

The New Journal

1.50

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"The historians have interpreted the world; the thing, however, is to change it."

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
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New Haven, Conn.
Permit No. 134

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Chaperone

Four years ago I was a date in my own right, stamped official and game, in the fraternity hall. Now my only date is lifelength with housework, but here my husband and I go and get hired on as chaperones for a bash at the same frat. A frat party, a fraternity party, oh boy, oh man, you know what that means—the bottle-smashing, trow-dropping men and their fabulous mythical girls. And we, the chaperones.

"You'd better cut that out," I'm preparing to say. "Six inches apart, minimum. Decency, please, respect law and order and your local policeman."

But, though the place is still the same, the times change, the old victrola rejects plain old rock-and-roll, and this looks to be The New Fraternity Party.

"Who are these hippies?" I asked the young man, who seemed to be encased in cold slime, en gelé, under his Brooks Brothers suit.

He made a noise of disgust in his throat that sounded like cut fingernails clacking around in a vacuum cleaner bag. "I assure you, there are no hippies here."

On second glance I realized that the hippies—or pseudo-hippies maybe—were only hired help to do the light show, and that the real natives were all pulling their oar—the little oars on their ties, the big oar of their group spirit and group image—in honor of their fraternity party.

I felt somehow out of time—and nothing in the proto-frugging being done by girls in long knee-biting skirts would have told me that it was '67 and not '63, had I just snapped out of amnesia and found myself there. There was one ornamental girl, with yeasty bosoms exploding out of the top of her dress, who looked like the legend-in-her-own-time of the lot, but no one seemed to be writhing in her wake. If she'd been an F. Scott Fitzgerald heroine she would have been worth a good 20 pages, but here she seemed to be practically buying her own drinks.

A lot of other girls, less memorable, but just as popular/unpopular as she, were hanging around like parsley at the edge of a steak, while their dates took charge of the situation, and chatted it up with the other men as if they were the ones they'd waited all week to see. One ringleader type, surrounded by friends, but dateless, came over to watch the men put blood-bloppy slides in the projector for the light show. He had a face that was remarkably expressionless, but for a tiny salacious smirk (a strip-poker face?) and said to me, out of the blue, "Do you know Kenneth?"

"Um," I said.
"Kenneth is just one of the greatest people in this whole fraternity."
Well, bully for Kenneth, but who was he? The light show operator? (no, it had been made clear to me that those people were not One of Us), someone in his entourage? the head of something? Whoever he was, this kiss of praise falling from the lips of Coldface seemed to be the only

information forthcoming. He turned away, and refused to put up with further questioning.

People were dancing in greater and lesser degrees of behind-the-times-ness, but no one watched them—all eyes were fixed on the light show going blitherybly on the walls and occasionally catching someone on the dance floor in an old movie broken-frames effect. Where was the drinking and wild throwing of shows that people used to brag about in the same breath as they complained of their hangover? Pushed out of the league by drugs? Maybe. Whatever, the old line handed out by college boys that three drinks could make you completely irresponsible of anything you did, out of your mind, man, practically hallucinating—and any girl beddable within minutes, had either been given the lie, or else was just not the thing in this society.

Maybe like fairies (the Peter Pan kind) the phenomenon only exists if you believe in it—and there was one man there who clearly did believe it—a graduate celebrating the drunken blasts of yesterday in a drunken blast of today. He went loping around giving the only rushes that were given out, to all or any of the girls, and calling his wife, a woman whose smile was pickled in long-suffering patience, "that battleax" within earshot. Having more or less failed with the girls, he began bending the deaf ears of the members of this, his old fraternity, and giving the frat handshake and saying the password ("****", "****") indiscreetly to everyone.

The one person who would listen to him was a tender looking hippie (he just works here) who looked like the frontispiece drawing in a book of romantic poetry.

"Yes, I go to Yale," he said to the drunk, "but I'm dropping out next term, dig?"

He didn't seem to dig too deep, so the hippie told him, as if it were so obvious that only a drunk could fail to comprehend.

"You lose your mind here, see? It hurts your mind to study, my brain is getting so stuffed up with garbage every day, I'm almost dead."

"Maybe you could write copy for dropout posters," I suggested.

"Let me tell you one thing," the drunk informed him, "these are the best years you'll ever have."

The hippie faded away, and the drunk and I looked at each other blankly. People were dancing, or not dancing, pusillanimously, and though of course everyone was well behaved, diffident, cool, and I was glad to be beyond the age where such occasions could affect my life either way—to have liberty from fraternities. But at the same time I felt almost cheated of adventure, and so did the drunk.

"We had some pretty wild times here in my day," he said with regret. Plain old rock-and-roll, I thought.

—Tierney Devlin

Asia

Hubert Humphrey told a Pennsylvania audience in mid-October about "aggressive Asian Communism with its headquarters in Peking, China." When Robert Oxnam, a graduate student in Chinese history, read that, he realized that he couldn't take any more Administration analyses of the Far East.

Oxnam talked with others among the one hundred graduate students and undergraduates at Yale who specialize in some aspect of East Asian or Southeast Asian

studies to determine how to make their ideas and information available to the public. With an eye to the approaching Presidential election, they decided to form an East Asia Information Project. There are now almost thirty students involved in the Project, which will provide speakers for community groups, schools, etc.

Although most of the members of the Project oppose the present U.S. China policy and the U.S. involvement in Vietnam, they agreed not to support any uniform statement of opposition. "The purpose of the group," explains Oxnam, "is to present a broadly liberal perspective on the current state of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam and the present U.S. China policy."

The members of the group represent the entire spectrum of Far East studies at Yale and include a former State Dept. officer and three former Peace Corps members. Oxnam himself is working on his Ph.D. in modern Chinese history under Mary Wright and Jonathan Spence.

Airplane

Woolsey Hall can be better used than for Kingman Brewster's chinless attack on the Rev. Coffin, as was proved last Saturday night with Indian Neck's Jefferson Airplane concert. Not Airplanes, but Airplane, singular, that's important. A band of renegades, desperadoes, half-breeds from San Francisco, five men and a tough, lush girl named Grace Slick, who sings with a whip in her voice, came to a studio filled with \$6000 or twice as much in amplifiers, arranged like a temple in the Computer Center. They took a while, fooling about, but then, soaring above the pain threshold of 115 decibels of vocal sound and 4000 watts of guitar amplification, a fellow going wild with colored lights, they found themselves. A plastic, fantastic lover called the Airplane.

"You may have noticed the light show," said one after a few minutes, "we bring it with us everywhere."

It's their world, it's where the Airplane comes from, blue and purple, pink and red lights flashing to the rhythms, rhythms bursting out, the music whirring, twanging, as though echoed a thousand-fold from a thousand foot deep pit, and Grace Slick curling back, snapping her voice, ten feet tall.

Orchestra

The Yale Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of the season in Sprague Memorial Hall on Saturday night, October 28. The program consisted of a Sinfonia by K. P. E. Bach, Brahms' *Tragic Overture* and the Beethoven violin concerto. The concert was typical of what we have learned to expect from this young orchestra: an interesting and musically chattering program performed with spirit, energy—and a few rough edges. The orchestra's music director, Richmond Browne, who is assistant professor of music theory at Yale, conducted the first two pieces with some real success, although in the Bach Sinfonia the harpsichord was all but inaudible.

The Beethoven concerto was, however, the highlight of the evening, both technically and musically. John Mauceri, a student in the Graduate School department

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James Glassman: 9

The Gorgeous Laugh of Eugene Ionesco

By Jonathan Marks

I arrived at 11 a.m. on the dot, just as we had planned on the phone. Mustered up all the coffee-stoked courage I had, and pushed the bell. Long wait. No sound. I looked around. The top floor of a rather high-class Paris apartment-house. Sunlight. Under the doorbell, their nameplate: IONESCO.

Then, finally, footsteps down the hall. The sound of the lock being opened from within. Then another lock. Two more. Finally the door swung open, and a very small woman stood in front of me in her bedclothes, squinting from the light. She had just awakened.

"Madame Ionesco?"
"Oui, Monsieur."

"I'm here to speak with your husband. We have an appointment for 11 o'clock." She looked puzzled. I tried to clear things up.

"Oh," she said, the light finally dawning, "you're the *comédien*! Weren't you supposed to come next Tuesday?"

Damn, thought I. It was my last day in Europe; I couldn't have made it for Tuesday. She hovered for a minute between sending me away and inviting me in. Then:

"Come in and sit down. I'll see if my husband can speak with you."

A nondescript green armchair. The living room is filled with modern art, abstract, yet it is not itself a modern room. Ionesco appears at one door, disappears through another. The maid walks through, looks around disapprovingly, and also disappears.

Then Ionesco comes in to greet me. His pajama top is white, his pajama bottoms are purple. His robe is yet another purple. We are friends from the start.

"So glad you were able to get hold of me," he said. "But weren't you supposed to come on Tuesday?"

We retired to the study and sat down to chat. The room was lined with books. Not an "absurdist" library, thought: too scholarly. The desk-top was full of rhinoceroses, of all sizes and textures.

"You must love rhinoceroses," I ventured.

"Not very much, no. It's just that since I wrote the play everyone thought that I loved them, and all my friends started sending them to me. The same thing happened with *The Chairs*. Now when I'm in a room full of people and somebody uses the word 'chair' or 'rhinoceros,' everyone looks at me as if I had invented the chair and the rhinoceros. Won't you have a whiskey?"

We re-retired into the living room, where the maid had set up a tray. I had to help him pour out his fruit juice and mineral water (good for the liver), because his right hand was in a cast. He explained that it had happened during his summer vacation in the Midi, when he had tried to ski down a staircase.

There was a wild, contorted statue in the manner of César that seemed to be a man in a funny hat on a sway-backed horse. The man's face was featureless, his body was twisted and lumpy.

"*C'est moi*," he said. "The sculptor wanted to create the ultimate parody of the equestrian statue." I told him that the resemblances were striking—the eyes, the mouth, the arms, the bearing. We laughed.

Ionesco laughs with his eyes and with his entire mouth, from diaphragm to lips. And the eyebrows—at once strikingly prominent yet seemingly lost in that great craggy plain of baldness—punctuating the laugh. Only the incredibly wide, flat nose anchors the other features down by staying still. All in all, a gorgeous laugh.

I showed him the photographs of the Yale Dramat's spring, 1967 production of his *Hunger and Thirst*, so far the only production of this play in English. He had told me over the phone that he was anxious to hear about our production; since the time he had arranged for us to get the rights, the only thing he had heard was a sketchy report from his friend, the Polish critic Jan Kott, who taught at Yale last year. He quizzed me about all sorts of details . . . was there enough lighting for the brilliant fresh-air plateau in front of the museum in the second episode? . . . where did we get our actresses? . . . and what were the monks doing in these photos of the "Good Inn" of the third episode?

I explained to him, somewhat timorously at first, how much we had cut the scene and changed the order of lines to give it more direction. Far from being offended, he seemed pleased and interested, most of all in the gestures he saw the monks doing. I explained to him that we had differed radically in this respect from the production of the Comédie-Française. The monks were not mute mimists; they were given an active part in the interrogation-brainwashing-revival; prayers, imprecations, chants, black mass blasphemies. Nor were they rooted to the symmetrical Brechtian bleachers, as they had been in Paris; they swayed, they circled, they practically danced. Ionesco thought it was wonderful. He thinks it would have been better if the Comédie-Française had done it that way. He wishes he had written it that way. He goes to tell his wife.

The playwright wanted to know about the director, Leland Starnes, about the actors, and about the general setup of the Dramat. In passing I mentioned the lack of rehearsal time and the physical punishment the cast and crew went through to get this particular play on the stage. I started onto another subject, but he stopped me.

"I am very touched," he said. Later, he was admiring a marvelous photo of the ghost of mad Aunt Adelaide, who was played by Eleanor Evans, a fine lady of New Haven theater and a Dramat actress and friend for thirty years. He asked about her. I told him that she had died within a month after the final curtain. He stared hard at the picture for thirty seconds or so, then sat back, took off his glasses, and breathed.

Still later in the day, while Ionesco was in another room, his wife, in a totally different context, mentioned a closeness that both of them feel to the actors who create his characters. It all fit in. That was why I was there.

He worried about the reviews—much more so than I would have thought. I gave him the *Register's* and the *Providence Journal's*. I helped him a little with the English. He actually reads it pretty well, though he doesn't speak it at all; the English lessons that led to *The Bald Soprano* apparently bore little fruit other than the play itself. Several years ago he had spent some time at the apartment of the cartoonist Sol Steinberg in New York. There were always lots of people around, but few of them spoke French or Rumanian, so after a couple of days he stopped trying to communicate and just drank a lot and smiled at everyone, and enjoyed himself immensely. Incidentally, Ionesco's first language was French, not Rumanian; theories about modern dramatists writing in their second language have no relevance to him. He feels that he is entirely within the line of French writers—especially in that he revolts against all of them.



We discussed the meaning of *Hunger and Thirst*, its style, its shape, my part. I understood him; having been as close to the work for as long as I was, its significance could not have been totally lost on me. Lee Starnes had been right in deciding that the character Tripp bears no relation to Samuel Beckett. This widespread misinterpretation was the doing of an early reviewer, and has been duplicated almost without fail ever since. In fact, the play originally had no direct references to Brecht; the other clown's name was changed to Brechtoll simply to add a little extra bite when the play opened in Düsseldorf, Germany. Making Tripp a figure for Beckett would be ridiculous; Tripp is the pious Catholic in *extremis*, Beckett was born an Irish Protestant, and has not since become any more pious.

This line of conversation naturally led to the character Jean Bérenger, who appears in several Ionesco plays and is often described as Ionesco's alter ego. He's not that, strictly speaking. Jean has a lot of Eugène in him—but he has his own existence, too. Besides, he changes a little in each play. Still and all, Eugène feels awfully close to Jean.

We went on about critics in general. Fairly uncharitably. They write that his themes are unconscious. Not so, says he.

He has written another episode for *Hunger and Thirst*, which will soon be published. He'll keep writing new ones, continuing the story. If you want to produce the play, just pick your three favorites.

Ionesco agreed with most of Prof. Jacques Guicharnaud's comments on the play in the original *Friday* last year. The third episode, according to the author, is "an anti-Brechtian play in the style of Brecht."

I described Silliman College's controversial production of *The Bald Soprano* last year, and the various violences that the director, Bart Teush, committed on the text. Ionesco listened. He questioned, he puzzled, and he laughed. Surprisingly, he seemed disturbed that the actors had been watching the television in the first part of the play; when he wrote it, almost twenty years ago, one would hardly have expected to find a TV in a typically British home. I pointed out that one doesn't worry about anachronisms when one puts on Ionesco. Ionesco was content.

We talked. And talked. Without order sometimes. We leaned in to work out intricacies; we leaned back to laugh. I got drunk.

The question of literary influence came up. Ionesco said that while the present masters of European drama do keep interested and informed about each other's work, this could not properly be called an influence; it's too superficial. Kafka, for example, did influence Ionesco—but Ionesco didn't begin to feel this influence until a dozen years after reading him.

We spoke about the other playwrights of modern France, and the productions of their plays then appearing in Paris; we had seen many of the same plays. We had even been at Avignon at about the same time—but I had been attending the Festival (the most important summer event in French theatre) and Ionesco had just been walking around the town looking for the narrowest streets. He had been invited to the Festival to act the part of the father in Philippe Adrien's *La Baye*, but he had declined because of worry about his health. We touched on Beckett, Genet, Sartre, de Ghelderode, Arrabal, Adamov, and Obaldia, among others. He feels that the "absurdist" revolution of

the early fifties was the work of Beckett, Pinter, and himself—but actually, he admits, he is not really familiar with Pinter's plays; only a few of them have been translated, and still fewer have been produced in Paris. He seems to feel much closer to Samuel Beckett, though. They don't see each other too often, but seem to keep in touch. Ionesco admires him immensely.

Strange. I find myself talking about Ionesco in the third person while talking to him across his coffee table. He doesn't seem to notice that it's a bit ridiculous; he doesn't seem to mind. Sometimes he takes it up, more often he speaks of the theatre of Ionesco in the first person. Sometimes what he says would appear immodest or downright boastful, but something in his manner announces that matters of pride are fairly irrelevant with Ionesco. At moments he may be touchy and defensive, at other moments self-denigrating, but finally he ends up dispersing the whole problem with that laugh. In his *Victims of Duty* the poet Nicolas d'Eu announces, in effect, "No, I don't write at all, and I'm proud of it. It would be useless; we already have Ionesco and Ionesco. That's enough." The man asks to be laughed at, and with.

A couple of times my French breaks down. I try to ask him a complex question and he doesn't get what I'm driving at. I try again and he answers me in the most elementary terms. I change the subject and feel foolish. Very sobering.

We talked a great deal about politics. I hadn't expected that a playwright so opposed to *engagé* theatre should be so conscious of it—but it all fit into place, eventually. It seems that he has been haunted by the idea of totalitarianism. World War II is never far from his thoughts, and its monoliths pervade his dreams. His writing is often a purgation of these nightmares, as it was for Kafka. Arrabal is similarly tortured by the father-figure in his native Spain, but Ionesco would have him give even freer rein than he does already to his various panics. Through subjective theatre, Ionesco feels, one can reach a high degree of universality.

He is soon to have an article published suggesting that Americans not be so sensitive to foreign criticism—especially French. De Gaulle, he says, represents and leads that considerable faction of Frenchmen who resent the fact that the United States has twice saved France, and so ignore this fact and blame the U.S. for anything and everything. Such countries, as he sees it, not only force America to stand alone in defense of the entire free world, cavaliers included, against totalitarianism, but also are making Americans doubt that their stand is just. Vietnam, he readily admits, is bothersome to the extreme—but he doesn't know what else the U.S. could have done.

We touch on Yale, contemporary America, my life, my plans. My immediate plan was a 4:00 flight back to the States. Two hours away. I would need lunch, *n'est-ce pas?* And so came lunch, in several quite agreeable courses. Just the three of us, me at the head of the table. Ionesco worried about his diet, his liver, his medicine. He looked at his plate helplessly; his wife noticed, got up and toddled around behind me, and cut his meat. He put his broken hand on the table and grumbled disgustedly, "I'm just like an infant." Bérenger!

This and that were discussed. Mme Ionesco entered in a great deal. She's very pleasant. She keeps the files: reviews, letters, photos and such. She keeps things

going. Her first language was Rumanian. In a fit of astonishing largesse and benevolence, I congratulated her on her practically perfect French accent. Perhaps a fit of whiskey and red wine.

After the main course Mme Ionesco stepped on a button she had plugged in under the table before the meal, and a buzzer rang in the kitchen for the maid. After a few minutes she buzzed again. After a few more minutes she cleared the table herself and brought on the cheese and yogurt. Around peach time the doctor came to give Ionesco his daily shot.

It was over. I gulped down the peach and stood. If I were a Pataphysician—a follower of the non-philosophy of the pre-Absurdist dramatist Jarry—I would have had to take my leave of him bowing, walking backwards, and calling him "your transcendency," because of his high rank in the cult. I decided it would be better not to. They thanked me much for coming. I tried my best to say the right things.

I went out the multi-locked door, took the lift down, and ran for a cab to Orly.

JONATHAN MARKS, a senior in Yale College and vice-president of the Yale Dramat, played a leading role last spring in the Dramat's production of Ionesco's *Hunger and Thirst*. Marks visited Ionesco in August.

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Notes on a Washington Weekend

By Gerald Bruck

These are the times for impassioned tales, of what it was like when I realized what our government really was, of how it felt to confront it, and Am I a revolutionary now, or not? Will Robert Kennedy end the war? Should I dynamite the induction center? Oh, you should have been in Washington the 21st. "As night fell Saturday, the Pentagon looked like a citadel under siege," wrote one James K. Glassman in the *Harvard Crimson*. Man, you should have been there.

Washington's October 21 mobilization may indeed prove important in the history of America, not because courageous Americans confronted the warmakers, which they didn't, or were beaten back with the massed might of America, which they weren't, but because it tended to look that way to some of the few thousand who got all the way to the Pentagon, and they will spread the word.

In past years, the movement against domestic racism and now the war has been able to trick the opposition into brutal and dramatic positions—behind police dogs, under helmets, wearing guns and clubs—with the end in view of swaying the million of glassy eyes out in tv land. Now the Negroes got their civil rights laws, but somehow it's the same old stuff and our war on Vietnam has grown like a cancer.

So the October march was turned inward, it's end to radicalize its participants, to end the fuzziness of making a choice in America, its justification one of "building a movement," the quiet folk will have to join us from now on.

Robert Sherrill wrote in the *Nation* that the spontaneity of everyone doing their thing that weekend scared the gods of the press and the Pentagon, though the future effect of this is not predicted. Andrew Kopkind wrote in *The New Statesman* that maybe the influentials will be scared by this undefinable rabble in motion against the war, and will work to end the war in hope that the internal disorder it has conjured up will vanish also. Ray Mungo, who writes for the *Liberation News Service*, told me that this vague coalition of almost everyone "will be invincible" and people from all over will be drawn into it. James Reston, well, you can guess what he wrote.

I followed the show from Friday night through 65 hours, went too many places, talked to too many people, in a way saw too much, to be fired with that spirit of revolution, and the whole event left me with more a premonition of doom than of a new era. The fact of uniformed men under orders which entirely cut them off from their surroundings was not surmounted by the few effective attempts at dialogue that occurred, by the few soldiers who were swayed toward peace, by the patent absurdity of the entire encounter.

I stayed with the people who stuck it out at the Pentagon. I had less sleep than they, I was hungrier, and I almost got hit by the marshals several times. But I lacked one luxury they enjoyed: they were among one another, and outside that little circle it was very lonely indeed. I especially remember one point Saturday night, hungry to the point of dizziness and freezing in shirtsleeves, when I tried to make my way to a distant parking lot and ran into lines of soldiers everywhere I stumbled in the complicated terrain surrounding the Pentagon. Blocking roads, behind bushes, everywhere there were soldiers, all under orders not to talk to anyone, and for almost two hours I wandered hopelessly lost in this nightmare landscape peopled with mute, armed, statues.

What strange sights greeted the pro-

testors as they flowed into the Pentagon parking lot that beautiful cigaret ad day, into the (as per signed agreement) liberated parking lot. The main platform constructed for the speakers attracted few arrivals and at first the crowd grew around the freak stage, where sorcerers, swamees, priests, warlocks, rabbis, gurus, witches, alchemists, medicine men, speed freaks and other holy men had gathered. Joining hands, they were to raise the mighty OM—the pure, perfect, crystal sound—and the Pentagon would rise trembling in the air, and they were to shout, "We are free, great God almighty, Free at last!", weird indeed, though not quite so weird as the times, and for anyone who really wanted to freak out, the place was a few score yards from the main platform where the anti-communist Reverend Richard Wurmbrand, of the European Christian Mission, a man who turns up all over the place, was standing in the crows-nest of a twenty-foot metal arm attached to a white truck, attacking communism and saying that the U.S. was good. As a few marchers came over to dialogue, the reverend slowly descended from the sky, all the while waving his arms and continuing his call for all good men to see the danger, and then ripping off his shirt to display the marks of communist torture. Protestors moved in, some oozing with humble sincerity ("I don't like Communism either, but anything would be better for the people of Vietnam than what's going on now"), others bitter, angry, an impossible scene.

Then down the parking lot past the hippie zone (where speakers were asking beautiful people to form protective rings because, *tarantara*, "In a few minutes, right over there on the grass, we will hold a fuck-in") past other people feeling good because everything was allowed, to the corner of the lot where several hundred people were confronting a line of soldiers, which resulted in beatings and the arrest of several dignitaries. Then people by the thousands began to climb an embankment, flow out into the huge lawn before the front entrance of the Pentagon, and up the broad steps to the main plaza, where soldiers, trembling young M.P.'s, tough U.S. Marshals, and the press were waiting.

Two times I saw the resisters on the verge of revolution, once when a marshal tried to haul out a more vocal protestor and was almost himself pulled back into the mob, where he well could have been torn apart; once when, around 4 pm, the crowd on the steps came to the verge of turning on a hopelessly outnumbered line of soldiers that protected a marshal who was smashing an unconscious demonstrator again and again and again with his club.

Each time there was a quick, fearsome breaking point, and the crowd held back, abandoning its solidarity with the captured, content with letting a Progressive Labor Party man throw beer cans and marbles at the soldiers from four rows back.

The young man who was getting so badly beaten was eventually tossed over a low wall into the arms of waiting marshals, and I followed them up to the vans.

"What's your name? Your name?" I asked. He wasn't interested in anything, temporarily beaten into submission; he and a friend were thrown into a van, one of the marshals coming close to strangling the friend for no apparent reason.

Meanwhile—it was 5:10 in the afternoon—a most unusual scene was taking place on the steps. The crowd and the tension had lessened a little, and the

soldiers in the middle, between the crowds, had more space to point their guns, and a young man with flowers in his hair walked in front of them and stuck flowers into the barrels of the guns. He got away with it at first, and the soldiers pointing their guns for dear life looked impossibly ridiculous with flowers coming out of the barrels. Other soldiers, now alert to the potential embarrassment, yanked their guns away from the threatening flora with ferocious, mechanical gestures, and they looked even more absurd.

To protestors driven to desperation by any and all form of effort to stop the war, this scene may have held some satisfaction. Perhaps it made a few soldiers feel very silly, but they were "in a whole different world," as one young GI who had helped defend the warmakers explained to me two days later during a misty morning encounter at Occoquan prison, where most of the arrested resisters were being held and "processed" before commissioners.

This particular GI made a habit of calling his mother once a week, and what should he have found out on last night's call but that his brother was behind bars for activity at the Pentagon.

"I figure forty per cent of the guys are against the war," he said, "but when you're in the army you're not supposed to have any feelings, which is why I guess I should stop talking to you.

"But lots of guys figure the demonstrators were pretty much right, though they didn't get it across very well; they could be really insulting."

At 5:20 came that rush on corridor seven of the Pentagon, right next to the main entrance. A handful of people managed to make it through, only to find the inside lined with soldiers and MPs, and a few came boomeranging out the door and back into the crowd just in time to join their friends who were being cleaned off the steps by cossack-like marshals.

As more soldiers came onto the scene and things went back under control, the steps leading to the main plaza or "Mall" in front of the Pentagon emptied, and except for a group off at one of the approaches to the left, most of the action took place here.

On either side of the point where the main steps reached the Mall were two, long wooden platforms on wheels. They were known as "low boys," and the Pentagon had put them there for reporters and camera men to stand on. In time, the soldiers pressed closer and closer until a clump of several hundred demonstrators were crammed together between the platforms. It was this group, aided by reinforcements that were allowed to come up the steps, that remained until Sunday night. Off to the left was a bigger area dotted with small bonfires, twenty or thirty people clustered around each, that gradually emptied and had been reclaimed by soldiers by Sunday morning.

As night fell, folk began to burn their signs and leaflets to keep warm, "supply lines" started bringing in water and food, and an angry group over on the left got hit with tear gas, while Pentagon information officers were telling newsmen first that no tear gas had been fired, and later that it must have been thrown by the demonstrators themselves, a story so out of time with what I and other reporters had seen that it almost commanded respect. A long line of soldiers was advancing around one corner of the Pentagon, sheathed bayonets fixed, advancing with a dancelike step and trampling the tearful, stray girls who tried

to block the advance by sitting down in their path.

The situation was becoming more unreal, the kind of thing that set some people to wondering about themselves and the whole world. "Who am I?" asked Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for public affairs Richard Fryklund to assembled newsmen inside the Pentagon at 8:10. Fryklund was asking questions to which he thought the newsmen would like answers. He answered that he was Richard Fryklund.

"Do you know what the situation is immediately outside?" one reporter asked, adding that he was "just curious." Fryklund said he didn't but everyone was "welcome to go outside and look."

The public affairs people were generally most efficient, as when information officer Danial Z. Henkin assembled the press at 12:45 that night to say "I just want to let you know that I'm still here." The deadline for the Sunday papers had long passed and since few reporters were left outside the marshals egged the soldiers toward the low boys, on the first major mop-up of the night. Rifle butts came down on people with that sickening crack-like sound, and the resisters several rows back began to throw things at the soldiers, which made it worse for those up front; they were screaming in fear and anger, and the cry came over the loudspeaker: "medical person needed, medical person needed." A few people cried out to the camera men still stationed on the low boys to keep the lights on, it inhibited the marshals, but they said no, the batteries might wear out, they only report the news, and so it went.

The troops stopped pushing a little around 2 o'clock. The resisters had been forced into a small, roundish area at the head of the steps near the left low boy.

For the rest of that long, cold night and all of Sunday until midnight when the game was up, the soldiers and marshals engaged in a slow war of attrition, carrying people away one by one, without advance notice, fraying everyone's nerves, getting the left-over press mad at the demonstrators for keeping them up and in one case away from the Sunday football game. Many of the people in that small knot of a few hundred believed they were somehow effectively resisting the government, but they were playing at Uncle Sam's discretion. Still, it wasn't easy to stay there all night.

At 1:30 a.m. Sunday morning, the marshals off to the left on the Mall still weren't satisfied, "I'm hoping someone's gonna put their head in the way when I bring this down," one said as he stroked his club. Things were going well at 1:45, real well, even time for fancy maneuvers. *Every fifth man should be going out, four of five should be going in, at safe guard.* At this point a young protestor with long hair and beads around his neck came up to a marshal.

"Can I stay here without being arrested?"

"You'll be told to move," says the marshal slowly, like a cat eyeing a kitten.

"Yaas, you'll be able to get out."
"Good, you sound like a real good guy. One guy messed up a girl pretty bad, but I guess there's some bad ones in each group, it's no reflection on you."

"Yaas," he says with a quiet grin, "yaas, you'll be able to move before someone latches on to you . . ."

Back at the encampment, a speaker is forecasting tear gas, and "we should all stick together because if we can stick it out until tomorrow morning we've won, we've got control, we've beaten them . . ."

At 2:14, someone says that "you soldiers are always welcome to our water," and it worked both ways because several hours later, in the cold and just before dawn, the soldiers emptied their canteens on the mall, and the water ran down into the squatters.

Far away, at the left extreme of the plaza, a pathetic scene was taking place. A Puerto Rican from California had lost his wallet, it had \$225 in it, all the money he owned, and he was pleading with the soldiers, three of whom had leveled their weapons at his chest, to let him back into the liberated zone. He was staring tearfully at a Negro soldier, and he touched his gun in a show of respect.

"Get your damn hands off my rifle."

"How will I get back to California, mannnnn? Mannnnn? . . . Let me have a chance to look for it, I not find it I go back . . . call the FBI, maybe they help me . . . or something, or something. Help me, I help all people. Tell me why it's bad?"

A long pause as he stares soulfully at the black soldier. "Man, I don't work, I can't find it."

The marshal gave an order, the three aimed rifles clicked.

"Go ahead, kill me, why look at me? . . . I leave you my draft card, okay? . . . Before I wanted to go in the army, but now I don't think the army so nice."

He sat down on the ground, and the three rifle barrels followed him. He pressed his head against the Negro soldier's gun.

"Stand back," cried the trooper and shoved hard on his weapon.

The man slowly got up, starting at the soldiers. "You devils, you animals," he said, and slowly walked into the darkness.

"He's lucky he got away," said the Negro soldier. "I was just about to bash him."

Meanwhile, one of the speakers at the main outpost was announcing that "we are standing here resisting the greatest power ever known to man, and we have resisted it for hours and hours and hours. Your humanity does not necessitate that we all go out like sheep . . ."

Then someone suggested that the soldiers were arresting them illegally, and that they ought to arrest the soldiers. A marshal stepped onto a low boy. "Hey, that's the big bomber," yelled a resister, "the one who beat us up this afternoon. Hey, man, we have your picture, we're gonna get your ass someday."

Another hour passed. It was very cold, people were leaving, and a speaker was saying that "it's difficult terrain out there, lots of army out there, it's best not to dribble off . . ."

Inside the press room, a couple of information officers were analyzing the rabble at the gates. The consensus was that they needed defumigators, and one of the more civic minded said he wanted "to give them all a bath."

As the clock ticked on, they covered a range of subjects and displayed all the while a tendency to immediate consensus. "If we could get the goddam tv to be a little more responsible, we could save half our problems," said one amidst general nodding. "I hear this is true of Newark and Detroit; the tv crews staged half the action. If they got somewhere and nothing was doing, they'd get someone to turn a car over and burn it."

As for the Vietnams, "I'd like to take all those punks, put 'em in an airplane, give them a chute—let's be fair about it—and drop 'em over Hanoi."

"They ought to appreciate this country," said a colleague. "They haven't seen anything—Eastern Europe, communist-dominated countries."

"No matter how legitimate it may be, they're being used."

"There are well known communists in the leadership."

Down the endless corridors of the Pentagon, the officer escorted two journalists toward the exit for the parking lot. *You can image what would have happened if five or ten thousand of them had got inside this building. We would have had to hunt them out like fucking rats. Would have been hard, too; he had seen the vanguard of the charge on the doors, the rush toward corridor seven—it was led by this colored boy, man I've never seen such maniacs, he was yelling 'Kill 'em Kill 'em! And he had real long hair, in every direction, like a gorilla.*

At six a.m. a cleaning machine was driving crazily up and down the mall, erasing the scourge of the resisters' garbage. Only 300 resisters were left, the group between the low boys. And it had indeed been a long night.

"Linda!" came an angry yell at a girl huddled in a sleeping bag.

"It's crumbling, people aren't putting up any resistance," someone whispered. ". . . A new social democracy is coming on," said the speaker, ". . . let me ask everyone who is leaving to change their minds and stay . . . please stay, and fight the fucking paratroopers!"

"If you want to use the speaker, use appropriate language!" said someone.

"It's cold" said the speaker, "everyone is cold, we're tired . . ." People were yelling and complaining.

The sun rose, someone read poetry, but when he got to the one about children scared with napalm, the resisters couldn't stand it, they were scared of the soldiers who towered above them.

" . . . residue of jelly"

"No, no, stop it."

The soldiers had pressed closer, and the marshals went through the line and down the steps behind the marchers. They began to smash bottles with their clubs, kick apart the bonfires.

"I'm so proud of you committed . . ."

"Yeah," said a committed to me, "committed to a hospital, you can see it . . . the marshals are coming in, they're all around, God, this is it."

But it wasn't it, and soon two camera crews were back in the bright morning air. A copy of the Sunday Washington Post was passed around, (it underplayed the violence they had seen committed against them) and someone announced that the press would have to end. A speaker got up and delivered a diatribe against the press, but someone else challenged him: "it was bad public relations," he said, "with the press watching"; and they almost came to blows amid various cries of "no, no."

"It's the marshals who are beating us," one girl said. "The army troops are fairly decent and we even gave one a cookie."

As the sun rose and warmth returned to the land, so also the press, and around 11 o'clock the soldiers began to cart away more resisters. "Wow, they even give us erotic show," said one network correspondent as he looked at a couple that had been momentarily abandoned by the soldiers, clutching one another in the middle of the plaza.

"It makes me so sad I want to cry," he continued to a colleague, "sad each time I see one of them go by. These hippies . . . you know, my son is a hippie."

"They just don't understand what's happening, not that there's anything wrong with what they're doing, it's just that they're going to be marked with it for the rest of their lives because that's the

way society is." He had been to Vietnam, he hated communism, those protestors were lucky they were in a free country.

Hour after hour they sat, starting a brief teach-in aimed at the soldiers, listening to girls sing songs. Night falls again, the cold returns. The resisters are more organized now, they have more blankets, they are sitting in neat rows, agreements have been concluded with the General Services Administration that those who go to jail will be carried away gently. Some would rather fight, some aren't sure if they ought to jeopardize their jobs by going to jail, but things are neater, cleaner, more antiseptic.

I went into the Pentagon at 9:15 p.m. to pick up some press releases, and the officers are watching Mums Mayberry, little Sony televisions on their desks. Walking down the halls, photographs of Vietnam veterans who have received the Congressional Medal of Honor, out the front entrance. Lines of soldiers, one to each side made a rigid turn to allow me passage, the steps were brilliant in the floodlight. A thousand hard hats glistened in the cold light, a lonely girl's voice drifted out from where the last cluster of resisters sat, awaiting midnight.

Let me tell you 'bout the times I've had

Time goes slowly by, more songs, *Hey, let's really hear it for the chick*, says a young man, someone claps his hands.

At 11, I went inside again, to watch the news on tv, *(But those there would claim that much of the violence was directed against the soldiers and marshals ordered to stand their ground. Many were struck with rocks, beer bottles, and cans)*, gave up and went outside, where the soldiers were rearranging themselves in complex patterns, and someone was saying on the megaphone, "and make sure we're peaceful as we get arrested, regardless of what the American press with all its distortions says. . . ." The soldiers were preparing to haul the remnants of the resisters away, one by one, despite the counsel of a newsman that they simply hose down the plaza and get the show over with.

At 11:10, several resisters pull out draft cards, while a nearby newscaster helpfully interprets their actions to his audience. "I saw a number of youngsters burn what they said to be their draft cards, but I saw one holding a dollar bill, and another his social security card."

At 11:17, the forces of law and order enter into a set of extremely complex maneuvers and even more complex formations, a partial map of which looks like the Cretan labyrinth in my notebook.

And at 11:29.17, a lt. colonel who looks like Steve Canyon clicks on a microphone, and speaks these words:

The dem-on-strat-ion in which you are par-tic-ipating ennds at midnight. I re-peat, the demonstration. . . . It is enormously cold, the Mall is bathed in brilliant light, the soldiers stationed at their textbook positions.

The ag-ree-ment signed by your leaders and by the General Services Administration ex-pires at that time. All persons who wish to leave vol-un-tar-ly can board busses on the Mall. Those busses will go to the Memorial bridge. Those who wish to take those busses should move to the West end of the sidewalk.

There is a roar in the distance, the military vans parked in the neat rows suddenly start up and drive a few feet forward, making a passage in the labyrinth, and presto! busses come roaring around the side of the pentagon.

Those demonstrat-ors . . . Canyon has assumed a disapproving tone.

. . . . who do NOT leave voluntarily by midnight will be arr-est-ed and taken to a fed-eral de-ten-tion center. Aull dem-on-strat-ors are urged to abide by the permit.

I say to you again,

And he goes through the talk again. Thirty or so resisters chose the busses; haggard, shaggy they crossed through the forces of law and order, immigrants whose number had been called at Ellis Island. It seems to get colder every minute. The light begins to hurt my eyes and my head is coming apart from 60-odd hours of wakefulness.

. . . . federal detention center. We urge demonstrators to abide by the . . .

A reporter and a helmeted officer recognize one another, they clasp hands. They are old friends from Saigon. "Got back in time to make Detroit," says the military man.

"Hey, I was in Detroit too," enthuses the reporter.

"CPM 1 to Baler 19," says a soldier to his walkie-talkie.

"Midnight," cries Steve Canyon. The demonstrators, one by one, are carried from the Mall toward the waiting vans, put in, the doors close, and the vans drive away.

The camera men turn the lights on and film the dense garbage that marks the now freed but once liberated zone, a few soldiers walk around in it, kicking at this and that.



A Profession of History

By Staughton Lynd

Why history? seems to me an altogether fitting and proper question. Those who profess a religious faith recognize that their profession becomes dead unless it is renewed by frequent rediscovery of its reason for being. Accordingly, the religious professor may quest from a first to a second, from a second to a third profession of religious faith during a lifetime's experience of ultimate things.

The man committed to a craft should ask no less of himself. He should frequently inquire what task it was that he chose to perform with this particular set of tools, and he should be prepared to change tools if the task's requirements seem to have changed.

1

I decided to become a historian when I was twenty-nine. I had "taken" (an odd word) no more than two or three semesters of history as an undergraduate. But during a checked and prolonged adolescence in which I did graduate work in city planning, served as a non-combatant conscientious objector in the United States Army, milked cows and made children's toys in a utopian community, and organized site tenants on New York's Lower East Side, I carried about with me two books on history: *The Historian's Craft* by Marc Bloch and *The Idea of History* by R. G. Collingwood.

I liked these books. Bloch's appealed to me because he wrote it as a member of the French Resistance, without the aid of books and papers, shortly before his death at the hands of the Nazis, and because he conveyed a sense of history as a craft: something which had its own tools, which demanded, so to speak, a feel for cloth and leather before one could do it well, a discipline to which a man might apprentice himself.

History as described by Bloch appeared to be controlled by its opaque, objective events and thus to be less prone to arbitrary manipulation and subjective whim than other social science disciplines.

The Idea of History was attractive for the opposite reason. It demythologized the aura surrounding the historical profession by insisting that in the last analysis all a man's mind could know of the past was the minds of other men, so that "history" in fact amounted to rethinking a portion of what human beings had thought before. "Progress," then, was defined by Collingwood as action preceding from thought which had experienced the best of previous thought.

Taken together the two books seemed to me the embodiment of intellectual elegance; the intellectual activity they analyzed appeared solid, and serviceable to strivings toward a better world which mattered very much to me.

When I "went in" to history I began with Charles Beard's interpretation of the United States Constitution. I now think there were two reasons for this choice, somewhat in tension with each other.

At the time, I explained by choice of subject matter on the ground that Beard's was the most important attempt to date at an economic interpretation of American history, and that I was enough of a Marxist

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to find this a logical point of departure.

I began my work as a historian by seeking a local microcosm in which to test the thesis of Beard's *Economic Interpretation Of The United States Constitution*. I have mixed feelings about it now. On the one hand it still makes sense to me that, like any other scientist, the historian should formulate hypotheses and then test them against a restricted range of data, such as what happened in one area or in one man's life. On the other hand I am now more conscious that I selected a range of data which I could be pretty certain would substantiate the thesis I hoped was true. I studied opposition to the United States Constitution in Dutchess County, New York, because Dutchess County had a history of landlord-tenant conflict very likely to be connected with how groups aligned themselves for or against ratification of the Constitution.

The bias involved in my selection of Dutchess County did not necessarily invalidate my findings, but it raised serious question as to their generalizability. I believe this is how bias characteristically operates in the work of other historians, too: not in deliberate mishandling of evidence, but in selection of research design.

The second reason I began with Beard became clear to me only gradually. Beard's work dealt with the American Revolution and its overall meaning. Implicitly and to a certain extent explicitly, Beard asked: were the Founding Fathers activated by abstract ideas and a devotion to public welfare, or were they also motivated by personal economic interests? If the latter alternative was overstated, might it not still be true (as Beard sometimes more sophisticatedly put it) that their view of the public welfare was conditioned by the experience of a governing class in which individual Fathers participated by virtue of their birth or wealth? These questions were important to me because, as one considerably alienated from America's present, I wanted to know if there were men in the American past in whom I could believe.

This is the kind of feeling historians are not supposed to have. Not only did I have it, however; as time went on it increasingly seemed to me more honest to confront my feeling squarely for what it was, rather than pursue it in the guise of research about, say, the curious discrepancy between the portraits of the revolutionary artisan in the books of Carl Becker and Charles Beard.

After graduate school I taught for three years in a Negro women's college in Atlanta, Georgia. Historians are not supposed to be influenced by their personal experiences, but I was, profoundly. Here were students with a greater stake than I in knowing—not just entertaining an interpretation, but knowing—whether the signers of the Declaration were idealists who failed to carry out their full program or hypocritical racists who killed Indians and bred Negroes while declaring that all men are equal. No doubt both answers were "too simple" and the truth was a more complicated third thing.

But what was the truth? I did not know because I had not taken that question with sufficient seriousness to let it guide my own research. Incredibly, my research, like that of Beard, Becker and other Progressive historians, had tacitly assumed that white artisans and tenant farmers were the most exploited Americans of the late eighteenth century, overlooking the one-fifth of the nation which was in chains.

For my Negro students it was almost as important to know the true character of their collective past as to be at ease with their personal histories. One brilliant girl described to me the moment when, looking at the photographs in a collection of slave narratives, she realized, "These were my forefathers." After I conventionally began a survey course in American history with the Pilgrims, another excellent student, who had the courage to expose her personal past by inviting my family to her sharecropper father's home at Christmas, was also brave enough to ask me, "Why do you teach about your ancestors and not mine?" Next year I began the course with the slave ships, only to hear from a third student, "You are teaching me a special history rather than treating me like everyone else."

Willy-nilly I was functioning as therapist as well as historian; in reporting the past turned, whether I wished to or not, into a medium for the discovery of personal identity.

At issue was not whether history, like a lump of dough, can be made into any shape one pleases. The question was rather that if history, like a mountain, can be viewed from many different standpoints, all equally "objective," perhaps it makes sense to approach it from the direction that has most personal meaning to the observer.

Meantime, I was beginning to chafe at the role of observer, no matter how defined. Teaching in the midst of the civil rights movement brought home the aphorism (here slightly rephrased) of Marx's *Theses on Feuerbach*: "The historians have interpreted the world; the thing, however, is to change it."

2

Thus I arrived at a conception of history which has much in common with that of the eighteenth century. Just as Jefferson found virtues to emulate in Plutarch and mistakes to be avoided in the story of republican Rome's decline, so I would have the young person of our own time (supposing history to interest him at all) encounter Jefferson (or Malcolm X) with the question, What can I learn about how to live?

In the nineteenth century this approach to history came to be condemned as moralistic. History, Ranke and his followers maintained, was not a lamp of experience to light the path ahead but a simple record of "how it really happened." Professional historians accepted Ranke's attitude as the definition of objectivity.

But as Carl Becker demonstrated in his *Declaration Of Independence*, the creed of *wie es eigentlich gewesen* presupposed a belief that history "just as it happened" and "the existing social order" were "the progressive realization of God's purpose." The Rankian historian had no need to moralize because what history had achieved already was satisfactory to him. In Becker's paraphrase, "history is God's work, which we must submit to, but which we may seek to understand in order that we may submit to it intelligently." This was objectivity only in the sense that it made man an object of history rather than a maker of it.

It would oversimplify, of course, to suggest that radicals draw lessons from history whereas conservatives are content to narrate it. Among the lessons drawn from history by the Founding Fathers were that economic equality was impossible in a populous society, that democracy was weakened by the growth of commerce, and that, since power followed

property, it would be chimerical to attempt to destroy chattel slavery by political means. These were conservative lessons inasmuch as they inclined the leaders of the Revolution to live with inequities they might otherwise have protested.

Moreover, the most influential Rankian of the nineteenth century was none other than Karl Marx. He too, like Hegel and Ranke, believed that ethical goals need not be imposed on history since they were immanent in it. He too, despite a youthful emphasis on man as historical creator, believed that "freedom is the recognition of necessity."

Accordingly, for someone like myself who was more and more committed to the thesis that the professor of history should also be an historical protagonist, a complex confrontation with Marxist economic determinism was inevitable. I do not pretend to be on the other side of this problem, certainly one of the major intellectual challenges of our time. But I have a few tentative conclusions.

Two recent neo-Marxist statements on the problem of historical determinism and man's freedom to choose are *What Is History?* by E. H. Carr and *In Search Of A Method* by Jean-Paul Sartre. Let me attempt to close in on the problem by following the logic of these two authors.

Carr has been much influenced by Collingwood, whom he describes as "the only British thinker in the present century who has made a serious contribution to the philosophy of history." Carr's book includes such Collingwood-like observations as the following:

The nineteenth century was, for the intellectuals of Western Europe, a comfortable period exuding confidence and optimism. The facts were on the whole satisfactory; and the inclination to ask and answer awkward questions about them was correspondingly weak. Ranke piously believed that divine providence would take care of the meaning of history if he took care of the facts

And again:

The nineteenth-century fetishism of facts was completed and justified by a fetishism of documents. . . . But . . . no document can tell us more than what the author of the document thought—what he thought had happened, what he thought ought to happen or would happen, or perhaps only what he wanted others to think he thought, or even only what he himself thought he thought.

Nevertheless, Carr finds his way back from these iconoclasm not only to a rather conventional view of the historian's craft but also to an orthodox Rankian-Marxist position that ethical judgments of historical events are irrelevant because the events themselves are determined. He does so by means of a most unsatisfactory argument. In the present moment, Carr appears to concede, real choice exists and ethical criteria are therefore pertinent. However, once an event has occurred it should be considered inevitably determined, and one who fails so to consider it must be suspected of wishing it had happened otherwise. As Carr puts the matter:

. . . plenty of people, who have suffered directly or vicariously from the results of the Bolshevik victory, or still fear its remoter consequences, desire to register their protest against it; and this takes the form, when they read history, of letting their imagination run riot on all the more agreeable things that might have

happened, and of being indignant with the historian who goes on quietly with his job of explaining what did happen and why their agreeable wish-dreams remain unfulfilled. The trouble about contemporary history is that people remember *the time when all the options were still open* [my italics], and find it difficult to adopt the attitude of the historian, from whom they have been closed by the *fait accompli*.

With this comment Carr seeks to dispose of what he calls the "red herring" problem of historical inevitability. But in fact I have the freedom to act one way or another, how can I turn around and assert, the moment after I have acted, that I had to act the way I did? To borrow for a moment Carr's own *ad hominem* approach, I am inclined to think that his position is that of the perennial observer, who has never devoted his energies to making his "wish-dreams" real. It cannot be a resting-place for someone called to making history as well as writing it.

Sartre's argument, if I understand it correctly, is similar. Beginning with the assertion that the abstract and schematic character of twentieth-century Marxism made necessary the creation of existentialism if real human experience were to be grasped in its concreteness, Sartre concludes that as a richer Marxism, faithful to Marx's own complexity, develops, existentialism will wither away.

The logic of a Carr or Sartre appears to me to disintegrate in the face of the twentieth century practice of revolutionary Marxists themselves. Every successful Marxist revolutionary has made his bid for power in defiance of what passed in his day for the "laws of historical development." The Russian Mensheviks were right in contending that decades of industrial development were necessary before the Russian proletariat would be large enough to make such a revolution as Marx predicted; but Lenin led the Russian Revolution regardless. The supremacy of willpower and endurance—the so-called subjective factor—to all environmental obstacles was so obviously the key factor in the Chinese Revolution that it has become the defining characteristic of "the thought of Mao Tse-tung." And would any one seriously argue that Fidel Castro's defiant handful in a fishing-boat was the inevitable outcome of historical forces?

The conception of historical causation by Marx (or at least by the later Marx) followed closely Adam Smith's model of the working of the capitalist market. Like the *laissez-faire* entrepreneur, so the actor in the Marxist historical drama could not correctly anticipate the outcome of his actions, for that outcome was the unplanned result of each actor's false anticipations. But the act of revolution is precisely the ability to take purposeful action with confidence that intended consequences can be achieved. The revolutionary transforms not only an oppressive society but the laws of development of that oppressive society. Despite invocation of man's future passage from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom, Marx assigned this happening to the period after a revolutionary seizure of power and hence did not fully appreciate the fact that any revolution—at least as it appears to those who take part in it—requires a decision by individual human beings that they begin to determine their own destinies at whatever cost.

"At least as it appears to those who take part in it" is the heart of the matter. I

have been trying to show that professional historians, whether Marxist or not, tend to view history from the sidelines, to give too little weight to that ethical dimension which is critical only for the man who must make decisions, to regard as historically determined what is merely historically past, and in sum, to do violence to the sense of reality of the historical actor in the present moment.

I hope I will not be misunderstood to believe that there are no "historical forces," that historical causation does not exist, that any one can do anything he wants in history at any time. The point, rather, is that whereas to Marx or Sartre human energy and striving are, as it were, at the service of the movement of impersonal historical forces, for the man trying to make history such forces are merely matters he must *take into account* in attempting to achieve his self-determined goals. The psychotherapist Victor Frankl, who himself lived through the concentration camps, reminds us that in that most oppressive of situations men still retained a significant ability to decide what would happen to them. To say the same thing in another way, men can be beasts or brothers at any level of technological development.

3

How would the work of the historian be different if man's existential freedom to choose became that work's point of departure?

The following are some provisional answers.

1. Historians ordinarily assume that history can better be written about events at some distance in the past than about present happenings. No doubt this generalization holds good for certain kinds of events, such as diplomatic events, the sources for which tend to be kept secret until after the passage of many years. But does it apply, for example, to the history of the common man?

I think not. Anyone wishing to write the history of the post-World War II civil rights movement could undoubtedly write it better now than five years from now, and better five years from now than in 1990. The reason is that the "primary sources" for these events are, by and large, neither written nor secret but rather the memories of individual living persons which will become less accurate and accessible as time goes on.

History as a chronicling of the present tends to be considered mere journalism, a debasement of what proper history should be, because the passage of time is assumed to give "perspective." Without wholly discounting this argument, it nevertheless seems to me to depend too much on the assumption that there is a single causal pattern underlying events—a skeleton beneath the living tissue—which will appear stark and clear in retrospective view.

The historian's first duty, it seems to me, is the sensitive chronicling in depth of the important events of his own lifetime.

2. Whether writing about the recent or distant past, the historian suggests to the protagonist of the present new alternatives for action. Much as, with or without the help of therapists, all of us occasionally look back to our individual pasts to find strength for new beginnings, so with or without the help of historians Americans who wish to change their present society have used the past as a source for forgotten alternatives. The past serves us as a means toward that "frequent recurrence to fundamental principles" which the Virginia Bill of Rights advised.





The difference between this use of history and that which follows from a traditional emphasis on causation may be illustrated with reference to the war in Vietnam. The entire American intellectual community has devoted itself, to an extent which must be without precedent, to becoming amateur historians of this conflict. Nevertheless, after all the books and teach-ins the simple question of "Why Vietnam?" remains almost as obscure as in February 1965.

An economic explanation of American policy is difficult to demonstrate because American investment in Southeast Asia is relatively slight; but no other coherent hypothesis appears to have been offered. As to the motivation of "the other side," no doubt documents presently unavailable would help somewhat. Yet to whatever extent Wilfred Burchett is right in his ascription of the origins of the present war to a series of spontaneous local outbreaks in 1957-1959, one suspects that the participants themselves might be hard put to provide a definitive causal analysis of the interaction of local grievances, National Liberation Front leadership, and encouragement from Hanoi.

Does this mean that the historian has nothing to offer in Vietnam? or even, in view of the misuse of the Munich analogy by the American government, that a solution might more readily be found if the habit of historical argument could be prescribed? I think not. Where the historian could be helpful, in my opinion, is not by deeper but still inconclusive research into the past, but by projecting alternative scenarios for the future.

Considerable experience is available as to the behavior of revolutionary nationalist movements under varying environmental pressures. Without presuming to predict the future, historians might help American policy-makers to be more flexible and imaginative by, so to speak, prophesying a variety of outcomes to the present bloodbath. (Howard Zinn's *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal* exemplifies the use of history I have in mind.)

Thus a second, presently unfamiliar task for the historian would be the projection of alternative futures on the basis of the richness of the experience of the past.

I can delineate the tasks I am recommending to historians more sharply by exemplifying their opposites. Here again, I draw negative examples from radical historians so as to make it clear that the distinctions I propose are not those whereby radicals have traditionally defined themselves.

Some time ago a student of my acquaintance, a member of Students for a Democratic Society, asked me whether I thought he should do graduate work in history. I said I did not know and suggested that John write to several of the young radical historians. He did so, mentioning in his letter to each that I had told him there were others in the field of American history who were much more optimistic than I about "carving out a radical approach to the field that does not get lost in the usual hair-splitting and

inconclusiveness to which the profession is prone."

One of John's answers was from a brilliant young scholar whose particular interest is the history of the inarticulate, as in the work of Albert Soboul, George Rudé, and E. P. Thompson abroad. His letter began:

I think we know about as much about the role of the common man in American history as we would know about Watts if the McCone Commission were our only source. . . . History has been written by elitists who assumed that when the common man acted as he did, he did so for irrational reasons, or because he was manipulated in some way. Much of the excitement of the field to me is that all kinds of good things might have happened that we don't know anything about because of the distortions of history as it has been written.

My own quarrel with this argument is not with its contention that history has been distorted but with its hope that the truth can be restored. Let the reader consider any popular movement of our own day in which he has participated. For instance, take the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964. Half a dozen good books have already been written about it, one a collection of letters by student volunteers, a second narrating in detail a single volunteer's experience, a third in large part composed of documentary appendices. In addition, the event was exhaustively "covered" by press and television. But do any of us who took part in that adventure seriously imagine that anything more than fragments of it will ever be set down in communicable form? Less than three years after the event, who now knows where the idea for a Freedom Democratic Party came from or what really happened at the Democratic Party convention at Atlantic City?

Considerations such as these as to the inevitable inadequacies of contemporary chronicling suggest skepticism about the possibility of recovering "the history" of popular movements in the past. A few handbills is fortunate, perhaps some police records, notices of meetings from contemporary newspapers, the gossip of upper-class letter-writers, very likely fragmentary tax and election records: is it not these we rely on to reconstruct what happened, and are they not infinitely less adequate than the documentary record so inadequate in the case of more recent movements? I know from experience the temptation to fill in the gaps with personal "wish-dreams," and to present the result with a spurious air of finality.

John received a second letter from another outstanding young radical scholar, who said in part:

I probably disagree with Lynd as to what we can do. Politically, neither love nor violence will help us much, because we are beyond politics in the sense that this is a functionally totalitarian country with a liberal rhetoric, and reason and exemplary Christian behavior will not alter the politics of those in power. [But] in purely intellectual terms, radicals have much to do and it seems to me that they can define and analyze the nature of the beast we confront on a much higher level of sophistication and precision than we have up to now.

Is this not quibbling while Rome burns? Is it a satisfactory definition of the scholar's task that he is able to say "I told you so" amid the ruins? Should we be

content with measuring the dimensions of our prison instead of chipping away, however inadequately, against the bars?

4

What, then, should be the historian's craft and the idea of history?

I have made the assumption that what distinguishes the historian from other social scientists is not that he writes about the past, but that he considers things in process of development. "History" and "sociology" are not concerned with different objects; they are different ways of looking at the same object. Hence the historian need not be embarrassed if he concerns himself more with the present and future than with the past.

I have also made the assumption that the historian's business with the future is not to predict but to envision, to say (as Howard Zinn has put it) not what will be but what can be. The past is ransacked not for its own sake, but as a source of alternative models of what the future might become.

Implicit in my discussion has been a third idea, that "writing history" does not necessarily involve "being an historian": in other words, that chronicling and envisioning are functions which might be as well or better done by many persons with part of their time rather than full-time by a few. He who acts as well as watches may acquire kinds of knowledge unavailable to him who watches only. (That the converse is also true is, of course, a commonplace.)

To these fundamental delimitations of the historian's role I should like to add two major qualifications.

Human beings, at least those born into Judeo-Christian cultures, appear to need to formulate a collective past. Presumably, it will always be mainly the job of the historian to respond responsibly to this need, in a way that does not do violence either to the facts of the past or to the human beings of the present. Despite the alleged anti-historicism of the New Left, the need for a collective past is felt with particular keenness today by young people. Many rebellious young Americans have profoundly mixed feelings when they confront our country's history. On the one hand, they feel shame and distrust toward Founding Fathers who tolerated slavery, exterminated Indians, and in all their proceedings were disturbingly insensitive to values and life-styles other than their own. On the other hand, there is a diffuse sense that the rhetoric of the Revolution and the Civil War spoke then and now to hopes widespread among mankind. Thus in November 1965 Carl Oglesby, then president of Students for a Democratic Society, asked an antiwar demonstration gathered at the Washington Monument what Thomas Jefferson or Thomas Paine would say to President Johnson and McGeorge Bundy about the war in Vietnam. Thus in August 1966, when the House Un-American Activities Committee subpoenaed antiwar activists, the head of the Free University of New York issued a statement invoking the Green Mountain Boys and the chairman of the Berkeley Vietnam Day Committee appeared in the hearing chamber in the uniform of an officer of George Washington's Army.

The professor of history is among other things the custodian of such memories and dreams.

My second qualification is that in a macrocosmic sense I believe Marxism is correct in its understanding of where humanity has been and is going. Think of it as a backdrop to the stage on which

historical protagonists play their self-determined parts. It is nonetheless an essential element in the drama. The historian who does not grasp the fact that mankind, whatever else it is doing, is making an agonized transition from societies based on private property to societies which are not, is in my view out of touch with what is happening in the second half of the twentieth century. I hasten to add that these new societies may not be more humane than those they replace. Still, the interesting question of our time will appear to future historians as that one—namely, is a humane socialism possible?—rather than that which presently preoccupies the American psyche, will capitalism or socialism prevail? And, from where I stand, this is ground for hope.

Letters

(Letters should be addressed to the Editors, *The New Journal*, 3432 Yale Station, New Haven 06520.)

Graduate School

To the Editors:

What Michael Lerner apparently forgets in his essay ("Death at an Early Age: Report from the Graduate School," October 29) is that a graduate education, no matter what other goals it may have, is designed primarily to give professional competence in a scholarly discipline. It is therefore by definition "academic." It is also at times tedious. But if a student finds the materials of scholarship "specialized irrelevancies," this may not be a sign so much that they are irrelevant (many people do not think they are) as that the student might do well to look for a new profession.

I agree with Mr. Lerner's assessment of his own essay when he writes, "One person carrying a graduate load cannot make a good survey of what is wrong and what changes should be made." But then what is Mr. Lerner doing for us? The answer is interesting, I think. There is an excess and disorder in his essay that makes what might have been an intelligent critique seem more like a frustrated complaint. Instead of a coherent survey, we have what looks more like a catalogue of grievances. True, many of the criticisms in this essay desperately need to be made and acted on. But Mr. Lerner fails to see that our work in the Graduate School is not necessarily the same thing as our life in New Haven, and he makes the mistake of foisting the dissatisfactions (not to say horrors) of the latter on the former. As a graduate student, I think that with a little wit it is possible to postpone an early death—at least until middle age.

Gerald Allen
Graduate student in English

To the Editors:

I wish that Michael Lerner's "Death at an Early Age" might bring the Graduate School back to life. I wish that the call to work together, to organize across departmental lines and effect real reform might be achieved. I wish the dead could be roused so easily.

But isn't graduate school our just fate? Ever since we were dragged into our first school room we have added to our reservoir of arbitrary facts. We have "made progress," each year advancing to the next grade with more competence because we were more specialized in our interest and hence more sure of ourselves. Now that we have grown up absurd, is there any hope that further academic work will be any less absurd?

Higher education will not be any better until it becomes a truly worthwhile intellectual experience. We must break down barriers between departments and within departments before we can communicate with each other. We must study relevancies before we will have anything to say to each other. For the moment, Mr. Lerner has written the appropriate epitaph for the dead school: "It's merely academic."

Howard Gillette Jr.
Graduate student, American Studies

'Tis Pity

To the Editors:
Mr. Giamatti comes close to the truth in his analysis (October 29) of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* when he says that the "focus was

blurred throughout." The production was, I think, rather bad because of this "blurred focus", and there were two reasons for it. The first is easy, and is to be inferred from Mr. Giamatti's article: Lydia Fisher is quite good as Hippolyta, doing well things which she should never have been asked to do—dying on that precipitous platform being the most outrageous. But what of the so-called "nucleus" of professional actors? The most charitable view is that their presumed talent is obscured by the inept directing. I did not in any case feel that the caliber of the acting was any higher than it ever has been in Drama School productions. The School has always had brilliant technicians and dull actors, in general. But when the students seem to be as good as their professional mentors, what defense is there for the new structure of Mr. Brustein's "conservatory"? All this by way of extension on Mr. Giamatti's commentary.

The second reason for the lack of focus is far more central. In the program we are asked, in effect, to come and watch the new Drama School play a leading role in the advancement of theatrical experimentation. The most annoying characteristic of *'Tis Pity* is precisely the attempt at experimentation. But was there really anything on the stage that we can call new and at the same time important? Are any new steps taken? Was

the last bloody scene, for example, any different from any other portrayal of a last bloody scene? It may seem a small matter, but the staging of such a scene is most difficult. Its only purpose is to clear the stage of actors so the play can end. Mr. Haigh does nothing new here. He seems to believe that the tragedy of the play is all this death on the stage, and he gives us every dull and agonizing minute of it. Surely here is a place for experimentation.

But he relies on the superficialities of scenery, light, and costumes. The stage may look striking, but it has very little real acting area. This fact, combined with Mr. Haigh's lack of imagination in placing his actors, makes for a bad physical experience. The light is full of pretty colors, to be sure, but it is inadequate for illumination in many scenes—there is a dark pocket in the dead center of the stage, under the overhang; Giovanni delivers one of his later speeches from a pointed and precarious box, stage-right, in utter darkness, when a move of two feet would put him in light; and all of the entrances and exits, except those through the central area way, are impeded by steep inclines and are necessarily cumbersome. Finally, the costumes. Period dress has a kind of magnitude which this play needs very badly, and it adds verisimilitude—a necessary ingredient if the viewer is to

extrapolate from the play into his own times. This extrapolation is supposed to be the reason for the "timeless" costumes. In the first place, they are not timeless: they pander to a current fad, most especially in the masque, which seems to be "happening" for its own sake, and not to further the cause of the play. Secondly, they are funny and, being funny, distracting. Thirdly, they are in no way justified by the production. If the words are to be obscured they must be replaced by something else which carries the message. These superficial "experiments" do not do this.

In fact, this experimentation, contributing nothing to the play except irrelevant visual interest, and detracting seriously from a necessary attention to the words, explains Mr. Giamatti's perception of a blurred focus. Behind all of the finery there is really no play at all. I wonder if this is Mr. Brustein's understanding of experimentation?

Jonathan B. Conant
Graduate student, German

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(continued from page 2)

of music theory, who serves as assistant conductor of the orchestra, conducted, and Bruce Myers, a Yale junior, played the solo part. Both clearly knew what they were doing. The second movement was especially effective; this movement is extremely simple in outline and gives neither the soloist nor the orchestra any place to hide their inadequacies. The performance was consistently clean, clear and beautiful and showed both careful preparation and sound musical insight.

It's a shame the concert was so poorly attended. Of course the Whiffenpoofs were singing that night; as this reporter entered Sprague Hall huge crowds of people (most—the parents of "Parents" weekend) were moving down College Street toward Woolsey Hall. Even so, the orchestra should have been able to attract a larger audience than the hundred-or-so people who showed up. The orchestra's difficulty in competing with the Whiffenpoofs is probably symbolic, for in its three years of existence, the orchestra has not yet managed to become a Yale institution.

Part of the problem seems to be a lack of the sort of instant nostalgia on which the singing groups can capitalize, and part seems to stem from the presence of an active Music School at Yale. Yale's musical life must be as intense as that of any school in the country; the variety of excellent free concerts sponsored directly or indirectly by the Music School is amazing.

Nevertheless, the Yale Symphony really

fills a need in the Yale community. Just because Yale has such a great wealth of professional and semi-professional music, amateur music often has a great deal of trouble getting off the ground. Yale's recent changes in admissions policy seem to have created an especially impressive body of undergraduate musicians. Until the Yale Symphony was organized undergraduate musical life at Yale was a strictly ad hoc affair. The orchestra, in addition to providing performing experience for its members, has rapidly become a sort of central clearing house for undergraduate classical music and has increasingly tended to spawn temporary or semi-permanent chamber music groups and chamber orchestras. It has also provided some of the better undergraduate soloists with a chance to play concertos with a real orchestra.

This is not to say that the orchestra is strictly an undergraduate organization. At its first concerts in 1965-66 substantial numbers of Music School students helped out by playing with the orchestra, and although since then the orchestra has more and more been able to rely on a dependable body of undergraduate musicians, many individual members of the Music School, both faculty and students, have maintained a lively interest in the orchestra. Beyond this the orchestra has sought instrumentalists, especially string players, who are students in the graduate and professional schools outside the Music School.

Most of the orchestra's problems, then, seem to depend for their solutions on

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getting the right kind of publicity. Both to attract and hold instrumentalists of sufficiently high caliber and to develop a steady audience require that the orchestra in some sense make the Yale scene. No doubt with the continued enthusiasm of its supporters, combined perhaps with a little official patronage from the ruling clique in Woodbridge Hall, this will ultimately come to pass. In the meanwhile one can only suggest that the Yale Symphony concerts are as interesting as any at Yale and well worth the attention of the Yale community.

—Richard Gordon
Graduate student
in mathematics

Beach Boys

The Beach Boys have done it again. They've come out with another album which has only two good songs, both of which were popular as singles: "Heroes and Villains," and—believe it or not, this is a new album—"Good Vibrations." Aside from these two, *Smiley Smile* (Brother Records ST 9001) is a mishmash. Some titles, such as "She's Goin' Bald," are more fun to contemplate than the songs are to listen to. Most of the songs, notably "Fall Breaks and Back to Winter (W. Woodpecker Symphony)" and "Whistle In," are insufferably repetitious, and banal to boot. On the other hand, "Vegetables" is an amiable nonsense song, and "Gettin' Hungry" is a fair parody. But the Beach Boys have lost their inventiveness; and where once their sound was vibrant, now it is moribund. One's reaction to the album as a whole is like one's reaction to "Wind Chimes" on side 2: at first it seems funny; then it becomes dull, later stupid and inept; and finally it is forgotten.

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Shaw

The Davenport Dramat's production of Shaw's *St. Joan* (October 26 and 27) was another reminder that the main weakness of undergraduate theater at Yale consists in the quality of the casts. The actors, drawn from Davenport and from the local area, did not measure up to the demands the play put upon them. This was especially regrettable in the case of Lois Look, who played Joan. Shaw conceived of Joan as a girl who was simple but who nonetheless had a certain strength of character. Miss Look, a small brunette with braids, radiated tomboyish goodwill, but gave the audience no hint of the magnetic attraction that the real Joan must have had to exercise over those headstrong French barons. The rest of the acting tended to be caricature rather than characterization; (some of this, admittedly, turned out to be very amusing, thanks largely to Nicholas Bellotto, who played the imbecile King.)

Paul Corum, who directed the play, did his best to supplement the acting by peppering the stage with slapstick, caricature and vehemence. This was entertaining, and it might have been successful if the drama of the play consisted in fervid expression of emotion rather than in the tension between opposed ways of thinking. One should always get the feeling that the characters in a Shaw play, no matter what they say, are gentlemen speaking to other gentlemen. The actors in the Davenport production shouted, pleaded, and wept when they should have talked. Thus, by adding more kinetic energy than some of the scenes could comfortably contain, Mr. Corum weakened the drama.

But, in spite of a certain lack of style, the production was splendid entertainment, and drew a packed house the second night it was presented. The pace rarely slackened (in itself a miracle for college dramas), and Mr. Corum showed a fine eye for compositions involving groups of people, paying, at the same time, scrupulous attention to detail. Some of the credit for the successes of the production must go to Lane Halterman who designed the sets and lighting, making excellent use of a few wooden platforms, a few flats, and a few chairs. The various locations were suggested by the projection of semi-abstract designs against the back of the flats. The cast was in contemporary dress, adding to the impact of simple design.

All in all, it was quite an ingenious evening. If acting had been there, it could have been outstanding.

—Paul Malamud

Moon

Dark of the Moon, a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney, to be presented by the Yale Dramat on Princeton and Harvard weekends, is generally looked upon as a mere dramatic curiosity dealing, as it does, with material derived from southern legend and superstition. Actually, it is the culmination of an American playwriting tradition, and is inextricably tied up with the southern literary movement that is represented by Faulkner, Tate, Wolfe and Capote. *Dark of the Moon* is a far lesser work than the works of these men; but its history has a peculiar interest.

In 1918 the North Carolina legislature, recognizing the cultural void in the state, agreed to the founding of a drama depart-

ment at the University in Chapel Hill; this primarily involved the hiring of Professor Frederick H. Koch, who was to create the department, produce plays, and encourage playwriting. Koch had done graduate work at Harvard under George Pierce Baker, who later founded the Yale School of Drama, and was influenced both by Baker's taste in plays and his revolutionary classroom methods (as was Eugene O'Neill, another one of Baker's pupils). Baker had a special liking for the plays of Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory, which drew heavily on Irish folk material. When Koch came to UNC, he encouraged the writing of similar folk plays by his students, whose knowledge of legends, superstitions, and local anecdote necessarily had to provide the raw material for original plays.

North Carolina was then an especially fertile area for such material. In the 17th century, many English peasants who came to settle in the New World passed through the (for them) heavily populated Eastern seaboard, and moved into the small mountain valleys of the Appalachians, in search of new land. Their communities quickly became isolated from the rest of the country, and developed a thickly ingrown body of legend and folklore.

In the 1920's (and even today) these communities remained approximately what they were 300 years ago. In many parts of the mountains people still spoke with a strange accent that was, in effect, a 17th century version of Cockney. Belief in magic was still prevalent—if a farmer wished for better crops, he might draw a circle around himself, abjure the Trinity nine times, put one hand on his head, the other on his feet and say "Everything between my two hands is now the property of the devil."

Not only did people believe in a supernatural other-world, but accepted the presence of supernatural beings in real life. "Conjurmen" and "conjurwomen" were especially feared and distrusted—one's neighbor, or even one's grandfather might turn out to be one of them. Normally, these "people" only spelled or "conjured" folks who had injured or insulted them, making them ill, causing their crops to fail or their livestock to die. Occasionally, when really angry, they would kill or carry off folks.

It was the conjur-people, however, who were especially dangerous. But killing them raised a problem—it could only be done by a silver bullet. One Carolina legend concerns an old Negro who was out hunting with his muzzle-loader, and noticed a red-headed woodpecker on a hollow stump. He shot at the bird until all his ammunition was exhausted, but the bird kept pecking away. Finally, he realized that the bird was actually a conjurman, so he took a dime and dropped it down his barrel. He shot, and the bird fell dead. Similar tales were (and still are) to be found all through the area; several of them seem to lie behind *Dark of the Moon*.

Other sources for plays were local anecdotes, which normally emerged as exercises in local color writing. These, for instance, form the basis of "The Return of Buck Gavin, the Tragedy of a Mountain Outlaw" by Thomas Wolfe, a student of Koch in 1918, and of *In Abraham's Bosom*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for another of Koch's students, Paul Green, in 1926. Green's *Johnny Johnson*, another drama rooted in Koch's folk-play tradition, was given music by Kurt Weill; it was produced here last spring in Jonathan Edwards College.

These plays all take on a certain significance because of the contribution they made to the general literary resurgence of the South in the 1920's, 30's, and 40's. Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* draws directly from the Chapel Hill material. Wolfe's original intention, largely because of Koch's influence, was to become a dramatist; he even went so far as to study with Baker at Harvard, but found Cambridge less stimulating than Chapel Hill and turned to writing novels.

The "Southern Renaissance," which included such figures as Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, collapsed soon after the war; but the folk-movement that was allied to it left behind such monuments (not only in the South) as Wilder's *Our Town*, and Gershwin and Heyward's *Porgy and Bess*. Koch's own monuments are the four volumes of Carolina Folk-Plays he published between 1922 and 1931, and, of course, the Carolina Play-makers, currently celebrating their fiftieth season. (There is also a chance that the Carolina folk-play may be given another start with the off-Broadway production of a new one, Ronnie Umberger's *Amen to a Mantis* later this season.)

Following Baker, Koch had conducted the class "communally": members would bring in plot outlines and scenes for reading and criticism by the class. This became, and still is standard procedure in most universities today. When Howard Richardson, a student of Koch's in the 30's, left Chapel Hill for Iowa State, he not only took with him memories of Carolina legends, but also memories of many of his classmate's plays, and incorporated somewhat more of their work than has been considered prudent in Chapel Hill since. Curiously, in the foreword to the "New Edition" of *Dark of the Moon*, Koch and the Play-makers are not once mentioned, although Richardson's avowed purpose is to tell of the play's origins.

In any case, the play itself is partially based on the Ballad of Barbara Allen and partially on the Undine legend. In the former, a young woman causes her lover to die by refusing to requite his love, then, she dies herself. In the latter, a supernatural being falls in love with a mortal and is changed to a mortal himself on the condition of the mortal's fidelity; the condition is broken, and the unfortunate mortal in question dies.

Around these plots, Richardson has placed a series of anecdotal scenes of the mountain folk, and filled the whole with folk-songs, dances, and proverbs, all of which give the play much of its life. He has hit the speech idiom amazingly well, and the play is produced frequently in the South. *Dark of the Moon* is probably the Carolina folk-play, and, although not "great drama," it is pleasant, amusing, and very entertaining in production.

—Dewey R. Faulkner
Instructor in English

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