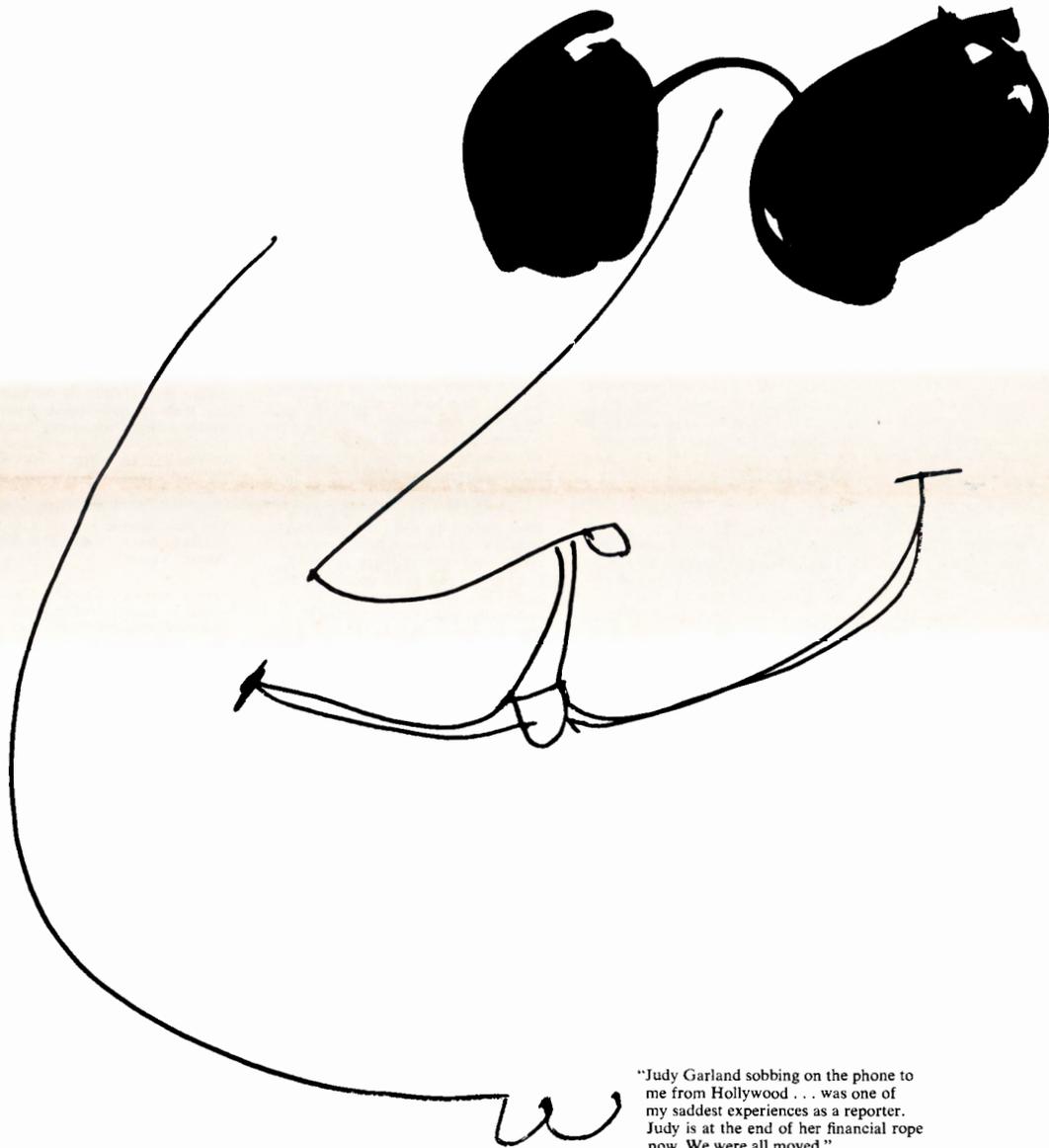


# The New Journal

Volume one, number two | October 29, 1967



"Judy Garland sobbing on the phone to me from Hollywood . . . was one of my saddest experiences as a reporter. Judy is at the end of her financial rope now. We were all moved."

Fat Bernie

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## 'Tis Pity

As everyone must know by now, John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* concerns the incestuous love between a brother, Giovanni, and his sister Annabella. The point to the incest, however, is that it provides a way of talking about the necessity to make desperate private choices in a world where there are no common public values. And such a world is the Parma which surrounds the lovers, where ruthless Soranzo sues and eventually wins Annabella's hand, where Hippolita, rejected by Soranzo, plots his death with his servant Vasques, who then betrays her; where Bergetto, a ridiculous fop, is murdered by Grimaldi, another suitor of Annabella, as Bergetto goes to marry the niece of Richardetto, who is actually Hippolita's cuckolded husband, presumed dead and now returned in the guise of a doctor. The public world is, in short, one of disease in its double sense of sickness and of unrest, where all public institutions, like the Church, and public ceremonies, like feasts and marriages, are corrupt and meaningless. The soul of the body politic has been rotted by the "leprosy of lust," and the city is a humming corpse.

The play depends for its success upon our acceptance of Giovanni's and Annabella's love in this monstrous world. For if the lovers do not somehow win us and our admiration, then there is no tragedy of isolated individuals frantically dreaming of wholeness (the play speaks of "wholesome"-ness and "holiness") while surrounded by decay. Because on one hand, the incestuous lovers are certainly not the angels they would like to be or think they are, while on the other they must be allowed to earn our sympathy, the tone and balance of Ford's play are both extremely delicate. If they are mishandled, we are left not with pathos but with mere pathology and murky, bloody bombast.

The production opening night (October 16) by the professional Yale Repertory Company, under the direction of Kenneth Haigh, was disappointing chiefly because this focus was blurred throughout. We were never really given any clear cut reason to be more interested in the lovers than in their squalid surroundings. There were some glimmers, but what resulted finally was a fitful spectacle which did not have any sense of pace until late in the evening. By then one's most vivid impression was of a shouting match, often to no point. Mr. Haigh, who is a distinguished actor, made his directing debut with this pro-

duction, and the direction had an actor's hand. Instead of a developed, or developing, point of view or any discernible rhythm in the play, there was obvious attention lavished upon scenes as discrete units and upon actors as individuals. There was also, as there should have been, an actor's emphasis upon the verse, with little action, fewer props, not much business. People were brought out, lined up and made to speak. This necessary and proper emphasis had mixed results. In some cases, it elicited very fine individual performances, but several polished performances do not make a play, any more than several good lines make a poem. In other cases, one felt Mr. Haigh had gone to great effort to graft the style necessary for this kind of verse where there was no friendly host. To do this kind of play requires extraordinary control of voice and of body, a kind of discipline not everyone had.

The chief offender, unfortunately, was the male lead. Giovanni should attract us despite the fact he is lustful, wilful, selfish and a demon of energy. But as played by Richard Jordan, he did not. Giovanni's anguished sophistry became petulance; and his self-assertive mastery of his fate, a series of tantrums. Mr. Jordan opened the play at a peak neither he nor anyone else could sustain or surpass, and there was no place to go. He raced through the lines as if they were after him, usually at the top of his voice. There is in acting a crucial distinction between volume and intensity. The power of a line is not necessarily enhanced by saying it louder.

Because of her unforced repentance and her constant concern for her brother, Annabella is naturally a more sympathetic character than Giovanni: in many ways her acceptance of their fate at the end is more impressive than his assertions of control over it. As Annabella, Kathleen Widdoes seemed ill at ease and unsure in the beginning, and this partially accounted for the lack of fire in the all-important wooing scene between Giovanni and Annabella. In the second part, however, when the play, and the pace, picked up, Annabella's fierce constancy to what she thinks or hopes she has found in her brother's love came through.

In the last scene between brother and sister, Miss Widdoes and Mr. Jordan were very good. There the proper tone of genuine devotion in the midst of treachery and sham was caught. We were finally made to realize what we should have been aware of all along—that these people are somehow different, that a great price must be paid to win a private peace from a public world where the norm is war. The success of this scene, one of the best in the production, may have been partly the result of the fact both actors were sitting down. They no longer had to contend with the steeply raked stage and the treacherous pyramids on either side over which everyone was forced to scramble throughout. In that last scene, Giovanni and Annabella could concentrate on each other and not on their footing.

In many ways, the set was an image of the whole production. Like the production, it had some fine individual qualities: the seams of the great beetling copper cubes seemed to drip, and if molten gold is a feature of Hell, as the Friar has it, then Parma seemed visually hellish indeed. Again, like the direction,

the set put the emphasis on the verse, for the raked stage and the what-ever-they-were to right and left drastically reduced the playing area and the actors' freedom of movement, emphasizing the language with those mixed results. Finally, the set, with its profusion of arches, stairways, doorways, platforms and slopes mirrored the production's own confusion, its lack of a controlling point of view, which was manifested particularly in the vague and muddled treatment of the lovers. The lack of a firm vision of what the play was about was generally reflected in the set and costumes, which were mod-futuristic. I know this kind of thing is meant to release the action from seventeenth century Parma, and make it "timeless," or relevant to our day, as they say. But I don't believe this notion—it is basically a gimmick which always indicates that someone has no faith in a great play's capacity to be relevant or timeless in its own terms. It always means someone has made a simple-minded equation, or confusion, between universal and modern.

For the past year or so, we have been sternly shepherded out of the valleys and plains of The Old Way and up the Professional Mountain, urged always to look upwards and watch the stars. Those who have strayed have been dealt with smartly. From my position at the back of the flock, I would say we had not yet quite reached the top. But we are getting there. Because this production, for all its unevenness in tone and over-all conception, does stimulate and quicken you. What one of his contemporaries called Ford's "purer language" is all there before you, and it does oftentimes catch fire and glow, at once thickening and purifying the atmosphere of Parma. Though everyone's list will differ, I recommend to you the performances of John Karlen, whose control of the verse and of himself brought the right cutting edge to the seething, vicious and finally deeply wounded Soranzo, and of Paul Mann who was appropriately, and appealingly, weak and patient, hopeful and overwhelmed as the Friar. Particularly good was Tom Rosqui who caught the insidious and in-different brutality and casual corruption of Vasques with great ease and skill. This Spaniard, pleased to overgo the Italians in satanic arts, was the most polished performance of them all. Almost equally as impressive, however, was Lydia Fisher's portrayal of Hippolita. Miss Fisher played the lusty, intriguing ex-paramour of Soranzo with understanding and assurance and real range. The most powerful scene of the production on opening night was the one between Miss Fisher and Mr. Rosqui where Hippolita and Vasques use each other in ways which make it clear how everyone in Parma, with the exception of Annabella, is a whore.

Miss Fisher is not a professional; she is a second year drama student, two years out of high school. Perhaps she is the most convincing proof of the Dean's contention that the students will best learn by watching professionals. On the other hand, perhaps she supports the conviction that those students who have the art born in them deserve the University stage. But, then, all this, gentles, is matter for another day. Go see the girl.

—A. B. Giamatti  
 Asst. Professor of English

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## Death at an Early Age: Report from the Graduate School

By Michael Lerner

"My image of graduate school is of a long period of semi-consciousness . . . of a state approaching death," a second-year graduate student in history told me when I had been at the Graduate School three days.

The first lecture I heard was on Aristotle's *Politics*. At the end of the hour the professor asked for questions. The only question was: "How far do you expect us to be in the *Politics* next week, sir?"

The professor stroked his bushy black beard. "You know that's the whole problem. You ask what you are expected to do, and I can't blame you. You've got the pressure of a dozen other assignments. You can't read the *Politics* that way. You should be able to read it and think about it, and then follow up a passage that interests you, or a theme you think runs through it, in half a dozen other books. I know if I don't assign you anything, if I leave you to do what you want, half of you won't do anything. And you know, I'm beginning not to give a damn."

That teacher, who managed to touch some students, left Yale. In political science, philosophy, psychology, and history—to name only the cases I know of—teachers who were able to excite their students about learning have failed to meet the criteria of their departments. They were not "solid" enough or had not published enough or had published the wrong things.

Most graduate students accept these dismissals as they accept the other indignities foisted on them in the name of academic procedure. They accept because their capacity for critical thinking has been channelled into snippy commentaries on some aspect of *The Literature* in their discipline.

Because there is no freely critical group of students and faculty the Graduate School has fallen into the patterns afflicting graduate education across the country. Like the graduate schools of less fortunate universities, it has become a knowledge factory processing students who roll down a conveyor belt past work stations where professors screw on their specialized irrelevancies. The quality control at the end of the belt is purely a test of whether the chrome is well secured, before Yale gives its prestigious 500,000 words or seven years (whichever comes first) warranty.

By letting the Graduate School drift into what it has become, letting it do what it does to graduate students, Yale is failing the students and society. The students are pressed into truncated molds that leave little room for their development as individuals or as teachers. The society which supports the Graduate School is deprived of a fair return on its investment.

What follows are sketches, from the limited perspective of a graduate student in the political science department, of some of the shortcomings in graduate school life. What is wrong with the formal training the school offers? What is wrong with the life its students lead? What is wrong with the relationship between those students—social scientists

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in the case I look at—and the surrounding society?

When you ask graduate students if they like what they are doing few say yes with enthusiasm. The majority appear resigned, apathetic, and faintly depressed by the content of their training. "I look at graduate school as a five-year chore I have to do to get my union card," a student from the Midwest said. "Then I hope I can say screw the whole system. But it's as though they were after you all the time. It's hard not to get sucked in."

Some students have suggestions for change. A large number do not want to question what and how they are taught. "I'm not an activist," a girl from New Jersey shrugged. "I want to go through here and that's it."

The apathy in part is a character trait of the kind of people attracted to the socially marginal, secure, increasingly remunerative life of a tenured professor. It is reinforced, however, by the training students receive at the Graduate School. Students often begin their graduate apprenticeship with enthusiasm about working on the edges of knowledge in their field. When they are handed half a dozen bibliographies and recognize anew the patterns that put them to sleep as undergraduates, the enthusiasm rarely lasts.

They acquire the academic vocabulary of their department which usually becomes a sloppy disguise for simple thoughts.

They learn what it is they will actually need to know. A political science student, for instance, needs a crude notion of the theories of ten or fifteen men who presently enjoy a reputation at Yale. There is no point immersing oneself in the thinking of one man because you will only be able to talk about him for one hour, at the most, on general examinations.

What the Graduate School really fosters in its students is a sort of *Time* magazine approach to knowledge: Establishment-biased outlines of any subject in the field studded with vivid bits of detail that hint at vast memorized resources.

These values are reflected in the admiration students reserve for professors with prodigious memories for everything written in their specialty. The capacity to refer to every relevant article in *The Literature* is certainly useful. But it helps the professor avoid thoughtful response to the question a student asks. Nonetheless the student is impressed when the professor refers him to six articles related to his question and cites the review, volume number, year, and page references from memory. How easily academics forget the marginality of this cramming for creative thinking. Hobbes once said if he had read as many books as one of his contemporaries he would have been as great a fool. Too frequently in graduate school the possession of a Polaroid mind marks a man for tenure.

Whether or not the student remembers what he reads, the force feeding has a devastating effect on his capacity to react. When he is asked to read a book, an article presenting a counter-thesis, and a critique of the counter-thesis his own critical faculties are often numbed.

Because of the incredible explosion in the number of books and articles and

new periodicals appearing each year, the task of trying to master a field grows more time-consuming, anxiety-provoking, and impractical. Yale has failed to consider how this explosion affects the scholarly goals it sets graduate students. Work has been done on setting up information-retrieval systems, but the problem of reorienting the student and examining how much he can handle fruitfully and how he should use his time has not been faced here head-on.

Instead of facing this difficult issue the Graduate School seems content to slide along, pushing more and more information at the students, adjusting only (and barely) the examinations to the reality of what a student can absorb. Few people are thinking concentratedly about the consequence of this drift for the students' creativity and for the kind of total lives graduate students live while they are at Yale.

The graduate student is not materially pathetic. He survives well on his fellowship—though this is not the case, for example, in the Drama School—and he is headed for a career which offers travelling grants, sabbaticals, long vacations, decent pay, and extraordinary security once he has tenure.

Graduate students are impoverished in a more personal sense.

Get up in the morning, read the *New York Times*. Go to the library and read or worry about not reading. Go to one or two seminars. Go home and read *Time* or *Newsweek*. Have dinner and read, or worry about not reading. At 9:30 go to the movie, then go home and study.

The graduate student is deprived by his life style of the use of his senses. He is encouraged to adopt a psychic stance that allows for few human commitments and direct emotions. His time drains into endless and usually fruitless reading, mile after mile of the printed line.

One forgets what an unreal world the graduate student inhabits. He is a pathfinder or pathseeker in a countryside where the landmarks are not ridges or trees—not even people and real events—but key articles in *The Literature*.

He rarely fights to influence what his country does to itself or the world. The human intercourse he knows best is the perverse interaction between defensive and often insecure men that takes place around a seminar table.

He rarely works on the Hill or with children or for Mayor Lee. He is actually suspect if he writes plain English for a mass circulation publication to tell people what he has learned in his years of study—although later this may be regarded as an acceptable eccentricity if he first establishes himself as a great man within his discipline.

There are exceptions—students working in Students for a Democratic Society, Upward Bound, or one of the more conservative community service organizations.

But most students shrink from committing time to the community because they feel they are robbing it from their reading. They spend free time furtively—in front of a television or at the movies. So they complete the cycle by ensuring that *all* contact with the outside world is mediated. It is a thoroughly second-hand life, and the institution that shapes it—Yale Graduate School with its requirements and pressures—shares responsibility with the graduate students for what it is.



One of the strongest pressures toward passivity results from the structure of relationships graduate school imposes on its inmates.

Professors call us Mister X and we call them Mister too. But we say Mister with a different inflection. If they know us well they call us John or George. If we know them well we call them Mister. But they call each other by their first names and we call each other by our first names so behind the Misterys at the seminar table are modes of behavior unchanged since grade school.

If a professor three years older than you is foolish in class you cannot point that out to him. He can indicate your failings to you. This may be natural with a teacher fifty years old and a student who is fifteen. But what of a professor who is thirty and a "boy" who is twenty-six? The appellations are just a symptom: the true problem is the continuation of grade-school relationships years past the point where they are appropriate.

This training in dependency bolsters a deference to authority in graduate students that does not easily coexist with the capacity to make vigorous social criticism.

We get used to—in fact we learn to thrive in and *only* in—the boundaries of these relationships. Then as we are assigned the status of teacher we find students assuming deferential attitudes toward us, and we assume the teacher's role.

The best teachers break through these forms and talk to a student as one man to another. The only deference comes from a desire to hear a man who has something to say. But this requires effort from both teacher and student. Rarely do these efforts meet.

So teaching becomes the observance of forms: you are a professor, then teach me. You talk and I listen. I know I have to learn what you say, you know you have to say something. By what magic does a graduate student who has listened endlessly to men and books, expected to reject nothing (he may be tested on anything), become a professor with something to share with his students? Not by the training he undergoes in graduate school.

It would be conceit to believe the quality of a graduate student's life is the crucial failing of the Yale Graduate School. The graduate student lives better in every sense than the majority of New Haven residents. The real question is what the Graduate School contributes to changing this ugly state of affairs in the city and in the nation.

The answer, it seems to me, is that Yale Graduate School makes shockingly little contribution to any community, whether local or national, and that part of the reason is that graduate students experience so little of what participation in a community means.

Yale lacks community for graduate students even in the minimal sense that Harvard (or the city of Cambridge) with its heterosexually more balanced and socially more fluid population provides it. The failure of communications between graduate students in different ingrown departments at Yale is astounding.

As an example, political scientists room together, go to parties together, eat together, quote Almond and Verba (a text) to each other. Their jokes are

pitiful attempts to relate their technical vocabularies to everyday experiences—and in the attempt lies the humor.

Friendships and parties much more rarely cross departmental lines than at many other universities—partly because of the absence of girls, partly because Yale has no meeting places such as a congenial coffee house or bar where graduate students draw together.

The impoverished inner community means students have few opportunities to begin, in little ways, to organize in order to influence the surroundings that shape their lives. Many graduates of course recapture in later life the capacity of integrating their academic and social lives. But in far too many cases the habit of inactivity does lasting damage.

There are a few signs of stirring. Graduate students in history are concerned about the reasons Staughton Lynd did not get tenure and have organized a mature petition for inquiry. Students for a Democratic Society has organized anew with new life.

But SDS is not predominantly oriented toward university reform, much less graduate school reform. And the specific-issue oriented organizations rarely reach beyond the boundaries of one department.

Yet there are reforms that should be made at Yale Graduate School which will probably not be made unless the graduate community discovers and then voices common interests in organized fashion.

The most socially urgent reform is needed in the social sciences. Advanced students of society at Yale do little to make the country they study a better place to live. That should be their highest calling, really. They barely consider it a calling at all. Social progress in concrete terms seems to be conceived of as a "spin-off" from social science, just as a new color television tube is usually spin-off from military or space research.

Action-oriented college graduates go to the law schools, not the graduate schools. The double presumption is that law school will at least teach them *how* to get things done while social sciences will offer few indications of what is worth doing.

The *potential* value of some social science research to the action-oriented is substantial. Hidden in the political science literature alone are the empirical groundings for suggestions about electoral reform, urban government, decision-making rationality and many other things. But since these books so frequently refer to views and problems of *The Literature*, their practical consequences must often be inferred. And even these suggestions are hidden from all but the initiate.

Why is *The Literature* itself not aimed more directly at social problems? Why does effecting their solution appear so marginal to most of the work in social science? This seems partly a consequence of the reward structure that has evolved in the social sciences at Yale and that Yale now tolerates.

Students enter graduate training in political science, for example, expecting careers either in academics or as government technicians. Their choice of courses and dissertations as well as their habits of thinking is influenced by their anxieties for success in the career line they choose.

If they want to succeed in the educa-

tion industry they should choose expanding fields, work with influential professors whose esteem is essential to fellowships and teaching jobs, and write a dissertation that will become an academically respectable first book.

If they want to be government technicians they need courses in areas where Washington needs experts—on Africa, Asia, urban problems, and defense. They should work under professors with Washington connections, spend their summers in government jobs, and—above all—write their dissertations on "tough-minded" and politically respectable topics.

The trouble is that the problems this country needs to solve are neither academically neat nor politically respectable.

They fall into a no-man's land: too large, controversial, and methodologically unmanageable for the ambitious academic; too risky for the ambitious technician.

These problems are left for the academically untrained and naive to confront, which hardly means they will be handled better. For although the analysis of American pathologies may strain a social scientist's tools up to and past the breaking point, he is still better equipped to deal with their difficulties than people who do not see the difficulties clearly.

The problem is to transfer the pseudo-objectivity born of fear of involvement back to the area of the analysis where true social objectivity belongs. Then the social scientist needs the courage to make explicit and to publicize the consequences his analysis suggests.

The case of the social sciences—in which reorganization of concerns and rewards is so pressing—is only one example of an area where students at Yale Graduate School could change things if they involved themselves in their education. The faculty is by no means uniformly opposed to change. There may be more discontent among faculty than among students, for faculty members are closer to that position of despair from which it becomes clear how uneducational so much of the "educational process" is.

Some of these suggestions may ring true. Others may not. One person carrying a graduate school load cannot make a good survey of what is wrong and what changes should be made.

It does seem certain that our lives at Yale are not as worthwhile as they should be. And what we offer the society in return for the fellowships—or simply as educated citizens—bears no relationship to what we should offer.

To do something about these problems it would be necessary to organize across departmental lines, through the graduate department clubs whose officers could hold some exploratory meetings or through ad hoc departmental committees if the graduate club officers are uninterested.

Study groups could be set up to examine specific departmental problems and to discover whether some grievances are more widely shared. Ultimately common grievances with the professional schools at Yale and with the undergraduates could be explored. But mostly the emphasis should be on re-forming the content of graduate school life. The only way we can do that, if we care to, is to work together.

## Fat Bernie

By David Freeman

DAVID FREEMAN is Lawrence Langer Fellow in playwriting in the Drama School.

"The day of the Broadway column is over. Interest today is in the cultural scene: good theater, good music, the galleries, and the new cinema."

—The Times

"The name of the game is still entertainment."

—Fat Bernie

Bernie Gersten—known to the trade as Fat Bernie the Gossip Broker, the best columns pluggin' in the business—starts each morning repeating the daily routine he has followed for the last nine years.

Next to his bed on a long wooden table, he keeps his column items—Bernie's joys—stacked in orderly rows, typed three to a sheet:

"Judy Garland sobbing on the phone to me from Hollywood ('They fired me . . . why could they be so cruel to my children and me. G—damn them, it stinks!') was one of my saddest experiences as a reporter. Judy is at the end of her financial rope now. We were all moved."

Over such items are pencilled dates and the names of gossip columnists. For instance, above the Garland item: "Wilson June 7, Winch. June 8, Boyle June 10." So far no takers for Judy's despair.

Fat Bernie first lifts himself out of bed, puts on his blue silk robe, sips his morning coffee and begins to route his items. He examines each stack of what's gone where and who's seen what. Fat Bernie, who could never waste an item, sees that each reject gets another chance.

Fat Bernie is fat. He looks like a slightly modified Joseph E. Levine, and at 225 pounds and 5'6", he is so large that he waddles. He has a huge neck, with what's left of black hair curled down over the back and sides of his head.

If Fat Bernie Gersten did not exist, Damon Runyon would have invented him.

There is only one faint incongruity in the *Guis and Dolls* routine, and that's Bernie's speech. Although he has a heavy New York accent (born in Newark, N.J.), Bernie is educated (B.S. CCNY) and sounds it.

Bernie Gersten has no regular clients, and he gets no retainers. He works on a strictly freelance basis for the press agents and the public relations firms handling the big stars which, though they cannot be bothered with the nuisance of daily gossip columnists, nonetheless have clients who like to see their names in daily print.

Bernie Gersten receives a flat rate of \$8 for a client's name mentioned in any of the New York gossip columns, except for Earl Wilson's column, which has the largest syndication and for which Bernie gets \$10. Obviously, when Fat Bernie can "build a pyramid"—that is, cram two or three names into one item—he can make a lot of money.

Most major New York restaurants, as well as the stars, depend on public relations firms to keep their names before the public. Most of the firms farm out their restaurants to Bernie along with the celebrities:

"Carol Channing, resting from her chores as femme lead in the B'way smash *Hello Dolly* quipped to close friend Woody Allen at Max's Kansas City last night: 'If you don't learn to write, nobody'll ever be able to read your picket sign.'"

That item, placed in Ed Sullivan's *New York Daily News* column, "Little Old New York," netted Fat Bernie \$28—\$12 from Solters and Sabinson who represent Miss Channing and *Hello Dolly* (Bernie charges \$4 for a Broadway play when mentioned with a star's name, or \$6 for the show's title alone); \$8 covered Woody Allen, charged to John Springer and Associates; the last \$8 was from Bill Doll and Associates who represent Max.

The demise of the *World Journal Tribune* had its effect on a great many New Yorkers. It most certainly affected Bernie Gersten. Without the *Trib*, Bernie has only three major papers to work with in Manhattan. "Of course, there's always the out-of-town papers—Kup always takes stuff (*Chicago Sun-Times* Irv Kupcinet) but it's not the same—the whole thing is for the benefit of the stars—and face it, your typical star just doesn't give a damn about the *Sun*."

Fat Bernie is also skeptical of magazines: "For one thing they don't break the stuff for two or three months, and it's impossible to keep track of—I can't afford to tie up one item for two or three months. If a piece doesn't hit, I've got to know right away and re-route it."

Bernie never throws anything out. Aside from the table stacked with column notes, his apartment is literally filled with stacks of old magazines and back issues of newspapers from all over the country, as well as stacks of notes and theater programs.

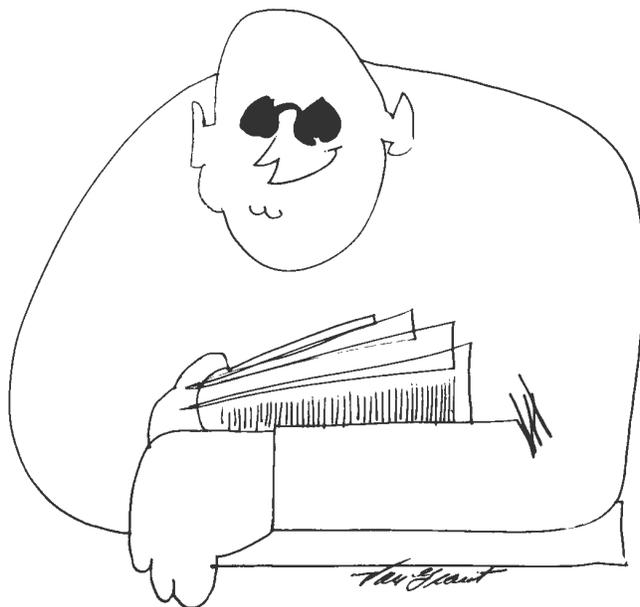
After Bernie spends his hour or two routing items, he reads the day's papers. He first carefully reads each of the gossip columns: there are seven in the *New York* papers that he services regularly, and another nine for which he often claims bills. Fat Bernie frequently identifies as many as ten items that he has planted in a single morning, which explains how he can earn up to \$30,000 a year.

Fat Bernie bases most but not all of his items in fact—"Most people don't believe most of what they read in the columns—they just like to read about stars, whether it's true or not."

The columnists on whom Bernie depends for his livelihood are, however, more interested in facts. They frequently call a restaurant to find out if Tony Randall was indeed there on the previous evening eating the chef's *Ottopode al Forno*. The restaurants, however, have learned that if they deny the presence of a star they are quickly dropped from Fat Bernie's beat and from the columns.

After checking the columns, Bernie turns to his black accountant's book, in which he records the fruits of the previous day, then relaxes and leisurely reads the entire *Post* of the preceding evening and then glances through the *News*. He only bothers with the *Times*—no gossip columnists—on Sunday. Although he has not had particularly good luck with Lewis Funke's "News of the Rialto" (Broadway) or Abe Weiler's film notes in the *Sunday Times*, he keeps trying, and he does break items there occasionally. Bernie feels that the class of the *Times* is worth the effort.

After Bernie has routed his items, done his accounts and read the papers, he rises up again and puts on a white-on-white shirt with collar points that droop almost to his waist, and selects a



silk suit from a closet full of silk suits. He is now ready to begin his rounds, hunting for items.

He always carries a reporter's pad and an Old Fashioned drinking glass in a black briefcase. The pad is to jot down what he calls "Gotham gossip." The glass is to hold. Bernie spends his days in bars and restaurants, and finds that if he's not careful, he's drunk by 5 in the afternoon and poorer the next day when doing his accounts. He eats at moderately-priced restaurants, but spends his working day in Sardi's, 21, The Colony and the like.

He has discovered that if he takes his glass out of his briefcase and holds it when he enters a restaurant, bartenders leave him alone and friendly customers do not insist that he have another drink.

Although Bernie prefers to work in New York—going from restaurant to restaurant keeping his eye and ear attuned to the stars, meeting the press agents and courting the columnists, he occasionally works on out-of-town projects. One item that has become near apocryphal on Broadway is the result of Bernie's finagling. It also provides a glimpse into Bernie's sense of ethics about the creation of news.

When Broadway producer David Merrick was to travel to upstate New York (near Poland, N.Y.) to open a county fair, Bernie bet Harvey Sabinson, Merrick's press agent, that he could turn the event into a column item; Wilson, Lyons and company, being none too enchanted with the notion of the Poland, N.Y., County Fair, turned it down flat.

Bernie, after contemplation, learned of the existence of a small and obscure tribe of Shawnee Indians living outside of Poland. Fat Bernie called the chief (whose name he cannot recall) and told him of Merrick's impending visit.

Bernie suggested that the Shawnees make Merrick an honorary blood brother. Bernie promised the chief a great deal of publicity for the event, which he pointed out would be good for their souvenir business. The Shawnees not only delivered, but made Merrick *Brother Blwan-Blwan-Pun*, which translated means Collector of Wampum. The event made all the columns, with a headline in Lyons and Wilson—at \$20 per headline, which Sabinson personally matched, as the loser of the wager.

In general, if the event actually occurred, no matter what the circumstances, Fat Bernie does not consider any item the least shady: "It happened, didn't it? Just because I had the *chutzpah* to call that Indian doesn't mean it didn't really happen. It's not like I made it up."

On the other hand, Bernie is acutely aware of the dangers, both ethical and practical, in concocting items: "People are always suspicious, you got to be careful. The agents don't care, but if the stars read rigged plants they call the columns. It's crazy, they just cut their own throats, but that's the way it is."

Fat Bernie doesn't keep a real office. If he's not working out of his apartment or a restaurant or bar, he'll use the offices of the producers and press agents for whom he freelances.

Blaine-Thompson, the ad agency that handles most of Broadway's advertising, keeps a special desk for him on opening nights. After any Broadway opening,

the producer and the ad men gather in Blaine-Thompson's, located in the Sardi's building, to comb the advance copy of the reviews to make up those huge quote ads that fill the pages of the *New York Times*.

As they labor, Fat Bernie sits to one side batting out column notes about the show. When he's completed three or four separate items (each a paragraph in length—although they are frequently cut to seven or eight words in the paper), he rips the sheet from the typewriter, careful to tear the bottom edge ("it's got to look hot—even if I wrote it yesterday, it's got to look hot") and moves breathlessly downstairs into Sardi's main dining room, where he begins his hunt, a subtle thing.

As he enters Sardi's, he takes a casual look around the room, to spot Earl Wilson, Leonard Lyons, Hal Boyle, Jack O'Brian, Florabel Muir, Winchell and the others.

His prime target is Wilson, and if Wilson sees Bernie going first to O'Brian, Wilson will be upset. Bernie can't allow that; Wilson must get the first crack at the items. ("In the old days it used to be Winchell. Nobody reads Winchell anymore, today it's all Wilson.")

If Wilson hesitates, Bernie has a choice. He can leave the item with him for a day to let him decide and thereby take it out of circulation, but gain Wilson's favor (of vital importance), or he can demand that Wilson say yes or no on the spot, and if it's a no, move on to Lyons, Boyle or Florabel.

The problem is not to infuriate any of the writers by making them feel last on his list. This is no easy trick, when there are frequently three or four of them sitting within 25 feet of each other, and all acutely aware of Fat Bernie's presence. Bernie must operate diplomatically and table hop with agility.

In Sardi's, they're used to him so that he doesn't have to pull out his Old Fashioned glass.

He's still standing at the door, waiting for Boyle to move away from Wilson so that he can make his first move. Boyle moves away and Bernie moves in.

Wilson is sitting by the wall, watching a room full of stars and almost-stars.

"Earl, I see you for a moment?"  
"Hi Bernie, whatta you got?"  
"Exclusive to you. Warren Beatty's getting married. You want it?"

Fat Bernie pats his pocket as he speaks, indicating that the item—ripped and stuffed into an envelope—with more details is available; he's careful not to wave the envelope, conscious that at least one or two other writers are watching the conversation. Wilson thinks for a moment, surveys the room, stirs his drink.

"Who's Beatty marrying?"  
"Don't know yet. Follow-up tomorrow, I hope."

Now Wilson thinks that Fat Bernie is trying to parlay the item into a number of placements—ten bucks for the first Beatty announcement, and another ten the next day when the woman's name is announced. Or maybe Bernie only represents Beatty for the moment and is trying to line up the girl's press agent before he places her name.

"I can use it Wednesday," Wilson finally says.

Bernie thinks for a moment—by Wednesday the item will be public information, no longer of value to him.

Or maybe Wilson has another lead on the item. Bernie knows he's struck out with Wilson and prepares to move on to Lyons.

The problem now is that Bernie must move fast. He's given Wilson the lead on an item, and that means there's no longer an exclusive on it. Wilson could dig up the information on his own, and then break it after Bernie has given it as an exclusive to Lyons or Florabel.

He moves to Lyons.  
"Len, got something for you."  
"What?"

Lyons never looks at Bernie, he keeps his eyes trained on the crowd.  
"Warren Beatty's getting married. You want it?"

"Who to?"  
"Don't know."  
"How long can I have it?"  
"Tonight. It's hot."  
"I don't think so, maybe Wednesday."  
"I'll be back, I got more for later."  
"OK."  
"See you, Len."

Fat Bernie moves away from Lyons with an eye out for Boyle. Boyle's already talking to one of the legmen from the office that represents Beatty.

News is out, Bernie has to work fast. He turns away from Boyle. *Don't be seen noticing . . . hang on to exclusive.* He moves toward the center of the crowd, working fast. *Find one . . . place it quick.*

Florabel Muir is roaming around. *Florabel! I'll do.*

"Florabel, honey, I got to talk with you."

"You look like somebody's getting married."

Bernie smiles. "You want it?"  
"Who else has it?"

"Nobody from me. Can you use it tomorrow?"  
"Who is it?"

Fat Bernie hesitates, glances around the room, senses that he's about to lose the item, and moves in for the kill.

"Tomorrow, honey, yes or no?"  
"Wonderful."

"Warren Beatty. An actress, in his next picture—names still a see-key."

"Thanks, dear, maybe I'll use it."

Fat Bernie hands Florabel the envelope, a little crumbled from his pocket. Florabel floats away, and Fat Bernie spots Jack O'Brian heading his way. Bernie doesn't notice him, and ducks back to the elevator. He heads for Sardi's side door and out into the alley. A small note about the routing of the Warren Beatty piece in his notebook, and Fat Bernie lurches toward the Stage Delicatessen and a pastrami sandwich.

## Yale Film Society

101 Linsly-Chittenden, 59 High Street, Yale University  
Showings at 7:00 and 9:30 P. M. except where otherwise noted

### Two Films by ARTHUR PENN

Arthur Penn, maker of the recently acclaimed *BONNIE AND CLYDE*, is probably the most exciting and promising of the new American directors of the '60's. His films are extremely violent and visual expressions of the pent-up frustrations in American life today.

Friday, November 3  
MICKEY ONE (1965)

With Warren Beatty  
A bizarre study of an alienated honky-tonk comedian "American Kafka."

Saturday, November 4  
THE CHASE (1965)

Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, Angie Dickinson  
Terror in a Texas town, following the escape of a local convict, building up to a shocking climax.



## Lady Bird at Yale: A Question of Taste

By Daniel Yergin and  
Mopsey Strange Kennedy

John O'Leary, jammed back into his chair with his feet up on the desk, discounted the possibility that the Provos would pull down their pants in Beinecke Plaza to protest the War during Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson's visit to Yale. It was late the night before the visit; and O'Leary, the president of the Political Union, was trying to determine whether the Political Union's intensive membership campaign had netted 750 or 850 members so that he could tell Commons how much roast beef to prepare.

O'Leary had been hearing for almost a week that radical protestors would try to break up Mrs. Johnson's speech to the Political Union in Commons, but as he shoved the membership lists aside, he was confident.

"It would be a disaster for the University and for us if there was a tasteless demonstration," he allowed, "but there's every indication that we can count on Yale people to act tastefully, like gentlemen."

The next afternoon in Beinecke Plaza, Buddy Berkson, one of the organizers of the demonstration, anxiously watched the first arrivals. "It's ludicrous to talk about beautification now," he said, "when we're dropping more bombs in a day than the entire number dropped sometime during World War II. Napalm—we're killing people, and it's an absurd kind of taste to talk about beautification."

Variations on the word "taste" were everywhere during Mrs. Johnson's visit. Even the Secret Service men, who kept steel eyes on everything and who never hesitated to shove iron-hard forearms into someone's stomach, were described as tasteful.

The same words, but two different languages—that was the story of Mrs. Johnson's visit to Yale on Monday, October 9. Mrs. Johnson, inside Commons with the television, press, and a press secretary to spark spontaneous standing ovations. Demonstrators outside, wanting to be moderate and so doing nothing more than staring up at a war monument and above that to the names of World War I battles carved around the top of the Commons. Mrs. Johnson inside, talking about beauty, speaking with her husband's flat missionary rhetoric about improving the planet; and a thin blonde girl outside, holding a tiny sign: "Lady Bird Beautifies / While Lyndon Bombs."

The Yale Political Union was modeled on Oxford's Union, but has for a number of years been Yale's answer to ward politics, lacking as it has any sense of issues. In the last year or two it has become more of a forum for politicians and public officials. O'Leary has been active in this. Last summer, while working for his Congressman in Washington, O'Leary sent out a flurry of invitations to public officials.

One of the invitations went to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. O'Leary, impressed that the First Lady was becoming so publicly involved with an issue like beautification and conservation, asked her to address the Union on her work.

A few days after sending the invitation, he received a phone call from Liz Carpenter, an ex-Texas-newspaper-woman who's tough like a tree stump and who is Mrs. Johnson's secretary. Mrs. Carpenter asked O'Leary exactly what the Political Union was, and then some other questions. A few days later,

she called again to ask O'Leary to White House tea with Mrs. Johnson. So O'Leary found himself sitting down with Mrs. Johnson, her beautification adviser, and three cups of tea in the sitting room of the Lincoln Bedroom.

"Mrs. Johnson was a terribly charming person, really warm," O'Leary recalled later. "It's amazing how the Texas style doesn't come over so well publicly, but there's just so much sincerity and warmth to that person."

While they sipped tea O'Leary and the President's wife discussed the New Haven riots. Mrs. Johnson recollected how, three years before, she had toured New Haven with Mayor Lee, visiting new schools. She was deeply, personally concerned about the riots. She said it was hard to understand why such things occur. Then Mrs. Johnson asked some more questions about the Yale Political Union. O'Leary, who knew that she gives few public speeches, reassured her about the Yale Political Union. Mrs. Johnson turned to her beautification adviser and asked, "Well, what do you think?" The adviser pointed out that garden clubs and forestry schools were getting dull, noted the advantages of speaking to the Yale Political Union, and recommended she accept. Mrs. Johnson ended the half-hour tea by tentatively agreeing to appear. The beautification adviser then gave O'Leary a tour of the White House, but they had to whisper because the President was napping.

In the first week of September O'Leary received another call from Liz Carpenter, who said to hold open the first half of the week of October 9. O'Leary immediately put in a call to Henry (Sam) Chauncey, special assistant to President Brewster. Chauncey became contact man between Yale Administration and National Administration.

Mrs. Carpenter came up to Yale twice, the first time to make arrangements, the second time to see the Political Union in action. What she saw was the film of Theodore White's "The Making of the President 1960." Two days later, during the screening of "The Making of the President 1964," O'Leary strode to the podium and said "I wish to announce that the First Lady of the United States will address the Union on Monday, October 9." The applause was wild.

The following Tuesday was the weekly luncheon of the Aurelian Honor Society, a senior-class luncheon club for windy student leaders and some of the better-known campus good guys, along with a string of faculty members.

Among those sitting at one table were the Rev. William S. Coffin, always open to a demonstration; Steve Weisman, who was to find himself one of the three main organizers of the demonstration; Yale Literary Magazine Chairman Bill Lydgate, who would help on a secondary level; and Strobe Talbott, News chairman, who would endorse the sincerity of the demonstrators in an editorial. Someone at the table said it would be too bad to let Mrs. Johnson's visit pass without some demonstration. Everyone agreed it was a good idea, although no one was quite sure how to organize a demonstration that was *tasteful*, that was somehow, well, *Yale*.

Coffin thought for a moment and suddenly became inspired. "Picture this," he said excitedly. "We get everybody to fast instead of eating dinner. They assemble by the thousands while

Mrs. Johnson is inside dining with the Political Union. When their meeting is over, we get Brewster to bring her out to greet the protesting thousands, on either side of her, and receive a petition asking for a bombing halt. It'll be sensational."

Everyone at the table thought this was a good idea, too, though there was some doubt that Brewster would agree, despite a Coffin scheme to threaten the President of Yale with pickets at his house if he did not co-operate.

Buddy Berkson, student editor of the *Michigan Daily* for two years and general secretary of the United States Student Press Association before transferring to Yale, joined in from another table. No one felt able to spare the time for an extra-curricular demonstration. Lydgate and Weisman agreed to look into it, however, and in a conversation later in the day with Talbott at the *News* building, they decided that Michael Mandelbaum, a senior from Berkeley, California, who wants to write political science "for the masses," would be perfect.

Weisman phoned Mandelbaum later and told him the news. Mandelbaum also thought the demonstration would be a good idea, but wanted to phone some others before agreeing to take on the responsibility. The decision was postponed.

That Tuesday night. Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) held its organizational meeting. More than 125 attended, and some one stood up to say that they couldn't let the opportunity of Lady Bird's visit pass. A steering committee to plan a demonstration was formed.

*Wednesday:* Weisman spoke to Howard Shrobe, an SDS leader, who said that SDS would be staging a demonstration, but hadn't decided on specifics. Shrobe predicted they might attempt to break into Commons or just picket outside the Brewster home, where Mrs. Johnson would be staying.

Weisman's first thought was to let SDS handle the demonstration, since that was what they knew how to do best. He offered to help Shrobe get campus endorsement for a silent demonstration, but Shrobe simply informed him that SDS would do what SDS wanted. If Weisman wanted to support their action, that was up to him.

Matters became more complicated when Nick Herman, a senior who is head of the Dwight Hall Campus Council, appeared in Weisman's room that afternoon to say that Coffin had told Herman to seek him out since he was organizing a demonstration. Weisman was surprised. Herman proposed—in place of a demonstration, which might be construed as being rude to the First Lady—an opinion poll to prove that no one likes the war. Weisman, Herman, Mandelbaum, Berkson and Talbott arranged to meet for lunch the next day to make final plans.

*Thursday:* The Secret Service men began arriving to comb through all of Freshman Commons and to investigate dining hall employees and to fingerprint other Yale people who would have contact, or near-contact, or no contact with Mrs. Johnson. Rumors that a group of Yale Provos would try some wild demonstration were beginning to circulate.

At lunch in the Trumbull College

Dining Hall, Herman again proposed his opinion poll. None of the others liked it, and when they returned to Mandelbaum's room to continue their planning, Herman did not accompany them. The night before, Mandelbaum and Berkson had drafted a statement which was to become the basis for an advertisement in the *Yale Daily News*.

That night, the SDS steering committee met at the home of law student Mark Tushnet. They agreed to picket the Brewster home and then join any larger demonstration and co-operate at least until the end of the demonstration.

**Friday:** Petitioning for the moderates. In the afternoon Weisman received a call that Sam Chauncey, Brewster's assistant, wanted to see him, and he chugged across campus to Woodbridge Hall and ran up the steps and inside. Kingman Brewster, he discovered, was staring at the door from the top of the stairs.

Brewster explained that he doesn't always stare at the door but that he was waiting for one more Yale Corporation member to arrive so that they could begin their monthly meeting. Weisman continued on to Chauncey's office, where he found Talbott of the *News* already arrived. They first discussed with Chauncey his position on the Red Sox, and then got around to the demonstration. Chauncey was cagey. He explained that Mrs. Johnson would probably enter Freshman Commons through Beinecke Plaza. Therefore, said Chauncey, the Secret Service would probably rope off a walkway for her so that her path could not be obstructed. Weisman and Talbott thought that was a good idea. The conversation concluded with a treatment of the dining hall coat-and-tie regulations.

**Saturday:** The moderates hastily collected petitions that had been signed at most of the residential colleges, but usually during only one meal. They were not able to reach graduate students, but they were overwhelmed at the response. They typed each name on an index card for alphabetizing purposes and discovered they had obtained 600 names in practically no time. Many people, even jocks and right-wingers, had told them that this was the first petition they had been able, or had felt compelled to sign.

Mandelbaum, Weisman and Berkson became more convinced that the moderate approach was paying off.

**Sunday:** The day before the visit, they met and decided that the best form of demonstration would be non-demonstrative—that is, a 40-minute assembly with a ten-minute period of silence at the end.

Later that evening 75 seniors walked out of a hall at Williams College while Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was speaking. At about the same time, SDS was finishing its sign making. Weisman was arranging for the advertisement in Monday's *Yale Daily News*. Berkson and Mandelbaum drafted another statement, to be distributed to protestors explaining why there would be no speeches and why the ten minutes of absolute silence would be appropriate. O'Leary was sitting in his office figuring out if the Yale Political Union had 750 or 850 members. Buddy Berkson received word that a senior in Branford had been scrawling "Sweep foreign policy clean . . . bring a broom" on their posters. Berkson phoned the scrawler, who became very angry when Berkson told

him that they did not want any physical demonstrations. Lady Bird wasn't welcome, and she deserved no courtesies, said the scrawler. Berkson could understand how he felt.

The next afternoon was one of shifting, uneasy greys that threatened a rain. The wind was whipping through the trees. The President's house, five stories of brick, seemed strange and quiet with the policemen around, as if some magnate were quietly dying within. Time itself seemed immaterial, and it could have just as easily been another age, with servants bustling about to welcome the young master home from the Civil War, or to make it ready for a visit by President Taft.

One hundred people, mostly from SDS, many with signs, were standing on the Hillhouse curb, across the street from the Brewster home. Only a few had been there when Brewster himself had driven up; he had talked briefly to a Negro picketer who was protesting what he said was discriminatory hiring by Yale. Most of the rest had come just shortly before 2:30, when Mrs. Johnson was due to arrive. The New Haven cops had pushed them across the street and had tried to make them disperse, but Brewster had come out twice to prevent that. The thin blonde girl was there with her small sign: "Lady Bird Beautifies / While Lyndon Bombs." A group of newspaper and television reporters were talking to the crowd. One of Mrs. Johnson's press secretaries, who had come up earlier, stomped over to some of the press and told them that the story was Mrs. Johnson's speaking at Yale, and not this demonstration, and then she stomped back into the house.

All of Brewster's staff had been issued small orange buttons for identification, something like those used by charity campaigns. There was a control unit in the basement, and the Brewsters had turned their one television set over to the Secret Service men who were joined by Sam Chauncey, in watching the World Series in the basement. Yale Security Director John Powell maintained constant contact with campus police stationed around the house so that he could inform them of the last-minute decision on whether Mrs. Johnson would drive in the back gate or come in from the front.

Sometime shortly before 3:30, they decided on the front, and soon Mrs. Johnson drove up in a Continental with her secretary and mastermind, stumpy Liz Carpenter. The car stopped at the curb, and Mrs. Johnson got out, wearing an overwhelmingly red coat and looking younger and prettier than anyone had expected. The Brewsters came down the steps to meet her. A path opened through picketers who had crossed the street to the Brewsters' side. Mrs. Johnson walked past them with less attention than she would pay to a patch of rhododendrons. The Brewsters greeted her formally, and they all went into the house.

Mrs. Johnson was nervous about the speech, after her experience at Williams. Brewster, sensing that she wanted reassurance, reassured her about Yale, that all things were under control, that rudeness does not occur at Yale.

Mrs. Johnson went upstairs to her room for a nap. The curtains had already been closed, so that she could not see





John O'Leary: He played politics



Liz Carpenter: She played rough



Mike Mandelbaum: He played straight



Sam Chauncey: He played secret agent

the demonstrators. But to make sure that no one outside could identify which was her room, the Secret Service also closed the curtains in another room. Downstairs one of the Secret Service men looked out the window at a sign that said "Chirp . . . Chirp . . . Lady Bird" and asked President Brewster, "I wonder if that sign is derogatory." Brewster asked for binoculars to read the pickets' signs, tried, but then gave it up.

Mrs. Johnson had brought along a girl to help with her clothes, but no hairdresser. So, after her nap, New Haven hairdresser Michael Snurkowski was sent in. His bags were checked, and he was questioned on each landing, and when it became clear that in fact he was the right man, the Secret Service men, who knew among other things that it was the hairdresser's birthday, sent him up to the top floor. Michael could see in Mrs. Johnson's eyes that she was businesslike and could probably be very cold, but he found that in this case she was "warm, humorous, and congenial." Mrs. Johnson said she'd like to come back sometime and spend a day without a schedule of any kind, just wandering around New Haven. Mrs. Johnson also said that she did not like teased hair. Michael thought she was remarkably pretty if perhaps a bit self-conscious about her nose, and afterwards said, "Anyone who had the time to study her face for a while could really do wonders with her."

While Mrs. Johnson was laughing with Michael, Buddy Berkson, on his way to the printing press in Jonathan Edwards College to pick up the leaflets for Beinecke Plaza, was thinking to himself *If this thing comes off, it'll be incredible . . . If SDS just keeps its mouth shut.*

At 5:00, the SDS pickets regrouped and marched up to the Brewster home. Mrs. Johnson was supposed to arrive at Freshman Commons at six, but Chauncey had asked O'Leary of the Political Union to come earlier, so that Mrs. Johnson could avoid pickets. Also, it had been decided to bring her in through the College and Grove entrance to Woolsey Hall and Commons to avoid Beinecke Plaza demonstrators.

About a quarter before six, the Brewsters left their house, and drove around the block to Woolsey Hall. They waited for Mrs. Johnson in the rotunda of the hall, from which a door leads to Freshman Commons.

Chauncey was standing in the center of the rotunda, looking like a knowledgeable Secret Service man. Next to him was Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's secretary.

"Mr. Chauncey . . ." a reporter began. "This is Mrs. Carpenter," said Chauncey, edging away to a better position from which to keep his eyes and ears open for anything.

"Where you from, honey?" asked Mrs. Carpenter.

"From a publication here on campus." "Well, here, you take this." Mrs. Carpenter handed over a mimeographed copy of Mrs. Johnson's speech and then turned and headed for Commons.

The reporter ran after Mrs. Carpenter and explained that he was also covering Mrs. Johnson as a stringer for two major newspapers. He had hit the forward button on a Texas tape recorder.

"Mrs. Johnson had just a perfect vagabond day," said Mrs. Carpenter.

"She stopped at a Shaker village, and had a picnic lunch by the roadside, and just three-and-a-half hours of being a perfect vagabond, which she seldom gets to do. She didn't have any deadlines to meet."

"Why is Mrs. Johnson here?" "She gives few speeches, you know, but she thinks improvement of our country deserves to be on the academic agenda, and it's so good that students here at Yale are interested."

"What about those demonstrators? Did Mrs. Johnson see them, does she know they're there, do they bother her?"

"Mrs. Johnson has respect for every point of view, but I'll tell you this, no one is working harder at peace than the man who is our President."

At that moment the SDS pickets outside the President's house were concluding that Mrs. Johnson had escaped out the back gate of the Brewster home. They started running down Hillhouse Avenue to intercept her. As they stampeded off Mrs. Johnson was hustled into her car from the side of the Brewster's house and out the driveway. The picketers swiveled back, almost as a body, but the car zoomed away, and so they swiveled again and resumed their race around the corner to Woolsey.

Sam Chauncey, from his new vantage point at the main door of Woolsey, saw the car approaching. He also saw the first of the SDS pickets coming around the corner.

"Where's Kingman?" he said. "Here," said Brewster, standing by himself one doorway over. "Where's Mary Louise?"

Mrs. Brewster stepped forward and the Brewsters repeated their down-the-steps routine again, welcoming Mrs. Johnson to the intersection of College and Grove.

They all stopped for pictures in the rotunda and then walked on into Commons, pressed upon by photographers, who in turn were pressed upon by eager Political Union members. Secret Agent Sam Chauncey stood in the doorway, keeping an eye on everything.

Five hundred people were standing in Beinecke Plaza as Mrs. Johnson entered Commons from the other side. There were only a few placards. One was a picture of a napalm-mutilated Vietnamese girl with the caption—"U.S. Beautification." A few representatives of the High School Anti-Communist League held up pro-war posters on the Beinecke Library wall in front of Commons. The blonde girl had arrived with her frail sign: "Lady Bird Beautifies / While Lyndon Bombs." A band of hippies, led by a young man with wire spectacles and a bandana around his head, sat down in the plaza with their legs crossed. The young man was blowing soap bubbles.

A reporter from *The New York Times* asked Mandelbaum why anybody would hold a silent demonstration. "Demonstrators against the War tend to be written off as irresponsible malcontents," he said, "which isn't true. The majority are very reasonable people."

At a quarter after six, the representatives of the High School Anti-Communist League began shouting. They were asked to quiet down. They did. The loudest people now were the Negro shoe-shine boys, ferreting amongst the footwear.

By 6:20 the crowd had swelled to 1200 people, covering most of the Beinecke

Plaza. More than anything else, the people—with the exception of the placard bearers and the hippies—reminded one of the intermission crowd outside a theater. There wasn't that tension, that sense of rage being built up and stored within for the final explosion; they were just people who had come to show they opposed the war.

At 6:25 a leader of Students for a Democratic Society announced their next meeting and then urged attendance the next morning at draft headquarters, when a Quaker was going to refuse induction. The crowd listened quietly, except for a young man who shouted, "Johnson must go."

Mandelbaum climbed up on one of the marble blocks in front of Commons, just east of the sarcophagus-like memorial. He lifted the bull-horn, pointed it the wrong way, and said almost inaudibly that it was now 6:30 and would the people remain quiet for ten minutes.

About twelve hundred people turned forward, facing the war monument, the names of the battles, and the Freshman Commons itself, where the wife of the Commander-in-Chief was going to speak on beauty.

In the silence, those in front could hear coming from Commons the faint clinking of china and silver and the drone of a voice over a microphone.

Then, suddenly, a rock-and-roll record, the Kinks' "I'm A Dedicated Follower of Fashion," blared out from a window in Berkeley College. For a moment it seemed that the silence might disintegrate, people began to turn; but then, as though they had resolved as a single body, everybody decided to ignore the music and turn back to the silence.

At the first sound of the music, Berkson and two others charged toward Berkeley. They were joined by a campus guard who had convinced the music players, out to disrupt the demonstration, to turn down the volume. As soon as the guard left, one of the music players turned up the volume again, said he was going to accuse Berkson of stealing, and lunged at him. Two others, and then a third, held the guy back; and as they were all locked in their waltz, the record ran out.

Outside, it was quiet again except for the three boys who had climbed onto the memorial, and who hooted until asked to stop. Like members of a dictator's entourage curious to see the motley mob at the gate of the Presidential Palace, some Political Union members moved to the doors of Commons and stared out.

The quiet ticked by. "Remember those days when all we could get was 150 people behind Coffin and Cook on the Green?" mused an SDS member quietly, as he scanned the silence. "This is not the most satisfying thing, but it's worth it. What else can you do right now?"

The ten minutes was over. Mandelbaum raised the bull-horn again and announced its end. He thanked the people. There was half applause, only slightly audible inside, and the crowd began to turn and leave.

The demonstration was over. SDS had stuck to its pledge not to break the silence and no Provos had pulled down their pants.

But SDS now wanted a protest to call its own. A blond man, standing on the steps, started to chant: "What do we

want?"

"Peace," chanted back twenty-five people.

"When do we want it?"

"Now," forty responded.

The large number of demonstrators reacted to that as they had to the rock-and-roll: first with a moment of wavering and then simply by ignoring it. The dispersing continued. So did the chanting.

"Peace now! Peace now!"

A group of ten, unable to hold still, unable not to try anything any longer, broke off and charged at Commons. They stopped two dozen feet from the building, their way blocked by three policemen.

"Hell, no, we won't go . . . hell, no, we won't go . . . hell, no, we won't go . . ." they called out to the impassive police, and then stopped.

"Fuck you, you will too . . . fuck you, you will too . . . fuck you, you will too . . ." the High School Anti-Communists shouted at them.

And that was the end of all the demonstrations outside Commons. Soon Beinecke was empty, except for the anti-war leaflets, which had been picked up two hours before by Berkson when he still thought it would be incredible if the silence would work, and which were now flapping in the wind. The officers relaxed and leaned against the pillars of Woolsey Hall.

The SDS chanting had faintly penetrated into Commons; the silence not at all.

The only activity during the dinner had been Liz Carpenter. She had gone from press table to press table at the beginning of the dinner, shaking hands and hunting big game, and telling every table, "I'd like to see a standing ovation."

When she had returned to her own table, she became very annoyed because the NBC cameramen weren't pointing their cameras enough in the direction of Mrs. Johnson.

"Those bastards," she said to one of the people at her table. "Give me their names, and I'll take care of them."

The names were given, and then she was asked, "What are you going to do? Tell Sarnoff?"

"No, there're other people, but I'm going to take care of them."

She was silent for a moment. "This is a rough game, and you've got to be rough," she added in an almost wistful tone.

A few minutes after the end of the demonstration, the master of ceremonies was making introductions at the speakers' table. John O'Leary made a welcoming address, probably the best speech of the evening, in which he proved very keen at finding coincidences. Clare Booth Luce, the last woman to address the Union, said O'Leary, has written that Mrs. Johnson is doing more than any other President's wife. He then presented Mrs. Johnson with the book on Yale's Vinland Map, Reuben Holden's book on Yale, and a wind-up bulldog that goes "Boola Boola."

After the presentations, the president of Yale began a most ambiguous speech. He addressed his audience of "partisans of the left, partisans of the right, and fellow mugwumps," and then continued with that burp-oratorical effect of his, which makes it seem that he's always throwing away a line.



Mrs. Johnson's visit, he said, had given him a new awareness of the public side of a person who has no private life, and whose private life is public.

Brewster recalled how he had opposed Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy before World War II, but that his feeling did not prevent him from admiring Mrs. Roosevelt, a woman of "courage and compassion." Then he noted that the "isolationism" of his pre-1941 undergraduate years at Yale had "come into vogue lately." And finally, he said, Mrs. Johnson is the greatest First Lady we've had since Eleanor Roosevelt.

Some observers felt Brewster was obliquely slapping the demonstrators outside; others felt Brewster himself was noting that he opposed Johnson's war today the way he opposed FDR's in 1941. Others weren't sure what Brewster was talking about.

And then at last, Mrs. Johnson spoke about beauty. She urged all Yale men to devote their efforts to improving the environment. It was an altogether unmemorable oration, delivered in a very pleasing, modulated style, a perfect example of Speechthink. The First Lady's speechwriters had done their homework—her talk was festooned with references to Yale University. There was nothing controversial or gripping; Mrs. Johnson simply urged beauty on the nation and gave some examples of how some people had brought about beautification.

Liz Carpenter's ovation stood, and Mrs. Johnson made her way out and went upstairs to a reception with the Brewsters in the Presidents' Room above the rotunda. The room was empty when they arrived, and Mrs. Johnson asked where the guests were. Brewster replied that they were being delayed to give the First Lady time to unwind from the formality of her speech. "Oh, don't do that," said Mrs. Johnson. Faculty members from the Forestry and Art and Architecture schools came up. Brewster handed Mrs. Johnson a drink. Outside the room, a dozen Secret Service men were sitting, but only one of them was actually watching the room.

The Whiffenpoofs came in to sing. They formed themselves in a semi-circle so that Mrs. Johnson was at their backs, but then the Brewsters rescued her and brought her to the front. One of the Whiffenpoofs, who had been in agony all week about singing to Lyndon Johnson's wife, but who had decided to sing after all, assuaged his conscience by handing a letter of protest to Brewster, who handed it to Chauncey, who was presumably going to hand it to one of Mrs. Johnson's secretaries, who would read it and then might hand it to Mrs. Johnson, who probably wouldn't tell her husband.

The Whiffenpoofs delivered a very professional performance, and Mrs. Johnson seemed to enjoy it. Then they started out. Lady Bird grabbed one of them by the coat; it looked like she wanted an encore, and they were very pleased and came back in, but then it turned out that she just wanted to have her picture taken with them.

Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's secretary, was one of the last to leave the Commons downstairs. She stopped in the rotunda to meet her daughter, from Pembroke, and several of her classmates, who had been fixed up for the occasion with Political Union members. Most of

the girls had a good time, except for one, who had been invited back to the room of the Political Union member, offered a drink, and then discovered that the member, who had sat down next to her on the couch, was trying to unzip her dress from the back.

Mrs. Carpenter eyed her daughter and her daughter's friends and the Political Union dates and said, "Well, let's all go upstairs and mate."

After the main reception, Mrs. Johnson returned to the Brewster home for a smaller reception and then went to sleep. All the doors at the Brewster house were kept unlocked, and her car was kept in the driveway for easy getaway.

But Mrs. Johnson was not the only member of the Johnson team at Yale that evening. Jack Valenti, introduced at the banquet as one of President Kennedy's advisors, but in fact one of Johnson's, even since his resignation from the White House staff to head the Motion Picture Producers Association, was also up and about at Yale.

After the banquet Valenti went over to the Law School to speak to a forum. His visit to Yale the same day was completely coincidental. Valenti opened himself to questions, and virtually every question was a hostile one on Vietnam. One that could be called non-hostile: "Do you think the violence in Vietnam is responsible for the violence in films?" Valenti

handled all the questions by referring to secret deliberations he had taken part in, usually in response to urgent messages from General Westmoreland, and never hesitated to use logic: "I flew missions during World War II and killed 10,000 of my former countrymen. I know it. It's just as amoral as Vietnam, but they pinned medals on me for it. No one really saw the brutality of the war."

Finally, Valenti showed anger, and as he snapped his briefcase shut, he delivered a brilliant expansion on his I-sleep-better-every-night-with-Lyndon-Johnson-as-my-President routine, by describing how the President, when he reads the casualty lists, experiences a metaphorical hatchet in his heart and a presumably real acid stomach. And he concluded by pleading, "I would hope that you'd try to understand, to be tolerant and a bit forgiving."

It was very quiet by that time on Hillhouse Avenue in front of the Brewsters' house. A police car suddenly roared down the street and stopped quickly at the curb. The patrolman in front of the house quickly strode over and received a coffee-to-go from a plainclothesman inside the car.

Across the street and one house down, 15 members of SDS were camped on the curb. They spent all night there, singing some, reading sections from *MacBird*, but quietly. In the morning, most of them found they had caught colds.



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Letters

To the Editors:

I think that few students who have suffered through classes in Winchester and North Sheffield, who put up with the noise and poor lighting, who stifled during the summer and froze during the winter, are actually sorry to see those "fabulous manifestations of man's humanity" bite the dust. We should not be deceived by Mr. Scully's sentimental rhetoric into thinking highly of these buildings. They were ugly, monstrous, depressing structures—examples of Victorian bastard architecture at its very worst. Those who regret the buildings value age, not aesthetics. We should be happy to see such rubbish destroyed—the Old Campus should surely be next.  
P. Allen

To the Editors:

The Myth is no more: New Haven is not a "model, slumless city," filled with euphoric, prosperous citizens. The disturbances during August buried the myth, thankfully and at long last.

Yet, disturbingly, the summer disturbances in New Haven, while destroying one myth, appear to have given rise to another: that Mayor Lee's urban renewal program has been primarily concerned with catering to the upper-classes of the city, to the exclusion of the ghettos; and that the troubles this summer were an inevitable result of this misplaced emphasis.

John Wilhelm, in his lengthy article, "The Success and Tragedy of Richard C. Lee" (*The New Journal*: October 15, 1967), carries this new view much further. According to Wilhelm, Mayor Lee's program is an outgrowth of an alliance between big business in New Haven, the banks and Yale. The major objective of their support is selfish: for big business, to make money; for Yale, to provide a prettier environment for the protection of its upper-class, Ivy League population.

But, according to Wilhelm, there is a more insidious motive behind the alliance: to protect the power structure from any unwanted infiltration from the ranks of the poor and, inferentially and more specifically, the blacks. To use his words: "In . . . (Mayor Lee's) 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."

Like many myths, the newest one about the causes of the disturbances this summer, even carried to the extreme of the Wilhelm thesis, has a core of truth. But in order to isolate this core and appreciate its meaning, it is necessary to put the allegations which gave rise to the myth to closest scrutiny. With such an approach, one finds most of Mr. Wilhelm's accusations and hypotheses unable to stand up to either fact or logic.

There are two specific instances of error in fact by Mr. Wilhelm which, although apparently trivial, portend a similar tendency for inaccuracy and distortion on more important topics.

The first involves the FBI. In preparing the reader for his general thesis of Mayor Lee in alliance with the forces of reaction and money, Wilhelm, in his "Introduction," accuses "the liberal Lee" of "working with that most con-

servative of governmental institutions, the FBI." The purpose of Mayor Lee's newly formed partnership with J. Edgar Hoover's men, according to Wilhelm, is to get Fred Harris and other black militant leaders put behind bars. This little story makes good reading; unfortunately, it has no relation to reality. In fact, when the FBI called on Mayor Lee, he gave them no "help" or "encouragement" other than directing them to the files of the Police Department which are, of course, open to the public. That was the extent of his dealing with the FBI.

The second instance is more blatant and more serious. Wilhelm accuses Mayor Lee of breaking a "series of agreements" made on Sunday, the second day of the rioting. We are to infer that these "agreements" involved allowing the black militants to stop the violence without any intrusion from the police. First of all, no such agreements were ever made; they were admittedly demanded by Fred Harris and leaders of the Hill Parents Association, but never agreed to by anyone from the Mayor's staff, much less by the Mayor himself. Mayor Lee did exhibit some restraint in sending police into the Hill section during the initial hours of the disturbances; but this was of his own volition. It is easy to understand how Mr. Wilhelm came to his "broken promise" conclusion. The well-publicized demands of Fred Harris to send the police out of the Hill turned to bitterness when the demands were ignored. It was an easy logical step to then assume that the demands were not ignored but rather, accepted and then disregarded with bad faith. In point of fact, however, the latter is completely untrue.

Paraphrasing, although the disturbances themselves presented a tremendous emotional shock to New Haven residents and to the national press, the amount of resident participation and the extent of damage was quite slight, particularly when compared to similar disturbances in other cities. There were no casualties, no shots fired, no widespread looting or burning. This is not to minimize the significance of the disturbances, nor the degree of discontent in the ghetto which in large part gave rise to them. Nor would most city officials deny that there were many instances of false arrest and police brutality during those tumultuous August nights. Still, New Haven was no Newark or Detroit; far from it. Some in New Haven credit this to the Mayor's quick action in imposing a curfew and increasing the police detail in the troubled areas. This is surely one pertinent explanation. But, to seek a more relevant explanation, we must take a close look at what Mayor Lee has sought and accomplished over the past fourteen years. Hopefully, in doing so, we can at the same time dispose of Mr. Wilhelm's thesis and the myth formulated by Mayor Lee's newest critics.

One of the most oft-repeated aspects of the myth, repeated to the point where it now seems thought of as doctrine among the Mayor's critics, goes something like this: Mayor Lee's urban renewal program is geared for the upper and middle classes; to prove this, an impressive array of luxury housing and business revitalization and construction, done during the Lee years, is listed. It follows then, that Mayor Lee's urban

renewal has been no more than Negro removal; that the bulldozer has outdone the builder; and that displaced families are left without adequate homes to move to and without aid from the city administration. That is the theory. Now, with objectivity, let us look at the facts.

Over the past decade, New Haven, under its urban renewal program, has built, is building, or is planning to build 5,100 housing units. In addition, over 9,000 dwelling units have been rehabilitated with the city's encouragement, at a private investment of more than \$17 million. The latter figure does not include more than \$2 million worth of rehabilitation done through the city's housing code enforcement agency. Of the 5,100 new units, almost one-half are for low-income groups; less than one-fifth are upper-middle or upper-income units. This percentage of low-income housing is higher than urban renewal programs of any other city in the nation. Plans continue to be made for further low-income developments through various unique approaches, some of which will be discussed below. Noted architect Louis Kahn is working on preliminary plans for the Hill project, budgeted at \$14 million, most of which will go to the construction of low-income housing, two new schools and recreational facilities for the residents of the Hill.

What about the families who lie in the path of the bulldozer? First of all, the Lee administration makes every effort to locate non-residential plots of land upon which new housing can be built. Anyone who has taken the briefest ride through the Dixwell or Dwight projects will notice, almost invariably, empty lots with signs in front announcing a new Redevelopment Agency project. But, in cases where families are living on the site of a prospective project, the Lee administration has provided them with a unique means of finding satisfac-

tory housing elsewhere: the Family Relocation Office.

Although the Family Relocation Office is only required to find other residences for families affected by a New Haven urban renewal project, it very rarely if ever turns anyone away who is looking for another home. Mr. Wilhelm mentioned the many families who are being forced to move because of the Route 34 extension. But Mr. Wilhelm neglects to add that this is a state highway project, for which the New Haven Relocation Office has no responsibility; he also neglects to add that notwithstanding its theoretical lack of responsibility, the Office took on the job of helping to find adequate homes for families forced to relocate because of Route 34.

Mr. Wilhelm spends a good deal of time alleging that urban renewal in New Haven is profit motivated. This fits in nicely with his thesis, reminiscent of the Populist era, that the Big Money of New Haven, encouraged by Mayor Lee, has supported urban renewal only to make a profit. For example, revitalization of the downtown district, according to Wilhelm, was "ultimately more profitable" for business than "fleeing to the suburbs."

In this instance, Mr. Wilhelm is correct. His assertion, however, that such a situation is bad is not necessarily correct. Cities across the nation have been stymied in their attempts to improve urban conditions because of a dearth of municipal revenue. As slum conditions increase, real estate assessments go down, more and more people move to the suburbs, the tax base continues to shrink, and less and less business, banking and real estate investors are willing to gamble with a major financial investment in the city.

One of the keys to Mayor Lee's astounding success and national reputation has been his ability to break this

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vicious circle. He has convinced local businessmen that investment in New Haven is a good investment; he has lured numerous national firms, such as Sargent's, and Macy's, to New Haven, convincing them that the city is a good place for them to locate: he has, most of all, convinced banks and real estate firms that investment in new housing can be profitable. The results of his efforts have been a meteoric rise of tax revenue over the past ten years, the opposite of what is happening in most cities. For example, in 1957, the Oak Street Project area (bordering and including where the Connector now is) was assessed at \$1.4 million. Today, it is assessed at more than \$18.5. Robert Kennedy's recent proposal about offering businessmen tax incentives to invest in the ghettos operates under the same principle: make slum investment profitable, and private enterprise will join in the task of slum-clearance full force.

This is not to say that Mayor Lee supports only those urban renewal programs which are profitable for big business, an assertion which Mr. Wilhelm makes. It is, in fact, up to Congress to take the profit motive out of urban renewal through increased federal aid, rent supplement programs, and the like. But until such a total federal commitment is made—and it does not appear forthcoming—Mayor Lee will remain willing to use whatever means necessary to improve housing conditions in the city.

Such pragmatism is loathsome to ideological idealists; but, in New Haven, at least, it has been effective.

Finally, Mr. Wilhelm is highly critical of CPI and its programs. Again, the conspiracy theory of the money powers emerges: "CPI . . . is a coalition of those in the community who already have power . . . 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." Mr. Wilhelm quotes *one* black CPI worker—just one—to support this broad, damning generalization.

One could counter this charge with an endless recital of black CPI workers, as well as whites, who would utterly deny that such an assumption exists; one could also cite an endless list of CPI programs for job training, education, family counseling and recreation which were and continue to be models for the federal Poverty Program to imitate.

However, within this exaggerated and unsupported generalization, Mr. Wilhelm has hit upon an important truth: the trouble with many of the CPI programs over the past six years (and, equally so, with the Poverty Program over the past three years) has been the lack of full participation and direction of these programs by the underprivileged themselves. This is not, however, the result of a sinister conspiracy by the "haves"

against the "have-nots." Rather, it is a result of the newness of the Poverty Program concept itself.

It has been only recently that CPI has learned the importance and value of having neighborhood residents themselves organize and plan their own programs. Mr. Wilhelm lightly passes over a \$45,000 grant given to the Hill Parents Association by CPI (and for which the Mayor was largely responsible) for their own programs. The money was given with few strings attached; HPA was allowed to use it as it wished. Just recently, in the first week of October, CPI announced that \$300,000 would be similarly available for neighborhood residents to use for their own programs.

Of course, Mr. Wilhelm's rejoinder might be that this is too little, too late. Nevertheless, it is a start. CPI began in 1961, two years before a Poverty Program was even discussed in Washington. In six years, it has come a long way.

Perhaps the best insight into Richard C. Lee, the man, and the difference between Richard Lee, the Mayor, and other mayors in this nation, can be seen by his initial reaction to the summer disturbances.

There were many people in New Haven who spoke of "their" ingratitude for all Mayor Lee had done for "them"; others explained away the disturbances, as countless Mayors of other cities

repeatedly did throughout the summer, as the work of "outside infiltrators" or the "criminal" element.

Mayor Lee, however, felt and said none of these things. The first person at whom he pointed an accusing finger was himself. "This only goes to show that for all this administration has tried to do for this city, it has only scratched the surface. For every three steps forward we've taken, there have been four steps back. Perhaps these disturbances will wake people up to the seriousness of the urban crisis, the complexity of the problems, the difficulty of the challenge which faces us. God knows we've tried to alleviate some of these problems. Now, we must work all the harder."

Lee's genius lies not in his ability to avoid mistakes but in his ready willingness to learn from them. He is the eternal pragmatist, constantly experimenting, looking for new ways to build housing, new ways to get federal money, new ways to teach skills to the poor.

Yet, Richard Lee's pragmatism has not led to cynicism. His willingness to yield to practical realities is tempered by a continued idealism, a confidence in the efficacy of affirmative government action. His dream of a "slumless" city remains undaunted, despite the setbacks of the past; his intuitive optimism and faith in the ability of the rich and the poor to work together remain unbroken. John Wilhelm, and many other

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

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radicals and black militants who have made Mayor Lee their scapegoat, have questioned the basic power structure upon which this country has rested since its inception. In this sense, their inquiry and ensuing criticism are healthy. A power structure which has economically and socially (and, until 1863, physically) enslaved a large section of its population is in urgent need of re-examination.

However, the fervor of John Wilhelm's ideology prohibits him from evaluating a man like Mayor Lee in relative, as well as objective terms. For Wilhelm, the unique mixture of pragmatism and idealism which the Mayor has so exemplified can only be interpreted as a cowardly surrender to the monied forces of the establishment power structure. The rarely disputed point that Mayor Lee, despite the shortcomings which he admits to his urban renewal program, is head and shoulders above any other mayor in America—such a fact is irrelevant to the radical. For him, relativism is meaningless; degrees of progress and success are beyond consideration. Measurement is in terms of the absolute: change must be total and, if necessary, violent.

There is certainly a place—or at least, should be a place in the American political heritage for such radicals. But not in an assessment of a Mayor's achievements. In objective terms, one then criticizes that city's mayor for not clearly been one step ahead of all other urban leaders for not being two steps ahead. One should not scorn the concept of a perfect, utopian, "model" city and then criticize that city's mayor for not being perfect and incapable of error, himself.

The tragedy of Wilhelm's criticism of Mayor Lee, and others like him, is that it supplies additional fuel to those who oppose progressive, affirmative action in the nation's urban centers—this at a time when such action is so desperately needed.

Hopefully, the gap between the Wilhelms and Lees of this nation—a gap not, in reality, as large as it seems—will gradually close as communication and understanding replace polemics and rhetoric. The alternative to such an ultimate meeting of the minds is polarization and dogmatic rigidity—a prospect which would have grave consequences for all concerned.

Lanny J. Davis  
First Year Law Student  
Chrm. "Students for Lee"

*Wilhelm's Reply:* Mr. Davis will no doubt be surprised to find that I essentially agree with his evaluation of Mayor Lee. I would first, however, like to correct some of his more serious errors of fact:

1) It is common knowledge in New Haven political circles that the Mayor's office has more than passively cooperated with the FBI in its investigation of the Hill Parents Association.

2) Mayor Lee did in fact make a series of agreements with the HPA leaders on Sunday of the "riot week". I refer Mr. Davis to the article by Rev. Raymond Chulze, pastor of the Zion Lutheran Church in the Hill, in the American Independent Movement Newsletter of August 21. Rev. Chulze, who attended the Sunday meeting between Mayor Lee and HPA leaders, describes in detail the agreements reached and his shock

and frustration when they were almost immediately broken.

3) The claims Mr. Davis makes for the redevelopment program are astounding. He must be using a very strange definition of low-income. Louis Kahn's Central Hill Project is discussed in a Redevelopment Agency brochure: most of the housing described is middle-income and not low. Mr. Davis ought to look at the brochure.

I am amazed to hear that "almost one-half" of the housing built or planned as redevelopment is low-income. If Mr. Davis would check with the research people at the redevelopment agencies, he would find that the figures I quoted for mid-1965—700 luxury apartments, 976 middle-income—are accurate. He would also find that since 1965 only the small Fair Haven project I referred to plus some housing for the elderly have been opened in the low-income field. He will find finally that there are plans on the drawing board for no more than token numbers of low-income units.

4) If Mr. Davis is at all acquainted with New Haven, he should know that Mayor Lee has not "lured" Sargents to the city. Sargents is an old family firm that was here before the Mayor was born.

I do not want to quibble at length with Mr. Davis' errors. What interests me most is that both Mr. Davis and I agree that Lee "is head and shoulders above every other mayor in America . . ." That Lee is probably the nation's best mayor is *precisely the point*. If he cannot solve the urban crisis any better than he has, then we cannot do the job without basic change. Mr. Davis may know some "radical" for whom the Mayor's clear superiority is "irrelevant". I think it is quite relevant. I am sorry that he felt compelled to fit me into some predetermined image. I am sorry that he felt compelled to cloud my arguments—and his—by throwing about loaded words and phrases like "insidious" and "conspiracy theory". Mr. Davis got neither such words nor the tone they conjure from me.

On the contrary, it is not because I dislike Lee personally that I say that, as Mr. Davis puts it, one step ahead is not fast enough. The Mayor is trying to convince those that are already powerful that they ought to save our cities. I did not by accident use the word "tragic" in my article. Because those who have power now will not make changes that seriously endanger their power or wealth, Lee's efforts have proved fruitless.

Tragic figures always evoke sympathy, but sympathy for the man should not cloud our political judgment.

We face the incredibly difficult job of mobilizing the American people to force the powerful to give up their control. If that job is not done, the frustrated poor will simply tear the country up because they have no alternative.

As for Mr. Davis, I hope that he can discard the fact-finding methods he perfected while chairman of the *Yale Daily News* and which he continues to use as chairman of Students for Lee. If he ventured out into the streets and alleys of the city and listened to the desperate people who this summer resorted to "rioting", he would discover many things that are not apparent on the narrow path between campus and City Hall.

## Art

In the West Gallery and corridor of the first floor in the Yale University Art Gallery, students and the general public have an opportunity to see a unique exhibition of sixty-seven works of art on loan to Yale from the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. This number comprises thirty-three paintings, twenty drawings and fourteen pieces of sculpture. Simultaneously, sixty-four works of art from the Yale collections are on loan to the Fogg Museum.

These exchange exhibitions, the first between Yale and Harvard, originated in a conversation between the directors of the respective museums, Andrew C. Ritchie and John Coolidge, on ways in which a closer relationship could be brought about between the two institutions. The resulting shows are a magnificent success.

Neither exhibition can be called truly representative of the collections in each museum: for in choosing the works of art to send to the sister institution the directors were confronted with many problems. For example, many fine works could not be loaned because of the terms of bequests. Thus Yale was unable to lend any works by John Trumbull or Harvard to send any of their outstanding collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings. Also, paintings on panels are considered too fragile to travel.

In an exhibition such as the one now at Yale where every work is excellent, it is very difficult to choose the finest. I will attempt to list a few to which one should pay special attention. Among the paintings: the exquisite *Head of Christ* by Rembrandt; the *Landscape* by Bierstadt, which is an excellent example of the Hudson River School; the Poussin, *Holy Family*; Caracciola's *St. Sebastian*; the mysterious triptych, *The Actors*, by Max Beckmann; Bazille's *Scène d'Été*, painted the year before his tragic early death and possibly his best work.

The group of sculptures are also all of them excellent, but particularly impressive are the *Portrait of De Podenas* by Daumier, the French Romanesque *Capital with Scenes from the Story of Samson*, the *Angel Carrying a Cornucopia* by Pierre Le Pautre, Maillol's *Young Cyclist*, Gaspard Marsy's *Boreas and Oreithyia*, and Matisse's *Le Serf*.

—William Mitchell

## Letter from Berkeley

Early on Friday morning, October 20, hundreds of University of California at Berkeley students joined many others in harricading the streets of downtown Oakland, not with their bodies, but with parked cars and trash cans which they pushed into the intersections around the Oakland Induction Center. They moved quickly, avoiding police and arrest as much as possible.

And so, at the same time Mario Savio was serving the last week of his long jail sentence for leading the Free Speech Movement sit-in in 1964, the student protest movement emerged from the awkward transitional stage which has plagued it since the decline of the Civil Rights Movement. American students appear to have finally caught up with students in the rest of the world by abandoning their exclusive commitment to *non-violent* civil disobedience.

This escalation of protest tactics was finally forced by the Oakland Police during the Tuesday morning "attack" on the induction center, the first of the two mass attempts to prevent or delay the transportation of inductees to and into the building during Stop the Draft Week. The slogan in the Bay Area was "Shut Down the Induction Center." Three thousand demonstrators on Tuesday stood shoulder to shoulder before the induction center, filling an entire block of the street onto which the center opens.

By no means unanimously willing to be arrested, most of the crowd intended to run if the 800 police moved in to make arrests; but the choice never came. Instead of attempting to arrest the protestors for refusing to disperse, the police charged the crowd at one end, clubbing them and spraying them with MACE, the new chemical immobilizer.

Suddenly, the traditional non-violent sacrifice of going to jail was no longer available. Thus, a substantial minority of the 10,000 protestors from Berkeley, Stanford, San Francisco State and other schools who returned for the second "attack" on the following Friday were ready to be more aggressive and less self-sacrificing in the face of the risk of serious injury.

Dean Rusk had earlier this month signalled with embarrassing frankness the inevitability of the demise of peaceful protest tactics. Responding to a peace initiative placed on the San Francisco municipal ballot by the courts, after county supervisors had refused to do so, Rusk made clear that the Johnson Administration has no objections to such civil libertarian exercises, for it has no intention of altering its present Vietnam policy, no matter what the outcome of this vote and others like it. So much for lawful protest.

On the Berkeley campus, both protestors and administrators sought to avoid an on-campus Free Speech conflict. With unprecedented liberality and courage, Berkeley Chancellor Roger Heyns stood up to conservative civic pressure and granted students permission to use a campus building for a teach-in the Monday night before the week's first descent upon the Oakland center. But, in a grossly political decision of doubtful constitutionality, an Oakland judge ordered Heyns to deny the protest use of campus facilities; and Heyns has since cited almost 100 students for participating in "illegal" rallies on campus.

Students, nevertheless, have not yet sought to protest Heyns' action because they are unwilling to divert their energies from attacking the War and draft to defending the civil liberties necessary to protest.

—John D. Elliott  
Senior, Univ. of Calif. at Berkeley

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