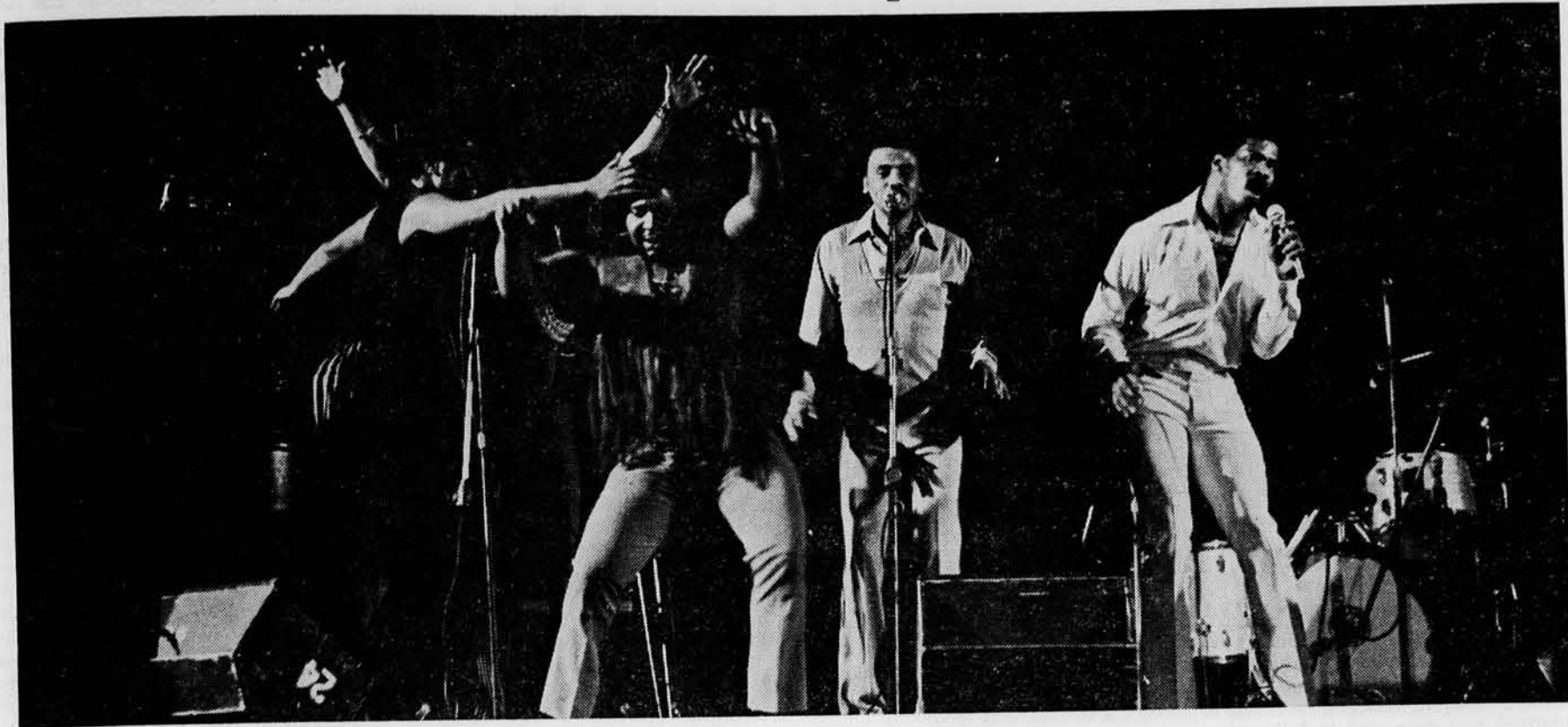


WILLIAMS WINTER CARNIVORE



Ooooooh — and the Persuasions sing those sad, sad songs on Winter Carnival weekend.

Once we were very close.

She breezed in three hours late panting, "Am I late?" "Late for what?" I wondered. "Late for you, darling." "For me?" "Have you been waiting?" "All week." "What?" "Just kidding." "How've you been?" "Fine. And you?" "Asleep." "Are you tired?" "Not now. I'm awake." "I'm not. Three hours on the road." "You drive too slow." "Should I wear a skirt?" "Why bother?" "Yeah, why?" "Why not?"

Get the face. Serpent face. Tough been-through - hell - and - I - didn't - mind - the - heat face.

Small, derisive eyes. Tight, sallow skin. Bristly moustache. Closer now: so you can watch the eyeballs watch the greasy man attack his dinner.

Into the plate goes the fork, into the mouth goes the food. The jaws close. (The audience watches.) Back to the plate goes the fork, into the mouth goes the food.

Serpent-eyes watches the man as the audience watches Serpent-eyes, totaling the bristles in his moustache: one, two, three...

Cut to the man eating dinner. Chomp, chomp, chomp. Cut to Serpent-eyes' moustache. (Bristle, bristle.)

Serpent-eyes wears a hat. But you haven't bothered with the hat. (Because you were counting the moustache hairs and watching the beady eyes glint.) The hat is small and black. The kind Wyatt Earp used to wear. Wyatt Earp was a goodguy.

They used to call Serpent-eyes "Angel eyes". Tuco says. But you're not supposed to believe he's actually so angelic. If the evil eyeballs, the sinister moustache, and the black hat and get-up don't tag him for you, watch him plug the greasy man for \$500 and, later, his own employer for \$1,000.

Director Sergio Leone wants you to know this man is bad. So much, in fact, that he takes the trouble to spell it out for you. "The bad," reads the screen as Serpent-eyes leers at you from beneath. (Leone's betting you can read.)

Charles Thomas Samuels walked out after 47 minutes, says sophomore Ed Palmer, chairman of the Williams Film Society, which sponsored *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* Friday night. Samuels is assistant professor of English, author of *A Casebook on Film*, and adviser to the College Film Committee.

But, says Palmer, the film drew approximately 500 viewers between its two screenings, including senior Jerry Carlson - *ReAd* film critic and disciple of C. T. Samuels - who reportedly sat through both of them.

Ten degrees, and everyone is hunched over, slowly inching toward the Chapin doors. Most are quiet; some have dates and are talking about where they hide their cars and the last time they read "Seventeen". The door cracks from time to time so some can slip in and buy tickets, and then return to waiting in the cold.

Finally, one lone door opens and the crowd crushes forward, slowly. Show the ticket to the kid at the door, smile at Security, race down the aisle, grab three empty seats, get evicted by a determined student who says he saved the whole row. A familiar student appears onstage: "The Persuasions will be on in a moment. They're getting into their duds." Duds. Welcome to the Beat Generation.

But the group's sound is pleasant: nice-clean rock-n-roll, and a lot of soul; overly polished, perhaps, but the smiles seem real, and the fat guy is awfully funny. Then they start singing sad, sad songs: wrong for this crowd. It's February, man; everyone's down. Stop singing about Her.

Still, clap hard when they're done. The fourth encore is rehearsed, so finally it all becomes a game: Keep dragging them out. And they keep coming, although everyone is too tired to stand anymore. Then wait for Little Feat, with a different style, and former Mothers. Hard, driving, syncopated. Unchanging. Half-way through, give up; they're a third-rate Led Zeppelin, with no gymnastics, just monotone airhorn vocals and predictable guitar. The piano is un-audible; the drummer bangs; the bassist lazed back, looking detached.

Meanwhile everyone is trying, really straining, to Get Into The Music. My God, it's loud and fast and belongs to Our Generation and everyone says the band is supposed to be good. Things pick up a little when Little Feat does some Country and Western numbers; the lyrics everyone said to notice are almost audible. "We enjoyed playing for you," murmurs the guitarist, after a reluctant encore.

Can't take it anymore: leave. Notice that there's no one left in the back two-thirds of the hall.

Found in a Williams Hall dresser drawer: a bottle of aspirin, an earring, a pair of stockings, and a paperback entitled *You and the College Experience*.

Page 41:
"In the morning, be sure to sleep very late. He will. At lunch, be attractive - his friends will think he made it with you. This takes the pressure off him.

"In the afternoon, if there's something to do, do it with him. Otherwise, pack yourself off to the library. You'll need some time alone. So will he."

Page 42:
"If there's a cocktail party, get dressed

up so your date can show you off. Have one screwdriver, or two if your date insists. After all, you're his date, so do what he wants. Don't eat any hors d'oeuvres, though."

It was a cocktail party and there was Bacardi Rum, Dewar's Scotch, Smirnoff's Vodka, Old Crow Bourbon, Gordon's Gin, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Pepsi Cola, Schweppes Tonic, and pitchers of Bloody Mary's, Daiquiris, Harvey Wallbangers, Sours, tomato juice and ice and orange juice, all positioned to fill and refill three tall stacks of disposable plastic glasses.

She wanted an orange juice. Straight up. I handed her the drink and felt there was something wrong, terribly wrong, but those were feelings without any vocabulary, just lost feelings leaning drunkenly on my shoulder gurgling boring bourbioned-down stories, so I couldn't articulate anything at all, just nod and breathe and speak no evil.

I knew I wanted to leave the orange juice and lead her up to my room where we would work together on a dirty poem, a modern epic in free verse, ten pages, rhythmic and fluid; yet I knew that afterwards she wouldn't even want to read the poem and she'd say we didn't write it ourselves but only found it curled in a snowdrift, half frozen to death, and then after we brought it inside and gave it hot chocolate and tucked it in, still wasn't ours, so we would have to give it back.

This year's annual beer chugging contest was held in the middle of the Freshman quad, eerily illuminated by two huge spotlights, transformed into a type of stage spectacle via an elevated platform.

O'Brien of Security was convinced that he couldn't stop the contest after several disgruntled spectators bounced snowballs off his head. Senior Rick Lilly took responsibility for the entire wet, gurgling affair. In the preliminaries the real drinkers completely out-classed the novices. Crowd participation consisted of counting down from five to get the contestants going, pummeling the contestants with snowballs, and expressing disapproval by groans, and appreciation by triumphant shouts.

Willard Webb IV, from Hopkins House, who has won the event for three consecutive years, breezed by several preliminaries and Lilly announced the final round. He punched holes in the cans while Webb sized up his opponent. Webb can drink a can of beer in two seconds. Lilly asked the crowd to count down from ten. Webb's opponent began chugging and Webb gave him a full second head start, and then started working on what must have been his fifth beer. His cheeks started moving,

sucking in the beer, and no less than two seconds later he turned an empty on his head to show that for the third year in a row he was the Williams College Champion Beer Chugger. He won by half a second.

She stood tall, straight, and dark in front of my mirror combing out the tangles in her hair. I arranged a pile of magazines—"New Yorker," "Time," "Alumni Review". We were talking about beauty, how it didn't actually matter, how people overemphasize it. She walked towards me. She's beautiful, I thought.

I looked down into the cool blue of her cool blue eyes and asked her if she wanted to listen to some music, which was funny since that was not what I wanted to do at all. We sat for several hours passing verbal telegrams back and forth, across the length of my bed.

Choose one:
February is the cruelest month.
Life begins tomorrow.

Continued on Page 2

Culture shock

by Lois Bailey

William Loeb, editor of the Manchester Union Leader, once spoke lovingly of his alma mater: "One of the most disgusting educational institutions, in our estimation, is the college from which this writer graduated, namely, Williams College." Few critics have applied the novel objective "disgusting" to Williams, though it does have its detractors, notably among foreign exchange students. Recently several of them expressed their reactions to Williams, and to American higher education in general.

Continued on Page 5

The ReAd plan rides

RecordAdvocate will be holding a full staff meeting Wednesday night, February 23, at 7:30 p.m. Any persons interested in working for ReAd are also urged to attend.

Lowenstein speaks tonight

Prospect House presents Allard Lowenstein, former congressman from New York and head of the 'Dump Johnson' movement in 1968, speaking on "Politics '72." Fitch-Prospect Lounge; 10:30 p.m.

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News Briefs

Faculty advance

In a recent series of promotions, two Williams faculty members have been raised to the rank of full professor and nine others promoted from assistant to associate professor with tenure.

Charles Fuqua, associate professor of classics and chairman of the department, was promoted to full professor and named the Garfield Professor of Ancient Languages.

Lawrence S. Graver, associate professor of English, was promoted to full professor also.

Promoted from assistant to associate professor with tenure were Peter Berek, English, William DeWitt, biology, Peter K. Frost, history, Victor E. Hill, mathematics, Williams R. Moomaw, chemistry, Norman R. Peterson, religion, James F. Skinner, chemistry, John E. Stambaugh, classics, and Rheinhard A. Wobus, geology.

Mad Russian

Alex M. Shane, professor of Slavic studies at SUNY-Albany, will give a free lecture on the Russian author Eugene Zamyatin. Entitled "A Russian Dissident Writer in the 1920's", it will be presented tomorrow, Feb. 23, at 8 p.m. in the Weston Language Center.

Fund established

An environmental library fund is being established in memory of Arthur E. Nathan, a member of the Class of '73, who passed away in June of last year. Donations from all members of the college community are welcome.

Donations may be mailed to the Office of Development in Jesup Hall, or given to either Jim Markowitz in Prospect or Larry Shoer in Tyler. Checks should be made payable to the Arthur E. Nathan '73 Fund. Anyone wishing further information should contact either Jim Markowitz at 8-5784 or Larry Shoer at 8-5793.

Green mountain boys

Students interested in going to New Hampshire this weekend to work for Congressman Paul M. McCloskey's Presidential campaign should call Paul Grossberg '72 at 8-8301. Accommodations will be provided.

The Williams, Smith, and Skidmore chapters of Youth Coalition for Muskie will be sending delegations to New Hampshire this weekend to work on the primary campaign. Cars will leave Williams on Saturday morning and will return in time for dinner. Anyone interested should contact Bob Gordon (8-8510) or Harry Kangis (8-8226), preferably by Thursday.

Death in Fitch

G. Ray Terrell, a vaudeville magician in his seventies, died after performing at the Fitch-Prospect Carnival party Saturday night.

Terrell, who is from Manchester, Vermont, was invited to Williams by Steve Cramer, of whom he is a personal friend. He died in Cramer's room.

WCFM rolls on

TUESDAY FEB. 21, 8:00 p.m.

The Music of . . .

This week, WCFM presents an hour of the music of Bob Dylan, poet and folk singer.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 22, 9:00 p.m.

Focus

Last December, the original musical Sizzle ran three hours at the Adams Memorial Theater. This week, Focus condenses Sizzle into an hour of the best music and humorous excerpts. Highlights of the show: the Keed educating Francis on how to "score," and the cast's rendition of "The Prophets Say."

THURSDAY Feb. 23, 8:00 p.m.

Viewpoint

Ray Henze and Ned Temko will host Prof. Fred Greene of the Political Science Dept. The topic of discussion will be President Nixon's visit to China and its ramifications. As always a phone line will be open for opinionated listeners.

Hart's on the diamond

Allen Hart has been named coach of freshman baseball in addition to his duties in freshman football and physical education skiing. Hart succeeds James R. Briggs as freshman coach. Briggs, assistant director of alumni relations, coached the team last year and assisted Coach Bobby Coombs with the varsity. He will continue to work with the varsity.

A native of Williamstown, Hart was an all-around athlete at Williamstown High School before going to New York University where he played infielder on the baseball team.

Shoot the Dog

A night at the races

by Peter Hillman

Most memorable among the events of last week-end was neither the indoor wrestling contest in which an Amherst team finally defeated a Williams squad, nor the outstanding beer chugging contest which took place in light of the cancellation of the bike race. The snow which finally came will melt away, and somebody will come along to match the chugging antics of Willard Webb IV, winner of the contest for the third year in a row. And the drinking of Winter Carnival Week-end was nothing extraordinary unless one takes into account the huge influx of novices. All these prominent events receive attention elsewhere in the pages of this eminent journal, and so this week *Shoot the Dog* is an account of *The Night the Author Got Taken to the Cleaners* at Green Mountain Raceway in Vermont.

DDT

Friends from long evenings spent betting and subsequently losing on the trotting races at Roosevelt and Yonkers Race-tracks in New York were envious upon discovering Green Mountain's proximity to the Williams campus. But losing money on the ponies is something one has to get out of one's blood, much like DDT, and so I abstained from visiting Green Mountain until the first night of Winter Carnival. I hadn't been following the drivers and I hadn't been charting the horses - trying to pick a winner at Green Mountain, I knew, would be as hopeless as trying to get served liquor at the Williams Inn.

Now Green Mountain serves the purpose of providing much entertainment for the

people of Vermont and surrounding areas. Several thousand people brave perilous temperatures and reject horses each night, in achieving the dubious title of "regular" at the Pownal retreat. The race-track could not possibly prosper with the slim number of people who show up nightly, and so I suppose there are probably candy stores in places like Adams which do a thriving business giving away points on the trotters.

Big Bertha

The first person we met at Green Mountain Thursday night was Casey Clocker. Casey Clocker goes over the horses every morning and makes his selections. Which he hawks to people each night for the service fee of one dollar. He is a very generous man, he told us. Not many people would go out of their way to pick "all the winners" - all the winners - and impart them to customers at such a slight service fee, he says. He has only one competitor. I shall call her Big Bertha, because I couldn't read the sign above her prediction-concession stand, which was partially obscured by her huge frame. Big Bertha must weigh in at 5'2" and 300 pounds. Her stand was right next to that of Casey Clocker. She, too, had all the winners. Once she saw we had accepted the service fee so generously offered by Casey Clocker, she did not try to sell us her picks for the night. Instead, she chuckled very deeply, her whole body jiggling with her chuckling, and when she finally spoke to us the word seemed to come from very deep inside of her. "Sucker!", she taunted, belly laughing as we headed for the grandstand, "Casey's got himself two suckers!"

Continued on Page 3

Carnivore continued

Continued from Page 1

Tony fled to New York. He said, Williams is so stifling, so, so like an anesthesia, anesthesia. I can't work, can't think. Falling asleep in libraries. It's all drying up. It's just all drying up. (Ambiguous pronoun thinks Francis; minus five points.) Got to get out, room in the car, you sure? I hate big weekends.

I am a stallion, says Lester, rubbing his wrist.

—And?

And there's no one. It is the pity.

—Mars!

I barely know her.

—I'll introduce you.

I'm being pushed into something.

—Into nothing. You don't want Mars!

it's your business.

Fine.

—You don't want a girl will change your life, your fibre, your puddle-self into art, is your business ent. . .

Jamie decomposes in the green chair. This eats, Francis.

Phony British, Breetish: "I, chew, am naught happy."

Jamie cocks an eyebrow, one eyebrow. Moves an ashtray from the chair arm to the rug. You started smoking?

—Yes. And drinking. And smashing empty wine glasses. "It is the blight man was born for, it is Francis who you mourn for." Manley Hopkins, variously.

Jamie puzzles. He asks, You serious about this drinking? He had wanted to ask, Who is this Manley Hopkins?

—I am never serious.

What about your babe?

—Vera?

Yeah. Your babe.

—What about Vera? What about my Vera, my babe, my ashtray?

Francis?

—Gone for the weekend, got the pimp. Off to New Haven, read: Yale Bowl, marching for Eli. For The Greek, actually. Oily, spolly, smelly greasy—

That's two of us, then.

—Ah no, dear . . . forgive, name slips . . . Jamie, there, dear Jamie: You have no Greek.

I got no babe, either. (Laughter; Francis thinks, Winter Carnival toppled slowly like a tall tree.) Went to this babe's room, you know, just to talk—

—Name?

Forget the name.

—I tell you everything. How I lost my innocence on Valentine's Day. Emend: How I tried on Valentine's Day. Got her drunk on the rum-softies in her candy heart. Still couldn't make it.

So I'm sittin in this babe's room, and she starts laughin. So I smile and she keeps laughin. So I go, Hey what's so funny, and she goes I'm talking to you, stoned. She goes, You wanna quarter-tab?

Francis sucks on a root beer. He is thinking about the old days, how they slept in the same bed, just slept, bodies crossing and twisting like clock hands, but never together. You have to promise to be good, she would say. Francis is wondering how they managed it. (Ambiguous pronoun, thinks Francis; minus ten.) Vaguely he listens to Jamie: Hey, next year I'm gettin in a co-ed dorm, none of this foolin around. (Also ambiguous, thinks Francis.)

Page 50:

"Sunday morning, be pleasant and talkative, especially at brunch. This is where you impress next year's date."

Chief Walter O'Brien of Security reported that no spectacular demolition of College property took place during Winter Carnival week-end. In fact, he added, it was the quietest Carnival in his memory.

The Thompson Infirmary issued the following list of casualties and injuries for the week-end of February 17-20: casualties, none; injuries, none; wounded - in - action or otherwise maimed, none; dead - on - arrival, none. The mobile hospital which had been set up to cope with the anticipated flood of self-inflicted torture victims, O.D.'s, and hangers was empty on Friday night and had only one patient Saturday, a student who had singed his face under a sun-lamp a week before.

Nurse Freeman had a restful weekend.

Contributors:

Fuchs
Gross
Hillman
Ramsbottom
Rapoport
Rollert
Rubin

CORRESPONDENCE

A closer rapport Lammert's their man

To the editors:

As a means of increasing contact and communication between students and Trustees, Gargoyl has proposed that Trustees meet on a more regular basis with interested students in the Houses or comparable arrangements for freshmen, and with organizations on the campus that would welcome such an opportunity. These ideas have now been discussed and approved by the Administration, Trustees, and the College Council endorsed it.

At the next Trustee meeting, individual Trustees will be asked insofar as possible to arrive in time to have dinner in the Houses or with the Freshman Class on Thursdays of the weeks that the Trustees are having their regular meetings on campus. The individual members will be asked whenever possible to stay after dinner to talk with those members of the Houses or other groups who would like to communicate their opinions on questions of student concern to the Trustees. To facilitate the discussion, the College Council and the Gargoyl Society, in cooperation with the President's Office, will make available prior to these occasions an informal agenda of questions that appear to be of active interest.

In addition, it has been proposed that the current Trustee Committee on Coeducation be converted to a Committee on Campus Life which would remain concerned with the successful entry of the College into coeducation but which would have a broader mandate of understanding and maintaining contact with other areas of College life. The Committee will meet at intervals with the College Council, House Presidents, and Gargoyl Society, and other groups or individuals as circumstances recommend. It will also plan to make the rounds as time permits of such non-curricular areas of student interest and activity as housing and dining, publications and radio, athletics, music, drama, arts and crafts activities, etc.

As contact and acquaintance thus increase, we hope the proposal will encourage students and Trustees to seek out contact with each other for a better self-understanding and a better Williams community.

Paul Grossberg
Skip Durning
John E. Sawyer, '39

Day Care

To the editors:

I would like to correct and clarify the article on Day Care in Williamstown that appeared in last week's Record.

First the article conveyed a rather pessimistic view of the future of the Day Care Center that the organizers do not share. Planning for the Day Care Center is progressing and although funding is and will remain a problem, we are confident that the Center will open in the near future.

I would also point out that the Day Care Center has completed the preliminary procedures for incorporation, but will not be officially incorporated by the state for several months.

Furthermore it should be pointed out that although the College has donated \$1500 to the Day Care Center for start-up costs, it has made no commitment to provide continuing financial support for its operation.

Novelle Boone
President, Williamstown
Community Day Care Center

To the editors:

There is a poster going around this campus in support of the candidacy of Dick Lammert for College Council President: "A people get a government they deserve. If you're the least bit conceited vote for Dick Lammert for President."

Throughout the entire campaign Lammert's style has been deliberately low-keyed, and only as serious as is necessary to assure voters that he is a serious candidate for a serious office. He has not gone around making unrealistic promises which would be difficult to keep. He has not gone around in the last week trying to find and expose everything that is wrong with the college. He has not treated the act of electing a new College Council President as a type of political catharsis.

Dick Lammert is, above all, his own candidate. He has not been propped up by any of the numerous campus fronts, although he does listen to the advice of George Rudnick, among others. The one thing he can in good faith promise to bring to the office is a sense of openness - listening to proposals, and looking into different things for the Council to undertake. This approach contrasts sharply with the quixotic approach, which in the end can only breed disillusionment when practicalities are recognized.

Let's look at Dick Lammert's qualifications. He is editor of the Yearbook, chairman of the Discipline Committee, president of the Photo Club, vice-president of the Junior Advisers, on the varsity swimming team and the varsity crew, and is involved in a host of other campus organizations, all of which have drawn him in constant contact with the College Council. He is also the recipient of this year's Skidmore Golden Goose Award, and the only mistake he has made all year was to throw a party for the freshmen and serve cheap Fitz Ale. At least he won't allocate Council money unwisely.

Dick is hard-working and knows how to get things done at Williams. Now he's running for the office of College Council President, and he needs your help and your vote. Dick Lammert for Council President.

Signed by the Committee to Elect Dick Lammert:

John Parker
Dee Hawes
Peter Hillman
Rob Hearne
Country The Dog

Fifties' child

To the editors:

I work in a school where a number of other more recent Williams graduates teach. One of them apparently subscribes to the Record, because the other day I found a copy lying around and, having nothing better to do (I was waiting for a phone call), I read it. Being the well-conditioned child of a family which got its money and kept it (were we elite by consequence?) I am never one to pass up a slightly-used newspaper, even if it is one that prints used articles. Apparently a sneaky frugality wears off more slowly than some other class traits.

So there was your reprinted article by William R. Loomis, '71.

For a moment it gave me a jolt. Flabby America! Decadence! And even that most-used word of the '50's, APATHY. This, I thought, is how it was. In this era of recycling, here was recycled time, the good old self-serving smugness of the silent but affluent generation, bright as a

new Eisenhower dollar. Hurrah!

Ah, but it's not the same. Not only have your less convinced peers fallen on new and evil times, dear William Loomis, but so have you. Compared to the elitist of my era, you are a shabby and - dare I say it? - flabby creature. Ah, yes.

Now, understand. Most of the people in my class did go into business, and I guess they are still in there, somewhere. Some went into government, and I'm sure you know there is a lot of room in there, too (even if there aren't real boardrooms) for the right kind of moneyed young men (god knows what will become of the Williams women, Williams; aren't you glad you left in time?): and in there, you know, you can be vital and active, in a nice kind of way, and be an official, which is okay too, and still have your dad's broker explain to you how the splendid economic exercise (good word!) of democracy is unfolding - unfolding, one just knows, from that big ledger in the sky where Destiny wrapped it up for you and me, and broker makes three, Bill, if I may by now, as another wearer of the purp, call you that. So I mean, it did happen, you are right, even if way back then some of us, perhaps not those exactly drenched with ability

(as you so aptly phrase it), but at least a bit soggy and squishy, did just cruise right on out of our appointed orbits and, oh horrors, end up - dare I say it? - teaching.

But those who didn't weren't shaken, Bill. That's the difference. They talked about apathy, but it was because people wouldn't vote in college council elections, or forgot who was running the country, or something like that. They all knew that, come what may, I.B.M. or the State Department or the Morgan Bank would gather us to their ample bosoms when the collegiate rigamarole was past, and there-in all would continue with, shall we say, tranquility? An eternal milky satisfaction? Something like that. The proper way to deal with the genuine dissident then was to just IGNORE him. And, mark this, they would never, ever, use the term upper class. Oh no. Some of them were preparing for P. R. careers, and knew the ugly associations such an anti-democratic term could provoke. Why, my generation welcomed those folks from Kansas and those other places out there. They were new blood, and besides, some of our best friends were from Kansas, and Queens, and so on. Really, Bill!

Continued on Page 4

More dog shoot

Continued from Page 2

And so we settled into the grandstand, armed with an invaluable program and Casey's winners. I had to find out more about the workings of Green Mountain, so I looked for the first typical horseplayer I could find. There exists a bias that typical horseplayers all chew cheap cigars and go hatless and constantly glance around nervously in the course of an evening at the track because they are watching out for process-servers. Amateur horseplayers try to pick the shadiest-looking guy to look to for advice, because such a character never comes to a track without the tip or a "sure thing."

There was a shady-looking guy behind me who fit the description perfectly. I lied and said I had never played the trotters before. "All I can tell you, kid, is stay away from the favorites. Don't put your two dollars on anything where the odds are lower than 3-1 or higher than 10-1." He smoked his cigar and looked behind his right shoulder. We stayed away from the first race.

Stride

In the second race we bet on Camden Bingen, a 9-2 shot who in his previous race was first until twenty yards from the finish, after which he was overcome by some strong opposition, faltered slightly and ended sixth. We liked the way he had been improving in his recent starts, and we didn't think he was up against such great competition. He was trotting in second for the first three-quarters of the mile, but he came around the turn trotting last. When a horse all of a sudden slows up and drops behind the pack, the phrase applied is "breaking stride." All the guys with cigars shout "He broke!" and they shred their tickets and glanced nervously behind their left shoulders. One night last summer at Yonkers Raceway a favorite "broke" coming down the stretch and there was a minor riot and several people were hurt, not to mention the deep personal embarrassment the horse was subjected to.

We were never really in the third race. Stardust Penney, who in her life-time has won all of \$542, was gracious and gave the other eight horses a head start. She finished eighth. Casey Clocker had picked Stardust Penney to win. In the fourth race

we put some money on a horse to "place." To win a place bet the horse must come in first or second. Place bettors are frowned upon by the elite, heavy bettors, but the place bettors are cautious by nature and can usually take a cab home from the track while the elite, heavy bettors can be found hanging on a strap on the subway. Our horse finished second, in a photo finish. We won three dollars. Casey Clocker's pick came in first and paid his supporters \$7.20.

After resting on our laurels by staying away from the fifth race, we got cocky and bet on a horse to win the sixth race. His name was Extra and he had been trained by a guy with the last name of Filion. The Filions are the Babe Ruths of trotting. There are about eight Filions and they are all winners and one of them, Herve Filion, set a record by racing over 500 winners last year. At a place like Green Mountain, I had to bet on a horse that had the name of Filion behind him. Extra finished second. The winning horse paid off very well because in his last race he had encountered some difficulty and the program said that he did not finish. Even Casey Clocker stayed away from him, but the horseplayer behind me smiled and went downstairs to collect.

Crumpling

When I went downstairs to place some money on Hilltop Cape in the eighth race I ran into Big Bertha. She was standing at the cashier's window and she was crumpling many pieces of green paper with pictures of presidents, and when she saw me place a bet she started laughing and her whole body was moving with her laughing, and she screamed "Howdy, sucker, are you on your way to the cleaners?" I asked her if she liked Hilltop Cape. She frowned and whispered something to the effect that Hilltop Cape couldn't be trusted, that he "only had three hooves." Hilltop Cape, of course, came in close to last.

By this time all the guys with cigars and nervous looks had left and could be seen walking home on Route 2. Casey Clocker had gone home early in the evening and was probably watching "The Big Valley." Back in the dorm, I had to borrow a quarter for a soda, which had to be, in the long run, my best move of the night.

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EVENTS

TUESDAY

7:30 FILM FESTIVAL ON INDIA: "King of Khyber Rifles." Bronfman auditorium.

7:30 GERMAN MOVIE: "Kameradschaft," 1931 anti-war film. French dialogue and English subtitles. Weston Language Center.

8:00 LECTURE: Mrs. Barbara Herrstein Smith, Bennington College, "On the Margins of Discourse: Depicting, Buying, Borrowing, and Stealing Words." Second in series of lectures by four women distinguished in the field of literature. Sponsored by English department. Room 3, Griffin Hall.

WEDNESDAY

4:00 FACULTY MEETING: Room 3, Griffin Hall.

4:00 HOCKEY: Freshman vs. Middlebury. Chapman Rink.

5:00 FILM: "The Wedding of Palo" in conjunction with Anthropology 202 course. Bronfman auditorium.

7:30 LECTURE: Barnaby Feder '72, speaking on his experiences at radio station KQED, San Francisco, and the current debate on broadcast journalism. Van Rensselaer.

8:00 RUSSIAN CLUB LECTURE: Alex Shane, speaking on "A Russian Dissident Writer in the 1920's (Eugene Zamyatin)." In English. Open to all. Weston Language Center.

THURSDAY

4:00 LECTURE: Prof. Dwight Perkins, economist, Harvard University, "Recent Economic Developments in China." Open to all. Room 3, Griffin Hall. Note change in location. Originally scheduled for Center for Development Economics.

4:30 FACULTY LECTURE SERIES: Prof. James A. Quitsland, "Types of Women in German Literature." Open to all. Room 111, Thompson Biology Lab.

7:30 CANCELLATION: Afro-American Studies Lecture by Prof. Robert Browne, originally scheduled for Room 3, Griffin Hall.

FRIDAY

12:00 Noon LUNCHEON: at the Center for Environmental Studies, Van Rensselaer. Guest speaker, Robert Janes, Town Manager. Reservations must be made with Pat Wilson, ext. 336. The public is invited. 50 cent charge for lunch.

6:00 SUPPER - DISCUSSION: The Rev. Al Carmine, associate minister, Judson Memorial Church, New York City, "Innovations in Worship." Sponsored by Chapel Board and St. John's Parish. St. John's Church.

Correspondence continued

Continued from Page 3

Those of us who had zipped through the English Department's one-semester course in all-of-Shakespeare might even have said, slyly, that you protested too much. Back then, when men were men and everyone of them took Psych 1-2, because it was a gut, we would have known that you were worried about something, that inside of all that nifty rhetoric, you were insecure about the rightness of it all, because a really convinced fellow would never have said anything. How gauche, Bill. We would have laughed at you all the way to Aspen or Sea Island. Or to see Manty Copeland.

So, Bill way back then when Williams was, you know, RIGHT (in all senses of the word) you would have simply been out of it - a big change from now, I bet.

You know, sometimes I wonder if all spineless unAmerican creeps who are dropping out of the system because of our imperfect institutions or whatever it is that's bothering them are really so different from the Williams folk of former years who, just as leeming-like, dropped in. Maybe they are still interested in service and, say

it softly now, power. Maybe they are going to come to about the same ends, give or take a few dollars, or (difficult to believe?) they might even accomplish more. I even know some who work hard, I mean, with vitality, and faith, and all that good stuff. Well, are they out or in, Bill? Who's where? Where are you? What's happening here, anyway? I mean, is everything falling to pieces?

Back when I was at Williams I knew another guy named Loomis. Maybe he was a relative of yours. That Loomis took god knows how many years to get through Williams; he kept dropping in and out. He was thinking things over, getting it all in perspective, then going to school some more, and so on. Funny thing is, people all respected him, even if he was, you know, different. Somebody told me he's a psychologist now. What do you make of that? Did he win or lose the big one? Will we think he's a vital fella, or the wrong kinda guy? Pretty marginal, huh? Back when I graduated from Williams the Record used to print, right there in its commencement issue, not a let's-set-'em-straight editorial, but a list of who was going to work where. Those were the days, Bill, when it was all out front. But it's darn tough to tell who's a real Williams man these days, isn't it?

Boy, has the world ever changed - hasn't it?

Forthrightly yours,
A Child of the Fifties

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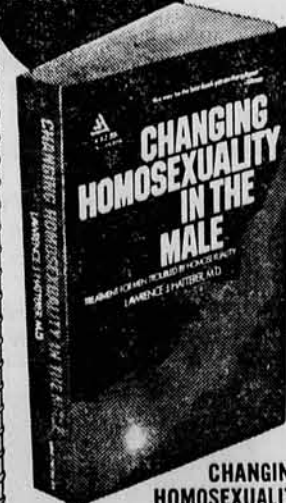
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Culture shock continued

Continued from Page 1

reactions which revealed, in some cases, genuine culture shock.

"I was first struck by the abundance of wealth and luxury squandered at Williams," said junior Steve Werbe, an American globetrotter who received most of his schooling in Britain and presently lives in Lausanne, Switzerland. "None of the boys in the English boarding school I attended had much over ten dollars a semester spending money. We were allowed only one egg a week, and instead of dinner we had tea. The idea of getting orange juice and eggs every morning was totally foreign to me when I came. 'As he spoke, the master of Berkshire Cooking twirled a walking cane between his fingers and wrinkled his brow. 'Williams students take a lot for granted. And one thing I can't understand is how students who profess to be so concerned about ecology can do things like tear down walls in Carter House.'"

The behavior of Williams students appears curiously self-contradictory to other foreign observers. "Many girls here at Williams are into the bad aspects of Women's Lib," commented one boy. "I can understand legitimate gripes such as equal wages and equal job opportunities. But I ob-

ject to girls going around in tattered, paint-spattered blue jeans and old combat boots that look as if they were just imported from Vietnam. Many of them don't seem to care about their appearance. Their conduct is coarse, boorish, and lacking in refinement. Where I live, girls are no meek creatures hiding behind veils, but at least they don't remind you of truckers. They have a certain bearing, grace, and a pride in themselves. Good manners and wearing a dress are only two aspects of femininity, but because many girls put down these things, I find them more male chauvinist than the male chauvinists themselves." Yolanda Vargas, a Honduran, continued in the same vein. "The first thing that hit me when I came to Williams was the stress on the 'natural': acting yourself, being open, not wearing make-up, or dressing up. That's what really has people so messed up here - they stress it so much that it becomes fake."

Interpersonal relations in Honduras and Peru, where Antonio Lulli-Almenara comes from, are much more intimate than in America. He attributed the difference to the society as a whole. "For one thing, many of your fellow students have been your friends since childhood. In addition, you feel as if you knew even those people outside your immediate circle of friends. Students in Peru don't live at the university. Here at Williams, a student has no life outside the college. It's a 'closed system.'" He grinned and mumbled, "I

picked up that term in my economics course last week."

"Here in the US," said Nick Durich, a Yugoslav in Fort Hoosac, "there is self-assertion without intimacy. Everyone seems more interested in making money than in personal relationships. In Yugoslavia, people help each other out too, because the national economy is not nearly so highly developed as here. I remember when I was in gymnasium, which is like your high school, we used to whisper answers to each other all the time. And the professors always expected it, too. Competition does exist, but it is less vocal. It is considered 'improper' and is hidden as much as possible." Antonio agreed vehemently. "Here grades are a goal in themselves as well as an incentive. They determine not only your college standing, but also your standing in comparison to other individuals. In Peru, no one cared much for grades. Just as long as you didn't flunk out."

Underlying these differences in institutional structure are fundamentally different attitudes towards adolescence. Yolanda observed that "here in the United States, kids are almost forced to break away sooner. The whole society is pushing for their independence. In Honduras, no one earns money until he's settled down to a steady job and a family."

"In Peru," added Antonio, "a student's future is much more certain than it is here. Society is more stable and provides everyone a place. Adolescence isn't so bru-

tal because family support is very strong and everyone around you is so willing to help. No one is ever really alone." To Antonio, then, the Williams community appears not so much disgusting as essentially pitiable. "Here, it's as if the adolescent were entering the mouth of a dark cave in deepest Africa. He's all alone and hears these growls and snarls around him, but he has only a pop-gun to protect himself. His knees are shaking. That's the future in America."

Swimming continued

Continued from Page 6

There is no doubt about their "psych-up" job. Wesleyan was peaking for the Williams meet because their chances in the New England two weeks hence are not very strong. Legs were shaved; the team arrived late and picked the side of the pool and the lanes the Ephmen were using; they brought a giant board Cardinal. All this brought them a three-point win.

Wesleyan has its Little Three championship; Williams has its shattered dreams. Which team actually is better may never be settled to everyone's satisfaction. It is more than sour grapes that the match Sunday did not answer this question for many Ephmen.



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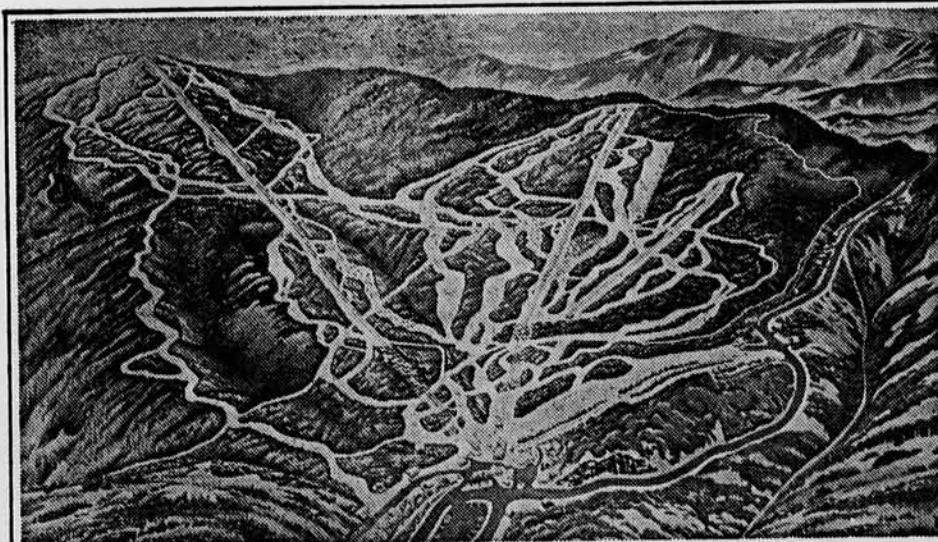
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Dartmouth takes Winter Carnival skiing



photo by Dave Hoffman
Dick Easton poles his way to victory in the 15-kilometer cross-country race Friday during Winter Carnival.

The Williams College Winter Carnival ended Sunday morning with Dartmouth barely managing a three-event victory over the University of Vermont as gusty winds at the Williams' jump forced cancellation of the concluding event.

The final team scores, based on the results of the giant slalom, slalom and cross-country, were: Dartmouth 292.6 points, Vermont 291.7, University of New Hampshire 289.2, Middlebury 286.4, Williams 281.8, University of Maine 275.3, Harvard 271.6 and St. Lawrence 270.3. Dick Easton, co-captain of the Eph team, gave Williams its finest hour in the meet when he won the 15-kilometer cross-country race - by 3 seconds!

The decision to cancel the jumping, already postponed from Saturday because of the heavy snowfall, was made by consensus of the eight participating coaches. This meant a big disappointment for the Vermont team, which had high hopes for their first Williams Carnival victory since the meet began in 1915.

Trailing favored Dartmouth by only nine-tenths of a point going into the jumping, the Vermonters were in a strong position to overcome the Big Green advantage. Three of the best college jumpers

Cross checks

Hockey

Playing two games in 24 hours, the Williams hockey team dropped a disputed 3-2 decision to Bowdoin, the top-ranking team in Division 11, and a 4-2 loss to Colby. In the former match, one of the Polar Bear goals seems to have entered the goal by magic. Bill Jacobs, the Eph goalie, had flattened his left arm and leg against the left post when the puck whistled by on his left. A subsequent check of the net found a hole.

Wrestling

Amherst beat a full, but not entirely healthy, Williams wrestling team Saturday. Since Wesleyan did not show up because of the snowfall, however, the meet was not an official Little Three championship. Dave Giles, Hardy Coleman, Tom McInerney and George Rathbone declinoned for Williams, but Amherst was too powerful in the other divisions, as the 21-12 score indicates.

Anyone interested in playing Lacrosse please contact Coach Lamb at EXT. 354 or any evening at Towne Field House.

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in the East are on the Vermont squad: Pottor Kongsli, twelfth in the Holmenkollen tournament in Oslo last year, undefeated this season and winner of last weekend's carnival at Dartmouth; Knut Gulbrandson and Marty Grimmes. All three are Norwegians.

The outstanding alpine performers of the carnival were Sumner Erbe, a Dartmouth junior, who won the giant slalom, and Vermont freshman Dave Dodge, winner of the slalom and second in the giant slalom, and Wayne Wright, second in the slalom and third in the giant slalom. Erbe easily defeated the field in the giant slalom, covering each run of the course in the fastest time. Dodge performed likewise in the slalom where Erbe fell.

Faculty sweeps to victory

by Steve Hauge

The annual and traditional Winter Carnival broomball game, known to its enthusiasts as the Williams' Ice Follies, came to pass this last Friday. This great occasion for the faculty to display the physical attributes of their usually academic bodies resulted in a technical 2-1 victory for the pros, though most students will favor the 2-2 deadlock the game eventual-

ly became. The questionable tactics which produced the last goal will be described below.

Broomball, a hybrid sport combining the foot and-or broom to propel a volleyball across a hockey rink, brought out large, raucous crowds, traditionally anti-faculty. Some choice comments delivered by sloshing spectators for the enjoyment of fellow viewers must remain with history.

The faculty, bulwarked by ageless lettermen, tallied first. Catching the intramural all-stars too much on the attack, Jeff Vennell led a four-on-zero quick faculty break. The all-star goalie, whose expertise at that position forces him to remain nameless, carefully and cleverly cut down all the usual angles but forgot the obvious one. Vennell slapped the volleyball between the goalie's legs, provoking the latter's chagrin and the crowd's voluminous abuse.

Back came the purple, yellow, etc. horde. Phil Sullivan goes into the record book for scoring the goal though it would have been impossible without his cavorting cohorts.

After some fancy McCormick stick-handling, the faculty set up their power play. Its fifth attempt culminated in a neat pass from Vennell to Randy Bartlett who converted, for their second goal.

About this time Jack Curtin, the only referee, finally marched Mr. Fuqua to the penalty box to cool his jets. The victim of this injustice as he loudly maintained to the unsympathetic crowd had been ram-bunctiously decking all-stars during the entire game.

Suddenly, in the waning minute, the whole all-star bench was transfixed by an idea, most probably induced by the contents of the new defunct beer cans. The team "dashed" from their box, all 26 of them, "acquired" the ball and began a relentless rugby-like rampage toward the numerically impoverished faculty. Despite a heroic stand that would have done justice to John Wayne and the Alamo, the faculty fell. A bunch of all-stars escorted the tying goal ensemble through the crease.

The game had to be called with 15 seconds remaining because of Curtin's inability to control the all-star mob, which had assembled to prevent any more breakaway faculty goals. Thus ended this year's broomball battle. Undergraduates must wait until next year for a chance to wreak havoc on their profs and reclaim the broomball championship for the students with whom any such title should perforce belong.

Squash wrecks rapine

by Steve Hauge

Like Hannibal at Cannae, the Williams squash team bottled up M.I.T. in the valley of the squash courts, slammed the door

on them and proceeded with the slaughter.

Ty Griffin captained the Eph forces and gave them the example, which the remaining top six players followed, with devastating effectiveness. There was no question of demoralization in his match; his opponent never had any morale to lose. With a streak of ten points Griffin captured the first game. An event in the second perhaps symbolized the whole match. After a brief rally the M.I.T. player sought refuge in a backhand cross-corner shot. Griffin seized upon the loosely played ball and gave the just-played shot its true definition.

A few days earlier the Eph racquetmen had ravaged Wesleyan. Losing but four games in the 8-1 rout, Williams gained one leg for the Little Three championship. Since Amherst will also beat Wesleyan, Williams will have to combat the Lord Jeffs this Saturday at home, for the title. Each team will hold one leg of the wishbone; only one can win.

Cardinals defrock swimmers

Wesleyan caught the Mermen on a bad day and nipped them 58-55 Sunday. The match went like the first event, the medley relay, which the Cardinals won by a touch.

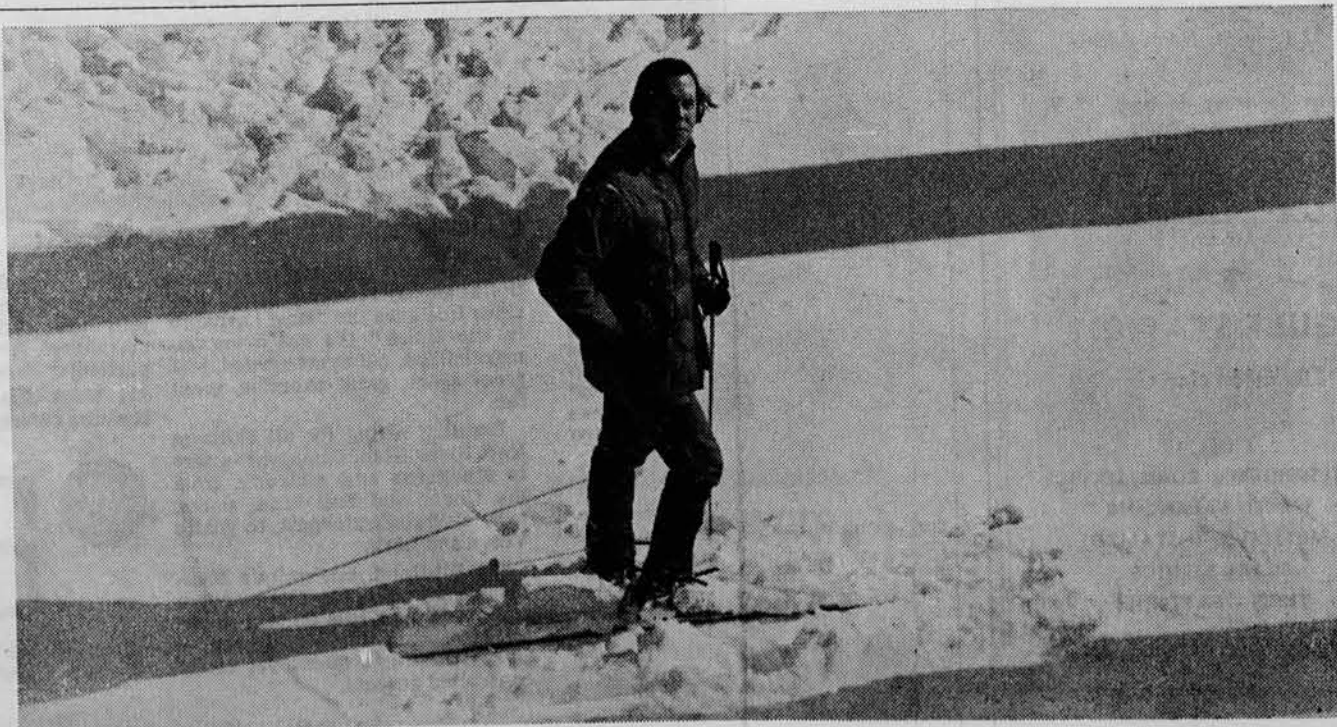
The Eph swim team was up for the match Saturday. Snow prevented Wesleyan's arrival. Then the match was going to be on Monday, then called off, then Sunday, then off, then time-trials Saturday, then the match Sunday. What kinetic energy the team had had disappeared in this wasted yo-yo motion. Psychically sapped, the Mermen were not really up when the swimming actually took place and Wesleyan slipped in the back door.

Nevertheless, there were some good times. Stevens won his usual double in the 500 and 1000 freestyle; Geoff achieved the same in both diving competitions. Bob Beck, making a special guest appearance placed second in the second diving event. Harper swam his best time (2:07.3) in the individual medley. Darrel Oliver won the 200 butterfly in 2:11.1, his fastest to date.

Yet all races were not this bright. The Cardinals narrowly squeaked second place in the 200 fly and the 100 free, as they had first place in the opening relay. Any reversal in these placements (equal to two points) would have turned the match. When the final freestyle relay race arrived, Williams bread-and-butter team swam in vain. The seven points they gained could only narrow the final score, not alter it.

Whether the Cardinals would have won the final relay if the match had been close at that point remains for conjecture now.

Continued on Page 5



Indomitable skier Sam Moss says, "It snowed."

photo by Brad Paul