

The New Journal

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Volume one, number one | October 15, 1967

**The Tragedy of
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Comment

Buildings

Everybody who is somebody has one. Selected law students, a few undergraduates, English teachers, art students. Even Reuben Holden, secretary of Yale, has a relic of the University's most recent victims of modernization—those much-celebrated and late-lamented red brick Victorian "monsters," Winchester and North Sheffield Halls.

"They are splendid monoliths of the past," acknowledged Kingman Brewster Jr. in 1965, as he prepared to sic the iron ball on the two structures, making way for the first building commissioned under his presidency—an Engineering and Applied Science edifice which Vincent Scully promptly called "one prolonged stutter, a folded-paper façade too high, too long, too meaninglessly articulated, too thin, too superficial, too pretentious. . . . It should live alone with the Beinecke Library in goo-goo land."

Now those be-gargoyled and ornamented, but solid-looking buildings on Prospect just north of Grove have been demolished. "I used to go by them every day on my way to work," said one teacher. "Suddenly I went by and they were gone. I didn't realize how much I'd miss them."

North Sheffield Hall, 1872-1967, and Winchester Hall, 1892-1967, have gone the way of Osborn Hall, Marquand Chapel and Kent Chemical Laboratory. Winchester contained some research labs and classrooms for general use. North Sheff, which had been criticized for insufficient space since 1875, about the same. They were doomed for their terrible inefficiency (huge stair-wells and poor distribution of offices), so much so that even some who liked the buildings felt they had to go.

The band of valiant men who tried to save them were fated to fail from the beginning. Professional cynics scoffed at the notion of structures "conversing" and "participating in a great conversation of the generations," but for the happy few who believe that buildings are fabulous manifestations of man's humanity, Winchester and North Sheff were splendid indeed.

They were made of warm red brick, their façades severe but generous, grand in scale yet not too massive for the street they faced. They were studded with fluted ornaments, gargoyles, moulded brick, intricate balustrades, mosaic masterpieces, granite columns. Designed by J. Cleveland Cady, who also produced the old Met, they were rare buildings from a specific past which offered that past to the community. "The city needs the past," Mr. Scully has written. "That's its dimension and, in fact, its meaning."

There were lots of people at Yale who recognized Mr. Scully's tenet. "The University," said Reuben Holden, "didn't want to lose some of those great pieces," so it acquired from the fey structures 5 columns, an old door and an iron gate, now stored at the Yale Nursery in Hamden. Mr. Holden said Yale hasn't decided precisely what to do with them.

Meantime, hordes of students and faculty descended on Winchester and North Sheff daily, or rather nightly when Stamford House Wrecking completed its daily task, to retrieve the ornaments just lying around.

Mr. Holden personally salvaged a magnificent metal grill for his office. A law student brought his VW to the site one quiet evening and hauled off four sculpted pieces of dusty brick. Others

Samples of the small, ornamental artwork which Mr. Wimsatt collected in the rubble of the destroyed buildings.



scavenged periodically to get the choicest relics.

Most energetic of all was William K. Wimsatt, professor of English. Mr. Wimsatt appeared at dusk every evening for two straight weeks in search of marble and terra cotta icons. He collected thousands of small, handcut multicolored tesserae from Winchester's portico ceiling, along with apple-sized terra cotta capitals which had come crashing down from between the second and third story windows. The capitals had been quickly covered with rubble, and he was able to salvage only 7 out of a possible 176 capitals. He also retrieved large bricks with classical egg and dart edges. They will make "beautiful book ends," said Mr. Wimsatt.

"I wanted to take away one of those huge pieces myself," said another teacher. "But I thought it was illegal. And since the only place I could put the things would be my front yard, I didn't want an open invitation to the local police of that order. I've got enough problems."

Unaware of this controversy, workers from the different contracting firms continued and continue to work. The Stamford wreckers, who finished their job October 2, took seven weeks to bring the old ladies down. As legal owners of the rubble, they sold the used bricks by the thousands for such uses as antique fireplaces. An ignominious end for such heroic buildings, perhaps, but not so bad when you consider that their spirit will thus live somewhere for a long time to come.

Ralph Kaufman, foreman of the Stamford wreckers, had never heard about the dispute at Yale, though he had consented to let people walk off with some of the bricks. "I don't like these kind of buildings anyway," he said.

Bob Schovanec, foreman for the firm which will construct Marcel Breuer's E & AS building for the next two years, declined to comment. "Sure I was aware they were supposed to be beautiful buildings. But I'm staying neutral," he said. "We have a job to do, and we do it." Mr. Schovanec, who oversaw construction of the Kline Science Center, said work was going well over there on Prospect Street. He thought taking remains from the site was against the law, but agreed that the old bricks were indeed "worth more."

"You can't duplicate age," he said. "That's the problem. You just can't. I guess that's why people didn't want to tear these buildings down."

If Winchester and North Sheff had been given 20 more years, Vincent Scully once suggested, then Yale wouldn't have dared to demolish them. But the big iron ball on the 120-foot boom on the 70-ton P & H wrecker finished it for all time, unless those who saved all the pieces want to get together some day to re-assemble, from the fireplaces, frontyards and libraries of New England, the skeletal ghosts of Winchester and North Sheffield Halls.

—Steven Weisman
Yale College

Truth

There were two worlds at the New York Film Festival. The Mods lined up outside to see the glossy Scandinavian and Eastern European sex farces, most of which were filmed in naturalistic detail reminiscent of *Beaver Valley*.

Meanwhile, in the back rooms, the dedicated cineasts gathered to follow a 14-film series entitled "The Social Cinema in America." In such panels as "Reality Cinema: Whose Truths?" and "The Ethics of Documentary" they tortuously debated questions on how to depict reality. The best answers to those questions—although not all would acknowledge it—were implicit in the superb film *Far From Vietnam*. But that came at the conclusion of the Festival, and first there were those debates.

Many of the American documentary makers apparently feel that they can attain their ideal of 'objectivity.' *Cinema verité* is their slogan: the photographic image is a record of reality in progress, undisturbed by any point-of-view behind the camera. For them, the aesthetic goal of 'objectivity' corresponds exactly to the ethical goal of 'truth.'

Donn Pennebaker, the maker of *Don't Look Back*, a film on Bob Dylan, stood up for 'objectivity.' Speaking at the "Reality Cinema" discussion, he said that he had refused to make Dylan walk through a door twice to get a shot he had missed the first time around. If the camera jiggles because the cameraman laughed at a joke, keep it in, Pennebaker advised, show the jiggle to the audience. Anything else would be 'dishonest.' A few network people who admitted that they had redone an occasional reaction shot were ferociously berated.

The participants in the "Ethics" discussion a few days later were a little more relaxed about their metaphysics. Occasionally a panel member screwed up his courage and admitted that every film embodied a point-of-view. 'Dishonest' was again thrown around a few times, but it seemed to be a word used primarily to describe the work of others.

One panelist cited a film about the birth control controversy in Puerto Rico. He thought the film was dishonest because the director had shot the pro-birth control spokesmen from below, in a garden filled with sun-dappled trees and a gently rustling soundtrack, but had used a gravelly-voiced bishop as the anti-birth control spokesman and had forced this bishop to squat into the sunlight while being photographed from above.

When pressed, this critical panelist finally admitted that he really thought the image was too gross and he himself would have done it more subtly.

At this point, I began to think that the ethics of the documentary would be less of a problem if the aesthetics were more clearly understood.

It is tempting but insufficient to douse this smoldering philosophizing with a statement that all art is subjective. The problem is particularly pressing in film-making because it is the artistic medium that at once conveys the sense of truth most strongly and at the same time the one in which that truth can most easily and subtly be manipulated.

Some panelists felt that the entire problem could be solved by simply giving all people education in the techniques of film-making, perhaps along the lines of *How to Lie With Statistics*; but this does not seem to be the solution.

Panelists in both discussions seemed to assume that point-of-view automatically

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PHOTOS: Herman Hong—2, 11, 18;
Ron Gross—3;
Redevelopment Agency—5, 6, 7.

This University has once again reached that stage in history when people are talking about the New Yale, presumably to be distinguished from the Old Yale, which in its own day was presumably considered New.

Wishing to share in this modernity, we have chosen The New Journal as the name for our publication. Besides, things seemed slow around here.

—Eds.

Kenneth Haigh:

"I was pledged and inaugurated into something until I finally reached the point where I couldn't chicken out of it."



Kenneth Haigh: Actor Kenneth Haigh: Director

By Daniel Yergin

The time was May of 1956; the place was the Royal Court Theater; and the event, the premier of a play that has since been said to hold the same importance to the modern theater as the assassination of the Archduke in 1914 does to the history of World War I.

With the premier of *Look Back in Anger* by John Osborne, the domination of the stage by the older sirs and dames crumbled and the term "Angry Young Man" dropped down over the English scene like a huge canvas tarpaulin. Everybody in the nation had to struggle beneath that classification, from Osborne and his main character Jimmy Porter, a dissatisfied member of the working class who has risen to the rank of candy concessionaire in a Midlands cinema, to people like Harold Wilson and perhaps even extending to Hugh Lloyd-Jones, Regius professor of classics at Oxford.

High on the list of the Angry went the name of Kenneth Haigh, the young actor who had played Jimmy Porter. Haigh certainly had the proper non-Establishment connections: he had come from Yorkshire, where his father had been a coal miner and his mother Irish; he attended a grammar school and then later came down to study at the Central School of Dramatic Art in London not from Oxford or Cambridge but from a few years of boxing in the army.

However easily the label seemed to fit, it was and is unfair to Haigh. Since boyhood he has been far more concerned with being an actor than with being angry, and his own career differs considerably from the raging inactivity of Jimmy Porter. He has disciplined himself so that he can combine great intellectuality with great feeling.

Haigh is now at Yale as a member of the Drama School's Repertory Company, and he is directing John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's A Whore*, which opens next week.

Haigh is not quite stocky. He moves at a quick, disciplined pace. There is also a quality of toughness about him. In the proper circumstances, say a motion picture fight scene, Haigh could probably use his head as a lightning-quick battering ram, suffering but a minimum of injury for the effort.

He takes being an actor very seriously. "In becoming an actor, I went through a growing confirmation in a religious sense," he says. "I was pledged and inaugurated into something until I finally reached a point where I couldn't chicken out of it.

"But I'm not an actor for fame or money, although I wouldn't say no to either. Much more to the point, I'm an actor because those are the gifts I have that enable me to learn more about life and about myself.

"Every job is a further step in time and in my development," he adds.

If so, then *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* marks a major sidestep in his career, for this play represents his first directing effort.

Haigh however prefers to emphasize the continuity of this venture. "Why not?" he asks. "Over the years I've had the pull and the urge, and it's time to start. A good actor has the director's element in him. If he is really humble and open, he contributes to his own direction, to where he belongs in the play. If he has the instinct."

Last spring at a cocktail party, Haigh was talking with Robert Brustein, dean of the Drama School. When Brustein mentioned that *'Tis Pity* would be staged

in the fall, Haigh casually said he would enjoy directing it.

The party broke up, Haigh went home, and an hour later Brustein phoned and asked, "Why don't you do it?"

Haigh read and re-read the play during the summer while working first on a Kirk Douglas movie in New York City and then while doing a television play of D. H. Lawrence's "The Prussian Soldier" for the B.B.C. He communicated extensively with the set designer but wasn't able to fully visualize the play until he returned to New Haven and began working with the actors.

Because he believes that an audience should not be told in advance what to expect and how to react, Haigh is reluctant to talk about how he will stage Ford's play, a Jacobean tragedy of about 1630 which deals with the incestuous love between a brother and a sister.

But he will talk about what the play represents and why he was drawn to it. "The play is about things that are happening today, right now at this hour and in this country and in this city."

The theme, he says, is dissent: "A man wills a crime against a society—if he cannot have his love, then to hell with society. This is about us, about people in an utterly conformist and madly John Birch society."

Haigh has an affinity for characters who want to make their own decisions and thus set themselves against the established order. In addition to Jimmy Porter, he played the lead in New York in Albert Camus' *Caligula*, Jerry in the London production of the *Zoo Story*, and last spring the title role in Robert Lowell's adaption of *Prometheus Bound* at the Drama School.

The language of *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* also attracted Haigh: "It's the power of the verse, it's high poetic inspiration," he says. "Verse carries more meaning, it dramatizes philosophy, it has ambiguity."

The source of this attraction seems to go to the very roots of Haigh's personality. Drama critic Kenneth Tynan once noted the "bristling, rhetorical energy" that goes into a Haigh performance.

This energy characterizes the man himself. But off-stage it seems tenser; for there's a sense of compression about Haigh, of energy held tight within him only by an equally posed force of energy without, and it seems that at any moment this internal energy might burst into bombast or explode into a superb performance or suddenly let loose in a deadly snap.

Haigh's ability to put his own energy to the service of verse became perfectly clear last spring during an informal poetry reading in the living room of Trumbull Master Ronald Dworkin. A group of students and faculty sat down in the room with Haigh, Robert Lowell and Jonathan Miller. Miller primarily provided a running commentary. Lowell, reaching for one book and then another, and Haigh did most of the poetry reading in response to the suggestions of the other people in the room.

Haigh would read a poem, and Lowell would say, "Kenneth, read that line again; it's agony, it's marvelous," and Haigh would read it again, and then Lowell would read, mostly from other people's verse.

Then Haigh said that he'd like to read one of Eliot's *Quartets*. People were transfixed by what they heard, by what Haigh was doing with the poetry. "He wasn't an actor reading the lines," said Dworkin, "but somebody trying as hard as he could to get inside the poem. Kenneth was

tremendously affecting and moving and so intelligent."

Haigh is demanding that the actors in *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* get inside their lines. In this sense, he's a "new critic" actor; that is, he rejects the Method approach in which an actor supposedly brings his own experience to bear. Early in the rehearsals for *'Tis Pity*, he told the cast that anyone who had committed incest with his sister and then killed her should step forward. No one stepped forward. Haigh then said that the actors would have to concern themselves with getting into the play, with translating not their own experience but the experience in Ford's lines.

It was Haigh's energy put into Lowell's poetry that contributed so much to his performance as Prometheus. Curiously, in 1960 Robert Brustein wrote in the *New Republic* that Haigh as Caligula had "achieved the solitariness necessary to the Promethean rebel."

Haigh spent sixteen months playing Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*, but far fewer than that number of weeks as Prometheus; yet he regards that latter role as one of the great peaks of his acting career.

"To tackle and unlock the mind of a great modern American poet coming to terms with a great work, a stirring and exciting tragedy, must be like eight years in the best university in the world," Haigh says. "It made me grow. It challenged all my techniques.

"It drained me and elated me and brought into sharp focus through the great clarity of Lowell my fragmented feelings about the world I live in, and showed me how tragic it is. Prometheus is engaged in an unreasonable effort to free himself and to learn to love, against all odds and with no prizes. Prometheus, the thinking man, the freeing man, still bound."

There is a sad side for Haigh to his experience as Prometheus. Because of the short run of the production, he knew from the beginning that his journey into the role and thus his learning about himself would be sharply limited.

"It was like a still birth in that way," he says. "There was a post-natal depression that affected the entire company."

"When it was over I just got the hell out of here." He stops and then says, "No, I went out and got drunk, I think."

The Success and Tragedy of Richard Lee

By John Wilhelm

JOHN WILHELM graduated from Yale College last June. He has lived most of his life in Virginia; for the last three years he has been a community organizer in New Haven's Hill neighborhood. He is now a full-time volunteer for the Hill Parents Association.

Introduction

Summer 1967 was too much for liberals in America. When Watts exploded in 1965, they blamed it on the 400-year oppression of American Negroes. The more widespread uprisings of 1966 produced doubts, but liberal America still maintained that the basic causes were sociological, not criminal.

But 1967's nationwide violence has produced a new schizophrenia in the liberal mind.

Whatever illusions the American people once had about a swift end to the war in Vietnam have disappeared. A new band of black revolutionaries has appeared at home, and every day this summer brought new suspicions that the black masses are following their advice. Revolution abroad and insurrection at home: these two crises together pose too serious a threat to American stability.

Liberal rhetoric continues, more hesitantly, to assign much of the blame to the poverty in which one-third of America lives. But the suspicion grows that the black people have taken advantage of their deprivation to wreak unnecessary and wanton havoc. Many well-intentioned and capable people are working hard to eradicate ghettos; "riots" simply set the cause back, liberals believe.

In New Haven the schizophrenic response to black rebellion has become sharply defined. Liberalism has been in power for 14 years, and the city has become nationally famous for its efforts to solve the urban crisis. Nevertheless, the city's ghettos blew up in mid-August.

The immediate spark for the disturbance was typical: a white snack bar owner on Congress Avenue, in the Hill section, shot a young Puerto Rican late one Saturday afternoon. Puerto Ricans and blacks in the Hill erupted that night.

Sunday afternoon both local and state police, equipped with rifles, shotguns, tear gas, and MACE (a new aerosol-spray nerve gas), deployed in large numbers in the city's ghettos. That night violence spread throughout the city. By the time it stopped Wednesday night, millions of dollars of damage had been done, countless stores looted, and 500 people arrested.

Black militants were bitter. They could have stopped the violence, they said, if Mayor Richard Lee had kept a series of agreements made and immediately broken Sunday. City Hall says the militants did not have enough influence among their own people to stop it.

The city's basic policy was to seal off the black and Puerto Rican areas and arrest anyone who moved. Ghetto leaders say the people felt they were being counter-attacked by police, and that this provocation made the violence much more serious than it might have been.

In late September Community Progress Inc., the Mayor's anti-poverty program, released its annual report. It was prefaced by a statement called "Violence and CPI."

Many of the "disadvantaged," the report said, have taken heart from New Haven's public dedication to progress. Too many, however, "look out on a world where their people still live in the worst parts of town, hold the poorest-paying jobs, suffer most from disease, are looked down on and shunned." CPI declared renewed war on the "privation and frustration and anguish whose continuance can mean recurrent violence and threats of violence in this and every other city."

These sections of the CPI analysis are in the best liberal tradition of recognizing basic social problems. There is a quite different side to the report, however; it

reads almost as if two different people wrote it.

Most of the rioters, it says, were "teenage hooligans" with "a thirst for revelry"; they were a tiny minority of the ghetto population. "Few if any of the incidents of the four days bespoke any widespread discontent. There is no basis for reading into the four-day flareup (as a few have done) an Inner City-wide indictment of the physical and human-renewal efforts of 14 years."

Furthermore, "the fact is that City Hall and CPI are the chief militants in the Inner City crisis. The most strident critics . . . rarely address themselves to the most difficult, vexing task of meeting urgent day-to-day needs."

This despite the fact that the most publicized "strident critic" is Fred Harris, whose Hill Parents Association ran four CPI-funded programs this summer. CPI workers in the Hill readily admit the programs were a huge success, in particular because they were planned, administered, and staffed almost entirely by the blacks and Puerto Ricans of the Hill.

This is the liberal response to New Haven's rebellion. The basic sources are still recognized; but the Lee administration is unwilling to admit that anything more than demagoguery and teenage hoodlumism really caused it.

The Mayor fully intends to lend reality to that analysis by eliminating the "demagogues." Since the August uprising the liberal Lee administration has been working with that most conservative of governmental institutions, the FBI. Early this month a Federal grand jury subpoenaed Fred Harris and other black militants. Local police leaked to the press that the object is to put them in jail.

Mayor Lee is making his choice. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a leading Kennedy liberal, succinctly defined that choice in a speech to the Americans for Democratic Action last month: liberals, he said, must "see more clearly that their essential interest is in the stability of the social order, and that . . . it is necessary to seek out and make much more effective alliance with political conservatives who share that concern . . ."

What Moynihan suggests nationally the country's most liberal Mayor is carrying out locally: the "essential interest" is not justice but stability. Why has Mayor Lee made that tragic choice? Why does he cooperate in the effort to jail the man whose organization did more with \$45,000 in one summer to involve the hard-core poor in constructive self-help programs than CPI does in a year with over \$6 million.

The answer lies in an examination of the forces the Mayor has brought together to keep liberalism in power.



The destruction of the Oak Street neighborhood, New Haven's worst slum, was the Lee administration's first redevelopment project. A typical Oak Street scene, taken in 1956, is below. Several hundred low-income families, black and white, were moved out; in their place went an expressway, office buildings, parking lots, and the luxury apartment towers shown at bottom. A two-bedroom apartment in Madison Towers, rear, costs from \$238 to \$291 per month, without heat and hot water; three bedrooms in the newer Crown Towers, foreground, goes for \$510 a month including utilities.



Richard C. Lee was in the 1950's an extraordinary mayor. Liberal America had to sit out the quiescent Eisenhower years, its radical cutting edge sapped by McCarthyism, its new blood shut off by the silent generation. Liberals roused themselves just often enough to cheer Adlai Stevenson on to defeat; the years between were lean.

One of the few bright spots on the national horizon was New Haven, a middle-sized industrial city then noted mostly as the site of Yale University. When Dick Lee became mayor in 1953, on his third try for the job, he did for a city of 160,000 what Stevensonians had failed to do for the country: he brought liberalism to power.

Lee has never been a Stevenson-style egghead. He is, on the contrary, a political genius who also happens to sincerely believe that American cities must be rebuilt.

Lee came out of a working-class Irish neighborhood in New Haven, worked his way up through the local Democratic Party, and received his polish and finesse as director of the Yale News Bureau. In his 14 years as mayor—and he will win an eighth term this fall—Lee has completely reshaped local politics and adapted it to his drive to rebuild the city.

When Lee started in 1953, Washington was not, as it became during the New Frontier, a playground for bright, sharp young liberals. Lee was able to bring a talented group of high-powered, sometimes visionary, young men to New Haven—the kind who worked for John Kennedy and now flock to the swollen staff of Robert Kennedy, or who find a spot in the liberal refuges still left in Johnson's Washington.

This group—Lee gleefully called the building they worked in the "Kremlin"—was headed until 1961 by Edward Logue.

Lee and his young hot-shots got in early on the Federal urban money grab-bag. William F. Buckley pointed out a year ago that if every American city got the amount of per-capita Federal money New Haven brought back from Washington, the national budget for urban programs alone would be something like \$146 billion.

New Haven's out-of-proportion success at landing Federal money is no accident; by the time other cities were waking up to the New Frontier and the Great Society, Lee and his Kremlin were veterans at the politics and the red tape of extracting money from Washington.

Lee's planners have not only had more money than any other city to work with; they have also had greater political freedom. By using redevelopment and later the war on poverty as his tools, Lee has completely reshaped the power bases of the New Haven Democratic Party.

When Lee assumed office in 1953, power within the party was split between John Golden, the aging Irish boss who is now Democratic National Committeeman from Connecticut, and Arthur Barbieri, the new Town Chairman who brought dissident Italians into the Democratic fold.

Lee has let those men keep the traditional party organization and traditional patronage sources like the Public Works Department.

His strategy has been to bring new muscle into the Party—muscle which ultimately is much more important than the old-line ward organization which Barbieri still runs.

Unlike old-style reformers, Lee made no attempt to capture the traditional city structure; he doesn't even control the Board of Aldermen, although all of its 33 members are Democrats.

Lee has his people in these institutions,

but the basic strategy of control is much simpler; he just created another city government parallel to and eventually above the old one. It's not in the City Charter, but Lee's private government is what is shaping the city.

This new government is the Redevelopment Agency and the complex of organizations around it, plus since 1962 Community Progress, Inc., the local anti-poverty program. At the head is the Development Administrator, who in fact is the deputy mayor.

Logue occupied this post until 1961; L. Thomas Appleby, who had the job for four years, and Melvin J. Adams, who has it now, both started under Logue in the Kremlin. The actual boss of this whole complex is, of course, the Mayor.

This highly paid, well-staffed, sophisticated bureaucracy has assumed control of New Haven. It makes all important decisions about the shape of the city: which stores occupy the downtown, which industries get new plants, what highways go where and who gets new houses. It has a monopoly of information and expertise, so that whoever challenges it can neither disprove what it says nor criticize its future plans.

Traditional government agencies cannot compete: many of the non-salaried aldermen, who lack even secretarial help, did not even read the 1967 city budget before they passed it. While the city has done well in school construction, which falls under the Redevelopment Agency, the educational program itself—which is under the Board of Education—has made little significant progress.

Allan Talbot, in his book *The Mayor's Game* (published early this year), provides an excellent account of Lee's techniques in transferring power from the traditional city government to his private bureaucracy.

What is important, however, is not the politics by which this was done—although it was a brilliant piece of work—but the implications of this power transfer.

Lee's private government has provided him with a vast patronage pool, financed not by local taxes but by Federal and foundation money. The Board of Aldermen has been rendered impotent so that the people cannot make their views felt at the polls short of throwing out their apparently impregnable Mayor.

Lee has tied his nationally-known liberal image to his renewal programs; and the agencies that run those programs act as one of the biggest and most efficient public relations organizations any politician ever had.

The most important fact about this new power, however, is that it has integrated the city government with the real powers in New Haven life: the banks, big business, and Yale. It is these groups who give Mayor Lee decisive backing both in the city and within the Democratic Party.

Corporate power has traditionally left municipal politics to its own devices, because local government has rarely interfered with business. With the advent of an administration that proposed to rebuild New Haven, that relationship had to change.

Yale was the first corporate power in the city to recognize the potential of the Lee program. The Mayor had become friends with top Yale people during his 10-year tenure at the University's News Bureau.

A. Whitney Griswold, the late President of Yale, was vital in rallying University support for Lee, from the Corporation on down. One of Lee's unparalleled feats at the News Bureau was getting Griswold on

mentioned that *'Tis Pity* would be staged to get inside the poem. Kenneth was

the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek* the same week.

His Yale connections are very important to Lee, personally as well as politically. His dress and mannerisms reflect his Ivy League tutelage. The Mayor regularly gets his afternoon rubdown at the Payne-Whitney gym, and Mory's is a frequent luncheon spot, as well as a regular location for political confabs.

The relationship is not emphasized to the working people of New Haven—anti-Yale sentiment is rife in town—but when he speaks to Yale groups, Lee likes to use phrases like "When I was at Yale . . ."

Most of Lee's numerous enthusiastic supporters—those in print range from Yale Divinity School Prof. William Lee Miller's embarrassingly panegyric *The Fifteenth Ward and the Great Society* to Talbot's more analytic *The Mayor's Game*—like to emphasize that Yale's support for Lee stems from his liberal social philosophy.

Talbot quotes former Law School Dean Eugene V. Rostow as finding in the Mayor "a simple, yet intense moral purpose . . . He was attacking fundamental ills of our time, the moral, economic, and social injustice of the slums."

The relationship has its more concrete, mutually advantageous aspects. Yale likes to be surrounded by a clean, bright, modern downtown area. A Yale education rests on an upper-class style of life and on the consideration of intellectual problems in isolation from the outside world. Yale's very architecture—f forbidding stone walls, moats, heavy locked gates, and opulent, comfortable, self-contained interiors—embodies this approach to education.

Beginning in the early 1950's the Oak Street and Dixwell slums pushed tighter and tighter against the University; and Yale considered neither the slums nor the shabby downtown area proper neighbors.

Mayor Lee's first redevelopment project dealt with part of this problem. When Oak Street, the city's worst slum, was torn down in the middle 1950's and replaced with the turnpike connector, a series of new office buildings and stores, and two of the most nondescript luxury apartment buildings anywhere—Madison and University Towers—Yale thus had its most discomfiting neighbor excised.

The downtown renewal project finished that part of the job by installing Malley's, Macy's, a new bank, Paul Rudolph's parking lot, and finally, after several years as a giant hole in the ground, the new Chapel Square shopping mall.

Two more projects now on the drawing boards, one Yale's and the other the city's, will complete the encirclement of the University by an environment acceptable to it.

The Mellon Art Gallery will take care of a pesky block of small stores and apartments along Chapel. The projected inner loop road will effectively isolate Yale from Dixwell and the rapidly expanding black population in the Dwight neighborhood across Howe Street. It will also save the Medical School from the blacks and Puerto Ricans in the Hill.

This loop, part expressway and part boulevard, will start from the I-91 Trumbull Street exit, an engineering disaster, circle behind the Grove Street Cemetery and Payne-Whitney and go down Howe and Dwight to the turnpike connector, which is being extended, and then circle beyond the medical school-hospital complex and join State Street, by then a six-lane road.

To please Yale, which does not want Vassar's proposed Prospect Street site and the science complex to be cut off from

the rest of the University, Lee has made a tentative agreement with Brewster to bury the Trumbull Street section of the loop underground.

Another of the many instances of mutually beneficial cooperation between Yale and the Mayor is Yale's \$3 million purchase of the old Hillhouse and Boardman Commercial high schools, now the site of Morse and Stiles, in 1955 for a price much higher than market value. Lee got money needed for working capital; the large profit margin, and the city's free use of the schools until 1958, helped overcome political opposition to the sale.

Another piece of cooperation is in the offing if Vassar comes to New Haven and locates, as projected, on Prospect Street. Upper Winchester Avenue and Newhall Street, below Prospect Hill, are rapidly becoming serious slum areas, and Vassar will not tolerate a ghetto next to it. An employee of the Redevelopment Agency says that the area will be "cleaned out."

Yale gains from its cooperation with the Mayor, then, by insuring the kind of clean, undisturbed surroundings it requires for its methods of training the nation's leaders.

The Lee administration has also given many Yale people the chance to dabble in local politics—examples are Law School Dean Louis Pollack on the Board of Education and University Secretary Reuben Holden as president of the board of CPI.

Yale has generously repaid the Mayor for his help. The University's local political and economic power are enormous, and both are solidly behind the Lee administration. Yale has consistently bestowed upon Lee official praise and recognition.

Yale faculty has been an important resource for the Mayor for expertise, free advice, and image-building publicity. A lot of valuable publicity has also been generated for New Haven by Yale's practice of hiring famous architects to design its new buildings.

In marked contrast to Yale, the banks and big businesses were slow in recognizing Lee's value. Many influential businessmen viewed him for several years as a threat; all have now accepted him as a phenomenon here to stay, and most are enthusiastic supporters of his programs.

To overcome business animosity, Lee first had to demonstrate to the retailers that a downtown location was ultimately more profitable than fleeing to the suburbs. The middle and upper classes, Lee argued, would shop downtown and eventually live there when his redevelopment program had done its job. The convincing wasn't easy, but Lee did it. For instance, when the Mayor decided to announce plans for the Church Street South project (the vacant land in front of the railroad station), he did it in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce. The 800-plus housing units there, he said, would be at least 90 percent middle-income and luxury housing; this would constitute a "captive market" for the new downtown shopping area.

But it took the big businesses some time to come around. The man who helped Lee win the argument was Roger L. Stevens, who in addition to making an immense amount of money from real estate, also produces Broadway plays and contributes heavily to the national Democratic Party. He is President Johnson's adviser on the arts, and chairman of all sorts of national councils on the arts. The most legendary of Stevens' grandiose financial moves was in 1951, when he bought and sold the Empire State Building.

Mayor Lee's redevelopment program is creating an area known as "University Park Dixwell" on Dixwell Avenue, the city's oldest black neighborhood. The scene below which used to be the corner of Dixwell and Gregory Street, is typical of the houses low-income blacks lived in before redevelopment tore them down. At bottom, is One Dixwell Plaza, which replaced some of the slums. A one-bedroom apartment in this project costs \$139 per month.



Lee and Logue got Stevens to become the financier for the original four-block downtown commercial redevelopment. The obstacles were numerous.

The small businessmen there were overwhelmed without too much difficulty, but the big problem was getting the big businesses in.

Malley's, an old New Haven family firm, was convinced to buy into the new project. The real turning point, however, was when Macy's agreed to come to town; and once again Yale helped out.

In 1962 the University lent Stevens \$4.5 million for short-term financing. J. Richardson Dilworth, financial adviser to the Rockefellers, was on the Yale Corporation when the loan was approved. He was also on the board of Macy's, and a chain of events that began with a Dilworth-Lee meeting at Mory's culminated when Macy's agreed to build a \$5 million store in downtown New Haven. Macy's arrival broke the back of local big business opposition to Lee's programs.

Charles Abrams, in his book *The City is the Frontier*, explains in some detail how urban renewal enabling legislation—which with a little gerrymandering the downtown project became eligible for—guarantees large profits for big construction companies and lending institutions.

Retailers, money-lending banks and insurance companies, and construction and real-estate interests all began to understand their opportunity. A whole new field for investment opened up to them—or would if they became Democratic Party backers.

Fusco-Amatruda, for instance, a huge construction company based in New Haven, became the developer for the Chapel Square shopping mall; and Arthur Barbieri, the Democratic Town Chairman, landed the Chapel Square rental agents job for his real estate company.

It is since 1961, when he came the closest to losing an election, that Mayor Lee has demonstrated to the corporations that he is right: there is big money to be made in his urban renewal program.

It is also since 1961 that the Democratic Party has demolished the Republicans in New Haven. In 1965 Lee pulled down the largest victory margin ever for a New Haven Mayor. And the Republicans can't seem to raise any money for this fall's mayoralty election.

With Yale and the big business support, the Democratic Party now runs New Haven—but it is not the same Democratic Party that captured the mayoralty for Dick Lee 14 years ago.

The Mayor is fond of saying that when he and his Kremlin started, they didn't know where they were going or how they were going to get there—just that they wanted to rebuild their city.

It is clear that Lee had no idea what his Democratic Party would look like after 14 years of his administration. It is not true that he set out on his renewal program simply to solidify his political power; power, of course, is important to him, but equally important is his belief that he is rebuilding New Haven.

This drive for the "new New Haven" began with the redevelopment program in 1953.

After nine years of what the city calls "physical renewal," Lee decided that only half the job was being done. The result was \$2.5 million from the Ford Foundation in 1962 to start Community Progress, Inc., the city's anti-poverty program. Once again, New Haven pioneered; when the Federal government opened the Office of Economic Opportunity in 1964, many of its initial programs were modeled on

CPI's experience. Today the Federal government provides over 80 percent of CPI's \$6 million-plus annual budget. CPI, Lee says, does the job physical renewal neglects: "human renewal."

In both of these programs, "coalition" is the key word. Lee's approach is the most comprehensive attempt in the United States to implement the basic liberal theory of change: that those in power will use their power to significantly improve the lot of the disadvantaged, once they are made aware that it is in their self-interest to do so.

At bottom is the assumption that the entire community, rich or poor, black or white, shares a common interest.

Fourteen years of redevelopment have yet to prove that this is true. The face of New Haven is being dramatically changed, but the corporations have changed it by building the things business finds profitable or necessary: big stores, expressways and parking lots that service these stores, office buildings, a hotel, and middle-income and luxury housing.

All of these projects are money-makers. Only one kind of construction is seriously needed in the city that is not profitable: low-income housing.

The poor people have simply been moved from place to place. When Lee and his Kremlin tore down the Oak Street slum, most of its white residents headed for Fair Haven or Wooster Square and the blacks went to Dixwell.

Redevelopment followed them to Wooster Square and Dixwell, and it is on its way to the Hill, Fair Haven, and Newhallville. The extension of the turnpike connector is taking care of the Legion Ave. area, perhaps the worst slum pocket in the city.

Because discrimination in housing is still widespread and blatant, the problems for blacks and Puerto Ricans have intensified. The non-white population has nearly doubled since 1960, from about 20 percent to an estimated 35 percent this year.

Redevelopment Agency figures say that the city has relocated 6776 households, 4785 of them since 1960. This figure does not include families who don't wait for the Relocation Agency, but move out when they hear the bulldozers are on their way.

Of those families relocated since 1960, 2076 have been white and 1794 black; this means that, by the Redevelopment Agency's own admission, less than five percent of the city's white people but almost 30 percent of the blacks have been moved. A Yale planning student's study, based on 1965 figures, calculated that 40 percent of the total Negro population had been relocated.

What was built for these people? In mid-1965 redevelopment had erected 1676 housing units; 700 were luxury apartments and 976 were middle-income. More in those categories have been opened since 1965. A low-income public housing project with about 25 units is about to open in Fair Haven, and about 100 other poor families have received rent supplements.

Beyond that, nothing has been done since the big housing public projects were built in the late 1940's and early '50's except some housing for the elderly; only token numbers of low-cost units are even on the drawing boards.

The attempt to relocate tenants from the path of Route 34, the turnpike connector extension, points up the seriousness of the housing crisis for low-income families particularly blacks. The Legion Avenue area is being torn down for this road, which will be one of the widest roads in the world, with six lanes of traffic, an

immense grassy median strip, and a wide bank on either side—even though it runs through the middle of the city.

This neighborhood has the biggest concentration in New Haven of large families on welfare. The State Highway Department, which is building the road, had hoped that relocation could be finished by this fall so construction could start, but over one-half of the families are still there even though the state now owns all the properties.

The buildings are falling to pieces; the first week of October saw two major fires in these apartments. Relocation officials admit in private that there is just no place to put these families. A top official of the State Welfare Department said in Hartford last year that some large welfare families have already had to move out of New Haven because there is no place for them to live.

It is clear that the interests of the poor have not been properly represented in the redevelopment program. CPI, some people hoped before they saw it in action, would overcome this problem by organizing the people to make their needs known.

Allan Talbot claims in *The Mayor's Game* that a new political force—"direct citizen action"—is at work in the city. CPI, Talbot says, has "played key behind-the-scenes roles in most of the recent stir and action." In its first four years, according to this analysis, CPI invested \$1,639,574 in "neighborhood organization."

The bulk of this "neighborhood organization" money in fact went for the CPI neighborhood offices, which in no sense organize neighborhoods. CPI is a very tightly administered, top-down organization, with every major decision made by the executive staff and the Mayor. The neighborhood offices simply carry out the directives from downtown. What little community organization CPI indulges in has been designed to create pressure for goals selected in advance by the CPI staff.

CPI, like the development program, is a coalition of those in the community who already have power. These power groups do not believe that those who dominate society are responsible for the depressed condition of the poor and the blacks; implicit in their programs is the assumption that the poor are where they are because something is wrong with them, whether it be lack of education, poor motivation, or something else.

The CPI approach denies that powerlessness is an important factor in the ghettos; and it denies, by its top-down control and its predominantly white middle-class policy makers, that the poor ought to have an important voice in programs designed to help them.

Some individuals have been able to begin the climb out of poverty with CPI help, but the organization will never significantly affect large groups so long as it tries to pull individuals out and up rather than mobilizing the masses of the poor in their own behalf.

Maurice Sykes, a black CPI neighborhood worker, put the problem succinctly last month: CPI, he said, has "done a helluva job, but they overlooked the grass roots."

All of Mayor Lee's vaunted programs overlook the fact that the economic structure of the United States has always rested on an underclass. Previous immigrant groups have been able to rise in the society only because they were replaced by another group of immigrants.

In this way the Italians replaced the Irish as the lower class in urban industrial centers, and as the blacks and Puerto



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Ricans moved to the cities they replaced the Italians.

Because there are no more new immigrant groups, and because this country is racist, the blacks and Puerto Ricans have remained on the bottom, along with some whites who didn't make it. There is no replacement group in sight.

The implication, clearly, is that those who are poor now will remain that way unless the structure of the society is changed in some basic way. It is foolish to expect that programs run by those who have gained power in the present structure will do anything but perpetuate that structure.

Large corporations are making a lot of money these days, and there is no reason to expect them to disturb the status quo when they profit so much from it.

If those who make decisions now continue to have that power, the poor will remain where they are: on the bottom. If the poor are going to have some voice in the decisions that affect their lives, they are going to have to *take* power. No one is going to give it to them.

This is the fatal shortcoming of the Lee programs for change. They are based on the liberal assumption that a community of interest exists between the poor and the powerful. That is demonstrably untrue, for in New Haven the lot of the poor has not improved despite the millions of dollars spent on renewal programs.

The tragic fact about all this is that Mayor Lee does not understand what is wrong with his programs. He is fond of saying in public that "if New Haven is a model city, then God help urban America"; but he is at bottom convinced that he has done well.

Talbot quotes him as replying, when asked if he regretted passing up the 1958 Senatorial nomination which eventually went to Thomas Dodd, "Sure, every once in a while I have my regrets, but . . . I've already done something that few men will ever do—I've rebuilt a city, not just any city, mind you, but a city I love."

There is clearly something amiss in that city. The "riots" pointed up the problem, but Dick Lee does not understand what the problem is. When the Mayor swept into office, a bright star in a dismal decade for liberals, he stirred hope in the hearts of the poor as well as middle-class men of good will. The goal was, he said, nothing less than a "slumless city." It is significant that Melvin Adams, Lee's current Development Administrator, said last year that the "slumless city" wasn't, after all, possible: "controlled slums" is actually the goal.

Why the current uneasiness? The war in Vietnam has cut down funds for liberal domestic programs, and it has also alienated many blacks because they bear such a disproportionate burden in the fighting. New Haven's programs are no longer unique in the country, as they were when Lee started in the 1950's, and it is becoming difficult for the city to get such an out-of-proportion share of Federal money.

Many of Lee's sharpest administrators have moved on, part of a new group of floating anti-poverty and renewal professionals who shift from city to city not because the work is done in one place but because their personal ambitions dictate that they keep climbing in the "human resources business," as Mitchell Sviridoff, the first executive director of CPI, calls it.

Sviridoff has excelled in this game of personal advancement through fighting poverty: he left his job at CPI to head

New York's new Human Resources Administration—at a substantial salary raise—and now, after a little over a year there, he is resigning to take a \$50,000 job as a Ford Foundation vice president.

There are many other examples; New Haven is a training ground for renewal administrators all over the country. Logue this summer resigned as chief of the Boston Redevelopment Authority to run for mayor of that city; L. Thomas Appleby, who followed Logue as Development Administrator, now runs renewal in Washington, D.C.; the list is practically endless.

These factors have all contributed to New Haven's unrest. Basically, however, the problem is very simple: the years of rhetoric by the Lee administration have simply never been fulfilled. CPI's training programs are a stopgap which help only a small percentage of the poor.

Redevelopment may be rebuilding the city, but its major effect on all but the well-off is to tighten the housing market. The poor have not been effectively organized to make their needs felt in the city; they have depended on the good will of the Lee administration.

They have been forced to depend on good will, because they have nothing to say about what happens. Lee's government is a tightly-run operation, with every major decision cleared over his desk. Information about the city's plans is kept secret until final decisions are made. Consensus is the goal and too often the reality; plans are made not by discussion and disagreement but by administrative fiat.

The director of a major service project in New Haven says that he constantly gets calls from the Mayor's office, saying "You guys take it easy over there. We're running this town." In that kind of administration the only disagreement tolerated is from those who already have significant power. The voices of the protesting poor are shunted aside as quickly as possible.

When the city holds Federally-required "public hearings" for some of its programs, Lee's officials can never understand why people protest. They usually return from these meetings shaking their heads and wondering "why those people don't understand . . . why they're so unreasonable." Then whatever plan was being aired goes ahead, on the assumption that the Mayor's people know best.

It is ironic, in fact, that people at Yale make so much of the fact that they at last have a chance to participate constructively in city politics. It is, after all, their University and their class of people for whom the city is being rebuilt.

According to Allan Talbot, "New Haven's message to other cities is written in optimism . . . It has demonstrated that the work of restoring our cities can be challenging, fruitful, and even fun. . . . New Haven shows that there can be nobility in action, that it is far better to participate than to watch."

That would make ironic reading for the poor who are pleading with the Lee administration to let them run their own programs and rebuild their own neighborhoods before it is too late.

Dick Lee is hardly campaigning at all this fall, although he is running for his eighth term as Mayor of New Haven. This is, he says, a time of crisis, "no time for ordinary politics." He can afford not to campaign this year, because his Democratic Party is supported by virtually every group in the city with any political power. The Republican Party has been reduced to a joke. There are two new sources of

potential opposition in the city, but neither has yet organized a sufficient political base to be a threat at the polls.

The first of these new additions to the city's political scene is the American Independent Movement, which ran Yale sociology professor Robert Cook for Congress last fall as an independent. Cook polled a little over 4000 votes within New Haven. AIM is basically a white middle-class group, drawing its hard core from young professionals and intellectuals who have banded together because of a common anger with the condition of the country.

AIM makes no bones about its radical opposition to America's policies, both foreign and domestic. Bob Cook, writing about the "riots" in New Haven, bluntly said "that the forces which control the community are in fact *illegitimate*, that their law and order are in fact *illegal*, and that at bottom their position rests upon force and violence."

AIM presents an often incisive intellectual analysis to back up this radical stance; but so far it has not done any real organizing, and it has failed to acquaint the community at large with its analysis and its program.

For that reason AIM is powerless, and poses a political threat to no one.

The other new force in New Haven politics is, of course, the angry black people. They have not yet organized themselves into a force which can contend for power at the polls, but they have certainly made themselves felt politically. The message they carry—the message of Fred Harris, the quiet little man who is their most impressive leader, and of the nameless angry men on the streetcorners—is that if the white people can't solve the problems they had better just get out of the way and let the black people try.

Harris' Hill Parents Association and its allies are a real challenge to those in power, and that is why they are being threatened with federal prosecution. The militant blacks have made it too clear that they understand that basic changes are necessary.

The Lee administration has demonstrated that a determined liberal can do everything possible to rebuild urban America, so long as he does not challenge the right of those in power to make the crucial decisions on priorities.

The real powers—the corporations—can, Lee has demonstrated, even grow to appreciate a liberal program. The Mayor has built a political coalition that rests on those who have money and resources—and this coalition therefore does not include the blacks and the other poor people in New Haven.

The tragedy of all this is that Richard C. Lee does not understand why his city is racked with unrest. Lee is not evil; he is a sincere man who wants to make New Haven a better place for its people.

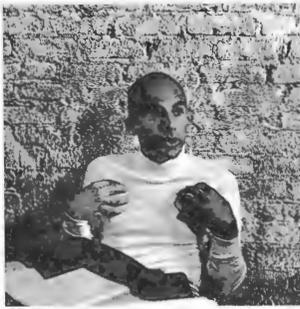
The Mayor has used his political genius to wring everything possible out of those who hold power; but to step outside the existing structure simply does not occur to him.

Lee has built his political career on the assumption that America as he knows it can solve its urban problems. The nation as a whole has certainly not demonstrated that this proposition is true; and neither has the Lee administration.

Friends of the Mayor say he calls people over to him at cocktail parties now, and insists on telling them about all these up-start critics. He has been fighting for a better New Haven for 14 years, the Mayor will say—and where have these critics been all that time? They just don't understand, he says.

The Story of *M*

John Sack wrote most of the story of M Company, a group of men gone off to War, sitting in the garden of a Saigon hotel; but strangely enough, it was not until four months after his return to the United States that he first began to wonder how this same John Sack would have felt had he been fighting that War.



The Story of *M*
By Gerald Bruck

M, by John Sack. New American Library.

In a Southern airport several weeks ago, I ran into a GI named Jim, who eyed the typewriter I was carrying and asked with some bitterness if I was on my way back to college. As for Jim, he was on his way to Vietnam, he held the orders in an envelope he carried under one arm, he had twenty-one days with the home folks before he had to go. Surprised and a little embarrassed to have run into the American Commitment, I asked if he saw any reason for the war.

No, he said, he didn't.
"Really?" I asked, adding that he must have some reason for risking his life and shooting at people.

"I can't think of any," he murmured, omitting even the easy ones he must have heard a thousand times.

Well, as he saw it, Jim said, he didn't have any choice.

"You could *not* go," I said, and listed every way of not going I could think of, but Jim said no, he didn't have a choice. Not that anyone had asked him or his parents, and someone or something was extracting the highest price Jim could pay, but, well, yeah.

He didn't want to go that much, either, he said. He had learned all about these punji pits, jungle trick pits filled with poisoned, pointed steel-hard bamboo sticks that wrecked you, feet first. First the army made steel-soled shoes, but the enemy redesigned the pits so that the sticks came at the victim's feet from the sides as well as the bottom, and the army had phased out steel-soles.

Jim knew about a million other murderous things that lurked, ready for him, in the jungle, and they played on his mind.

"Of course, the pay's not bad," he said all of a sudden, and if I fall into a punji pit and get out I get a purple heart."

But he couldn't convince himself, and suddenly he turned to me and said he figured he'd make it though, in Vietnam, the real source of sorrow was trooping around the jungle "for a whole year in those baggy clothes", away from his mother, his father, brothers and sisters, and his girl, in that order.

"Maybe you'll get wounded," I said as our jet sucked through the dark skies over South Carolina, "or your friends will be killed, and you'll turn into a right-winger and go after people back here who didn't 'support' you all."

"Yeah, maybe," he said, staring dully at a copy of *Time* magazine, and then he asked me if I knew how Scotch tasted, and ordered drinks with his friends.

About two years ago a very humorous man named John Sack, who thrives on Contradiction, on sins against reason, was struck with the talk about our boys and decided he had hit on a big one. Harvard '51, he had started writing his first book—it concerned a Harvard team which had conquered a big South American mountain and lost some toes on the way down—while still on the Radcliffe desk of the *Crimson*. He volunteered for the Korean war on the verge of induction, wrote for *Stars and Stripes* during his tour of duty, and later wrote a book about army life, making fun of it.

Sack settled down to writing pieces for the *New Yorker*, but he couldn't get at the big Contradiction writing for them—they harnessed his satire against trivial demons—and he became a producer for CBS in 1961.

So this army contradiction came along, and he wrote a letter to *Esquire*. He had been reading about brave boys jumping out of helicopters, Sack reported, and he

"just didn't dig it." The army was the army, lots of people knew what that was like. Maybe this war didn't lend itself to humor, maybe people were afraid of black humor, but Sack would try. He would quit CBS. He underestimated the expense that his approach—following a company of soldiers through basic training and their first battle in Vietnam—would entail, and *Esquire* thought about it quick and said yes.

So Sack went off to mix with the men at Fort Dix, New Jersey, wrote part of it up for *Esquire*, and built a brilliant book out of it all, which was published last February, received rave reviews from all over, and sold "quietly," as the lingo goes. There is one copy at the Co-op.

The most exciting trend in writing nowadays is creative journalism, with its exhaustive examinations, its worship of the detail. The best of the "saturation journalists" make no claims to "objectivity," however. They pick their details, and weave them into a quick, tight fabric, inserting an analytical line now and then.

John Sack added a new dimension to the genre. Before *M*, the details consisted in the appearance of a person, a thing, an event; in the bottomless pit of past history, or background; in the visible actions, picked into pieces, described with microscopic intensity; and in the wild descent into hyperbole. Sack tells you what his subjects are *thinking*, and it transforms the work. *M* often reads like a novel: how can a reporter find out all these things?

"It's simple," Sack announced triumphantly to Tom Wolfe, who came seeking the secret so that he could explain it to his college audiences. "It's so simple I can't get over it. *You ask them*. Then you have to judge whether they're telling the truth, if they're embellishing it, and how. Sometimes, the little things people say give away what they've been thinking for the last few minutes."

People like Sack can ask their subjects, hey, what were you thinking?—and get away with it, because they stick around for a spell, and because they approach their subjects with humility.

Over the summer, Sack shared a house on Long Island with David Halberstam, who covered South Vietnam for the *New York Times* during 1962 and '63, an adept just-the-facts-ma'am reporter, and once Sack mentioned he would like to write about the hippies, and wondered out loud what the best approach to his research would be.

"You have to go in hard," replied the ex-*Times* man, "you have to ask them hard questions and don't take any hullshit."

"No man, no man," said Sack, "that's no way to get information here, you have to go in *naked*, I have to know if their way of living is better than mine, whether they have something to teach *me*."

So Sack went into Fort Dix somewhat naked—not that he expected the army to remake him—and he found out about the guys, wrote down what they did and asked them what they were thinking. When he finally wrote it up, he drew on the two years of physics he had taken at Harvard, the result of an early interest in shooting things into outer space, and he put together a for-the-most-part exquisitely-crafted collage of people and time spans, laced with literary allusions, hyperbole, and stop-em-cold phrases.

The result is prose to surf on, an exhilarating journey into the absurd with real people doing this and that and crafty John Sack at the helm.

Possibly the overwhelming absurdity of rounding up an average bunch

of guys and sending them to Vietnam—but especially *this* bunch of guys, most of them inducted into the army—moved Sack to write after eight pages that "All this happened—do understand. Demirgian is real, so is everyone in this account, even the Chillicothe milkman . . ."

There was Smith, the religious soldier, who had seen a vision of himself as a missionary to all mankind when one wall of his father's barn had turned into a giant television screen, and who had joined the army as a test of God's wish that Smith refrain from killing.

One morning in autumn, Smith had attached a thin piece of steel to his army rifle to be taught bayonet by a sergeant who knew the secret of man against man . . . "So when I say *what is the purpose of the bayonet*," the Sergeant had explained loudly, "I want you all to yell, *to kill!* So what is the purpose of the bayonet?"

"To kill," Smith's acquaintances answered in deep embarrassment, the rifles in their hands like the reins of a runaway horse.

When the rest of *M* caught on ("*To kill—to kill—to kill!*"), Smith still could not, and finally he was praying beside his army cot: "And Father, I didn't have the spirit with the bayonet today. Father, may it be thy will to help me with the bayonet." Soon, with an interpretation of the commandments by the army chaplain, Smith had come around.

There was Prochaska, the soldier from Iowa who liked everything and everybody in his country, and joined the army "as other men might tithe to their church." One night, Prochaska was sitting out a weekend leave at a restaurant near the post, listening to "What We're Fighting For," his favorite song, on the juke box:

Tell them that we're fighting for the old Red, White and Blue! Did they forget Pearl Harbor and Korea too?

Another flag must never fly above our nation's door . . .

Exactly . . . exactly. Prochaska thought. That is why he had enlisted—it would be Vietnam first, Thailand after that, Hawaii next, California—Iowa. He wanted his children to share his blessings, to sing and go fishing in Minnesota and to have hamburgers and Coke.

There was Williams, a black soldier from Florida "whose imagination was always getting jerked out of its innocence whenever the army spelled out to its soldiers what is expected of them." McCarthy, who married Marilyn before he left for Vietnam, only to have her divorce him when he got there; and Varoujan Demirgian, whose last name was Armenian for Smith, who tried to have his jaw broken to escape the army, and of whom more later.

The Chillicothe milkman was Elmer Pulver, who had abandoned his milk route for the Korean War, and who, one Saturday morning in 1966, had taken his son, Douglas, along to the office, and picked who of *M* would represent America in Vietnam, for Pulver was now a major with a secretary and a windowless office in one of the Pentagon's inner rings. Pulver went through *M*'s IBM cards indicating each soldier's preference, but there weren't any vacancies in Hawaii, Japan, or Canada that week and while he explained to his blond eight-year-old that Daddy's job was to send the men where they wanted to go, soldier after soldier ended up with an assignment to Vietnam. ("Daddy, I can do it myself—*please*," Douglas said, but Daddy chuckled and said no . . .")

And in time *M* is bundled off to Viet-

nam, oriented, shown films explaining that "the Vietnamese people live in an explosive situation, one in which peacefulness does not meet the challenge of today's needs," and sent north of Saigon to camp. M's battalion was

part of an inner circle, its radius a Herculean mile-and-a-half, spirals of barbed wire transfixed its perimeter, trip wires abounded, *Charlie, beware of mines*, and mighty artillery was zeroed in, super sabres and skyriders knew the coordinates, in a sturdy sand-bagged bunker Sullivan was to stand glaring at no-man's land through a curious slit, all the arsenal of America's genius at his fingertips, rifles, machine guns, recoilless rifles as long as howitzers, death rays, you name it, Sullivan would have it, atom bombs . . .

As the time neared for M's first operation to begin, and with it the end of Sack's *Esquire* assignment, the fear of the enemy and the ignorance of Vietnam of these over-armed adolescents took on an ominous tone. "*Angels and ministers of grace defend us*," Sack had written during M's basic training the first time actual shots were fired in a mock battle:

Three thousand pieces of solid lead to be sent shrieking across America at four times the speed of sound, seventeen billion ergs of irresponsible energy in each satanical one of them, and each of them instantaneously activated at a flick of an adolescent's finger.

Merciful God! What cataclysmic threat to America's security could have misled the Pentagon to such an insane experiment . . .

M was unconvinced by the Vietnik who cornered them in Oakland, as they journeyed to the front, and implored them to escape the army and "Read the *New York Times!*" Their belief instead, writes Sack, lay in "the principle of perpendicular geography, that article of American faith that all this world's sovereign countries stand on their ends and if one topples over the rest shall follow." But this, and moral justifications for the U.S. presence dissolve in the field, the point where, ironically, they no longer matter to committed men.

For when M got to Vietnam, all questions of whether or not America should be "there" became irrelevant; they were *there*, and they were to be protected from the Vietnamese at whatever cost, and supported at home: "Logic itself . . . owed it to common courtesy to accommodate itself to M's life and limb."

The absurdity of M in Vietnam comes full circle when two chubby Congressmen visit "the front," and whatever doubts may have existed in their minds about the Vietnam War "suffered a sea-change when the ethereal concept, the *American commitment* took on flesh and bones and materialized in front of their watery eyes as M's noble soldiers."

The last third of the book describes M's first operation. M scrambles out of helicopters into an empty field, lugging with it a vast assortment of weaponry and equipment. The military euphemism dissolves. When M was confused by firing in the distance, for example, it was explained to them that it was "recon by fire"

meaning that the wags in the cavalry had apparently ridden to some astonished Vietnamese village on their thirty-five thousand-pound horses and were firing into it with 50-calibre machine guns, the bullets as big as hot dogs, great big Oldenburg pop-art bullets, this being the cavalry's rip-roaring way to ascertain if any communists resided there—if so, they'd doubtless return fire.

M ends with the surge of Varoujan Demirgian, the rebel of Fort Dix. While his friends are wounded, killed, or obtain safe positions at the rear, Demirgian survives, a fine fighting man, a specialist 4.

On operations Demirgian guided his squad through the jungle, he gazed at the high yellow flames, he found the American army good. Without any qualms, he told himself, *I'd like to burn the whole country down and start again with Americans.*

You may have gathered from all that, that John Sack is a Vietnik, and if you have you're wrong. At least, he wasn't when he wrote down M's words in thirteen neat notebooks, indexed the first thirteen in a fourteenth in four different ways, and wrote his *Esquire* piece in the garden of a Saigon hotel, pausing now and then to pat the frail head of a peacock that wandered in and out. It wasn't till four months after he got back to the U.S. that he suddenly wondered what he would have done if he had been in M, and after a while he decided that, like Williams, he would have quit. And it wasn't until after that, when he read a piece in the *New Yorker* by a 22-year-old Harvard graduate named Jonathan Schell, about a V.C. village whose inhabitants were removed *en masse* for a government sponsored "New Life," that he decided the war made no sense.

When Sack was off in the rice paddies, he had been "for" the war, or rather, he hadn't ever really thought about the reason for the war, which makes him like the soldiers he chronicled, who, one would suppose, were somehow "for" the war, their fundamental purpose in Vietnam being to protect themselves.

Sack could empathize with the guys because he was one of them, albeit a sharp and acid observer. Like theirs, his reaction to any unknown moving thing was to wish it shot. He understood them; he wrote honestly and they liked the book. The *New American Library* threw a party for Demirgian upon his return, and Demirgian loved the book; the book was true, he felt himself a hero. To date, Sack hasn't heard a single unhappy comment from the men of M concerning his portrayal of them, and the only letter he has received from the Army has been an approving one, of which more later.

What then, does this ruthless book add up to? In Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*, the war that drones on in the background "is a necessary war, as wars go. But the people are all in it for themselves, and so the whole thing becomes insane," says Sack.

"I don't see M that way. Here people are just doing the best they can, and they are corrupted by their surroundings, the role they have to play. My problem is insoluble, because everyone is doing what they really think is right." As Sack was writing, the war seemed necessary and so, he said, pacing the floor of his Manhattan apartment on whose walls hung color blow-ups of a hut on fire, and Demirgian peering in fear out of the helicopter as it landed for the first operation, "and so if logic means that the U.S. has to be burning villages, my God"—throwing his hands up, clutching his head.

"Being there," he said "you become aware of how insane the war is, but it's also very hard to be against it when the U.S. presence is so huge"—although the NLF, VC, what you will, seem to have had some success at just that—"it's such a monster thing. When you try to think in the middle of this, should we be here, should we get out, it's like being in a science class and wondering, should there

be a Universe? And since the people there are all good people, and you can understand the ones who are screwing up . . ." and so on.

"Then, once you get back in the States, Vietnam looks so small, why are we putting all those tanks and planes and guns in there, when the riots started and we couldn't fix up our own country, because we're throwing everything into that dump. It's insane."

But then, in a way, Sack thrives on that insanity, laughter is his thing. "You know Mort Sahl's line," he will tell you, "it's good to be able to laugh at something, or else you might have to do something about it."

Laughter is his natural reaction, even when M Company killed its little girl by mistake. "Perhaps," he says, pacing and flailing the air, "perhaps subconsciously, I'm horrified by it, and laughter is the only way I can keep sane . . . to keep from screaming . . . but it's an insane maniacal laughter, I get the feeling"—thinking now of the 45 bar crescendo in *Sergeant Pepper*, Sack, his arms outstretched, looking at me, up in the air, down on the floor—"You want to run up to these people in our government and say, what are you doing man, *what are you doing?*"

What in fact is Sack doing? How can you choose when there are so many "good fellows" on our side, when it is so easy to empathize with the sinners in their midst? Sack couldn't, it's hard, we Westerners are all in on this show together, and so you end up with the luxury available to the disengaged and the "educated:" it's a mess, you can't make a choice; as Halberstam would call it, a quagmire. Sack can see ending operations that haven't worked, like the bombing of North Vietnam, but he doesn't like the idea of the U.S. leaving, just quitting, even after he has virtually demolished the rationale for the U.S. presence.

An honest reporter writes about what he knows and understands best—in a sense, about what he is—and this is what Sack has done. There is an amorality vital to M's creation: Sack is an artist, and a deep commitment to either side would have killed the work. The aesthetic obsession with the events, the implicit acceptance of such a situation by not taking sides, is not peculiar to Sack; and it is an attitude that, if anything, helps the war continue, it is one level of intellectual sanction for business as usual.

Sack's book goes to the heart of our "presence" in Vietnam. The flesh of the commitment is just folks, like you and me, less prone to intellectualize over things in general, but that makes no difference. Vietnam corrupts them in their role as freedom fighters, and the people of Vietnam bear their fear and fury. We ought to leave.

The crowning triumph of the demon of M, is that we won't leave; the Asian climate alone doesn't make for make-believe in Vietnam, which brings us to the letter from the army. It just so happened that someone over in the U.S. seventh division in Germany read John Sack's book, and thought it was neat. So the special forces wrote, requesting permission to adapt it for a stage play to be performed at troop bases all over; it would be funny entertainment, and it would "teach about training." To Sack's sorrow, his agent said no, John, we can't let them do this. The rights must be guarded.

The war is no longer Sack's department, though an agency is sponsoring a series of lectures for him on just that (a dated brochure proclaims that he is "not preachy").

Sack has pinned down the contradiction that plagued him; now his head is somewhere else, he wants to chronicle the hippies. The temperament of the artist, perhaps, but also part of the grand old American ability, come whatever may, to have another drink.

Dumaran

DAVID MILCH, a first year law student, began his unfinished novel *The Groundlings two years ago for an honors English major in Yale College. "Dumaran" is a chapter from that novel. It introduces the eldest of the three brothers, Torch, who is on his way home for the funeral of his youngest brother, Judge. "Dumaran" copyright 1967 by David Milch.*

By David Milch

Torch had received the call from Ithaca a little before three in the morning, Pacific Time. He had managed to reach the phone before its ringing awakened his wife Sue, and had talked in a low voice, that she might remain asleep. He had, on one occasion, engaged in a rather loud exchange with his brother, but had shut the bedroom door as he did so.

After he had replaced the receiver Torch walked slowly into the kitchen. He put a kettle of water on the stove, and measured a teaspoon and a half of instant coffee into each of two cups he had placed on a black plastic tray. Then he stood with his head lowered, hands straddling the sides of the stove, waiting for the water to boil. After a few moments steam began to rise from the kettle's spigot, and he breathed it deep, eyes closed. Some time passed before he finally pushed away, afterwards filling the cups with the boiling water as he stirred just less than a spoonful of sugar into one of them. Then, pushing the door open with his hip, he carried the tray into the bedroom, softly setting it down on his wife's night-stand. He stared at her for a long moment before quietly seating himself on the bed, then touching his hand to her cheek, palm up. "Suzabelle," in a whispered voice. "Su-hu-zabel." She stirred uneasily. He leaned over and kissed her, staring at the wall behind the bed. She shrugged lazily, eyes closed, and smiled, lifting her arms to him. He moved just out of their reach. She opened her eyes.

He nodded toward the night-stand. "Soup's on."

She sat up quickly and looked around the room, pushing a strand of hair from her face. "What time is it?"

"A little past three. Sugar's the one nearest you."

She looked toward the table. "Torchy?" "C'mon." He took the cup from the tray and handed it to her.

"No, Torchy?"

In the darkness he stared at the wall behind her. "Drinkee all down. Grow big and strong."

She did move for a moment, then, still looking at him, picked up the cup and took a tentative sip. "Oooh."

"Good huh? See first you take your water . . ."

She stared at him. He took the cup from her and replaced it on the table. "Hey, Susie? Hold my hand. C'mon, squeeze now. Squeeze." Tears began to fill in her eyes as she pressed his hand. "Judy . . . C'mon, hard now. Judy's dead. Mark just called to tell me. C'mon duke. He said there'd been this car wreck— . . . That's all. He said he was dead. C'mon duke, squeeze."

"Judy?"

"Okay duke. It's all right."

"Oh. Oh. Judy?"

"Okay now. Shhh. Okay." He took her in his arms, pressing her toward him, and began to rock gently. "Shhh. It's okay." "Oh my. Oh my."

"Say his name Susie. C'mon, soft now. Just his name now."

She said the name quietly, in a very high voice, separating its syllables.

"No questions duke. Over and over now. Just . . ."

"No. Dear Lord. Please not Judy." She pushed away from him and buried her head in the pillow, sobbing that he couldn't be, dear lord, dear lord.

"No, just the name honey. It's over. C'mon now." He turned his hand to the left, to the windowless wall, softly drumming his fingers on the iron frame of the bed. "Hey Susie, don't. C'mon

honey." She continued to cry, and said that it was not fair, that she had rather it would have been her, that nothing could be less fair, of all people. He watched her for a moment more, then rose and walked away, into the bathroom.

He ran the shower, pushing the door shut with his foot, then turned and stared at his expressionless face in the mirror above the sink. Slowly, he removed his pajamas and got into the shower, standing with his mouth open as the hot water hit him. (The water pushed his long red hair over his face, into his eyes.) He did not lather, just stood so for five minutes, his arms raised slightly above his head, pressing against the wall on one side and the steel rod of the shower curtain on the other. When this time had passed he leaned forward, his weight on his right leg, and after a brief hesitation, shut the shower off. He wound a bath towel around his mid-section without drying himself and opened the door, walking to her side of the bed. He stood before her, dripping wet, his hair completely covering his eyes.

She had been lying in bed, silent for some time now, but tears still showed on her cheeks. She looked up at him, and smiled, taking a deep, shuddering breath. He asked, very quietly, head tilted far back, whether she was new in town. She tried to speak once, could not, then finally said it so happened she was, why didn't he buy her a drink, in a very weak voice. He lay down beside her, his head on her breast, with the wall opposite the window before him. After a moment's silence he said, "Okay?"

Her hair made a rubbing noise on the pillow as she nodded.

"Was that an up and downer or a side to side?"

She took his ears and moved his head up and down, pushing her chin out as the corners of her lips began to tremble.

"Sure?"

She nodded again, turning her head on the pillow as the tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

He rose, then lowered himself to one knee beside the bed.

She looked up quickly.

"Don't say anything for a minute Susie. No." He reached beneath the bed and pulled out a small suitcase, then went to the dresser and removed a notebook, three pairs of khaki pants and five white shirts. He walked to the closet and took out his two suits, a black and a patterned grey, and a herringbone jacket. He laid the suits beside the bag and began to dress.

As he had spoken she had slowly reclined again, and turned her head to the window. "Torchy . . ."

He walked into the bathroom, brushed his teeth, then placed the brush and toothpaste in his shaving kit and brought it with him into the bedroom. He packed it in the side pocket of the suitcase, along with the notebook.

"Torchy? Look at me?"

He finished dressing and zipped up the suitcase before walking to her side of the bed. He raised his hand to her chin, then moved it along her neck and shoulder. "In a few days duke. It's all right."

"No, Torchy?" Her voice had grown weaker. "I'm all right."

"As soon as . . ."

"I won't get upset. I won't . . . I'll help your mom with the beds and cooking, that's all. I'll be perfectly . . . I won't be upset. I'll just help around the house."

"Honey . . ."

"Torchy, I can't stay here."

He kissed her shoulder next to where his hand had stopped. "Susie, it'll just be a few days. You can fly in for the funeral." He went to the front of the bed and picked

up his bag and suits. "Blas'll give me a ride to the airport. I'll call you when I get in okay?"

"Torchy, let me. Please?"

He put on his trench-coat and walked to the front door. "In a little while. It's all right."

"No Torchy, I'm going with you. I'm fine. I'm going with you." She got out of bed, extending the last word into a long sob, and pursued him to the front door. "Oh your hair's not even combed. Torchy . . ."

He turned five steps out the door. "Hey."

She stopped.

"Now don't come Susie."

"Oh please. I can't, oh let me . . ."

"Now shut it." He stared at her for a moment, then turned and walked away, pausing only briefly as he heard the door close quietly behind him.

Torch arrived at the Los Angeles International Airport at a quarter before six, having gotten a ride with Mr. Blas, supervisor of the program in Spanish at the Peace Corps Training Center. As Torch got out of the car Mr. Blas offered to help him with his luggage, but he declined, saying that Mr. Blas could do him a favor though if he would be kind enough to look in on his wife now and again over the next few days. Mr. Blas said of course he would, and reaffirmed the sympathy he had expressed throughout the trip, and Torch walked away.

He checked in at the American Airlines Military Personnel counter, presented his Peace Corps identification card, and asked for a roundtrip ticket to Buffalo at military rates. The ticket agent told him that she was sorry, those rates were applicable to Peace Corps volunteers only on flights to or between points of service, or in cases of family emergency. He half-smiled and replied that he made it, he made it on the last count, and gave her the phone number of the police station in Ithaca. She began to make out the tickets as she placed a collect call to Ithaca, where she received confirmation of a family emergency from Desk Lieutenant Carlson. After checking the flight schedule she hurriedly placed another call, her back to him, then turned as she hung up and told Torch he could depart immediately on the 6 A.M. flight to Chicago, and could make connections for Buffalo there. Torch paid for the tickets and thanked her, moving toward the gate she had indicated. She called after him that she was sorry, and that she had gotten them to hold the plane. He stopped, smiled, and thanked her again, then turned and walked away.

A stewardess was waiting for him at the gate, asking as he approached if he were Mr. Little. After his reply she said that she was very sorry to hear of the death in his family, and that American would try to make his flight a comfortable one. She escorted him on to the plane, excused herself for a moment, then returned and asked him to follow her please. She took him to an aisle seat just being vacated by another passenger, a blond boy, about five, and said that Torch's seat would be number Three C, and that his fellow traveler would be Father Tyres. The priest rose reluctantly, squinting at Torch, and offered his hand. Torch shook hands with him, smiling, and thanked the stewardess over his shoulder for her consideration.

The first three and a half hours of the flight passed without incident. The priest had excused himself shortly after take-off, and remained in the lounge during the whole period, while Torch occupied himself with writing in the notebook he had taken from his suitcase. On a number

of occasions he glanced over at the passenger he had displaced. The boy was now sitting alone, in the window seat across the aisle from Torch. He had not taken his eyes from the window since take-off, and had refused the stewardess' repeated offers of breakfast with silent though unemphatic shakes of his head.

When the plane was within two hundred miles of Chicago the pilot announced that they were now flying a holding pattern, they had been advised by O'Hare that a storm system had developed which presently extended from Boston across to Chicago and into the Dakotas, and that they would maintain this pattern until receiving further instructions from O'Hare.

After the captain's announcement Torch placed the notebook under the seat, and after looking quickly toward the boy, who had not visibly responded to the announcement, stared absently at the "no-smoking, fasten seat-belt" sign which was flashing erratically in the front of the cabin. The priest, who had just left the lounge, walked unsteadily back to his seat.

Torch rose silently to let him in. The process took a few moments, as he stared at Torch for some time before recognizing the vacant seat next to him as his. When he had seated himself the priest, a bald man, strikingly thin, made a perfunctory effort at reading the American Airlines travel book, but discarded it. After a brief pause, he nudged Torch confidentially and asked in a thick voice if he had a cigarette.

Torch looked over at the boy, then, staring straight ahead, spoke loudly to the priest out of the side of his mouth.

"Think we can pull it off?"

The priest looked around the cabin.

"Pull it off?"

"The no-smoking sign."

"Oh, oh, sure," The priest winked elaborately, and began to whistle. "In there," he muttered between his teeth, nodding at the sickness bag. "Put 'em in there."

Torch winked back, picked up the bag, and slipped a Phillip Morris into it. Then he too started to whistle, dropping the bag at the priest's feet. Torch looked over at the boy, who had turned when he heard the priest's whistling, and put a finger to his lips, pointing to the no-smoking sign with his other hand. The boy smiled.

The priest accepted Torch's offered light, guiding the match to the end of the cigarette with a shaking hand. "Why is it they put the no-smoking sign on the only times you want to smoke?"

Torch had been flashing an "OK" signal to the boy across the aisle. "Excuse . . . Oh, I think the thing's busted anyway." The light was no longer flashing, but shone a dull orange, emitting a loud, buzzing noise.

"Well there is an irony. There is an ironic note. You mean we went through all that for nothing?"

"I guess."

"Of course we may be grateful it has a light to begin with. We may be . . ." The priest took Torch's elbow, moving his head closer to him. "My son, I have ridden on planes, I have travelled on planes . . . You think this is a bad plane? You should take the Islands Service planes sometime. Before making your final judgement, you should . . . Like this." He held onto the imaginary handle-bars, pedalling furiously. "Two little pinos where the engines should be." Torch smiled absently, and looked back toward the boy, but the priest shook his arm and said "Hey, like this," and began to pedal again.

Torch turned back to him, a little uneasily. "Is that right?"

"Yes sir. Yes sir." The priest squinted at

Torch, smiling. Torch did not reply, and after a moment the priest's smile faded. He began to tap his knee with the palm of his right hand. "Yes sir, I have ridden the Islands Service planes many times, many times. To and from Dumarán. In and around the general vicinity of Dumarán. Dumarán . . . Do you know where Dumarán is?"

Torch had been looking across the aisle, watching as the boy resumed his former posture, his head to the window. "Excuse me?"

"I said do you know where Dumarán is?"

"Uh, the Philippines."

The priest stared at Torch. "Hey, how'd you know where Dumarán is . . .?"

"I'm going to the Philippines in a little while for the Peace Corps. My wife and I."

"Dumarán? Are you going to Dumarán?"

"No, I think we're going to be on the main island." Torch still seemed preoccupied with the boy, and did not look at the priest as he spoke.

The priest shook his elbow. "Say, don't go to Dumarán. You can listen to me. The disease on . . . It's filthy and it's hot and . . . it's just a bad place. Dumarán, if you ever want to believe in an angry God, go to Dumarán. I spent . . . Even if they try to force you. Even if they insist, and try to justify your going there, tell them you refuse, under any circumstances."

Torch finally turned to him and attempted another smile. "Okay, Dumarán is out."

"Right. Don't go to Dumarán."

"Not even for a visit. Okay."

"Oh, you can't visit. They won't . . . Right. Not for a day, not for an hour, not for a minute. Dumarán is . . . God's wrath."

The pilot announced that they expected word from O'Hare shortly. Torch looked over at the boy, then turned in his seat and signalled for the stewardess, but could not get her attention. The priest shook his elbow, and Torch wheeled quickly, frowning. "Look . . ."

"You won't go to Dumarán?"

His features relaxed. "No, I, uh, promise." He looked for the stewardess again, and half-rose as he saw her enter the pilot's cabin. But the priest's insistent hold on his elbow restrained him, and he seated himself, gently loosening the older man's grip.

The priest reclined in his seat. "Of course I need no longer concern myself with affairs on Dumarán. I need not . . . I am being, as we say in the priest game, recalled. I am being, I am considered . . . unfit, for further proselytizing activities, by virtue, by the cardinal . . . and papal virtue, of my constant inebriation . . . and other failings."

Torch shifted in his seat.

"Not a bit. Not a bit of it. I had my doubts, twenty-two, no, now it's twenty-four years ago, about the cloth. Concerning my vestments. And . . . my doubts are now confirmed. I am . . . unfit, to proselytize any further, I am . . . unfit. I am going back to Chicago to loose my robes. To have my robes loosed for me." He imitated a ripping movement on his sleeve. "Off with my stripes. Off . . . And then I am going to walk, feel my way, to the waterfront, and dive . . . for pearls. In Lake Michigan."

The pilot asked for the passengers' attention. He said now they had just received word from O'Hare that minimum ceiling was not now and could not be expected to become available for some time. Existing weather patterns made flight to any southern or due eastern city

unadvisable at this time, and they had received instructions to proceed to Toronto. Passenger information in Chicago had been informed, as would be all major cities which might have been ultimate destinations. As soon as O'Hare cleared they would be returning to Chicago, but American would make every effort to assist those passengers who wished to make other travel arrangements in Toronto. If things went well they expected to arrive by 2 P.M., eastern time.

The boy across from Torch pressed his forehead against the window, and cupped his hands on either side of his cheeks. "There is a note," the priest said. "There is a helluva note, eh . . . My son, I'm afraid I've forgotten your name."

"Torch." He rose, looking around the cabin. "Sit still. Sit still. Nobody has to stand . . . Torch, eh? The lightbearer. Oh, for your hair. Your hair's red eh? I can still see colors. I can still . . . Say, sit down. You don't have to stand for me."

"No, I'm looking . . ." Torch hesitated, then exhaled heavily and seated himself. "Well, at least we'll have a little excitement, eh Torch? A little . . . A reprieve. A stay of execution."

Torch nodded absently. "Or maybe . . . immediate. We may have . . . Say, my name, I don't believe I've introduced myself, my name . . ."

"Father Tyres."

"No. No, my name is Pete. Peter. You may call me Pete. That's my name again. Pete or Peter, whichever . . . The rock, upon which . . . My son, the Church is in steady hands. Steady and capable . . . All you, uh, of what I may call the Catholic persuasion Torch? Are you persuaded in that particular direction?"

"Say, Father, if you don't mind . . ."

"Well, be comforted. If you should ever wish . . . It is in steady and capable hands." He looked at his hands, raising them chest-high. "Although at the given moment my hands . . . tremble a trifle, as a general rule the Church . . . You may kiss my ring."

Torch turned and looked at him. "For God's sake."

"Not exactly, eh Torch? Not . . . That's strange. I had it here a moment ago." The priest inserted his right hand in the sickness bag. "Oh dear. My white plume. And with the Council reconvening in a few short days. Well, you may kiss my hand now, ringare, as the saying goes. The ring is a mere . . . symbol. The spirit's essence resides within."

"Look Father, I . . ."

"No, no, I insist. It's the spirit of the thing. Unto all men let the Living Word come. I insist."

Torch took the priest's hand and passed his mouth an inch above it. "E Pluribus Unum."

"Did you . . . I didn't feel . . . Oh, right. Right Torch. E pluribus . . . Non cognoscenti alabaster, eh Torch? Dominoes non est backgammon. Uh, glaucoma, glaucoma, glaucoma." The priest swallowed with difficulty, attempting to clear his ears as the plane passed through a succession of air pockets.

"Father, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me." Torch looked over at the boy, whose shoulders could be seen heaving rhythmically. "I want to try to find . . ."

The priest had not followed Torch's glance. He took his arm again as Torch tried to rise. "Say, don't go. Don't . . . You know, I was supposed to console you. The stewardess . . ."

"Have you seen the stewardess?"

"It is hardly likely that I . . . would see . . . It is . . . Say, the stewardess made a special point of sitting you next to me.

For purposes of consolation. That I might reveal . . . God's word. God's . . . She said your younger brother had died?"

Torch again seated himself, now removing the priest's arm more forcefully. "Don't talk about that Father. That's none of your business."

"On the contrary. That is the essence . . . Would you care to hear some appropriate scriptural passages? I stole a Gideon from my hotel in Los Angeles."

Torch stared at the priest, his face growing red. "You'd better shut up Father. I mean it."

The priest looked down, and began to strike his knee again. "The essence . . . of my business. The . . . I'm sorry, I'm . . . But you see, if he happened to die of a lingering illness . . . No, she said it was an accident. But if it had happened to be a . . . I could quote a number of appropriate . . . The people of Dumarhan had a peculiar susceptibility to certain drawn-out, terminal diseases. Terminal is . . ."

The plane banked sharply, and the boy let out a long shrill scream. Torch rose.

". . . a medical term. I read many books, so that I could send for the proper . . ."

"And you don't even hear a kid crying. A hero like yourself." Torch stared at the priest for a moment, then turned away, moving across the aisle to seat himself next to the boy. He placed his hand on the boy's arm. "Hey ace, turn around." The boy moved his arm away from Torch's hand. Torch took a slow breath. "Hey, don't cry ace, will you please? There's nothin' to cry about."

There was a short silence. Finally the boy turned to Torch, the lower part of his face tucked beneath his shoulder. Tears showed on his cheeks, but he'd stopped crying. "Where's Toronto?"

"Never mind about Toronto. Toronto's not far."

"No, but how far?"

"A little ways. A couple of hours."

Torch looked at the boy. "Hey, what about your hands?"

The boy looked down at his hands. "Why don't you go wash up? Why don't you go wash your hands up?"

The boy turned back to the window. "Can you do'em by yourself?"

He nodded.

"Hey, well I'm gonna go back to the lounge. Right next to the boys' room. You go wash up, and then if you want you come back there and sit with me. Okay?"

Torch got up. "I'm gonna go back there. Okay ace? I'm gonna go back there now."

He walked into the lounge and sat down. When the stewardess left the pilot's cabin he asked for a Budweiser, and she got the beer from the inset refrigerator behind the bar, remarking to Torch as she did so that she'd never seen so much drinking in her life on a morning flight, people usually slept on this one.

The boy did not move from his seat for a short while. But finally, after quickly looking around the cabin, then momentarily lowering his head again, he rose and walked to the washroom, which was situated between the first-class section and the lounge. The priest, who had been staring dully at the no-smoking sign, periodically tapping his knee with his right hand, watched him go in silence.

After some time the boy came out of the washroom and wordlessly seated himself in the chair beside Torch's.

"You want some beer ace?" Torch leaned through a magazine he had picked up as the boy entered.

The boy looked at Torch, then picked up the beer and took a small sip, grimacing.

"I get your brand?"

The boy shook his head yes.

"Yes or no."

"Yes."

"What kind is it?"

The boy thought a moment. "Hamm's."

"Right." Torch put the magazine away.

The boy looked out the window.

"Hamm's is the one my . . . daddy drinks."

"Oh yeah?"

"Uh huh." There was a short silence.

"My daddy was supposed to meet me in Chicago."

"And how about your mom?"

The boy shook his head no.

Torch shifted in his seat. "Well look, uh . . . Hey, you know where . . . Toronto's in Canada. D'you know where Canada is?"

"Sure."

"Uh-huh." Torch ran his hand through his hair. "Well that's where Toronto is."

"Far?"

"Not far. A couple of hours." Torch looked at the boy. "How's the beer?"

"Okay."

"Why don't you let me get you a coke or something."

"No, this is okay."

"Okay. Hey, what were you doing in California?"

The boy shrugged.

"You were on a vacation eh?"

He nodded. "With my aunts."

"How long were you out there?"

"A long time."

"What, like about a month?"

"Yep."

Torch took a long sip of his beer. "Hey, well d'you see anything? See Disneyland?"

"Uh-huh." The boy yawned.

Torch looked at him carefully. "How was that?"

"Okay."

"D'you go on the Matterhorn? Here, c'mere." Torch drew the boy toward his shoulder. "D'you go on the Matterhorn?"

The boy nodded his head, yawning.

"I got sick on the Matterhorn," Torch said. "I'm afraid of heights. How about yourself? D'you get sick?"

"Nope." The boy looked up. "I went twice. I went twice on the Matterhorn," he yawned, "and three times on the flying saucers."

"What else?"

"I don't know." He nestled his head on Torch's shoulder, looking up at the ceiling. "Once on the Magic Carpet."

"Adventureland?"

The boy nodded sleepily.

"Tomorrowland?"

"Nope. It was too late."

"How'd you go on the flying saucers?"

"Oh yeah. We went there. We couldn't go to Frontierland though. It was too late."

"You liked it huh?"

The boy shook his head yes.

"Yes?"

"Uh-huh." He yawned again.

"Hey ace, why don't you get some sack?"

The boy raised his head quickly.

"No, I'm gonna be right here. C'mon, put it down. I'm gonna stay right here."

The boy wriggled in the seat, getting comfortable, and Torch began to hum. "Yum da da de dum, my pretty one, pretty one, yum de da day de, my baby, my ownn . . ." He let his voice go off-key on the last note, and extended it into a soft howl. The boy looked up, smiling, and Torch pushed his hair into his eyes.

"Smart kid. C'mon, put it down." Torch slid down in the seat, keeping his shoulder raised for the boy's head. He stared at the wall above the window before him.

The boy rested his head again. "Will my daddy be in Toronto?"

"You'll see him in a couple of hours.

C'mon, keep quiet, I'm trying to get some sleep here."

"Okay, G'night."

"G'night ace."

Torch remained in the lounge for something more than half an hour before he quietly rose and walked toward the stewardess' quarters in the rear of the plane. He passed the priest without speaking.

The stewardess was disposing of the remnants of the passengers' breakfasts in a large foil container. She smiled wearily as he feigned a knock on the folded curtain.

"Say, I wonder if you can tell me what arrangements are being made for when we get to Toronto?"

"Well, it depends on whether you want to remain with the plane sir. If you don't, there'll be customs to go through, so we would advise . . ."

"No, I can rent a car or something, actually Toronto's better for me, but this kid, the one who's sitting next to me? He's supposed to meet his dad in Chicago. What arrangements are being made?"

"Well, he'll be flown back to Chicago as soon as possible."

"Yeah, but what about in Toronto. Will there be someone to stay with him?"

"Well . . ."

"What are you gonna be doing?"

"We have to stay on the plane."

"Could he stay with you? Someone ought to be with him."

"You can't stay?"

"I've . . . No, I'd like to, but I've got to get home."

She hesitated a moment, then smiled. "Yes. All right."

"Thanks." Torch smiled too, and started to leave, then turned back. "Hey was that your idea to sit me next to that priest?"

The stewardess blushed. "No, that's . . . If we know about the death we're supposed to do that. If there's a clergyman on board. That's American policy."

Torch half-smiled. "Okay. Hey, thanks about the other thing."

"We're always glad . . . That's all right."

Torch walked back through the cabin and into the lounge, where the boy had continued to sleep. He stared for a moment at the beer on the table before him, then picked it up and sipped it indifferently, afterwards seating himself beside the boy, and draping his arm around him, and closing his eyes.

A few moments later he looked into the passenger's cabin, and saw the priest standing in the aisle, talking to the stewardess, his hands on the seats to either side of him. When he had finished speaking with her he began to walk toward the lounge. Torch was staring at the wall when he arrived.

The priest seated himself across from him, and peered over at the boy. "That was, uh, very kind. That . . . I didn't realize . . ." The priest lowered his voice almost to a whisper, and spoke in slow, halting phrases. "I didn't realize he was upset. I didn't notice him."

Torch stared out the window. "You let the kid sleep now Father. You'd better not wake him up."

"I . . . No, I shan't. I'll keep my voice . . ." Father Tyres looked up at Torch. "I'm . . . very sorry. I'm . . . Please accept . . . I apologize. Since my return it seems my life consists of offences and apologies. I'm . . . very sorry. I'm . . . Please accept my apologies."

"Well, I can see, you know, what with your being in the middle of your act, you know, how you wouldn't hear him."

The priest lowered his head. "I've become . . . injured, to that particular

sound. Although my hearing, although as my other faculties . . . deteriorate, my hearing becomes more acute, that is a particular sound which I have taught myself to ignore." The priest began to tap his knee with his hand. "Please I'm very sorry."

Torch raised his eyes to the priest's. When he spoke his voice was soft. "All right. It's okay."

"Well, I . . ."

"It's all right. Let the kid sleep now, okay Father? It's all right."

"I'm . . . Thank you. Thank you Torch." The priest averted his eyes, tapping his knee. After a moment he looked up, smiling nervously. "Uh, you said you were going to the Philippines, didn't you Torch? Perhaps . . . I thought you might have some questions about the Philippines. Perhaps I might be able to tell you something about them?"

"Well . . ."

"I know something about the main islands too. I might be able . . . It's only the last years I've spent on, uh, Dumarán. Wouldn't you . . . I know quite a lot about the Philippines. I've spent . . . It's been twenty-four years, that I've spent there. I'd like very much, if you have any questions . . ."

Torch smiled at the priest. "I would, Father. I'd like that. The training courses are pretty general. But keep your voice down, all right?" Torch absently caressed the boy's hair.

The stewardess entered the cabin with a gin and tonic, and asked if there would be any more orders, they'd be landing in ten minutes.

Father Tyres took the drink. "No this

will be fine. Thank you very much. You've been very kind . . . and courteous . . . throughout the flight. Thank you . . . so very much." The priest wiped his eyes as the stewardess left the lounge, and raised his drink chest-high, staring at its contents. "It's really quite . . . I'm surprised, really, at the . . . gestures, which gratify me. As I grow older I am afraid I am becoming . . ." He looked up suddenly. "You, uh . . . Oh, the Philippines. You're going . . . Are you, uh, going to be right in Manila Torch?"

"No, in one of the smaller towns. Teaching high school." The boy changed positions in the seat, and Torch raised a cautioning finger to his lips.

The priest nodded. "Of course. I shan't . . . One musn't disturb the sleep of children. I shan't . . ." His gaze wandered to the window. "Manila is a very lovely city Torch. When I first went to the Philippines, oh, this was quite some time ago, just after the war. I remember it quite distinctly, for the period of time . . . Manila is a very clean city. Unlike . . ." The priest paused. He raised the drink once more, hesitated, and again lowered it. "You're, uh, you're going to teach? That's fine Torch. Fine. They say, I've read that the Philippines have the highest literacy rate in all of Southeast Asia. Did you know that? Somewhere around seventy percent. But they still need . . . Of course, the literates live for the most part on the main island. Where I was, for the last eight years, on Dumarán, oh, I should say that the figure would be around three or four percent. I should say that would be a correct figure."

Torch lowered his eyes. "Father, I, my

wife and I, would kind of like to teach on one of the smaller islands. We'd heard that, and we thought . . ."

"I should say, Torch, that the crying need is on the smaller islands. The Philippines are said to be quite modern. Manila, one would see Manila, and not believe . . . But Dumarán, for example, which wasn't a really small island, not as small as some, Dumarán is not a very modern island. The conditions on Dumarán have not . . . improved, particularly, for some time. The disease . . . communicable disease, and ignorance . . . on Dumarán . . . There is a crying need. There is a genuine, a definite . . . uh, you might tell your superiors Torch. Sometime, if the occasion should arise, you might put in a word . . . for Dumarán. Just a few, uh, medical supplies, or teachers, would be deeply felt. They would . . ." The priest raised his drink, and took a long sip.

"Father . . ."

"I, of course, was a priest. My function was the promulgation of Christ's, the Lord Jesus' . . . highly applicable, uh, relevant . . . Word. His . . . But, uh, a few supplies, or teachers, would be . . . deeply felt. They would . . . they might make the Word's . . . relevance . . . more manifest." The priest looked away.

Torch stared at him intently during the silence which followed. Finally he cleared his throat, moving his arm away from the boy. "And, uh, what, they, uh, replaced you, for the drinking?"

"Well, and I am going blind." The priest smiled, eyes lowered. "The, uh, difficulties, are associated. The two are associated. They are . . ."

Torch raised his hand to the boy's smooth forehead. "Can they help you out? Will they be able to treat it?"

"The difficulties are not associated. It is . . . There is no connection . . ." The priest began to strike his knee again. "Sorrow . . . I should say that I am sufficiently sorry . . . for myself. I should say that I am sufficiently sorry . . . for myself. I do not need . . . Uh, I should say that I was born about twenty years too late. I should say . . . When I was in Los Angeles I saw, in the late evening . . . no less than three movies . . . I saw, on television, very dimly, three movies in which a similarly . . . conditioned, one or another of my conditions, in which a similarly conditioned . . . All, uh, of late forties . . . vintage. And they struck me as . . . caricatures. It seemed to me . . . All, of late . . . I should say . . . Oh dear. Oh my Lord."

"Father. Hey."

"To become a . . . buffoon. I did not want to become a . . . buffoon. I did not . . . a grotesque . . ."

"Cut it out now Father. Come on now."

" . . . composite of . . . melodramatic . . ."

"The kid Father. Don't . . ."

" . . . excesses. I did not . . . I had, at one time . . ." The priest swallowed painfully as the plane began to descend. "Eyes, strong lungs, ears that did not ache . . . I had . . . certain, visible . . . discipline." He lowered his head, and was silent.

Torch took a slow breath. "Look, if it's any consolation . . . The thing is, what you were trying . . . You know, was the right thing. I'm . . . You were trying to do the right thing." The boy stirred, opened his eyes once, then nestled against Torch closing them again. Torch lowered his voice. "The thing is, you know, my wife and I are going to the Philippines. We're . . . A lot of people feel . . . I don't know."

The priest looked up. "You feel . . ."

"You know, that you were trying to do the right thing."

He began to rub his knee. "Well, that is . . . I suppose, at least, there is that. To feel . . ." The priest fell silent for a moment. "Torch, uh, what is the Peace Corps? What, I mean on what basis is it organized?"

Torch stared at the priest. "Well, I'm not sure I know what . . . You mean its purposes?"

"Is there . . . Are the volunteers allowed a certain . . . latitude, in the area they select for service?"

"Well, in terms of, you know, general . . ."

"If one were to . . . ask to serve, in a particular area, would the authorities . . . If you, for example, were to ask to serve in a particular area of the Philippines . . ."

Torch looked down. "Father, the thing is . . . Well, I don't know. It might be possible. But the thing is, if they don't have a program there . . . Well, it might be possible. I don't know."

"Dumarán, actually there are certain times of the year when Dumarán is quite . . . And there is a genuine need . . ."

"The best I can do is see about it Father. I can ask."

"You would find, of course, a situation . . . The situation is quite . . . deteriorated. But the rewards . . . I can provide you with introductions, Torch. I can outline the situation, and give you names . . ."

The stewardess announced that all seat-belts should be fastened, and cigarettes extinguished.

"Father, I want you to understand . . ." "Shall I . . . When we leave the plane, I can . . . You will go, won't you Torch? . . . You'll go to Dumarán. I would feel, then, that my experience . . . You will go."

"Father, I can't promise, is the thing. I'll try, but there has to be a program."

The priest looked at Torch. "Well, but there is no program."

"That's the thing. The first step . . ." "But there is no program. Dumarán has no program."

"Well . . ." "And if there is no . . . So you cannot go. You said . . . You deceived me. You were catering . . . You were being polite to me. You were trying to get rid of me."

"Hey, no. That's not . . . The thing is . . ."

"You cannot go. That is . . ." The priest picked up his drink and finished it. He was silent for a moment, then began to rub his knee. "Well, I suppose . . . That is a very prudent decision. You are wise not to wish to go . . ."

"Father, that's not fair. I told you . . ." "A prudent . . . I was merely testing you. I was testing . . ."

"For God's sake . . ." " . . . your resolve. I was only . . . I had warned you there would be those . . . I was merely testing you."

"Father, listen. At least I can tell them about it. Maybe I can get them . . ."

The plane landed. "No, you will not go." The priest's voice rose as the engines reversed. "You will not . . . You place your faith in children. You will not go to Dumarán."

"Lower your voice Father. Don't . . ." "Wake the child! Wake the child! Why should the child sleep? Wake up! Wake up!"

The boy stirred, and opened his eyes, looking at the priest. He reached for Torch's hand. Torch's face had grown very red, but he did not speak. He stared at the priest as the stewardess, who had just entered the cabin, opened the door of the plane. The boy asked Torch whether they were in Toronto, but Torch did not reply.

He squeezed the boy's hand, rose, and crossed between two exiting passengers,

(continued on page 19)

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"What did you do in New York, Edelstein?"

"Went to see films."

"How many films did you see, Edelstein?"

"Five..."

"Jesus Christ, five films in one weekend!"

"... on Saturday and four on Sunday."

Edelstein the Film-maker

By Daniel Yergin

Teacher after teacher these past four years has concluded the calling of the roll in the first class of the year by asking, "And does anybody know Mr. Edelstein?"

It seems that Mr. Edelstein is never there.

As regular as the seasons themselves, Robert Edelstein has come up to Yale each year to register but then, except for a few scattered classes here and there caught between trains, has disappeared for two weeks.

The reason for this disappearance is that the first two weeks of the academic term at Yale conflict with the New York Film Festival, and the Festival is something that Edelstein would not want to miss.

You ask Edelstein if it's absolutely necessary that he take in the Festival; and he shrugs his shoulders, and his face somehow seems to shrug itself and he emits an indefinite sound and then he smiles; and after that you know it's absolutely necessary.

Although the Registrar may regard him as nothing more than Robert K. Edelstein, Yale College, 1968, with "Chrm. of Yale Film Society" on his activity sheet; he is in fact Edelstein the Film-maker, who has devoted much of his Yale career to making *Sally's Hounds*, soon to be shown by that same film society.

Edelstein has about him the look of those young men who grew up a generation-and-a-half ago in New York City, loving the movies, and who quit high school to go to work as runners in some studio's New York office and then set out to Hollywood for careers as brilliant directors.

But that's not the way things are today. ("Go to college and get that piece of paper, boy.") You can still pull it off, but only if you have a relative already in the business; and Edelstein's connections are only tangential—his parents are Jules and Tita The Vaudeville Magicians. (He did the magic, she had the legs). So Edelstein the Film-maker came to Yale.

He wasn't however always Edelstein the Film-maker. First, he was Edelstein the Big Reader. "I did tons of reading when I was three," he says, "but I stopped reading at five. Words were too hard."

Then he became Edelstein the writer, a condition that persisted for many years, including most of high school, although he can't quite remember what he wrote.

"I think I was unconscious for most of high school," he explains. "It's a complete blank. I don't know what I did."

One thing he did was to go to the movies almost every day, but that was just as a typical movie fan. Towards the end of high school, though, he went to see Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*, and Edelstein the Film-maker was born.

He's seen the movie seven times since, but he's never forgotten how the film so stunned him the first time. "I was amazed," he says. "It wasn't just a horror film. Hitchcock was saying something profound, though he refuses to give the impression of being a serious artist when he speaks."

You try to tell Edelstein that you saw this same Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* a few nights ago, that the story was ridiculous, that the acting was minimal, that the sets looked like sets, and that all you could think of in the climactic scene where Cary Grant grips Eva Marie Saint's hand as she slides down the face of Mt. Rushmore was the toy George Washington savings bank you got for opening your first bank account.

Edelstein shrugs his shoulders at this,

and his face seems to shrug itself somehow, and he emits the indefinite sound, smiles and then finally disagrees. He explains that Hitchcock is not concerned with characterization; what's important are the themes, how the scenes are filmed, how the film is edited. This is the way a film artist expresses his view of the world. Hitchcock is especially concerned to explore the way the world can suddenly and violently assault a man.

After seeing *The Birds* for the first time, Edelstein decided that he could better express the ideas and feelings within him in film than in writing.

The summer after high school he made his first film in tandem with Tim Hunter, a boyhood friend now at Harvard who made *Sinister Madonna*, shown here last year.

That first film dealt with a love triangle and was shot in and around New York; Hunter and Edelstein shared the direction; and Edelstein now says that it was a bad film, that he didn't know enough about film-making.

In the middle of his freshman year, an idea for a screenplay occurred to him, and he began writing: A boy meets and becomes obsessed with an aloof girl, and this obsession finally destroys his own life. What particularly came to interest Edelstein was the paradox of compulsions—their beauty, their danger.

This marked the beginning of *Sally's Hounds*. Soon, Edelstein was making plans for production. The first big problem was to find actors, a problem made more complex by the fact that undergraduate Yale is all male.

Hope Wilson, a Wheaton student who plays one of the female leads, had had some theater experience; but Robin Woodard, who is Sally, and comes from Vassar, had none. Edelstein feels that both gave very fine performances.

Eric Sherman, now a senior doing a film on a jazz musician for a scholar-of-the-house project, took one of the main male roles—"walking through it," says Edelstein.

Edelstein selected himself and Harvey Bellin, now in the Drama School, to play other roles, and recruited William Karhl, another senior, to help with the direction.

Another 30 people took smaller roles in the film, which was shot in New York and New Haven (East Rock Park, Ezra Stiles College).

Another big problem was to locate the two hounds of the title. A classified ad for two German shepherds, placed in desperation in a local newspaper, brought offers of dachshunds, and some people volunteered themselves for any available roles including those of the dogs.

Edelstein was finally able to obtain the services of two police dogs. "They're excellent dogs," he says. "Both gave extraordinary performances, although not as extraordinary as the two girls. I would say that the girls are more intuitive than the dogs, although the dogs are very intuitive."

The next two years went into filming, which was often chaotic. First of all, it could only be done on Saturdays when the girls could escape from their respective schools.

A typical Saturday of shooting involved a scene with the Hard Corps, a Yale-Columbia rock-and-roll group that gave a memorable concert on the cross-campus two years ago.

Edelstein had obtained permission to use the Exit Coffeehouse. The Hard Corps finally arrived two hours late and announced that they could give only an hour of their time. A few minutes later, Robin Woodard (Sally) called to say that she

had just been hit by a car but didn't want to hold up shooting and so would get over as soon as she could.

Then they discovered that there was no tape recorder present. Eric Sherman said he knew where he could get one. He borrowed a car from a student who had borrowed it from somebody else and drove out to the home of a family from whom he expected to borrow another tape recorder. The family, awakened by the door bell, came to the door in their pajamas just in time to see the borrowed car begin to roll down the hill and Sherman dashing in front of it to stop it.

Finally, the cast and the rock-and-roll group and the tape recorder were assembled, and the day's filming was somehow finished. "It was lousy footage," says Edelstein.

But now *Sally's Hounds* itself has been completed, edited, and earlier this month finally came back from the processing lab.

Edelstein feels that he was too long with the film, that he over-extended himself on it and that he attempted more than his technical experience would seem to have warranted, but he's still pleased with the result.

Meanwhile, Edelstein the Film-maker went ahead and shot another film this past summer, is writing still another, and of course he just finished with another New York Film Festival. Edelstein is presently taking Drama 16, English 50, English 43a, History of Art 56a and Classical Civilization 13a; although if you ask him, he won't quite remember off-hand.



(continued from page 2)

implies bias. This concept of *cinema verité* appeals to American documentary makers, I think, because of the self-righteous reformist tradition in which many of them work: to show literal reality is to tell it how it is. Rough cutting, jiggling camera, poorly recorded conversations, bad lighting all attest to the truth of what is before you, a truth without the false varnish and falsar order of any cinematic 'style.'

In *Night and Fog*, Alain Resnais uses the pitiless gaze of the documentary camera as part of a complex treatment of the Nazi death camps. Perhaps the technique of *Don't Look Back* is supposed to mirror Dylan's own uncompromising stance. But for Pennebaker and others like him, 'objectivity' is not a method; it is an ethical and aesthetic standard.

What relation does 'objectivity' have to reality? *Titticut Follies*, a film about the Hospital for the Criminally Insane at Bridgewater, Mass., promised a little action in the Festival. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts had been asked by that state to issue an injunction to prevent its showing. But the request was denied. Perhaps the keen-eyed judges had noticed that the film's criticism was so diffuse and unspecific that it posed no threat. What was wrong at Bridgewater? The film was so studiously 'objective' that you never knew. Are the joke-playing guards to be considered as degenerate, sadistic, underpaid or plain bored? Was the old man actually killed by the force-feeding? What is the point-of-view of the movie: fire the staff? build new facilities? raise everyone's salaries? commit the psychiatrists?

The viewer in the interest of 'objectivity' is left to his own devices; and as a result, the film is forgettable. It is poor aesthetics and worse journalism. Its images have no power beyond the merely horrific.

The two worlds at the Festival came together for the final film, shown to the paying audience. This was the powerful and fascinating *Far From Vietnam*, a personal statement on the war by Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnes Varda, Claude Lelouch, and Jean-Luc Godard. Each director made his own sequence; but the film, put together by Chris Marker, shows amazing coherence and thematic control.

An incident in Resnais' sequence recapitulated, it seemed to me, the entire debate over 'objectivity.' The main character is an author struggling to decide if he should write a scenario for Herman Kahn's book *On Escalation: Metaphors and Scenarios*.

At one point he thinks of a World War II photograph that shows the death of a Japanese soldier by flamethrower. The picture has been used so often by so many different people for so many different polemical and propaganda purposes that filmcutters affectionately refer to the photograph as Gustave. The photograph—the cinematic 'fact'—is meaningless without a context, and the contexts can be of any kind. The documentary market is glutted with filthy insane asylums, rat-infested apartment houses and dilapidated schools. But facts alone cannot convince. The imaginative form, however, built on facts *can* convince. The fully articulated point—that is, one within a context—paradoxically allows the facts far greater force than the frozen arrays of 'objectivity.'

Far From Vietnam is a remarkable film and deserves wide circulation, not the least because it brings together documentary techniques with an insistence on the responsibility to clearly proclaim one's

point-of-view. 'Dishonest' is more appropriately applied to those films that, through studied irrelevance and sloppy technique, pretend no point-of-view.

—Leo Braudy
Instructor in English

(Dumaran continued)

standing over the priest. "You can't do that. You've got no right to do that."

The priest looked down. "I will not be made . . ."

"No, you can't do that." Torch walked into the passengers' section, jarring against those moving toward the exit.

He returned shortly thereafter, his trench coat cradled on the arm which held his suitcase. The color had left his face, and when he spoke his voice was weak. He looked at the boy. "Hey ace, you're gonna stay with the stewardess for a while, okay? Until you get back to Chicago." The stewardess crouched down and asked the boy his name, but he ignored her, looking to Torch, and beginning to cry. Torch tried to smile. "Hey, it'll just be a couple of hours. You'll be back there in a little while." He turned to the stewardess. "Hey, if he doesn't cut it out don't give him any more beer. Okay? No more beer until he cuts it out."

Torch stepped toward the door, then turned back to the priest. He began to speak, but stopped himself, and left the plane.

And an hour later, having received a message just as he was released from Customs, he went to find his brother.

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SALLY'S HOUNDS (1967)

A mystery love story by Robert Edelman. World Premiere.

Tuesday, October 17

A FRITZ LANG DOUBLE BILL

His expressionistic classics DESTINY (1921) and SIEGFRIED (1923).
One show only at 8:00 P.M.

Wednesday, October 18

ALPHAVILLE (1965)

Jean-Luc Godard's "Tarzan vs. IBM"

With Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff.

Thursday, October 19

MASCULINE, FEMININE (1966)

Godard's "The Children of Marx and Coca Cola"

With Jean-Pierre Deaud, Chantal Goya. A New Haven Premiere.

Friday, October 20

ANDY WARHOL'S HARLOT (1965)

"Dealing with the Jean Harlow cult, but not with Harlow directly."

Saturday, October 21

LA NOTTE (1962)

The second of Michelangelo Antonioni's classic trilogy.
With Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti.
THREE SHOWINGS: at 3:00, 7:00, and 9:30 P.M.

Tuesday, October 24

POTEMKIN (1925)

Sergei Eisenstein's early masterpiece of montage.

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