THE WILLIAMS
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Open up and say A.H.

by Andrea Axelrod

Creating a myth in their own rites, the San Francisco Dancers' Workshop under Ann Halprin spent a week in residence at Williams. Their $8,000 fee was paid by the National Endowment of the Arts, the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, the Williams Lecture Committee, and the Margaret Bundy Scott Fund.

Many who encountered the group in performance, in workshop, or in passing called their art life form "the most exciting thing I've ever seen"; but more tagged it "bullshit."

To expose reality and stimulate awareness of self and community, Mrs. Halprin's dance company has freed itself of all physical and social taboos. The irony of it is that they never quite come off as authentic at all; on stage and off they carry with them a nimbus of undistilled theatricality.

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Satan and the Zookeeper ... Black cape, Tarzan leotard, purple and orange crocheted helmet, red patent high heeled boots, multi-colored starred boots ... Daisy Mae shorts and midriff on a former North Carolina football player. These are streetclothes.

Above all else members of the Workshop seek authenticity in life and art. Dance, life, and art are equal terms brought into balance by the "R.S.V.P. cycle," radical dancer rhetoric created by Mrs. Halprin's husband Lawrence to meet the "conflicts, confusions and chaos" of the commune the group founded in the summer of 1969. The cycle defines the four holy aspects of the dancer's entire lifestyle, "a collective approach to creativity":

R Resources, the base of all art
S Scoring, the process of art
V Valuation - the moment of **Gestalt** awareness of art
P Performance - life as art

During its one-week residency at Williams the dance group was to have induced the college community to RSVP. It succeeded instead in shocking it.

Joy Dewey, the College's dance instructor, asked sophomore Jeff Johnson to be student host to the group, and to find ways to involve them with the students. "When I told them it was Parent's Weekend," says Johnson, "a few of them suggested they dress-up and really shock some of the parents. They are here to reveal reality to Williamstown."

Apparently they chose to stay aloof from what in Williams poses as reality.

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The homosexual at Williams: coming out

The Williams Faculty Minutes for September 24, 1934, report newly installed President Tyler Dennett's concern with "the value of contact with the students and his desire to do preventive work to the end that queer boys, and maladjustments, which come to the attention of the Faculty, be reported at once to the Assistant Dean." (What happened to such persons after their discovery is anyone's guess.)

That brief, ambiguous entry is the only recorded incident concerning homosexuality at Williams. But lack of recognition has little to do with actual numbers. Statistics compel the existence of a gay population in any community. Kinsey reports that **at least** 4 percent of any population is exclusively homosexual throughout adult life while 46 percent "engages in both heterosexual and homosexual activities, or reacts to persons of both sexes, in the course of their adult lives." (**Sexual Behavior in the Human Male**, p. 656.)

The question is how has the College's gay population been able to develop an identity?

"Well, some write graffiti on bathroom walls," answers Roy (a pseudonym). "The men's room in the basement of Stetson Hall, for instance, has had a good one for some time: 'Gay, young, and goodlooking' I think it says, plus a name and telephone number. One of the stalls in a Bronfman lavatory is also a reliable place for choice tidbits of local gay news and propositions."

Roy is a senior at Williams, a conscientious, no-nonsense sort, who hopes to enter law school next year. He has a nervous habit of playing with his watch to occupy his hands if he's studying or in class or talking to someone. Asked about his sexual preference, he unhesitantly replies that he finds men more erotically stimulating than women.

"I don't want to define myself too narrowly though," he quickly adds. "In saying I'm either hetero- or homosexual, I immediately exclude about half of all my potential for erotic pleasure. Andrew Crider in the Psychology Department would call that 'the fallacy of misplaced concreteness.' "

He grinned, looked at his watch, and went on.

"That means if I assume an exclusive orientation, I do injustice to an infinite variety of interpersonal relationships, both Platonic and sensual. In other words, why should I restrict myself before exploring the limits of my social-sexual surroundings?"

Has he been able to explore in Williamstown?

"Not in the least. The students here are really uptight to conform to heterosexual mores. If there's just the slightest hint that things aren't on the straight and narrow, ostracism, at best, is the result. The lumber-jacket, **macho** reputation of the fraternity days still fits."

He hesitated, then qualified his response.

"I guess it's a product of the Williamstown environment. If we were in or near a metropolitan area, things would be a lot different. First, you can get some degree of anonymity in a city to help you come out."

Come out?

"That's a gay slang term. A homosexual can have clandestine sexual experiences without ever having to come to grips with being a member of an oppressed, socially unorthodox minority. That's because he's not readily visible to the community like, say, a black person is; the homosexual himself is the only person who can show his neighbors that he belongs to the gay minority. 'Coming out of the closet' refers to the person who consciously identifies himself with that group. It's like developing a black consciousness or a Jewish consciousness or what have you."

He turned his watch around and played with its band. Getting back to the problems of Williamstown, he went on.

"So, a city can provide the anonymity a 1500-student campus cannot. Second, a place like Boston or New York or even Albany has gay bars -- wretched, deplorable places for the most part, to be sure, but at least you know everybody there is gay or possibly bisexual. Look, in the northern Berkshires the homosexual has no outlet for socializing with other gays. Hell, for that matter, he doesn't know who they are since there's no way to express that gayness -- except the bathroom walls, that is."

He attempted a weak smile and snapped his watch back on his wrist. A sullen expression came over his face.

"It's funny," he continued, "about all the games there are which enable you to pretend you're straight. A guy leading on some poor girl at Bennington or Smith, say, just to be able to show the Bros 'his woman.'

"I remember in my freshman year I invited a girl I knew from high school here

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The Greek letter Lambda: logo for the Gay Liberation movement.

What's WMPIRG?

by Jonathan Abbott

College students, both here and abroad, have been the most vocal segment of the population. Yet what positive results have they been able to accomplish in the United States? The sum is tragically small; students' views have often been the ten-year vanguard of American thought.

The reason is clear. Students have been unable or unwilling to employ the three traditional tools popular among groups such as unions or trade associations: actual or potential voting power, actual or potential economic clout, and infiltration of the political system with their own members.

Furthermore, the student's life is punctured by vacations, mid-terms and finals, summer recess and week-end escapism. It's no mere coincidence that all the successful peace rallies have been held either in October and November, or in April and May. This leaves eight months of lethargy.

But with the help of Ralph Nader and the 18-year-old vote, students are finding themselves in a position to effect change through the established channels.

This semester, a group of students from all 20 Western Massachusetts colleges met at Hampshire College to form a Nader-style corporation. Called the Western Massachusetts Public Interest Research Group (WMPIRG), it's designed to meet problems of the "environment" -- definining it in "the largest sense of the physical, social and psychological environments of men."

Student Run

Though student-run and -directed, the corporation will not be subject to student time cycles, but rather will operate throughout the year. WMPIRG will be non-profit and non-partisan, but not tax-exempt since it will wish to lobby and to propose new legislation.

According to Don Ross, an aide to Nader, students are trying to form such corporations in 16 states. Two were started last year in Oregon and Minnesota. The groups focus their attention on consumer protection, resource planning, occupational safety, sexual and racial discrimination, protection of natural resources, health care and landlord-tenant relations. Ross says they've been successful in many of their projects, including a $25,000 water pollution suit.

A key feature of WMPIRG will be the hiring of professionals -- lawyers, engineers, doctors, research scientists, planners -- to give technical help and to provide continuous input when midterms or vacations come around.

To pay for its activities, the corporation will suggest that each campus institute a voluntary $4 student tax. Each college would make out a check to WMPIRG for the total amount. (WMPIRG would return a small fee for bookkeeping costs.) During the third week of classes each term, WMPIRG would offer refunds to any student who does not wish to support WMPIRG. Consequently, no college nor particular student need feel he is "sanctioning" the actions of WMPIRG.

Need For Involvement

Two features of WMPIRG will be especially interesting to the average Williams student. Most of us feel the need to be involved in the outside community in some way. Those in Minnesota and Oregon have found that many of their best projects met with success and, subsequently, with substantial community appreciation.

And students working on a paper or private project will be entitled to look through the resource catalogue of WMPIRG to see if anyone at any other college has done work in the same field.

Perhaps Ralph Nader sums the idea up best:

The poetntial for student-funded public interest research groups is enormous. The eight million students in over 2,000 colleges and universities in the United States could conceivably finance 160 PIRGs, operating at budgets of $200,000 per year. If even a third of all students participated, a whole new dimension would be added to the political life of the United States. Groups could be formed in every state.... No longer would decisions affecting the public interest be made in isolation. Student-funded lawyers, lobbyists and scientists would be on the scene representing the now unrepresented citizen viewpoint. If a staff of 15 can dent the federal bureaucracy, a similar staff in each state (working for students) could change the direction of the nation.

Joe Budge, Clive Hulick, Chris Henry, Michele Frome and I have all been to one or more of the organizational meetings and are more than willing to discuss the proposal with anyone.

more Roy

when Williams played her college in football. We went to the game, and I showed her the campus, and we made small talk, and I introduced her to all the guys in my entry."

He stopped and breathed a quick sigh.

"I was bored to death."

And since then?

"I resolved never again to be such a hypocrite. Let them think what they may."

Again he removed the watch and turned it end over end. His brown eyes fixed on some distant object.

"You know, I've really developed some close friendships here at Williams. Some intense Platonic relationships. And I've never wanted them to be any more or less than that for the most part. I guess I'm apprehensive to develop an acquaintance with anyone I find physically attractive. Fear is as great a motivating force for the gay person as any other social stimulus."

Does he know any other gays on campus?

"Oh, I've heard plenty of rumors, and have plenty of suspicions, but I only know of one other for a fact -- someone I ran across at a gay function last summer in New York, just by coincidence. We have nothing else in common though."

But that's someone.

"Sure, of course. But does every straight guy find the first girl he meets to be the answer to all his specifications? Some congeniality and mutual attraction are better social motivations than just being desperate. Straight students have scores from which to pick and choose -- I should be happy with one?"

Any other problems for him at Williams?

"The loneliness. That really gets to you. People remark at the paradox of New York City: being among eight million people and not knowing a soul. Well, Williamstown is no better. In the midst of 1500 peers, I run the risk of complete ostracism, or even worse, of a clawing condescension, if I dare raise the subject of homosexuality. Williams men are all Men, you know.

"Little things, too, add up. At my Freshman Banquet, the Ephlats sang 'Alexis' to the incoming students. I sat at my table in Baxter Hall and was obliged to add to the uproarious laughter at the song. I've heard it enough since then that some of the lyrics stick with me.

'Hearding cattle,
He rode side-saddle,
Down on the range in Texas!
He was a prairie fairy!
Well, yip ee ka yae,
He's the queen of the May,
Down on the range in Texas!'

Even before classes began, we initiates to Williams were forewarned of the consequences if we didn't live up to the school's manly tradition."

How had he been able to "come out" then if the College offers all these problems for the gay person?

"I was damn lucky. This summer I went to New York City ostensibly to find summer employment but primarily to investigate an organization I'd heard about -- the Gay Activists' Alliance. I really didn't know what to expect: maybe bomb-throwing arch-radicals or smelly, dishevelled anarchists -- definitely not my style."

The pensive look appeared again.

"Surprisingly enough, GAA turned out to be a middle-class, highly bureaucratic, political pressure group. The people I met there were an incredibly diverse lot: grade-school teachers, college instructors, Wall Street bankers, you name it. My response to them was cathartic: I learned that gays, too, are human and not some subspecies of vermin, as society would have you believe. I buried my stereotyped preconceptions and my self-doubt and hopelessness."

What answers does he have for Williams?

"We desperately need something here for the gay students. Their experiences may not be as fortunate as mine were this past summer. I've heard the rumor that some years back one student committed suicide just because he couldn't deal with the pressures of being a homosexual in a heterosexually dominated society. That seems a ludicrously high price to pay for the luxury of intolerance.

"Williamstown needs an organization whereby gay students -- and even gay faculty and townspeople -- could come together to discuss mutual problems and socialize. The benefits of such a group would accrue both to its members in helping them come out and to the community at large in dispelling the damaging myths about homosexuals that permeate our society."

And how does he propose to achieve that goal?

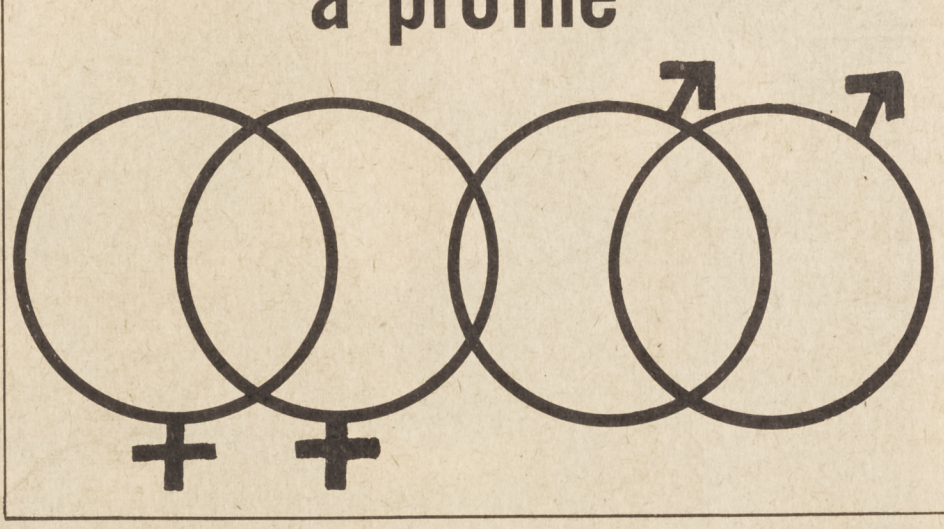
"Anyone interested in forming a Gay Liberation chapter at Williams should call me at 458-8479."

I wish him luck.

Oh, by the way, I am Roy.

--Dan Pinello

Gay Liberation: a profile



Well over 50 Gay Liberation groups exist today in American cities and on university campuses. The first collegiate organization was Columbia's Student Homophile League, begun in the Fall of 1967. Since then, such groups have sprung up across the country.

An ADVOCATE reporter spoke to a founder of the University of Colorado chapter. His interview reflects trends apparent in the histories of many collegiate Gay Liberation organizations.

Some 20,000 University of Colorado (CU) students converged on Boulder at the end of August: rents soared while still more than 3,000 looked for lodging in that booming college town; likewise, traffic arteries seemed to inflate as innumerable Volkswagens and a few Mercedes with Eastern license plates clogged parking lots.

In his two-room, basement apartment on 12th Street, Byron Sullivan was oblivious that classes started that day although the previous week he had helped distribute Boulder Gay Liberation leaflets to registering students as they blundered from some administration building after their endless perennial wait to get a schedule.

"Just a minute while I finish this letter," he told me as he opened the door to his spacious living room. "I'll never get back to it unless I get it done now."

I didn't mind the delay -- the posters on his walls kept me occupied for a while. One showed a different coital position for each of the twelve astrological signs. Aquarius (my symbol) wasn't as imaginative as some of the others; but what can you expect from a water carrier? Taurus, fittingly so, stole the show.

On an adjacent wall hung Christ's image; "With love, J." was inscribed at the bottom.

The poster directly behind me last caught my eye: Popeye and Olive Oil in the regular coital position with an empty can of spinach lying nearby. Nothing, apparently, was sacred.

The phone rang. Byron arranged to meet someone at his office in Denver the following day.

"That was the Denver representative of the National Lawyers' Guild," he explained. "We helped organize their national convention here this summer, and they adopted some resolutions on homosexual rights."

He handed me a mimeographed sheet. The Guild is a dissident radical group of lawyers for whom the ABA holds little sympathy and tolerance.

"This attorney in Denver has agreed to meet with me to make arrangements for legal assistance if Boulder Gay Lib should need it in the future. We've worked a little with the ACLU before this new source of help came along."

Byron then settled back in his desk chair and began the story of the Boulder group's founding. "I got back from San Francisco last year and realized Colorado had nothing for gays except a few depressing bars in Denver, an hour's bus trip away. So I asked some people I knew if they'd be interested in starting a Gay Lib group on campus. We put an ad with my phone number in **The Colorado Daily**, the campus newspaper.

A quick laugh interrupted his speech.

"That is, we intended my number, but the guy who filed the ad got it wrong, and someone else got four or five calls before we could get to him to refer all callers to the right number. There wasn't much hassle, though, he was un understanding sort."

The phone rang again. Byron made arrangements to meet someone else in a few days.

"My number's become famous," he said as he put down the receiver. "You'd be amazed at some of the calls I've gotten since last November when we formed the group."

Harassment?

"Well, a little, but I mean the gays who've called up. One was about a 30-year-old guy who teaches at a high school in the state. Very uptight about meeting other gays and being found out. He called me at intervals for over a month and a half before I told him that I was tired of talking to a voice and that flesh and blood would convince me more of his existence. So we finally met and have become fairly good friends. We still talk on the phone regularly, but he's worried about his appearance and meeting other people -- the fear of being rejected, I guess.

"Another one called at two in the morning and said he had to get laid, could I recommend anyone. I tactfully tried to tell him that this (pointing to the phone) is merely a rap-line for counseling and talking -- not a stud service."

I noticed a greeting card propped up above his desk with the inscription "Valentine, Let's Have A Mad, Gay Love Affair." I asked to look at it.

"Sure," he grinned, "it's a Hallmark original. I guess they're starting to commercialize the Gay Movement, too."

Someone flushed a toilet above us. The pipes groaned as Byron went on about the Boulder group.

"We've got a very loose organization here -- no constitution, by-laws, dues, or screening for membership. A steering committee, whose meetings anyone can attend, sets the agenda for the general meetings and picks different people to run them."

What about the group's size and activities?

"When the University's in session, we usually average around forty to fifty people at a meeting. The turnover is really large though, since so many students come and go at each semester.

"We divide our efforts into three categories: educational, legal, and social. The first has taken up the greatest amount of time. The ignorance of straights about gays and gay life is incredible. Boulder Gay Lib has a team that gives informal presentations to classes, usually in the psychology and sociology fields. We sent a form letter to all the professors and instructors on campus offering this service. The students have generally been open to honest discussion about homosexuality and its changing position in society. We've found that it's better to have the answers to students' questions come from the horse's mouth rather than from some ignorant straight writing them in a book. You don't know what they think when they leave the room though."

What about reaching the general populace?

He draped a leg over, an arm of his chair. "We got a letter from the Sertoma Club of Boulder, which is like the Kiwanis, asking us to speak to them. That really freaked me out to have them write us. Anyway, we went to their morning and evening meetings, which had about fifteen to twenty people each. One guy brought along a whole list of statistics from the Kinsey Report, I guess, trying to prove some point -- what, I don't know.

"We've also been on a talk show on the local educational TV station. A radio show, too; but those are worthless, for the most part.

"Then there's the Rap-line I mentioned before. As soon as we get some sort of community center, that can be done more professionally."

Did that mean some University facilities?

"No, some place off-campus. Probably a rented house if we can get a reliable source of income. Association with the University tends to scare away some people, I think -- those not affiliated with the school who don't want to be overwhelmed by students and those students who don't want to be found out on campus.

"We tried a coffee house at the University on Friday nights with dancing, but were unsuccessful just because of that particular reason, I bet. We have to attract a broader spectrum of the gay community than just students, although presently they are our principle support."

What about other social functions?

"We've held four or five dances with a live band at a ranch between Boulder and Denver which has a large party facility. Four to five hundred people have come to them.

"The night before the one in February, there was a tremendous snow storm. Every few minutes that morning someone called to see if the dance was still on. I didn't want to take the responsibility of cancelling it and then have the weather clear up, so I told them to come anyway. Well, the mile-long private road leading to the ranch had cars piled up on each side that night, and as people started leaving at two or three in the morning they had to dig their cars out of the snow. I was told the last one got out at 7:00 am."

Where had they all come from?

"We put ads in all the school papers: CU, Denver University, Fort Collins (Colorado State University), and Greeley (University of Northern Colorado). Plus the Boulder city paper and one of the Denver papers. The ads simply said 'Gay Liberation Dance' and gave telephone numbers for information."

What about political activities?

"We haven't had any marchs or specific political pressure demonstrations," he explained, "but we've been political in a social sense. For example, we put on a street theater production which opened with two gay kissing in public. Some witnesses then began running around yelling about this social atrocity and attracted the attendion of some Pigs, who just happened to be wearing Gay Lib buttons. Then there was a scene in court where no one would defend the gays. In the end, the lovers beat up the Pigs and ran away."

Byron shifted his position in the chair again and stroked his black moustache.

"Probably the most important social politicizing we've done began when a few women in the group began dancing together at 'The Sink,' a local straight bar. The guys took some time to follow the women's example, but eventually they got up, too. A few of the straight customers were uptight about it at the beginning, but the management has never said anything to us. I guess we'll keep on doing it in larger numbers until we've completely liberated the place."

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editorial: the open community

You hear a lot of talk about "openness," especially on a college campus. People are supposed to verbalize all their problems, all the tensions between them and the people around them. Problems once brought to the surface can then be discussed, reasonably, by the people involved, and presumably will be resolved for good instead of being left to smolder in everyone's unspoken thoughts. It's an admirable idea, and to most appearances we are following through on it. Look at the popularity of sensitivity groups and similar forms of self-revelation.

In a larger sense, though, we delude ourselves about our real "openness." What sorts of things do we confess, usually? That we are male chauvinist. Racist. That we don't trust one another. That we have doubts about the validity of our life-style as students. These may all be true, and some of them may be worth admitting, but this is hardly openness in the sense of verbalizing deeply private distress. We as students are quite well versed in the standard sociological and psychological jargon of self-criticism; we can race through an encounter session furiously admitting all sorts of things to each other, **without once risking anything of ourselves** in what we admit. The trick is to abstract away from oneself, admit only those things that everyone else should admit as well.

This is the kind of talk that too often passes for "openness" around here. True openness involves a difficult, painful admission of feelings that we know are unpopular and are going to cause others to take special note of us. And this kind of self-revelation is extremely rare, even at a place as freewheeling as Williams.

Some words might be said about "taboos" or about the moral bankruptcy of those who refuse to practice what they preach. This would amount to little more than renaming the paradox, however, and would do nothing to explain **why** a group of people like us at Williams should be so enthusiastic about honesty yet so reticent about practicing it.

It might be more useful to consider some ways in which the peculiarities of our situation here inhibit openness. Two significant factors operate in this sense, the fact that we are all highly intelligent, and the fact that we all pretty much know each other.

All friendships are based on a limited interaction between two individuals: there are always personal matters into which one's friends do not pry, and personal matters of theirs which are likewise inviolate. A person's position in a society is determined by a network of interpersonal relationships each of which is in some kind of stable equilibrium with regard to what is shared and what is not. To the extent that few or none of these equilibria are threatened by his actions, an individual is free to say and do what he wants, including acting "openly" on this or that issue. And this in turn is a matter of staying sufficiently abstract.

Consider what happens when one makes a truly personal statement, though, when one risks something that is absolutely his own. It usually turns out that one becomes quite **lonely**. One's friends are surprised, and whatever their specific response to the content of the statement, be it anger or sympathy or fear or whatever, their attitude and consequently their behavior toward one change. The individual himself is no different from what he was before he acted "openly," but now all of his close interpersonal relationships are changed, are contaminated by the fact of his having expressed something different from what was expected of him. In terms of his distant acquaintances, his fate is perhaps even worse. These people did not know him well, perhaps only through a couple of stray encounters, and probably did not have much of an opinion one way or another about him. But now that he has risked a truly personal statement, they **type** him, they **classify** him according to it.

He has risked himself, and as a result he is alienated from his friends and caricatured by everyone else who knows who he is. The two special factors cited above about Williams apply at this point. Because he and his friends are all intelligent, they are unable and unwilling to pretend that no distancing has taken place. The dislocation of friendships cannot be ignored out of mutual distaste for it, since no one involved can delude himself easily that nothing has happened. The fact that everyone at Williams knows or knows of almost everyone else implies that our honest individual, having induced his distorted reputation in the others, cannot escape the consequences through anonymity. He must daily face many people he knows are thinking "That's the fellow who...."

True honesty, true "openness" thus has a considerable psychological cost for any individual, and this is made still more acute at Williams or any comparable small body of intelligent, introspective people. The presence or absence of true openness at Williams, then, is a matter of weighing the possible benefits of any candid declaration against the quite easily imaginable disadvantages. Is it then any wonder that the prevalent attitude seems to be that "It isn't worth the trouble to try to be honest. It just makes things worse instead of better." (Here is much of what is often called "characteristic Williams apathy" about many issues.)

Yet the ideal of the Open Community need not sink under the psychological load as long as some individuals remain who find it worthwhile, and thus possible, to make statements of private conviction that can lead us all to a more honest relatedness.

D.K.

Reflections

EXAM

Art 101, we had been told, occupies the time of nearly one-seventh of the student body, thus earning itself the title of Largest Course in the School. Too lazy to check with the Registrar, we wafted over to Lawrence one morning and attended the infamous fall-term hour exam. Masses of people pressed against the door, blocking the exit for Art 201 students whose bemused smiles only aggravated the masses' suppressed fear. Once they were inside, the eager batches of fledgling connoisseurs and dilettantes hurried to desks at the front of the lecture hall, shed their coats, and quickly sat down, ready for action. Mostly freshmen, these early arrivers filled every conceivable information space on the front of their bluebooks, then waited tensely, poising their pencils and their minds. Professor Whitney Stoddard, who was to administer the exam, wasn't yet in sight. The upperclassmen began to drift in, and they were a more cheerful crowd, growling about how fed up with Chartres they all were, boasting how little they'd studied, chatting about some campus minutia. The seniors settled towards the back of the hall. The football team clustered in the corner nearest the door. We sat. We stifled nervous yawns and twitches. We waited.

Stoddard eventually breezed in, carrying his little box of slides, and grinning over his half-glasses at the large turnout. Then he commuted between the light-control mechanisms at the front of the room and the slide projectors at the back. Finally he paused beside the screen to explain the self-explanatory exam sheet and answer the inevitable inane questions. "And please spare the shovel," he added. (That is Stoddard's proverbial admonition: as veterans of the Art 101 factory, we would have felt cheated without it.) The lights went off and the Big One was on.

The first five slides were short examples of the "identify and justify" sort of problem. The first was an Italian Renaissance church, whose dates we completely forgot while vainly attempting to recall when Brunelleschi and Boromini flourished, and what the differences between the two were. The second, Stoddard informed us, was "very easy" and turned out to be an ancient slide of a Roman triumphal arch. The students, too, thought it was no sweat. The third was either early Byzantine or undecorated Baroque; the class seemed more certain than we were. The fourth was the hardest: either Greek or Roman, probably the former but with some very incongruous elements. The fifth, a snap, was early Gothic. On a hundred faces, tension was giving way to determination. Battle joined.

We felt smug and secure for our part. Not only did we remember much of last year's course, but we could even, if prodded, recall the anecdotes which had accompanied the lectures, all the bits of comic relief which had brightened years of introductory art courses. Ah, nostalgia!

The identifications were only warm-ups for the heavies which followed, long analyses of monuments unknown to the class. The students began to write for prolonged stretches, only occasionally peering up to confront the work in question that glowered at them from the bright screen. A hundred Jack-in-the-boxes, bobbing and scribbling.

As the time pressure began to mount, the small murmurs of conversation were gradually extinguished; chattering students became machines which translated visual inputs into written words in an almost automatic process. Occasionally a student would break away from his furious storm of writing, luxuriously to wiggle cramped fingers and breathe deeply, and then return to his appointed task. Not until the lights came on after the exam did anyone show any emotion. Even without slides, many students continued to write, flipping through their bluebooks to find a half-answered question that needed touching up. Sporadically, individuals got up and stumbled slowly away. The departing students were silent, not overwhelmed or overjoyed, hardly reacting. It would take time, gentle time, to bring them out of the fifty-minute trance of the Big One. We left quietly. It did not seem quite right to smile.