has paid the technicians $8000 to put the pianos back in shape and maintain them. Welsh admits its a losing battle.

"Some clod puts his rearend on the music stand and smashes it," explained Welsh, "and then puts stuff on the dampers to set out his music. Then the dampers don't work."

"The piano goes from bad to worse once the dampers are out," he said. "Misguided honest attempts to patch up the piano" by would-be piano technicians wreck the instrument further, since alignment must be exceptionally precise.

B&G is considering storing certain of the grand pianos that had valiant beginnings and are losing their potential due to student misuse. According to Charles Jankey, director of student housing and overseer of B&G pianos, the college may replace the Fitch-Prospect and Mission Park lounge pianos, grands, with "professional" pianos. What disturbs Jankey and Welsh, however, is that the honky-tonk perpetrated on these instruments is not musical—it is physical assault.

Damage is not so much from pounding pianists as from pouncing party goers. When once cigarette butts and beer were the worst part-time dwellers in sound boards, campus pianos have gone into bigtime mischief. "Heavy, thick, and really sticky drinks," which Welsh thinks must be liqueurs, coat the wound strings. They go dead immediately. One party saw a feather pillow opened in the middle range, while another saw celebrants smashing on an upright's lid to get inside.

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Food: another look

by Bill Widing

Even before Man could do little more than grunt, he has been concerned with food; getting it, and getting enough of it. The first art cavemen created depicted the animals they hunted. The first tools were not for building, but were arrowheads and knives for hunting. This is only natural since before everything, Man must survive. And to survive, Man must eat.

But in our present-day society, the average person does not provide his own food directly. Instead, he must buy what a smaller segment of the population produces. Food no longer follows the obvious principle of "grow more if you need more." Now it heeds the dictates of invisible economic and political pressures, with the seemingly inevitable result of high prices and shortages.

To an institution like Williams College, such developments can threaten its very existence. Often unable to match price increases with jumps in tuition charges (because it will price itself out of reach of all but the rich), Williams has had to modify its dining hall menus.

It is no news to upperclassmen that there is less meat, fewer extras (like three varieties of salad dressing), and more starchy foods being served this year. Second servings may themselves become a thing of the past. This is because the food budget at Williams is tight. Unlike food prices, it can't go up, so it must be controlled through a simplification of the food the dining halls serve.

As a result, the variety of meals is less, and the students' complaints are louder. Yet surprisingly, the key to easing the situation lies not behind the stainless-steel shelf of 'the line' in the kitchen, but in front of it with the student.

According to Roy Clark, now head chef at Mission Park and once a cook in practically every kitchen on campus, a full 10 per cent of the college food budget could be saved if excessive student waste and pilferage of kitchenware could be curbed. This savings would then be re-directed back into the food budget for expanding the types and amounts of meals served, said Clark.

"I would say our number one problem is waste," he said. "And by that I mean what comes back into the 'pits' completely untouched. It's just plain sad." Certainly, the statistics of waste are there. Williams serves a lot of food in a day, but a high percentage of this food is never even tasted. Instead, it finds its way into the garbage.

For example, last year, trays of cheese and hard-boiled eggs had a prominent place on the line. "But," says Clark, "out of 500 eggs, over 150 would come into the pits without even their shells cracked. Some lunches, we'd have to chuck at least 10 lbs. of cheese." And according to state law, whether the food is touched or not, it must be thrown out once it leaves the line.

So, in effect, taking more than one needs is a double waste. First, it is money taken off that day's food budget, and secondly, it is food that could have been used on another day, lessening that day's budget. When a given day's budget is exceeded it must be made up by reducing another's, ultimately lowering variety or lessening servings. "If I can come out $20 or $30 ahead on a meal, then I can go buy granola or eggs—but with all the waste, I just can't do it."

Second only to waste is the problem of student 'borrowing.' Anything from mugs to salt shakers seem to be fair game, with much of the booty never to find its way back to the dining hall. The fact that such items are never returned has created a serious drain on the food budget, which must pay for replacements.

For example, the Mission Park kitchen began the year with a full set of utensils, glasses, etc. Now, only a month and one-half after school has opened, 28 dozen milk glasses have disappeared, 150 plates have wandered off, and $850 worth of coffee mugs have been replaced. These are items a kitchen must have to feed students, so gaps in utensils must be filled. The expense for such replacements eventually eats up the extras many students complain are missing from this year's menus.

The chain of disappearance which captures these utensils is not as short as one might think. If, for instance, a student needs a spoon for coffee during an all-nighter, and he doesn't return it, then the spoon will probably lie around until the janitors come upon it. They don't have time to return it, so in it goes with the rest of the trash. The janitors then all dump their collections into the trashman's truck, which goes around to all the campus dorms. Finally, the trashman, who is the only 'winner' in this chain, delves into his work and sorts out all the spoons, etc., from late-night scholars. Since he gets 16 cents per every returned piece of silverware from the College, the trashman has been known to garner up to $10 a week. Despite this final retrieval system, 100 place settings have already fled the kitchen at $1.50 each. "About the only thing we aren't missing are the trays," Clark noted. "I guess that's because they're shaped funny."

The solution is obvious. If students would return items after they are done with them, the kitchen wouldn't need to replace so much, and the money on the food budget for replacement could be used on food.

Roy Clark is a professional, trying to do a job the best he can. But right now he stands as one man against 300 in attempting to curb food waste and utensil borrowing, which are problems he has seen in every kitchen on campus. Concerned to do the best he can, Clark is working for the students. And it is the students themselves who are working against him, and ultimately, against themselves.

Waste and borrowing will never, can never be eliminated completely. It is the unnecessary amounts of it that can be, however. And the longer they remain a part of the dining hall scene, the less and less students will see coming over the line. □

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Marijuana action

The College Council went on record last May in favor of the legalization and decriminalization of marijuana. However, it has not taken any other action on this issue; can we assume that the Council is content to merely "go on the record" on the issue of marijuana reform?

The Council, as a representative group of students, expressed an opinion of the Williams student body with this vote. But it must do more: it must make this vote known outside of the college community. Letters to state and federal legislators, for example, would not be out of place at this time; other action might include financial aid to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, which is based in Washington.

The Council broke important new ground with this vote, but we feel that it has ignored its duty by refusing to take further action. Whether the Council could legitimately use funds from the student activity tax to support marijuana reform legislation which may now be pending in, for example, the Massachusetts State Legislature is an important question, particularly because the Council has undeniably expressed its opinion on a political issue. We wonder, in light of this vote, whether the student activity tax should continue to be used exclusively for non-political purposes, since it is now the responsibility of the Council to supply whatever help it feels is necessary and appropriate to groups which are lobbying for the reform of marijuana laws.

A student representative assured the Council last spring that the resolution would add the Council's name to the list of those who support the reform of current marijuana laws. That is true, but the question which must be answered is whether the Council will now employ student funds to make the effect of this student vote as wide-ranging as possible.

The College Council constitution states that "the Council may concern itself with any matter of importance to the entire campus, with the exception of funding political activities with student activity funds. Political is defined as 'primarily organized to directly influence local, state, and federal governments.' " But the dilemma which the Council now faces is clear: the marijuana vote places the group directly in the middle of a political controversy. The vote must influence local, state, and federal governments if it is to be more than just a meaningless exercise in student government.

We will watch with interest as the Council decides how political it wants to be.

Yesterday's gone

Most of the leaves have fallen now. No more huge Greyhound buses will rumble through the College on Route Two, carrying what always seemed to be older men and women armed with Kodak instamatics. As the Mets kept winning, these tourists kept roaming the campus, asking for directions and pointing excitedly to patches of color.

These tourists gave Williamstown and North Adams an economic boost: fall foliage is a major event in this area, with parades and exhibits and parties galore.

But fall foliage has always given Williams much more. Brilliantly covered leaves are a part of the Williams mystique; when we think of the campus, we think of it at the height of its beauty—in the fall. It's in the fall when we record those mental images which will never be erased: the sunlight piercing through the leaves while football and soccer players compete and runners strive to attain new goals and some others just loll on the grass in bathing suits, trying to recapture summer's pleasures. A brilliant tableau forms—a backdrop for the athletes, hikers, bicyclists, and the insane marching band.

And we do love it, don't we? Walking to classes, playing frisbee, running in the Indian summer sun: each of us has benefitted from this season. These have been full days, with children rolling in the grass and many adults playing frivolously in the leaves. Frosty mornings have hinted at winter, but shirtsleeves have been the rule during these long, lazy afternoons when it is easy to find excuses for avoiding work.

The full brilliance has passed. The wind is colder, and the land now more gray than green. Gone are the tantalizing Sundays when the sun warmed, but a breezed cooled. Heavy coats will become the rule at football games, not only to protect us from the weather but to hold a warm shot of booze close to our hearts.

Of course there have been comments on the beauty of a fall in the Berkshires before, and of course we betray a sense of sentimentality and nostalgia when we add to those comments. But if you have not paused this year to appreciate this annual spectacle, then you have missed something which is both beautiful and uplifting. It is a joy to walk on the campus and kick the leaves and breathe the air. Let us acknowledge our joy and cherish it.

CORRESPONDENCE

Clarification

To the editors:

In response once again to the letters of Messrs. Jacobs and Tempest in last Friday's **ReAd** I wish to refute several points and clarify some others.

First, Mr. Tempest's statement about organizations being allowed use of College facilities "for purposes not contrary to the law . . . These facilities are even available to groups who direct their activities off campus," e.g. WMPIRG carries an implication of illegality of some WMPIRG actions. I am shocked if this is his intention, although I apologize if this is an incorrect reading of them; at any rate a clarification may be in order. As to his "charge" of off-campus orientation of WMPIRG, the answer is patently self-evident: is not involvement in the community at large one of the best methods of individual fulfillment? This is the philosophical basis of the Lehman Service Council, Williams-at-Home, and of many WSP 99's; does Mr. Tempest condemn these also for directing themselves off the campus? Surely he is not an advocate of the ivory tower!

Second, Tempest concedes "the sizeable degree of student support" evidenced in the figures presented in Scott Canedy's and my letters of Oct. 9. On the question of whether the College should "sanction 'an alternative method of producing constructive change within our democratic system'," he can do no more than "suggest that it should not" when 70 per cent of the student body in the petitioning referendum and 75 per cent of those contacted in last year's fund-raising drive clearly stated that the College should. Since full protection of his minority rights would be afforded by inclusion in the term bill, me thinks he doth protest a bit too much.

This raises Mr. Jacobs' question of my reference to an "automatic" funding mechanism. This type of mechanism now exists on many PIRG—organized campuses, and unfortunately I assumed this to be the intent of the **ReAd** Oct. 2 editorial, for which I apologize. Perhaps an explanation by the **ReAd** as to what "inclusion on the term bill" meant would help.

Since many college bills are often paid at least in part by student summer earnings and savings accounts, and since the college exists primarily for the benefit of the students, not the parents, "student interference in this (college-parent) relationship" of funding is indeed valid and desirable, and not irrelevant as Mr. Jacobs suggests. If a majority of the students wish that WMPIRG be funded by them through employment of the term bill, it should be done.

I admitted that use of the term bill mechanism by WMPIRG was "atypical." I maintain that this mechanism is as much a "college facility" as an auditorium, an office provided to an organization, the College Services office which prints numerous organizational materials, or Hopkins Forest, and a denial of its use to WMPIRG is as unfair as if any other facility were denied to another organization.

Mr. Tempest wishes to define "political activism" as "involving actions and agencies directly to rally human wills towards supporting and agencies directly to rally human wills towards supporting or altering the established hierarchy of social influence or the consequences of that hierarchy." This is a good definition of the process of socialization, by which a human being is inculcated with the relevant values of his cultural group and his will is rallied to respond positively or negatively toward every institution in his life. By this definition any human action attempts "directly to rally human wills," from Sesame Street on upward through the schools, one's circle of friends, one's job, etc. Thus anything happening at Williams is political in nature, if one is to accept this exceptionally loose definition of politics, and WMPIRG, as I maintained in my last letter, is no more or less political than the WAC, the Young Republicans, the religious organizations, etc.

I hope that some sort of official or semi-official position on the issues involved will be soon forthcoming from the college administration, particularly as to whether it considers WMPIRG as being "contrary . . . to the expressed policy of Williams College." Furthermore, I hope that this discussion in the **ReAd** will open up in future issues and that other members of the college community will express their views on any or all of the above topics.

Ron Lanoue '76

Editor's note: Due to a printing error, a signature was omitted from a letter in the ReAd of October 12. The letter titled "WMPIRG Encore" was signed by Drake Tempest '74.

Viewpoint:

Little Hardy: ticket to ride

by Rod Conklin

Little Hardy Battintosh still could not believe he was about to begin his college career. He has just arrived in Williamstown that afternoon and would start classes the following day. Being alone (his parents had lent him the car), little Hardy stopped first at Hopkins Hall to have a talk with that pillar of the campus security force, Mr. Oberien.

"Well Mr. Battintosh, you realize, of course, that you'll have to turn your car over to the college for the first semester."

"Oh yes, sir, Mr. Oberien. But where can I park while I'm unloading some clothes for a friend?"

"Right outside Mission Park on Lynde Lane is Ok.," replied Mr. Oberien, "as long as you're only unloading."

With this sound advice, little Hardy hurried down to his friend's dorm. But as he pulled up in front of Mission Park, he noticed that a solid line of cars flanked both sides of Lynde Lane. So he turned the corner onto an adjoining road, where he found one of the few remaining parking places.

No sooner did he get out to open his trunk, than a Williamstown police car pulled up

"What are you doing, son?"

"Hello officer. I'm unpacking my car. I'm a freshman and just arrived today."

"You know there are regulations that prohibit this sort of thing. You're not allowed to stay here. This is Park Street, a town road."

"Oh, I didn't know, officer. I'll just move my car."

"Too late. You're parking in a restricted zone. That's going to cost you a $10 ticket."

Little Hardy took the ticket angrily and sat down on the curb. That was a cheap trick. He hadn't been there a full minute before that cop showed up. He hadn't even taken the first load up to his friend's room.

Just then, a second patrol car stopped next to Hardy's vehicle.

"What are you doing, son?"

"I'm about to move my car onto college property, officer. I just got a ticket from another policeman a moment ago."

"And you're still here. Well, that's going to cost you another $10."

Now Hardy was really fuming. Where did these patrol cars keep coming from anyway? Didn't they have better thingsto do than to harass college students?

After a while, little Hardy was able to regain his composure. He closed his trunk, and drove over to the police station in hopes that he could clear things up with the chief of police. Certainly the chief would understand. As Hardy entered the station, he asked the sergeant on duty if the chief was in. Sure enough, Mr. Tazoi emerged from the shadows in the far corner of the room. After a brief introduction, little Hardy explained the situation, wondering if it would do any good

"So, Mr. Battintosh, you were parking in a restricted area."

"But I was only unpacking my car, sir. I would have moved it as soon as I was finished."

"Ah, then you'd have us create a double standard for you college kids, would you?"

"No sir. I just think you could be a bit more lenient when everyone arrives the first few days of school. Besides, us freshmen are not familiar with the town regulations."

"But Mr. Battintosh, we had the new laws published three times in the Williamstown paper this summer."

Hearing this, little Hardy trudged despondently out to his car. How would he see the Williamstown paper out in Slow Go, Ohio? He had a good mind to rip up those two tickets. It certainly did not seem fair.

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Reflections

[H. M. Horton]

THE RIDE

The first thing you notice is the wind, the precursor, rushing over the crushed stone.

Standing a few hundred yards into the mountain, you are lit only by a dim horizontal sheen from outside. As the wind builds, you can see the lone lamp appear as a companion to the bare bulbs of the inner cave.

The sound arrives belatedly, more tangible than audible, a crippled rain before the building pressure. And the sound is the last omen. The lamp energizes, grows and arrives with the onrush, carrying behind it a dull, gray force which touches you and the walls on all sides, heaves with discrete square thuds, sucks the dust from the stone to replace the cool wind, and shifts past in a way Herr Doppler only half-suspected.

Of course, we knew that this couldn't be a grand experience (since experience no longer has the majesty it once had, say those who should know). Just the grime of North Adams, spoiling a foliage afternoon. It's all part of our mechanized society, we realized, built with the soiled hands of ethnic labor to supply the raw soot which the soot-mills grind into the trees.

Supreme irony, we acknowledged, that North Adams should celebrate this and the foliage in the same breath. But that's another story. Of the day before, to be exact.

"I'm always afraid these things are going to break," said our companion. She watched the gondolas flip and rotate in the steel above.

"Ralph Nader should look into it," we offered.

The midway was laid-out along the North Adams Main Street, the ferris wheel rising between the business blocks and the Sheraton North Adams. We had come originally to attend a "beerfest" in the local armory; but, discovering a queue rivaling Williams registration, we fled to the glow of the midway.

We did not go on the rides. Instead we watched the children, contemplated cotton-candy, and observed the photographer isolating a listless midway attendant against the lighted beams of the wheel. The glow, in short, was a blue fluorescent haze. She was ill-at-ease without appearing ill-at-ease; we grew bored, and left.

We drove back past the closed shops, tired houses, and abandoned mills to the armory. The line was gone, and we entered into a darkened gym of littered tables, jostled humans, and scattered beer cups. A covey of Williams students left as we arrived. "We're going to the Inn," they informed us. "Gods, this is awful."

But we went on past the fat beard dribbling beer, past the frosted secretaries shuffling pitchers, past the teenagers biting and kissing in a pool of suds, past the drunken rowdies, through the milling middle-aged couples, past sweating Rotarians, around countless children, and into the open circle before the bandstand. The Hartford Bavarians stood before us in red vests and liederhosen.

"Shis shloppl shrrrg, glgg, schloff," enunciated the shrivelled drummer, licking the microphone. Promptly the group sloshed into the refrain,

> In heaven there is no beer
> That's why we drink it here . . .

The MP at the side door smiled. A long-haired man kept time by smashing a full beer pitcher on the stage. His pimpled girlfriend accompanied him on beer cup. The Rotary Club announced that there were but three kegs left.

Our companion stood clean and bright as the band played Edelweiss. So we danced slowly in time with the music, while varied shapes bounced around us, narrowly missing, at twice the speed: old men twirling with young girls, gray-haired women dancing polkas with gray-haired women, teenagers forming a kick-line, drunkards waltzing alone with their beer, and the children, always the children, hand-in-hand circling around in ever-increasing numbers.

"Dancing in the middle of the ferris wheel," we explained to her in whispers when the music stopped. "And becoming more dizzy than the riders."

We found a table. The armory was not decorated, prom-like, she noted.

The place should have been outfitted as the Hoosac Tunnel, we suggested.

That wouldn't take much decoration, concluded a friend, bringing dark beer.

At length the ruddy Bavarians reiterated, with clashing finality, the absence of beer in paradise. We talked learnedly about the fate of Sigismondo Maletesta (who drank it where he could). The MP smiled still as the crowd spilled out the exit, and we discovered from a thematic display by the door that "The Columbus" was the first train to travel through the Hoosac Tunnel.

The wind must have been less ominous then; but it must have been clouded with coal-smoke. If only they'd had Ralph Nader to look into it. □

SINGEN THE NIGHT AWAY

Don't worry if they've lost the voice
When hearing old chanteuses,
They quickly learn that they can act
And pray on their mezuzzahs.

Martha Schlamme preys on any ethnic heritage she has or has ever come across in her travails from Nazi-Vienna, France, England, and Brooklyn to the many places to which a successful, name folk-art song interpreter is exposed. The promise of German cabaret songs of the Brecht-Weill era and legs as well preserved as Marlene's lured us to Jesup Hall last Friday night.

Miss Schlamme wore a long dress, gesticulated in Yiddish and Spanish, and read from Nikki Giovanni.

Tall, boney, and striking from a distance, Miss Schlamme's false eyelashes and practiced dimples that make her look young enough to sustain high notes. Instead, she acted quite a bit while her able accompaniest, Bill Westney, made the piano sing.

We looked at her and thought, "What a life she has led!" She's a name dropper of celebrities and of historical moments in which she has taken part. Embarrassed that she had to perform in as inamenable a cafe environment as Jesup, we could nevertheless see her singing in a relocation camp after the war, in a dingy community center, at a liberal fund-raiser.

Her instincts are liberal, her causes peace, racial equality, and women, her reactions in Jacques Brel, Cuban liberation songs, and Judith Viorst. She's most honest when she's singing her Yiddish recollections and most fantastic in her Brecht or Blitztein-Weill interpretations. Anyone in Berkshire County who speaks Yiddish came to hear her and were thrilled with all the biddybiddybums, but everyone, German speaking or not, was transported by the Weill . . . that Schlamme, she's been through it all.

An awkward spotlight the chanteuse as her mirrored dress, a Pakistani robe, bickered back with incopated glimmers. But she wasn't glamorous. She was solid if her singing wasn't and she seemed necessary, not fluff but necessary for the social musical conscience, for the evocation of an experience a budding songwriter would pretend to. □

THE CREATIVE URGE

A free afternoon in the Berkshires . . . time to sleep soundly in the October sun, let loose an energetic pigskin in the clear blue sky, or maybe, if we felt inspired, create.

Inspiration came to us in the form of a dimming light, reminding us of our need for another lamp. We'd make one. Friends would stagger in from one of their nitely parties, and having put our valuable time to a more creative end, we could proudly point to our glowing creation and calmly say, "Look what was made today."

"With our own hands," we would add climactically.

This was what we had in mind as we set out last Thursday afternoon. Starting at B&G, the front secretary referred us to the back secretary.

"Hi, we're ahhh looking for a woodworking shop to, ahhh, maybe build something. Wondering if we could use, you know, the one here."

"Well I don't know. I'd like to give you permission, but you really have to talk to the foreman of the shop. He's at lunch right now, but should be back in a few minutes," she replied most curteously. She referred us to seats in the waiting room.

Squeeking restlessly after 35 minutes of thumbing through countless copies of "Building Maintenance" and "Architecture in Business," we thanked the back secretary and promised our return.

"Hi, I'm ahhh looking for a woodworking shop to, ahhh, maybe build something," we said to Lee Hirsche in Goodrich Hall. "We were wondering if we could use, yuh know, the one here." Hirsche looked sympathetically from the clutter of his studio, but said he was sorry. Letting us work there would set a precedent whereby all students could wander in and use the art department's tools. He pointed out however, that a student shop three years ago didn't last very long. As we enviously eyed his beautifully crafted nudes and collages, he suggested we try the student shop in the basement of Bronfman.

" 'Scuse me, but could you tell us where the student shop is?" we asked a Bronfman regular.

"Go through those two big doors, turn right half-way down the hall, and it's the second door on the left."

A clean-cut, short-haired young man hunched over a desk covered with tiny electrical parts looked up slowly after we came in.

"Ahhh, we're looking for a woodworking shop to ahhh build something. Wondering if we could use the one down here."

"Gee, this one's just for metal. Machining tools and parts for physics. No wood—just metal."

"Mmmm, . . . where do you think we might find one?"

"There's one in the basement of the physics building. Ask for Mr. Pinetree."

"Are you Mr. Pinetree?" We asked, expecting to be needled for our request. He was cutting tiny windows out of a model building.

"Yup."

"Who sent you here?"

"The guy in the basement of Bronfman."

"Well you can't use this one," he said curtly.

"Any suggestions?" we inquired.

"No."

Leaves skuttled across the parking lot of B&G as we peeked like burglars through the window at the drill press and wood lathes. The clock behind our friend, the back secretary, said we'd been running in and out of buildings for an hour.

"The foreman of the shop will see you now."

Feeling like junior executives sitting in the president's office, we sat next to the foreman's desk piled high with blueprints, charts, and cigarette butts.

"No, I'm sorry, but our insurance policy specifically states that no students or faculty are to use the shop. And I have no idea where you can build a lamp."

"Dean Roosenraad will see you now," said the secretary in Hopkins.

"We're wondering if you can help us find a woodworking shop where we can build something, you know, like a lamp."

"Have you tried B&G' he asked.

"Yes, and the art department, and the basements of Bronfman and Physics."

"Wow, that's pretty good; I don't think Id have thought of all those. Hmmmmm. You know, there used to be a student shop a few years ago . . ."

So we've heard, but most of the tools never came back."

"Yes, but there must be some way of . . . Dartmouth has great facilities for woodworking and pottery. I think that's something that Williams really needs."

Dean McIntire agreed and was very understanding.

Our free afternoon was becoming less so, our inspiration becoming a burden. But then, in our search for a place to make a lamp, our brightest idea yet bolted out of the Berkshire autumn.

Dreams come true, we'd been told, at the theater.

Dreams come true at the AMT after a little bit of persuasion, and when Dick Jeter, the power that be, appreciates the need to make a lamp when the spirit moves you on a free fall afternoon.

That's why we came to Williams. It's an institution that recognizes the individual's need to fulfill that creative urge. □

more Hardy

from page 2

Just then, he noticed another policeman scrutinizing his car. Pulling out before the cop could slap him with a third ticket, Hardy rushed back to campus, where he hoped to escape the persecution of the Williamstown police. Arriving at Hopkins Hall, he was sure Mr. Oberien could help.

"I'm afraid our hands are tied, Mr. Battintosh," began Mr. Oberien, "Park Street is under town jurisdiction."

"But Mr. Oberien, couldn't you talk to Mr. Tazoi, the police chief."

"Only if he's inconsistent in giving out tickets, and singles out particular people can I act. Otherwise, he's within the rights of the law."

With that, little Hardy turned in his keys, resolving that his feet would provide the best transportation. Still, he approached Park Street very cautiously, being unsure if the walking regulations had been changed as well. And as he neared the dorm, he could not help noticing how consistent the Williamstown police had been. A long line of tickets flanked both side of the road. □

Breaking the bread together

by Martha Coakley

Sometimes the closest Newman Association members come to Rome is in the sharing of pizza after Mass in the Fitch-Prospect Lounge on Sunday evenings. Nominally an organization of Roman Catholic students on campus, the group represents such a wide spectrum of beliefs and non-beliefs that "Roman Catholicism," at least at Williams, almost defies definition.

But there is a Newman Association, (John Cardinal not Alfred E.) with a $1000 plus budget and membership ranging from the 10 or so "core" that dines together on Wednesday to the congregation of 50 to 60 that gathers in the Fitch-Prospect Lounge weekly to celebrate the Mass. That particular ritual is traditionally the distinguishing element of Roman Catholic liturgy.

The Mass (from the Latin, **missa**, a sending out) represents other definitional problems for the Association. Reasons for attendance and non-attendance are varied. For some, the tradition of 12 years of parochial education is difficult to shake, and often Mass is "one of those things you do." That same tradition is as often the reason the Mass now seems outdated or unnecessary when one can choose not to go.

Others of the congregation find the hour on Sunday a celebration with friends, a time to do some thinking about the Gospel, a sharing of the consecrated bread and wine.

Music and readings have usually been chosen the previous week to emphasize a particular theme. Often, those on the way to dinner in the cafeteria hear secular music from the lounge; within the context of the Mass the popular songs supposedly take on extra significance and are more conducive to group singing than "Onward, Christian Soldiers" or "The Church's One Foundation." Sermon time often gives way to dialogue and discussion; informal seating on the rug makes less of a division between the celebrant and the congregation.

This fall Father Ned Reidy of the Holy Cross Novitiate in Bennington is the celebrant on Sundays. When Father Reidy's duties on the Holy Cross farm in Vermont allow, he attends the mid-week dinner with members in Baxter.

The former instructor at Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., is interested in the concept of a "semester's worth of worship" and building a Christian community of sorts on campus. Rather than view the Mass as an interruption of life on Sunday afternoons the ceremony should complement the "work" of the congregation in daily living.

Of course there are those who prefer Latin to "relevance" and a traditional ritual to a "coming together". The idea of commitment to community makes some Roman Catholics nervous, and sometimes justifiably.

Perhaps the Newman Association might be partially defined through its activities. Last January the members felt that a rotating "chair" would be the best administration of the group and activities.

Having acquired a "Tower Room" in Thompson Chapel for meetings or discussions, the organization began a series of alternate liturgies called agapes (from Greek, a community-based love, or deep friendship). Readings, song, reflections and discussions on a theme followed by a light meal comprised the agape. For students and members of the Williamstown community the minimally-structured meeting is a low-key exchange of ideas, attitudes, and moods.

Several members of the group teach Christian Doctrine classes in the two parishes of Williamstown. Benefitting a broader base on campus was the 'study break' sponsored in Conjunction with the Chapel Board and the Jewish Association during exam time. Steve Broydrick's guitar, 250 dozen donuts, and coffee to dunk them in provided a temporary respite from the last minute grinding.

With the Lecture Committee the Newman Association sponsored Gary Wills, author of "Nixon Agonistes;" in lecture at Williams last spring.

The Easter Dawn Service of the Association and the Chapel Board presented a unique worship service for early risers; inspiration for an early morning agape with strawberries and champagne was only one benefit of the Easter Service.

At the suggestion of this year's liturgist, James Godfrey '76, the Association presented the St. Matthew Passion via recording in Thompson Chapel on Good Friday.

After a rather dormant few years, the Newman Association is making some attempt through varied worship and service activities, to justify its existence. A non-Catholic member explains his attraction to the Association in that the group is a cross-section of campus that "you don't meet if you stay in your dorm or dining hall" and that is congenial and communicative. One can't always tell Newman Association members by the ashes on foreheads. □

Viewpoint

Conflict in the Mid-east

by David Rosenblutt

War is once again being waged in the Middle-East. For the fourth time in twenty-five years, Arabs and Israelis are locked in combat that is certain to produce no settlement. Instead, this fighting will cause destruction and sorrow and will probably lead inexorably into the next war.

This tedious, if tragic, drama has prompted many observers to conclude that both sides are equally to blame and equally child-like in their behavior. They concede Israel's right to exist and proceed to elaborate a series of complex formulas designed to please all sensible and thinking people.

Unfortunately, the Arab states do not bring their arguments with the off-hand concession that Israel has a right to exist. For twenty-five years they have insisted that Israel be destroyed and have used every means available to accomplish this end. In recent years this objective has been modified somewhat: we are told that once the Zionists (read: Jews) are gone, there will be a flourishing secular state; but since over ninety per cent of the population accepts the

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label of Zionist, they must be eliminated. So it goes.

The heart of the matter lies in the fact that Israel is engaged in a struggle which, if unsuccessful, will result in a massacre, while the Arab states have little at stake. Victory for the Israelis means permission to survive a bit longer. An Arab triumph means—and I do not use this word lightly—genocide.

This fact is intentionally ignored by most "impartial" onlookers. It is too unsettling, too much a disquieting reminder of their inaction during World War II. It makes too many demands. Instead, they deplore Israel's intransigence, secretly hoping that Israel will not lose and disturb their already anguished consciences, especially so soon after Biafra and Bangladesh.

I am not willing to adopt or condone such an attitude. It is the attitude of a moral coward. There must be support for Israel; it should not be unquestioning, but it must be consistent. It must remember that for the Israelis there is no alternative. Unlike the Arab states, Israel is not the beneficiary of the Soviet Union's generosity or France's stupidity. Rather, Israeli weapons are purchased with hard currency, usually from the United States. If this flow of material is halted, Israel is doomed.

Israel does have some redeeming qualities that further justify support, among them the highest literacy rate and the lowest infant mortality rate in the Near-East; a democratically elected government; a free press, and equal rights for women. The Arab states are primarily ruled by dictators, have not read the First Amendment, and deny women the right to vote.

This may or may not be persuasive. Mortality has never had a great deal to do with the making of foreign policy in this country, and Israel has few tangible benefits to offer at the moment. Considerations about oil and a marked increase in the West's willingness to acquiesce to blackmail do not augur well for Israel.

I am growing tired of arguing. There is always the temptation to give up on Gentiles and closet Jews and join those who believe Israel should depend solely upon itself. For too long homeless and helpless Jews have been abused by the "civilized" nations of the world. At last they have a hot little desert to work out their lives in. If a victory in this war will enable them to keep that land, then I anticipate that triumph not with joy but with sad satisfaction. □

more piano

from page one

Neither Welsh nor B&G can figure out why anyone wants to get inside an upright.

After transients started stealing pingpong balls from the Dennett House game room, its administration decided the balls should be stored . . . in the game room piano. When one drops a pick inside a guitar, one jiggles it out. When a ping pong ball becomes lodged in a piano, one gropes around the instrument's sensitive places.

Describing the spiralling effect of piano repair, Welch explained how the wood of the piano spreads apart a little more each time a tuning pin is replaced. "I should not do as much string replacement as I do," said Welsh.

Theater Games

Among pianos of the B&G stable, the theatre pianos get some of the hardest wear due to their constant moving. There are presently two older uprights and a spinet in the AMT. One of the uprights, a "decent piano" according to Welsh, was wrecked in moving, the moving dolly with which it was provided being inexplicably removed. The two Steinway spinets that used to be in the AMT were taken to the dance studio and Weston Language Center basement after frequent drops en route from the mainstage to the pit and back again. Those pianos hadn't a leg to stand on.

A member of Cap and Bells argues that the problem would disappear if the theater could get one good piano to leave in the pit.

"The uprights we have aren't any good and the spinet hasn't any guts," said Tom Lockhart who wrote the music for this year's Freshman Revue. But the theater has decided that the college should not be expected to buy a piano for the pit. Rather, Cap and Bells should have access to a good one and they'll pay a local mover to move the Weston Steinway spinet, including the cost as a necessary expenditure for the show.

Welsh sympathizes with the theater's plight, but he resents the way pianos in public areas are treated. "It is foolish to have them in lounges . . . students don't appreciate them, they don't care. People who like to play get upset when they see what's happened to the instruments," said Welsh. Although the pianos are tuned four times a year by Bert Rockwood, a local tuner, many pianos are more than out of tune.

Several fine institutional, that is non music department, pianos remain on campus. Welsh cites the pianos in some of the row houses as fine old instruments and is somewhat gratified with the survival of the grand in Baxter Hall, "considering its constant use."

In order to maintain their standard and to prevent impoundment of other their pounded colleagues, Welsh suggests that students stifle their "fix-it-yourself" instincts and call B&G at the slightest problem with their pianos. Beyond that, use coasters and ashtrays. □

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SPORTS

williams college
williamstown, mass.
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Soccer: no change, ties Bates 0-0

by Sam Bronfman

The Varsity Soccer team played its usual game last Saturday in tying Bates 0-0. The steady defense was superb as always, but the offense failed to come up with a goal. The Williams offense has now turned in four consecutive games without a score, despite showing a dominance of play against Bates. The shots on goal were 11 to 5 in favor of the Ephs, but the game was not even that closely played. Co-captain Mark Cresup noted that he was forced to come across half field only seven or eight times in the second half.

At the start of the game Williams found itself defending what was the slippier side of the field. Consequently, the first half was somewhat evenly played. Goalie Don Allison was tested once and came up with a fine save. Led by fullback Bill Battey, the defense successfully shut off the Bates offense. But the Purple offense could not convert on any of their scoring opportunities.

Once Williams took the good end of the field, the Eph edge in play began to show through. Cresup and Dave Hargrove controlled the middle of the field, while feeding trailer Tom Koerner on many instances. Once Koerner fed the ball out to the wings, the Purple offense began to sputter. The few good crosses that the wings did hit well went by the boards as the smaller Eph forwards were unable to win any head balls. Center forward Mike Elkind had the best chance of the day but his blast just slid over the crossbar.

As is routine, the Eph defense was excellent. Goalie Allison has shown to be one of the best in recent Williams history, while fullbacks Battey, Daggett, Samuelson, and Rodgers, and Hone combine into a steady defensive line. The only mistake in Saturday's game was a call for tripping in the penalty area on Rodgers. The chance for Bates failed however, as the Bobcat shot was fired over the net.

With a week to prepare for next weekend's game against a good Bowdoin team, Coach Vennell is looking to make some changes to improve wing play. If the Ephs could get some goals to go along with the strong defensive play, the team would stand a chance to improve on their 0-2-3 record. □

Williams quarterback Jim Baldwin [5 above] heaves one of his five completions against Middlebury. Panther Q-B Pete Mackey [16 below] was more successful, though, altering the 0-0 score early on. [photos by Peter Allmaker]

Panthers run through Ephs for 35-21 win

by Dan Daly

Middlebury's unbeaten Panthers made Williams their twelfth straight victim Saturday, steamrolling over the Ephs, 35-21 in an impressive display of offensive and defensive power. The Purple defense, which dominated the season's opener against Trinity and kept Williams in the Rochester game last week, was ineffective against the high-powered Panther Wing-T offense. The Vermonters mounted eight legitimate scoring threats, five resulting in touchdowns. Only two timely Purple interceptions deep in Williams territory and a snap mix-up between Panther quarterback Pete Mackey and center Steve Bouchard on the Eph 5 prevented Middlebury from running away with the game. The Purple defense, undoubtedly one of the finest in Williams football history, yielded 437 yards, an unbelievable 346 on the ground, as the quick, elusive Panther backs utilized some superb blocking to run over, around, and through the heart of this Eph squad.

The defense can hardly be held solely responsible for Saturday's loss. The Purple offense, once again, was inconsistent, and managed to put only a single six-pointer up on the scoreboard. The Williams running attack was virtually non-existent. Offensive blocking broke down repeatedly, two fumbles squelched potential scoring drives, and strong Middlebury defense kept the Purple from running outside with any success. In short, it was a disheartening performance—the third lacklustre offensive display this season—which indicates that one can expect with relative certainty that some changes will soon be made.

Ironically, it was the Eph defense who put fourteen of the twenty-one Purple points on the board. With just four minutes gone in the first period, linebacker Carmen Palladino blocked a Pete Mackey punt and recovered the rolling pigskin in the Panther end zone to put Williams on top 7-0.

Less than four minutes later, Joe Twining spoiled a promising Middlebury drive by pilfering a Mackey pass at the Eph 21 and racing seventy-nine yards virtually untouched down the right sideline for the second Purple score.

The Panthers, however, dismissed these failures, keeping their composure and fighting back. Starting from their own 35 following the kickoff, the Vermonters struck quickly, driving 65 yards in seven plays for the touchdown. The big gainer in the drive was a 42-yard strike from Mackey to split end Mark Uppendahl, who had worked himself open at the Williams 15. Only Joe Twining's lunging tackle at the 5 saved a touchdown. It was a short-lived reprieve. On the next play, junior halfback Tom O'Connor foreshadowed events to come by dancing for the score behind perfect blocking.

Christmas came early for Middlebury on the next series of downs. The Ephs' Skip March was jarred loose from the ball at the Williams 45 and the opportunistic Panthers quickly took full advantage of the miscue. Five plays later, Mackey connected with soph tight end Nick Lagadinos to complete a fourteen-yard scoring play and pull Middlebury even 14-14 as the first quarter drew to a close.

The Panthers, who had stolen the Purple's early game momentum, looked unstoppable as the second quarter got underway. After stymying a Williams drive to the Middlebury 32, the Panthers drove 68 yards in seven plays to take the lead. An eightee-yard run by wingback Charlie O'Sullivan got the drive underway and a twenty-six yard Mackey sweep down the right sideline to the Eph 4 set up a one-yard TD plunge by fullback Jack Leary that put Middlebury in front to stay, 21-14.

Here the defenses took over for a while. Neither team was able to move the ball in for a score in the remaining minutes of the first half and the third quarter was scoreless. Both squads squandered excellent scoring opportunities via the interception—halfback Rod Geier's option pass was intercepted by cornerback Bob Keller at the Panther goal line late in the second period to halt a promising Eph drive and safety Dick Nesbitt's theft of a Mackey aerial at the Purple 20 returned the favor.

Middlebury finally broke the scoring draught early in the fourth quarter. Following the recovery of a Maury Matteodo fumble, the Panthers moved the ball fifty-three yards for the score. O'Connor, who was unstoppable on this afternoon, gaining 174 yards in 26 carries, lugged the ball for most of the yardage all by himself. His eleven-yard off tackle slant gave Middlebury a first down on the Eph 40 and then, on a third and short yardage situation, the junior halfback sprinted down the left sideline thirty-one yards for the touchdown.

Seemingly down and out with a 28-14 count against them, the Purple responded with their best offensive effort of the afternoon. Quarterback Jim Baldwin completed four passes in the seventy-five yard drive, two going to end Dave Parker, whose glue-fingered third down sideline grab at the Middlebury 48 kept Purple hopes alive. Baldwin's five-yard scamper around right end narrowed the gap to 28-21 with just under five minutes remaining.

The Eph defense, however, failed for a fatal, final time. Needing six yards for a first down on the Panther 38, Mackey handed to the dependable O'Connor, who slipped two tackles at the 43 and lunged across the forty-five yard stripe for the first down. Thereafter, the Panthers moved the ball down field against only token resistance from the demoralized Purple defense. Nine plays later, O'Sullivan plunged over from one yard away to put the game out of reach, 35-21 with twenty-nine seconds remaining.

The loss marked the second subpar performance for the Ephs in as many weeks. No matter how good you may want to make the Panther offense out to be, there is no escaping the fact that the Purple defense did collapse on Saturday. The unbeaten Vermonters gained almost 450 yards in total offense against an excellent defensive team and would have gained more if they hadn't kept running into the end zone. Middlebury running back Tom O'Connor played spectacularly and O'Sullivan, who teams with the junior halfback to offer as formidable a backfield duo as Williams will ever see, ground out 95 yards in 16 attempts, much of this yardage coming on inside reverses and end sweeps.

The Ephs simply missed too many tackles, too many blocks to win a football game against a team of Middlebury's calibre. They were outplayed by the Panthers in every aspect of the game. The Williams offense has made eleven costly turnovers in three games (5 fumbles, 6 interceptions), and no team can overcome that many errors and win consistently. Moreover, it has scored only four touchdowns—not one through the air. The Purple defense has yielded an average of 304 yards (191 on the ground) and 22 points per game.

The Eph offense, however, is scoring at a rate of only 15 points per contest, and a shake-up is imminent. With only three games gone in the season, Coach Bob Odell is certainly not about to push the panic button, but changes can be expected. This squad desperately seeks offensive leadership, defensive consistency, and an ever-elusive second victory. This Saturday's game against Bowdoin should provide at least some answers as to Williams' 1973 football future. □

Yale edges raquetmen; top three win

by Sam Bronfman

The Williams Varsity Tennis team went to New Haven last Saturday and fell to a deep Yale team 6-3. The Bulldogs have a homecourt advantage, playing on very slow clay courts. All of their players were best suited to this slow style of play. To compound the Eph difficulties, it was a windy day and many of the Purple had trouble raising their games to combat the conditions.

One very positive note for the Ephs is that the top three singles players edged their opponents. Playing at number one, Stu Browne nipped John Shostrum 7-6, 6-4, winning the first set on the ninth point of the tiebreaker. Shostrum is a true clay court player, but Browne countered Shostrum's soft topspin placements with patience and excellent approach shots. Browne played very well and his win was a good one for Eph tennis.

At number two, Charlie Einsiedler upset last year's top player Lee Grossman 6-3, 6-4. Einsiedler used his steady groundstrokes to outlast the smooth stroking Bulldog. Captain Peter Talbert made an excellent comeback to defeat Chris Svenson 2-6, 6-0, 6-4, for one of his finest playing wins. Playing on a surface that is not suited for his game, Talbert showed remarkable patience and steadiness in coming from behind.

Unfortunately, the bottom three Ephs were unable to chalk up a victory. Brad Hearsh fell victim to his opponent's tough forehand and loose racquet strings in losing 7-5, 6-1. Sam Bronfman had an off day and dropped a one-sided match 6-1, 6-1. David Hillman almost had a victory, but his third set comeback fell one game short as he lost 6-3, 2-6, 6-4.

Going into the doubles, the match was even at three wins apiece. However, the Ephmen, who have not played any doubles this fall, were unable to win a single set. Despite the triple loss, Coach Sloane was pleased with the potentially fine doubles match-ups the Ephs have.

Browne and Einsiedler, at the top position, fell victim to Shostrom and Grossman's soft shots and high lobs. On a faster court, the Eph duo would most certainly have won over the clay court players from Yale. The scores were 6-4, 7-5. Both Hearsh and Talbert, and Bronfman and Hillman fell 7-5, 6-2 to their opponents as neither team was able to play consistently in the adverse conditions.

The tennis team will have a long winter waiting to improve their losing record. Coach Sloane, however, feels the team has fine potential and should have a strong spring □