

# RECORD ADVOCATE

williams college  
williamstown, mass.  
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## Council reverses reversal

Last Tuesday night the College Council voted to hold run-off contests for positions on the CUL and CEP because none of the candidates gained a majority of the votes in last week's elections. However, late this week that decision was nullified when Council president Jim Stedronsky admitted that the CC had violated their own constitution by ordering new elections.

Those candidates that received a simple plurality in last week's elections remain the declared winners.

In other Council business this week, the CC called for a referendum this Tuesday to determine student support for a strike on May 4. The Council also discussed a CEP "contractual major" proposal and listened to further complaints about freshman inclusion.

The flip-flop decision concerning the recent elections occurred when Barbara Blundell '73, who had won a place on the CUL, vigorously objected to the Council's order for run-off elections. She pointed out that the minutes for the CC meeting on April 18 (prior to the election stated) "Council member Harnik announced the decision of the Election Committee that this week's elections to the Vice-Presidency and elective committees be by simple majority."

Some Council members apparently remained unmoved by Blundell's arguments until she quoted their own constitution which reads, "The Council must approve election procedures for elective committees before such elections may be held." At this point, Stedronsky agreed that the Council had erred by attempting to change the ground rules of the elections after they had been held.

Contacted last night, the CC president said that a full meeting of the Council will be held next week to finish validating the election results. On Tuesday and Wednesday student voters must return to the polls one more time to elect Sophomore members to the CUL and Discipline committees, since ballot omissions in the last election prevented a fair contest for these positions.

At last Tuesday's meeting Phil Youderian proposed a May 4 moratorium in observance of the second anniversary of the Kent State shootings. The referendum next week will include a "yes-no" question on the continued support of the Vietnam war effort, thereby safeguarding the student who opposes the war but wants classes held.

Youderian also acted as spokesman for a proposal that would create a "contractual" or inter-disciplinary major. The Council voted to support the new category which is being considered by the CEP.

Matt Fishbein appeared again on behalf of the freshmen who have strongly objected to the recent inclusion process. He suggested a plan whereby the 40 to 60 people who were given their third choice in housing would be compensated by receiving top priority for the old Williams Inn when it is converted to student housing in 1973. Such a deal would include row house affiliation next year for this group.

After lukewarm debate the Council tabled the proposal and referred it to the Student Housing Committee.

## Gul: Is it really worth the price?

by Chris West

"I think of our yearbook as a cloudy day - oppressive. I don't get much feeling out of it; it's sort of sterile." This was co-ed Betts Sanderson's evaluation of the *Gul* and there is a good chance that most Williams students agree with her.

In fact, when the distribution of the 1972 *Gul* was announced last fall, the ap-

athy was deadening. Nonetheless over three-quarters of the upperclassmen trotted out to Garfield House to pick up their copies, and for a few days, most stereo sets on campus emitted the sounds of the Fort Hoosac fire and Bill Massengale's Commencement address. But within a week, most copies handed out had probably been banished to the bottom shelf or under the sofa, or, in a few incorrigible cases, to the trashcan.

Several questions should be raised here. Is the *Gul* worth the time, effort, and principally the expense put into it? Does it fulfill a genuine need on the campus? And, most important, does current student interest in the yearbook mandate continued publication?

In 1970, the total cost of the *Gul* was \$7800; this year, the pricetag had jumped to \$8900, and next year's will cost an estimated \$11,000. Even allowing for generous inflation, a 41 per cent cost increase in three years is startling. Each semester, a twenty-eight dollar Activities Fee is levied on each student, and from these revenues, the *Gul*, along with every other campus organization, derives its financial support. By simple arithmetic, then, it can be calculated that every student will contribute about \$7.50 this year for the *Gul* he will receive next fall.

The question is whether the yearbooks are worth \$7.50 apiece, whether that money could be better spent. In my opinion, the answer is clearly "yes, the money could be spent far more sensibly." And consider this, that one's freshman, sophomore, and junior *Guls* will be largely useless and uninteresting in future years; it is only the senior volume that will really be of any lasting value after graduation. At \$7.50 a year, each student is thus actually paying thirty dollars for his senior yearbook.

Bascom House junior Paul Kingston thinks it is ludicrous for each student to waste thirty dollars on the yearbook; "I'd just as soon forget the whole thing. If we abolished the *Gul*, the money would all be freed for other activities that are much more important." It is interesting to compare the cost of the *Gul* with the allocation of funds to other campus organizations. The yearbook is far and away the most expensive item on the list, at \$11,000. For the same sum spent on the *Gul*, the college could support two additional radio stations at \$4800 each or two

and seven-eighths Choral Societies at \$4800 each. The Outing Club receives \$2290, and even the *ReAd*, which publishes 6-page issues twice each week, only receives \$7700. Without a yearbook, it is interesting to speculate how much richer the campus cultural program could be.

In recent years, there have been a multitude of criticisms of the annual publication. One of the most frequently-heard objections is that the *Gul* is a momentary ego-trip by its editors. Professor Richard Archer, the custodian of the Chapin Library, expresses this view most succinctly: "The *Gul*... has become something on which each editor inflicts his own personality. The books have no coherence. They are all so unstructured and disorganized." In the recent past, we have seen Jim Deutsch's "yearbook," and Stuart Selonick's re-interpretation of a normal Williams apathetic year in terms of an extraordinary period of political activity which commenced in May.

Garfield senior Mitchell Rapoport charges that *Guls* have been a form of "institutionalized mediocrity." His principle objection is that the Williams book tends to be edited by photographers, who may well know how to place fine pictures on a page, but who have no literary taste or inclination. "If editors would put as much linguistic as photo creativity into the *Gul*, the publication might be tolerable."

Professor Frederick Rudolph, the Chair-

Continued on Page 5

## Bikes vs. Cars: two wheelers man barricades

The inner campus of Williams College will be closed to all motor vehicle traffic on Monday, May 1, in observance of "National Bikeology Week." Student volunteers will man barricades from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Bicyclists will be encouraged to ride in the restricted zone. In case of rain, the campus will be closed on Wednesday, May 3.

Several other events involving bicycles are planned for next week. A repair and maintenance clinic will be conducted out-

side Chapin Hall by the Bike Shop of Pittsfield from 3 to 5 p.m. on Monday. On Tuesday through Friday afternoons from 2-4, Al El, an amateur bicyclist will be on hand to check out any ailing machines.

Henry N. Flynt, director of student aid and ardent collector of bicycles, will stage a riding of a four-seater bike and one with wooden wheels. He also has a six-seater available for use, but doubts whether he will find enough riders to man it.

Freshman Anita Brewer and Anne Webster, an exchange student from Smith, are coordinating the observance. Brewer conservatively estimate that 150 bicycles are regularly being ridden on campus.

On the other hand there are about 650 student automobiles registered with the College security office and at least 200 more cars are owned by faculty and staff members.

Brewer is a member of the Williamstown Environmental Action Coalition, which is co-sponsoring the observance with the student-faculty Committee on the College Environment. Associate Professor William Fox, chairman of the Committee, has carried the cause of Bike Week to the administration. The blocking of College roads has been approved by the provost, the dean, buildings and grounds, and security.

The Williams Outing Club funded the publicity behind Bike Week, but president Lindsay Fowler has said that the Outing Club refuses to back the erection of barricades because it appears the activity of a "special interest minority group."

Restricted areas of the inner campus will be blocked off by saw horses and students will be stationed at these points with a list of alternate parking areas for those who insist on driving automobiles. Of course, emergency vehicles will be permitted to pass through.

The students at the barricades will write down the reasons for any vehicles that are allowed through. This information will be valuable if the campus is again closed to vehicular traffic.

Other events during the week will be a bike hike sponsored by the Outing Club on Wednesday, May 3. Riders will leave at 1 p.m. from in front of Chapin Hall and return at about 4 p.m. The caravan will go south on Routes 7 and 43 to Brodie Mountain in Hancock, east to Route 7 and north back to the campus. Refreshment will be furnished by the club. Everyone is invited to participate on any kind of vehicle.

On Saturday, May 5, a bike race is scheduled, beginning at 2 p.m. at the head of Water Street. No advance entries are necessary. Additional information may be obtained by calling Jim Chapman at 458-9096.

Brewer said that the Buildings and Grounds Department is participating by constructing new racks for bicycles and installing ramps at places where bike routes encounter curbs. The ramps will be in existence only until the curbs are knocked down, probably sometime this summer.

Brewer noted that the idea for focusing attention on bicycling originated in California with a group called "Friends for Bikeology" in Santa Barbara. Williams-town will be one of more than 100 towns across the nation celebrating bike week in some way.

At Williams, progress in developing bike routes is tentative. Brewer noted that some campuses have purely peripheral parking, and there is no reason why Williams cannot follow suit. There were plans to make a bike path from Griffin Hall to Greylock, but the enormity of the project was beyond the means of the Committee's resources.

Brewer hopes that some arrangement could be made with the College so that an environmental studies class would take to the fields and hack bike paths out of the Williamstown wilderness.

Finally, Brewer hopes to mitigate the "dangerous, unpleasant" presence of automobiles on campus roads. "The Bike Week is aimed as much at the faculty as at the students who drive. We are trying to show that bikes are both recreational and practical for campus use."



On most weekdays, you can approach the Center for Environmental Studies by dodging through car alley ways. On Monday, the scene and scenery will change as the entire inner campus is closed to automobiles.

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# RECORDADVOCATE

Co-chairmen:  
Andrew M. Bader, John D. Ramsbottom

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## Fuzzy heads

The recent merry-go-round of College Council decisions leaves none of us amused. The members of that befuddled organization seem to have taken to heart the maxim of Dickens' Circumlocution Office: "How not to do it!"

Every student here has the right to expect, at the very least, a certain deliberateness and consistency when the Council sits down to "talk" business. The knee-jerk actions of recent CC vintage indicate that the representatives have abandoned, if not all their senses, at least the common one.

The evidence for this foolishness is unquestionable, incontrovertible, irreversible, irrevocable—in short, CC mishmashing cannot cover it up.

The Council bungled the elections for its officers several weeks ago when ballots were lost or used twice. On top of that the ludicrous race for Vice-President was held three times—a series of "contests" in which the candidates' own indifference outyawned the voters' lukewarm interest.

Then the great freshman inclusion scramble began—now you have it, now you don't . . . now you do! Tuesday night meetings have had all the suspense of a Demolition Derby as fragile, poorly structured decisions are pulverized by the knocking heads of Council members.

This week the Council bottomed itself by voting to re-interpret their election procedures after the fact. Fortunately, Mr. Stedronsky owned up to the CC's error and correctly let the election results stand.

The remedies for all these gaffes do not lie in the fairy tale world of new constitutions, new review committees, or new referendums. Such qualities as firm leadership and clear thinking cannot be built into the sub-structure of the Council.

The CC does not have to search its soul very deeply to arrive at some common-sense, well-publicized procedures for matters such as elections. At the same time it should have the guts to stand by sound, reasonable judgments.

The Council should act quickly to re-assess some of the flaccid decision-making of this semester so that next year energy can be directed towards campus problems instead of CC gymnastics.



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## Shoot the Dog The recruits come to town

by Peter Hillman

This is the time of year when Williams-town is invaded by hordes of high school seniors, usually accompanied by parents, more often than not neatly dressed almost to the point of suffocation. You can see them walking around the campus with a new copy of the catalogue under their arm, or eating in the Snack Bar and not knowing, of course, about the crazy new lottery system employed there. They are all hitting Williamstown this week, it seems, because they are trying to decide whether to spend their next four years here or at some other place.

Here, then, is a guide to prospective students, a program to call the players by, because these players are in the final round of the game of college admissions. To allow students to be able to distinguish between the different types of prospective students, here is a run-down by different groups:

Group Number One is the athletic recruit. He is usually trying to decide between Williams, Bowdoin, and Dartmouth, because he has heard all three have good intramurals. Through the Purple Key Society, the admissions office arranges for the recruits to stay with current Williams freshman jocks. Big bevo blasts are sometimes held, to impress this recruit with the Williams mystique, and the recruit struggles hard to fit in. Occasionally, he gets plastered, but generally has a good time before hopping in a car to visit his older brother at Dartmouth. Entry B in Williams Hall is especially infamous for their generous, concerned attitude toward these recruits. One story is told about the recruit who came up and said he could drink with the best of the Entry B men. This is a mean feat. "I spent half the night holding his head in the garbage can," said the recruit's sponsor. Another time, several freshmen asked a recruit if there was anything they could tell him about the school. "Yes, there's just one thing," said the high school senior, "Where's the television?" Nevertheless, most of the recruits report

having a great time. "We don't lose too many," an Entry B man told me, "But one time we just lost this guy. I mean, we couldn't find him anywhere."

A second group of prospective students visiting at this time of the year is the one torn between the big Ivy League schools and the Little Three. This is the kind of a guy you could spend a half-hour with pointing up the virtues of Williams, only to find that his grand-father was named Elihu Y. Something-or-other. They will sit in on a few classes and enjoy the countryside, but too often the admissions office regrets that this type of student ends up in Cambridge next year. They will probably not ask you where the television is.

The third and final group of student is the Waiting List Number, of which this writer is an alumnus. Once on the Waiting List, they speed up to Williamstown for another interview, and perhaps for a last fleeting look at the college of their choice. But once up here, they are on their best behavior. They will probably get around to asking an admissions person, during a length interview, where the television is.

Perhaps the best story about prospective students is one told by an admissions officer. It seems that several years back a very serious-minded individual was placed overnight in the room of two freshman rowdy athletes, one of whom boasted of being an acrobat. The recruit slept in the living room on an old couch. Late at night, one of the athletes, the acrobat, burst into the living room screaming "I've had enough of this place! I can't take it any longer!" He tore open his shirt and took off for the window. He jumped out very quickly and did some kind of turn-around on the ledge, and landed one flight below, on one of those balconies, where he hid from the recruit's vision. The recruit, in an obvious state of shock, reported all this the next morning just before he took off. What he saw, of course, was better than anything he could have seen on television.

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## King Lear: A reverse primer of theatrical theory and practice

Did it really happen? The answer, alack, is Yes: **King Lear** has happened at Williams, and it is a happening unlike any other we have seen or wish to see again. The idea of it, as we realized from the moment this production was announced, is ridiculous. Shakespeare's great play is a difficult enough project for the most experienced of theatrical companies - that a college should attempt it is more madness than the Bard himself could ever have conceived (with exceptions, perhaps: remember *Pyramus and Thisbe*?). In a perverse inversion, director John von Szeliski has managed a kind of miracle: he has presented Shakespeare's most beautifully structured tragedy as though it were a thing totally without form. **King Lear** may be a play about chaos, but we can scarce imagine that its author would have envisioned a presentation of it whose dictum is "The medium is the message".

It is impossible for a critic ("unthinkable" is another word for it) to pretend that he can resurrect the spirit of **King Lear** in a review after he has spent three hours being witness to its execution. He can, instead, only hope to do justice to it (the quality of mercy is strained). Let us then, first, praise the innocent before we cross-examine the guilty. This is a short enough process - aside from Mr. von Szeliski's set (an admirable assemblage of platforms which are both functional and appropriate) and Dianne Sisko's costumes (which are, as ever, the only consistently excellent element we can expect from major productions at the AMT), there are only two other things worthy of **King Lear**: the performances of Ed Baran as Lear and Maggi Renzi as Goneril. Mr. Baran's Lear is quite incredible for an actor of his or any other age - his very presence on stage, in unbelievable command of Shakespeare's words and the

character they describe, creates a portrayal of which the production is undeserving, and it produces in us a feeling of great sadness and much shame. The same is true of Miss Renzi's Goneril.

That the same cannot be said about any of the other actors is the most damning evidence we can cite against this production. Two actors of ability and personality (Laura Hanft, who plays Regan, and Bruce MacDonald, who is Edmund) have obviously been misdirected to an unpardonable extreme. Thus we are presented with Miss Hanft, whose grace and bearing (and diction, something which too many of the cast lack) are capable of creating a complex and seductive Regan, writhing around the stage as though she had been warned that her role was that of a snake and that she would be replaced by Theda Bara if she did not shape up. And then we have Mr. MacDonald, who must have been persuaded that his was the comic role in the play and that he should play it up (and out, and away) as much as he reasonably could (are there no bounds to reason?). The triangle of Goneril, Regan and Edmund which should dominate at the center of the play is therefore reduced to the level of a screwball comedy.

How these performers were sabotaged is no mystery (and it is only one of the many acts of directorial aggression). One just has to look at the play as a whole to see that it is only their own sense of direction which has kept them apart from the rest even as they were being denied the opportunity of giving us their best. While Miss Hanft and Mr. MacDonald distinguish themselves by their talent in the midst of adversity (treading water, as it were), the rest of the cast struggle in roles whose currents are too deep and treacherous and in which they more often than not drowned. We shall not resusci-



Thank you, Steve, Dick, et al...; as you now know, "where your nightmares end, LEAR begins." photo by Roy Pollock

tate those who could not swim. Still, we may mention, with artificial respiration, that we were gratified by the bare survivals of Charles de l'Arbre (with a back-stroke) as Gloucester, Chuck Eberdt (in free-style) as Kent, Tom Allingham (in a crawl) as Edgar, Jeffrey Johnson (with the butterfly) as Oswald and Dean Cycon (who waded) as the Fool.

One feels somehow that it would be presumptuous at this moment to elucidate an interpretation of **King Lear** as a response to the problem of criticizing everything which is so blatantly wrong about this production (after all, the director has not bothered - why should we?). With no interpretation to comment on or to refute, we can, however, enumerate some of the more blaring errors and transgressions. This production of **King Lear** is a sort of reverse primer in theatrical theory and practice: herein are detailed a myriad of things one really shouldn't do.

When using a platform set, don't ignore its advantages and its possibilities: use lighting to suggest division and space and diversity of place, not just to make it easy for the actors to see where they are going (of course, if this obliqueness is a techni-

que for showing us that the characters are going nowhere, do it well). Don't use the black-out to separate scenes if each scene has been directed as hermetic, without any vitality which might connect it to the one preceding or the one following it. In reference to that, don't play scenes constantly on either or both of the auditory extremes - vary the tone occasionally to suggest, well, to suggest.

When staging a storm scene, don't rely on the power of two little flutes to convey the approach of devastation (it does not work, and neither do the small shafts of light when they are spaced two feet apart portend any deluge - it will look more like **The Secret Storm** than **King Lear**). Then again, that effect is appropriate if one follows through, and there is a horrible consistency to it all if, when demonstrating the joy of a reunion, one accompanies the estranged father and daughter with a sudden swell of maudlin music. If the first half ends like a soap opera, then perhaps so must the second, and when Albany takes over the stage at the end of the play it is rather like **As the World Turns** coming on without a station break after **My Life to Live** (poor Cordella, she was so young, and was she as insipid as she seemed or were we experiencing some sort of interference).

Likewise, when abstracting discord, as in a choreographed battle scene, don't dance this drip of a water ballet to the martial tune of a gladiator epic. Don't finish the sequence with a line of soldiers facing the stage and lifting their lances - this is dangerous. Finally, don't attempt to kill a critic on opening night: it is too public; have someone take care of him before he has a chance to see the production - you might be doing him a favor. (As with so much else, this effort failed through bad aim (otherwise known as "misdirection") at last night's performance of **King Lear**: when the head of a lance was launched into the audience, it hit the person next to me (on the forehead and collarbone) and the one in back (on the cheek). By this time of the evening, it was like adding injury to insult.) **King Lear** has been directed with an abominable lack of taste, imagination, visual sense or dramatic feeling.

Arturo Calventi

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## "The Naked Night": unqualified masterpiece

by Steve Lawson

"Only by performing in a mask," writes Eugene Archer in "The Rack of Life", can an artist achieve the illusion of communication and a sense of fulfillment. If the converse is true, then the artist's terror is to be caught with the artifice stripped bare, with no retreat from the spotlight. His life becomes a vicious circle: the fear of his reality crumbling is omnipresent, but that reality is only a sham which continually shatters over and over.

This theme, recurrent in *The Magician and Smiles of a Summer Night* and developed to a feverish climax in *Persona*, finds its first complete expression by Ingmar Bergman in his 1953 *The Naked Night* (known abroad as *Sawdust and Tinsel, Night of the Jesters, and Sunset of a Clown*). The film opens with a line of circus caravans creaking across a horizon at dawn; without dialogue and with brilliant cutting, Bergman establishes the film's major concerns: the illusions basic to performing (the wagons mirrored in a stream's surface), the pain and discomfort inherent in an existence devoted to art (horse straining; driver huddled against the cold rain), the oppressive heaviness of such a life (the gesture of a man covering his sleeping mistress with a blanket, both touching and stifling in the way it is shot), the idea of approaching breakdown (a windmill with broken sails). Clambering up beside the driver, Albert is told the story of the chief clown, Frost. "It happened seven years ago..."

Cut - blinding light and drumming as a grotesquely made-up woman poses for a military regiment on a beach, then strips for them. Frost, her husband, runs to pull her out of the water and attempts to bear her back to the circus. Mute acting, intercuts of cannons, violent close-ups, acts of humiliation (Alma becomes ashamed, realizing the military "adulation" is actually jeering; Frost's clothing is stolen as he rescues her, so both must stumble away nearly naked until he falls from exertion) give the effect of a jerky silent-film, intrusive and shocking. Bergman's parallel to Albert and his mistress, Anne, is made instantaneously; as the paint and finery must be removed to hold the attention of the army, so must the worst be revealed before genuine awareness results. This theme (derived from Strindberg) prevails throughout, and the treatment and triumph are extraordinary.

Albert's dream is for his troupe to reach America; first, however, costumes must be borrowed to assure a reversal of fortunes.

Both he and Anne display their best outfits as they timidly enter the local theatre, interrupting a rehearsal. ("A beautiful day", murmurs Albert, and in the dark hall the remark becomes ludicrous.) Nor do they escape ritual humiliation, as the manager Sjuberg (Gunnar Bjornstrand) lambasts them: "Why shouldn't I insult you? ... the plainest of us can spit on the best of you. Why? Because you stake your lives and we our vanity... if you only dared, you would see we look even more foolish with our fake elegance... Why shouldn't I insult you?" The blend of self-mockery and snobbery, pride and cynicism; the sado-masochistic tone characterize the film perfectly. This theatre is provincial and third-rate, a circus on a different level - but actors are superior because all they risk is their ego, as we see when Frans makes advances to Anne in an ox's head. He is both dominant and subservient ("I could crush your resistance like paper," he boasts; Anne, unruffled, replies in kind: "What play is that from?"), simpering and threatening, and this complexity informs every character in the film. Albert is torn between the "artistry" of his dilapidated circus and the lure of his bourgeois wife's shopkeeping existence; Anne fears his desertion of her and is consequently attracted to the security - which is merely a highly erotic fling - of Frans' settled position as an actor.

Bergman's brilliance in handling relevant detail is evident here: as Albert prepares to go and visit his wife, Anne polishes his boots (so the wife won't disparage the way he's been living), then suddenly throws them down (lest they look too good). Once in the shop, Albert alternates between lofty speeches on the troupe's successes and pleas for a place in one of her stores. But the wife is adamant, recalling his world "of rush and push, misery and lice", and we see how out-of-place Albert truly is in her household. From the wife's set face, we dissolve to Anne's as she embarks on her strange journey into the backstage milieu, in search of Frans, whose welcome parallels the wife's to Albert ("You smell of the stables - cheap perfume - sweat...") Anne initially dominates ("I can ride great geldings"), but Frans makes her submit to being made up; they arm-wrestle and her advantage collapses as she tumbles to the floor. Illusion wins out: Frans dangles an amulet to win her favors - yet it is only his image in a mirror that does so.

After this mutual (and failed) attempt at betrayal comes the remarkable scene in which Albert, revolted by his talk of death, bursts with Frost from the dark caravan into a sunlit orgy of frenzied release. Then the clown's act before a packed house, replete with acts of sadism and retribution, spiced by sexual innuendo: "Shall we ride tonight?" calls Frans to Anne during her

equestrian act; in revenge, Albert knocks his hat off with a whip. The duel escalates until Sjuberg turns it into a genuine "act" with Anne as the prize: Albert loses, collapsing like a bear, perhaps castrated at the frail actor's hands. At this point, Anne viciously claws at Frans, and her supposed estrangement from Albert fades at its point of greatest apparentcy. Raging but helpless to act, Albert can only shoot his mirrored image and the chained bear as surrogates for himself. Finally, the decision to continue: hell together is better than hell alone. He and Anne move on, attached if not totally reconciled.

Reminiscent of German expressionism, *The Naked Night* bears a strong thematic similarity to Fellini's *Variety Lights*, while the great beach scene anticipates others in *Hour of the Wolf* and *8 1/2*. Like the early showmen of Fellini, Bergman's people combine the innocent and guilty, the tawdry and glorious. Script, settings (this was his first period work), music, acting - notably Harriet Andersson as Anne, Hasse Ekman as Frans, and Anders Ek as Frost - make it a film of brilliance, both on its glittering surface and in its psychological depths. The artist may be laughable and even superfluous, but Bergman's very achievement with *The Naked Night* seems to prove the opposite. It is - without qualification - a masterpiece. (Steve Lawson '71 has often written on film for the ReAd.)

## Telford Taylor on war crimes

by Steve Bosworth

In 1945, the United States was the nation most eager for the Nuremberg trials to take place; consequently "mental health required that the country be forced to scrutinize what was being done" by its own forces in Vietnam. Telford Taylor '28 spoke to this point Wednesday night in Jesup Hall in a lecture entitled "War Crimes: Guilt and Responsibility."

Taylor, who was U. S. Chief Counsel at the Nuremberg trials, pleaded for the observance of the rules of war settled upon by the Geneva Convention. He claimed that the United States in South Vietnam is simply ignoring many of this agreement, namely by delivering prisoners to the South Vietnamese, who consequently incarcerate these prisoners in the most

sordid surroundings, the wholesale removal of populations from combat areas and the stuffing of them into refugee camps, the destruction of food, the use of tear gas to flush out civilians, and the establishment of pre-strike zones and the indiscriminate bombing which goes on there.

Taylor stressed that the U.S. Army has "high and humane standards" on the books, but the actual implementation of these standards seems to have not come about yet. Taylor examined public response to such violations and more specifically the reaction to atrocities by scrutinizing the My Lai incident.

The initial public reactions that Taylor cited were: 1.) simple denial, 2.) that the story was prefabricated, 3.) that My Lai was an aberration, not a common occurrence and 4.) that "war is war" and anything goes in the protection of American servicemen. Finally some persons contended that "all war is so evil that the only important thing is to get rid of war completely" - and until the U.S. pulls out of S. Vietnam, all Americans are guilty for My Lai. The tensions among these views formed the basis for Taylor's latest book "Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy."

Taylor then enumerated the aberrations of justice that constituted the trials of Lt. Calley and Capt. Medina. Claiming that "command responsibility" was ignored in the trial of the latter, Taylor acknowledged that there was no case against Medina, since the Captain hadn't actually witnessed the shootings at My Lai. Taylor mentioned this as another example of the somewhat admirable rules of the army being perverted or ignored.

Taylor proposed that a general inquiry into the origin and conduct of the war be carried out, but also noted White House opposition to such a move. Taylor read a letter from the White House that cited the Administration's objections to an inquiry: 1.) "the divisiveness of the American people... would be further intensified" and 2.) "the rules of engagement... are classified." Taylor said that he thought the U.S. had been fighting according to the acknowledged rules of war.

Finally, Taylor commended the actions taken towards support of the Quang Ngai Hospital fund by the Williams community. "Whatever one feels about guilt as a whole... the consequences have been truly atrocious," lamented Taylor, and he saw the Hospital drive as a step in the right direction.

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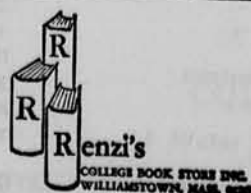
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## Yearbook value, cont'd.

Continued from Page 1

man of the American Civilization Department, agrees that recent *Guls* are missing something, but he takes the historian's view: "The original purpose of the yearbook was to serve as a record of a particular year and a particular class at Williams." According to Rudolph, "A memory book is a beautiful thought, but these last books have not been records. They contained no descriptions of the year's activities; they were filled with errors."

Director of Alumni Relations John English agrees with Rudolph. "In the past, the *Gul* has served an important historical purpose," he said, "but I think some of the recent *Guls* have become very expensive picturebooks of no future value."

Student dissatisfaction with the yearbook runs beyond anxiety about its historical validity. Discussions with students reveal exceedingly little interest in the annual publication. Wood House senior Tom Jackson feels that recent *Guls* have been very artistic but will not be very nostalgic ten years from now. He cites the absence of team pictures, coverage of organizational activities, and the serious lack of a descriptive review of the year at Williams.

Varsity tennis captain Chris Warner singles out the recording as a standout feature of last year's volume, but admits he only played it once. Still another student, who prefers to remain anonymous, shyly admitted that this year's book was the first he ever looked at.

There are of course students who appreciate the yearbook. Fort Hoosac senior Dory Griffinger defends the *Gul* as "largely worthwhile." He enjoys the mood created by the juxtaposition of pictures, and feels that in future years, he will find the book a valuable possession. "I stack them up," he remarked; "I think people would get upset if they didn't have yearbooks." He admits, however, that "mood books" have ultimate limitations as the Williams

mood does not change perceptively from year to year, and there is the risk of turning our annual publications virtually indistinguishable from one another.

In addition to these considerations, there are serious questions regarding the very concept of the yearbook. The most essential part of each person's undergraduate experience is the growth of his mind and his ability to reason and react humanely. How can a yearbook possibly document this process of intellectual development?

If the rationale behind the yearbook is that it is a distillation of a year's activities, then how do 200 pages of trivia such as kite-flying and snow sculpture accurately reflect the intangible benefits of the Williams experience? With this as an official record, is it any wonder that we tend to think of generations of students in terms of fraternity bashes, gulping goldfish, and swallowing twenty hard-boiled eggs to the exclusion of curriculum and mental growth.

If on the other hand, the rationale behind the yearbook is that it is a photographic essay, then the questions arise: Are there not more interesting exercises than an annual 200-page photo essay on Williams College, and should the students foot the bill for the \$11,000 extravaganza?

And so we return to the cost figures, for the argument finally boils down to a question of financing. Is the *Gul* worth the cost? If there is an intense pocket of student support for the yearbook anywhere on the campus, it is pretty well-hidden. A reasonably good indicator of interest or apathy would seem to be the turnout for senior pictures. One would

think that if a student were the least bit interested in the *Gul*, he would walk over to Greylock in his senior year and let the photographer take his picture for inclusion in the book. Last year, 168 graduating seniors were photographed; 140, almost half the class, did not bother to show up.

In my opinion, there is still a place at Williams for a senior class memento. The yearbook should be drastically trimmed

med should contain fewer candid shots and more team and activity photos, should be a composite of both words and pictures, and should be distributed only to the senior class. The College Council will meet this spring to determine next year's *Gul* appropriation. At that time, I urge the Council members to seriously consider the relative costs and benefits of the Williams yearbook.

## News Briefs

### May Day performance

The National Theatre Institute will present a full-length original work entitled *PERFORMERS* on Monday, May 1 at 8:30 p.m. in the upper Gym at the Lasell Gymnasium.

Material for "Performers" is being drawn from the actors' own feelings about performing and learning to become performers.

Admission to *PERFORMERS* is free. There are no reserved seats.

### Constitutional fund raising

On Saturday, May 6, the Northern Berkshire Walk for Development to benefit NOBARC (Northern Berkshire Association for Retarded Children) and David, Kentucky will be conducted locally. The walk, a twenty-one mile excursion, features both a volunteer walker and a sponsor. A sponsor is anyone who agrees to pledge an amount for each mile that the walker completes. A system of checkpoints along the route will verify each walker's accomplished distance. Any students who wish to participate in the Walk for Development are urged to contact Ed at 8-8260.

NOBARC is a county-wide organization, with services available to all of the community's retarded children. David, Kentucky is the poorest county in the U. S. with an average income of less than \$400.

### Symphony finale

The Berkshire Symphony will give the fourth and final concert of its current season tonight at 8:30 p.m. in Chapin Hall. Julius Hegyi will conduct and Juana Fromageot will be piano soloist.

Works on the program are Bizet's *Symphony in C Major*, Griffes' *Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan*, and Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 2*.

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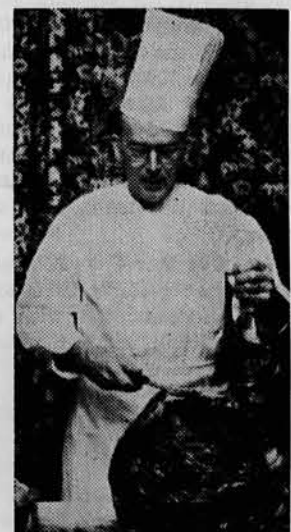
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# READ SPORTS

Williams College  
Williamstown, Mass.  
Volume 1, Number 15  
Friday, April 28, 1972

## Distance men pace Ephs past Trinity

by Scott Lutrey

Rebounding from their first loss of the season the Williams Track team traveled to Trinity to down their hosts 87 and one-half to 66 and one-half. The Ephs won twelve of eighteen events sweeping a pair and outscored their opponents 25-2 in the three middle-distance and distance events, a margin that proved decisive in the final score.

Chris Potter won the mile in 4:30.3 with a devastating last lap kick that sent him blazing past all opposition on the backstretch. Tom Cleaver eked a second-place finish in the last few yards with a 4:31.1. Steve Reuman rolled to a strong (1:59.6) victory in the 880 followed by Bill Holman. Pete Farwell returned to the winning path in 9:52.3 as five Ephmen (Farwell, Cleaver, Potter, Scott Lutrey, and Paul Skudder) swamped Trinity's lone entry in the two-mile.

Two college records fell in the brisk Connecticut weather. Ron Eastman vaulted 13' 1 and one-half inches to win the pole vault while breaking the Williams record (1966) by a full quarter inch. Mikt Reed needed only a record 15.0 seconds to win the 120 yard high hurdles breaking a 34 year-old record, and then came back to romp in the 440 intermediates (58.3). Stan Fri and Willard Webb finished two-three behind Reed to sweep the intermediates. Pete Johnson finished a bare yard behind Reed in the 120 highs and a half yard behind Trinity's Bucheneau.

Without serious opposition Tom Lester posted Williams only points in the weight events as usual by winning the shot (49' 6"), the discus (150' 5 and one-quarter inches), and the javelin (190'). Pete Mertz held up his half of the field events by winning the high jump (6' 2") and placing second in the long jump (20' 8 and one-quarter inches) and triple jump (43' 9"). Jack Hiler again went 5' 8" in the high jump for third.

In the sprints Dave McCormick earned his glory by parlaying his position as the Eph's only entry in the 440 yard dash into a 52.9 clocking and victory. Wes Durham finished third in the 220 yard dash (23.5) and second in the 100 (10.4) where he was followed by Jeff Elliott in 10.5. Elliott opened up a ten-yard lead in the mile relay, Durham doubled it, and Fri and McCormick never let the lead diminish as they closed out the meet with a solid 3:34.8 victory.

The Ephs next travel to Albany State on May 2 to face possibly their toughest opposition of the year, but with an eye well-cooked towards priming for the Little Three meet at Wesleyan May 6.

## Female tennis team ties Vassar on doubles play

by Diana Hole

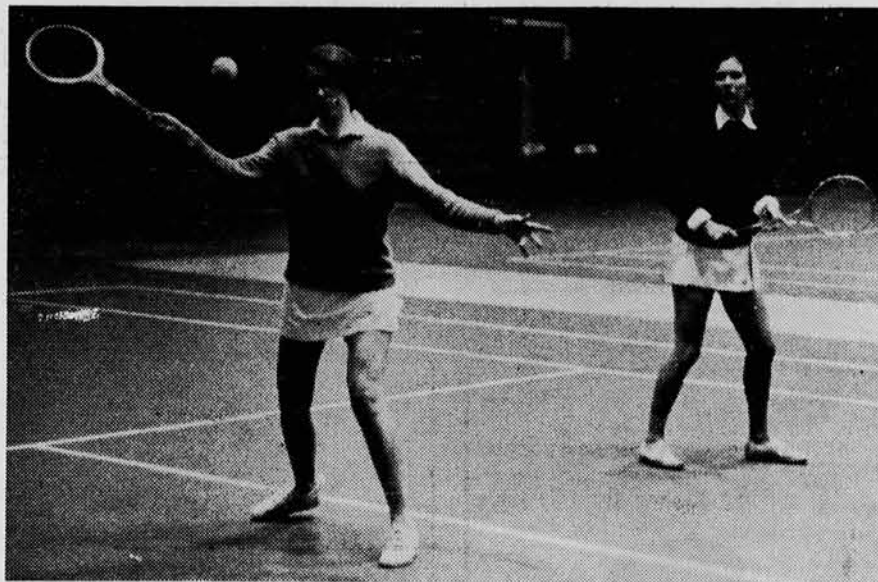
The girls' tennis team, organized only a few weeks ago, played its first intercollegiate match against Vassar Wednesday. Mrs. Lillian Bastert held tryouts three weeks ago and has honed the team into shape by weekly practices. The girls use the indoor courts three times a week, Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Wednesday afternoon; at the risk of sounding unliberal, most of the girls consider this generous. Some of this time is allotted for girls interested in casual playing rather than competition.

Perhaps the greatest irony in spring athletics, Vassar's number one player last year, Patti Deneroff, is Williams' number one player this year. The 12-College Exchange can be thanked for this convenient form of subterfuge. Patti started off well, playing Ruth Gerrity's weak backhand with deep shots into the corners, forcing errors and making some beautiful winning volleys. After winning the first set 6-4,

Patti started off the second at the same pace, but had a mid-set lapse, made several errors and was edged 7-5. When the players resumed after a short rest, she was unable to regain her earlier aggressive form and lost the final set 6-2. Number two Julie Winkler lost to Vassar's Missy Kraus 6-1, 6-4. Barbara Smith, playing third singles, was defeated by Wendy Lawrence 6-2, 6-2.

Williams' doubles teams fared better. Janet Brown and Diana Hole at first doubles played the impromptu Vassar team of Lawrence and Ronny Hurwitt (also a member of Vassar's second doubles team). The Eph duo demonstrated aggressive though at times inconsistent tennis and won 6-4, 6-4. Bobbie Peck and Katie Jacobs at number two mercilessly handled Hurwitt and Golshi with dispatch, 6-1, 6-0. Shella Jackson and Ellen Schnepel finished off the doubles matches and their opponents, Smith and Kaufman, 6-1, 6-3.

The inconclusive result was a 3-3 tie. Williams had planned a fourth doubles match, but Vassar was unable to provide the opposition.



Diana Hole prepares to volley as Janet Brown watches. The duo won their top doubles match against Vassar to lead the doubles' sweep.  
photo by Chris Witting

## Good tennis emerges in Harvard loss

by Sam Bronfman

Last Tuesday the Varsity tennis team was soundly beaten by an excellent Harvard squad. Despite some truly fine performances by the Ephmen, Harvard's netmen were obviously superior.

Playing at number one Chris Warner was outgunned by sophomore Harris Masterson 6-3, 6-3. Masterson, though not possessing an overpowering net game, has strong, driving groundstrokes hit with topspin. Although Warner played well he was very disappointed in the outcome. Chris's shoulder is still very painful and deprives him of his normal power. He also has difficulty holding his racquet hard enough to allow him to play effectively.

Bill Simon played well in going down to sophomore Ken Linder 6-2, 6-4. Simon is serving much better and is playing more consistently. Linder is a tall, clumsy southpaw with a big serve and a tremendous topspin forehand. Although Billy played well, Linder's size and forehand proved too much.

Dick Small was soundly trounced by freshman John Ingard 6-3, 6-0. Small was off his game; Ingard, a very steady player with a good net game, took quick advantage of the lapse. Dick's serve was not going in, and Ingard was able to pounce upon the slow second serve. Peter Talbert looked as if he might get Williams a victory, but Tom Loring favored Peter's sore hamstring to win 7-5, 6-1. Peter played well but fell to Loring's great groundstrokes.

Jim Marver had one of his rare off-days in a 6-3, 6-1 loss to Randy Barnett. Jim's usually pinpoint passing shots were just missing, and Barnett began to capitalize on Marver's serve. At number six, Charlie Kieler played an excellent first set before falling to Captain Chris Nielson 3-6, 6-0, 6-1. Charlie was serving very well,

but Nielson soon was able to get his passing shots down and ran off the final two sets.

The first doubles match was the most exciting of the day. Although Warner and Small were edged by Masterson and Linder 6-3, 7-5, the match was a pleasure to watch. Small played excellently, serving and volleying extremely well and returning serve like Roy Emerson. Warner displayed a solid game also, but Masterson returned serve too well and Linder covered the net like a vacuum. There was just one service break in each set; both times it was Masterson's return of serve that was the difference.

At number two doubles Simon and Talbert fell to Ingard and Nielson 6-4, 6-2. Though playing well the Eph duo was clearly outmatched. At number three Marver and Kieler were unable to dent either Loring or Barnett and went down to a 6-3, 6-2 defeat.

The promising freshman team edged a good Deerfield Academy squad 5-4. Playing on soft clay courts, in cold weather and with a brisk wind, the Ephlets were a far

cry from the team seen so often in cozy Chapman rink.

Stu Browne fell to Sandy McClanahan, an excellent soft court player, 7-6, 6-2. Stu had great difficulty playing his normal serve-and-volley game as the ball tended to sit up on the clay, allowing his opponent to run it down and hit a passing shot. Dave Hillman ran into much the same problem playing at number three and dropped a close match 6-4, 7-5.

Charlie Einsiedler, who loves slow surfaces, had little trouble in winning 6-2, 6-3 at the number two spot. Sam Bronfman, with similar likes, had a similar victory 6-4, 6-1. Brad Hearsh followed by defeating a steady freshman 6-4, 6-4. Mike Watkins, however, lost a very close contest 4-6, 6-3, 7-5, despite a 5-1 lead in the third set.

Browne and Einsiedler pulled off their usual victory at first doubles 7-5, 6-1. Deerfield's upset of Hillman and Hearsh 4-6, 7-6, 6-3 threw the match into third doubles. There Tom Satrom and Bronfman came through 7-6, 6-4, after trailing 5-2 in the first set and 4-2 in the second, to sew up the victory.

## Intramurals: why the slowdown?

by Stephen Hauge

Every year the intramural schedule bogs down. Though the playing times arranged by Mrs. Nutting and Mr. McCormick seem quite reasonable, many houses often are delinquent in abiding by them.

Certain events, like football, basketball and volleyball, are scheduled on certain days. Houses belong to either the Monday-Wednesday League or the Tuesday-Thursday League. Each team thus knows where, when and against whom they are playing. Forfeits or defaults here are relatively easily established.

Other events, like swimming or track, occur only once. Each house chooses to send or not send a team to these meets. Since contest is completed in one afternoon, the order of finish is obvious and

IM points are handed out accordingly.

A different case exists with unscheduled sports like tennis, squash and the current ping-pong tournaments. The chance of finishing such tournaments depends primarily on each house's intramural manager. Only by constant communication between these people can the matches be scheduled and played.

The squash tournament this year is a vivid case in point of the deterioration of this idealistic situation. The varsity squash season at Williams ended on March 5; the intramural tourney was to end two weeks later. Lo and behold, it is still uncompleted. Fitch must play Fort Hoosac in one semifinal round before the winner faces the Faculty in the finals. This same situation existed last March 15, except for the following radical development - Hopkins finally forfeited to Fitch and Carter did likewise to the Fort.

Where are the managers of these teams? Why are they so inactive? No team likes to forfeit but is only too willing to forfeit the other. No doubt the stall technique often covers a lack or dubiousness of an actual team.

Ping-pong now has started. Every manager should check his/her name on Mrs. Nutting's list of Intramural managers (faculty included) to make sure it is the proper one for the house. Play having commenced should continue promptly. A three-day lag might be permitted in the play (though one similar to that of the squash players would continue the match until the solstice), but a definite date of double forfeit must be set up. If one team is unable to play it should voluntarily forfeit not stall the whole proceedings by warily attempting to wait out the opposition. Perhaps forfeit points should be subtracted for recurrent offenders.

## Union's rally in ninth edges Purple

by Tom Cesarz

The varsity baseball team was defeated by Union College Monday by the score of 5-4, dropping the Ephmen's record to 2-3. The loss was very disappointing because the baseballers exhibited another one of their late inning rallies a la Trinity by pushing across three runs in their half of the ninth inning, only to have Union come back to score the winning run in the bottom of the frame.

The game began as a pitcher's duel with sophomore Ken Littleton matching scoreless innings with Union's Stockman. The Ephs broke the ice by pushing across a single tally in the sixth inning. Littleton pitched brilliantly, extending his string of scoreless innings to eleven until the Dutchmen offense emerged in the seventh to score two runs. At the end of eight, the score read Union 4, Williams 1.

The Ephmen retaliated in the ninth to tie the ballgame. Union's Gould walked both Mike Bangser and Tom Geissler to put men on first and second. Captain Wid Nelson drove Bangser home with a single to cut the lead to two. Frank Jamison, continuing his excellent clutch hitting, proceeded to tie the ballgame with a two run double.

The tenth inning was not to be, however, as reliever Ken Steinthal was unable to hold the Union forces in check. With runners on second and third, and two outs, Union's Stu Bernhardt won the ballgame with a single to right.

## Hits back 4-hitter

Tommy Lee threw his second consecutive four-hitter to throttle Wesleyan 9-3 Wednesday. Lee, whose three victories account for the entire winning column of the Ephs' 3-3 record, had a no-hitter going into the sixth before the opposition finally got on the board. No worry. Behind the bats of John Murray, Don Allison and Mike Bangser, who had three-hits apiece and Dick Skrocki, who had three rbis and a stolen base to go with his three hits, the Ephmen scored five times in the ninth to pluck the Cardinals.