

The New Journal

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"C'mon Joe," they would say to him. "A few of the jokes, maybe yes, but not the whole hook. You don't have that kind of tragic sense."

BULK RATE
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Oath

The Philosophy Department is currently refusing to accept National Defense Education Act Fellowships. Though the action was taken in the spring, it has thus far received no public notice.

The decision to reject funds under the NDEA, the largest government grant program to graduate students outside the sciences, is based on two requirements of the fellowship. First, an applicant must list all crimes for which he has been convicted or for which charges are pending. Secondly, he is liable for criminal prosecution if he is a member of an organization that has been ordered to register by the Subversive Activities Control Board.

The Philosophy Department made its decision after receiving a letter from the chairman of Cornell's philosophy department, Norman Malcolm, who urged all philosophy departments to refuse NDEA funds and to encourage other departments to follow. In a meeting last spring, the Yale department voted not to accept NDEA fellowships for this academic year.

The main objection within the department centered on the statement of crimes. Since an applicant could be denied an NDEA Fellowship for a crime with which he is merely charged, but not yet convicted, the department considered this a violation of individual liberties, and especially discriminatory against student activists and civil rights workers. "Almost anyone who does any civil rights work has some crime pending," said Robert Fogelin, associate professor of philosophy and one of the leaders of the anti-NDEA movement.

Neither could the faculty accept the criminal liability of an applicant who is a member of an organization officially considered subversive. The list presently contains relatively few organizations, but "Lord know what's going to crop up on that list," Fogelin argued. "The thing about lists is they tend to grow."

While nearly all members were opposed to the conditions of the NDEA Fellowships, debate within the philosophy department hinged on tactics. Fogelin argued fervently for formal rejection of the funds. "We should resist now while we still have a chance of controlling the steps," he said. "The whole drift seems to be in the direction of government support, and in ten years all our students may be on some kind of government grant. In ten years a university won't be able to resist."

Director of Graduate Studies Rulon Wells was one of the few who opposed the motion, and argued that it was "quixotic" simply to refuse NDEA Fellowships.

"I'm lukewarm about protest gestures for to my mind the aim is to get things

done, not let people know how you think," said Wells. Rather than rocking the boat he favored working through the Yale administration, and Graduate School Dean John Perry Miller, who was working to change the NDEA laws through Washington lobbies.

Most of the faculty, however, agreed with Fogelin and voted not to accept NDEA Fellowships for this academic year. Though NDEA Fellowships are voluntary and a student can decline it and accept instead a Yale fellowship, the NDEA Fellowships are more generous. As stated in the department's explanation of decision, written by the Acting Chairman John E. Smith, "even if an individual student to whom such a fellowship is offered would be entirely on his own in accepting or in declining to accept the offered fellowship, the Department should not support a program which places any student in this position."

The NDEA Fellowship program at Yale, however, went virtually unaffected by the philosophy department's lone decision. Since the Yale Graduate School applies for NDEA funds as a whole and then allocates it among its departments, NDEA money originally intended for philosophy was given to another department, and funds from other areas were in turn channeled to philosophy.

For this reason, the philosophy department wants the question of Yale's participation in the NDEA program to be brought before the Graduate Faculty as a whole. The total number of NDEA Fellowships at Yale has remained unchanged. There are still 220 graduate students receiving NDEA funds. In a letter to the Chairmen and Directors of Graduate Studies, the philosophy department said, "We realize that the amount of fellowship funds available for our department is dependent to an extent on the fact that some Departments accept NDEA Fellowships, and that we are thus *ipso facto* involved in the NDEA program." If any departments accept NDEA funds, all departments are involved.

If tradition is the guiding light of Yale's actions, then the university as a whole must confront this issue. For, when the NDEA was first passed by Congress in 1958, Yale, under the direction of A. Whitney Griswold, withdrew from the program because it contained a particularly distasteful loyalty oath. With Yale as one of the main lobbying forces, this loyalty oath, known as the "disclaimer affidavit," was repealed in 1962 and Yale chose to accept the other stipulations and re-entered the program.

Although the increasing tempo of war protest has made the problem ever more urgent, the rest of the Graduate School has reacted with glacial speed. Only six departments have even written replies to philosophy's request to bring the issue before the Graduate Faculty, and Dean Miller says, "There's been very little discussion."

—Jonathan Lear

Berger

In the admissions office propaganda film, *To Be A Man*, there's a quick transition from Robert Penn Warren, who has just asked, "What is beauty?" to a Yale student describing a luncheon with an unnamed professor.

"He was great," the student (more or less) says. "We talked about the course work, but then we got around to me, to what I'd be doing next year, and he was really interested."

The unnamed professor is Harry Berger, who says of himself, "What I do is teach poems. It's recreative."

Berger, compact, energetic, moving quickly but not abruptly, came back to Yale last week for the first time in two years to deliver a Bergen Lecture on *The Tempest*. Berger first came to Yale in 1941 as a freshman, continued on into the Graduate School, and then taught English here until 1965 and a tenure crisis: there were five men and four positions, and Berger left for the new University of California campus at Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz, midst the redwoods on Monterey Bay, represents California's attempt to humanize the multiversity. It's organized into a series of semi-autonomous colleges. Two have been built so far, each with about 600 students and 40 faculty fellows. The campus, programmed for intercollegiate, has neither fraternities nor inter-collegiate athletics. Berger, a fellow of Cowell College, the first to be built, was also responsible from 1965 to 1967 for hiring English professors for the entire campus. "I hired three Yale Ph.D.'s," says Berger. "The Chancellor thought I was stacking the place. He was right."

Berger likes Santa Cruz, "The kids are very bright," he says. "The ones with the right motivations applied in the first place. But it's so different from Yale, which is a glamorous, alien environment you have to cope with. At Yale the students are more efficient, like captains of industry. In California, everything is so homogeneous, and the kids are a little more innocent. They're eager to learn, but sometimes they come to Santa Cruz expecting a dreamboat of an education. They don't know how hard you have to work to get anything out of anything."

The core courses are taught within each of the colleges. Berger started a core course in literature (as opposed to English), the theory for which he had worked out in his head at Yale. It's based upon the notion of "Speaker/Thing Said": it operates on a continuum, with first-person lyric poetry (suitable to Empsonian-style New Criticism) at one end, and straight narrative at the other end. The course is organized around the question: "What is it to say?"

Berger is avoiding, however, generic approaches, which he considers useful only for historical criticism, to determine what a writer thought he was doing.

"Genres are critically useless," he says. "Northrop Frye keeps making the same mistakes with archetypes. He looks at all works from a middle distance and can't see the differences in each work. He also assumes a common acceptance of the reading of works, which isn't true."

Berger believes the college system at Santa Cruz promotes more of a sense of a community of scholars than it does at Yale. "An anthropologist and a marine biologist and I talk about what we're doing and we find we have a fund of common ideas hanging there. We all use them. But, of course, Freudian notions are used one way in literature and another way in anthropology."

In some ways, Berger has also discovered that he's a conservative. "Some

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The County That Made Ronald Reagan Possible

By Michael Mandelbaum and Steven Weisman

MICHAEL MANDELBAUM, a senior in Yale College, from Berkeley, Calif., is writing his senior essay in political science on Orange County. He spent the summer there doing research. **STEVEN WEISMAN**, a Yale senior from Beverly Hills, Calif., has lived in Orange County and worked there one summer as a newspaper reporter. He has also written for The New York Times and the Wall Street Journal. This is his second appearance in The New Journal.

Ronald Reagan is governor of California, an undeclared Presidential candidate, and soon to be a Chubb Fellow at Yale. How is all this possible? A significant part of the answer resides in Orange County, which lies in the sun just south of Los Angeles.

Independence Day came early this year to Orange County. Since the California Angels were playing on the night of Tuesday, July 4th in Anaheim Stadium, the traditional (i. e. second annual) "Glorious Old-Fashioned Independence Day Fireworks Spectacular and Pageant" was moved back to Sunday night, July 2nd.

Fortunately, the mayor of Anaheim had discovered that the Declaration of Independence was actually adopted by the Continental Congress on July 2, 1776, although not signed until two days later. Thus, their sense of history heightened, ten thousand patriotic families climbed into their cars in nearby Tustin, Garden Grove and Costa Mesa and drove up the Sant Ana Freeway to celebrate "Declaration of Independence Adoption Day."

It was a curious show. Produced by Tommy Walker, former entertainment impresario at Disneyland (where he created "Fantasy on Parade" and "Fantasy in the Sky"), its first part owed more to Ted Mack and His Amateur Hour than to Thomas Jefferson. Fire house bands blared, performing dogs cavorted around the pitcher's mound, and a French daredevil careened high over the stands on a wire suspended sixty feet above the infield.

A precision drill team clicked and stomped on to the field. They were followed by the Orange County Liberty Chorus and several military color guards, representing each branch of the armed forces. A red convertible carried Miss Liberty Belle, a blond would-be actress, and the Grand Marshal, a marine just off the plane from Saigon.

The marine was greeted on the speaker's platform at the first base line by the

evening's host, Marvin Miller, a television performer ("The Millionaire") and movie actor with considerable experience in the Orient himself ("The Shanghai Story" and "Peking Express").

After a few words from the marine ("Ah shore wish all the boys over in Vet Nahm could be here") the audience rose and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with great vigor.

The parade drained away into the dugouts and then the main attraction: a series of special fireworks displays, a "Super Pyrotechnic Spectacle Sublime" with the theme "In Pursuit of Freedom." The *son et lumiere* traced the thread of American history, beginning with the Mayflower and the determined, persevering words of the Pilgrims. The scene shifted to Independence Hall, to the high seas, where John Paul Jones won big, then to Abraham Lincoln in his hour of trial.

The *Lusitania* sank in a shower of sparks, and World Wars I and II were fought in five colors. Franklin D. Roosevelt said that the freedom won in these battles must be preserved and protected with vigilance. Finally, the Statue of Liberty, symbol of the pursuit of freedom, appeared and illuminated the scoreboard with a harsh glow. "We are proud," boomed Marvin Miller, "that we are a free people, and that we are Americans."

The program, however, was not over. The final moment belonged to an individual, a deceased "Great American" to whom Dwight D. Eisenhower had recorded a message of tribute. As the former president's voice echoed through the stadium, huge sparks flew out of the right field bull-pen and up into the summer sky, outlining the face of Orange County's addition to the patriotic legacy descending from the Pilgrims—Walt Disney.

In early Fall of 1966, the voters of Orange County (the home of most of the people who filled Anaheim Stadium on

July 2, 1967) received in the mail a speech recorded on a small vinyl plastic disc. The voice in the recording was flat in tone, but clear, forthright and resolute. It was without ambiguity, like a problem in simple addition.

"My fellow Californians," it began, "this is Ronald Reagan. 1966 is the year of decision for all of us. It's the year when we must decide if our state will go on to greatness in our progressive tradition, or whether it will level to continued mediocrity and the tired, outworn policies of a machine—run by hacks, cronies, incompetents and buyers and sellers of favors. This is the year when Californians of both parties must decide whether they are willing to settle for big brother government, big brother in Sacramento, where the governor has no confidence in the people, and big brother in Washington, where the administration has no confidence in the governor.

"Our country is made up of ordinary citizens, and I have a deep and abiding belief that our Founding Fathers made it to be run by ordinary citizens. . . . The men and women of California are capable of self-government. . . . A new governor would insist on the right of the community to pass laws enabling them to deal with their particular problems. He'd take action to halt the rising crime rate and the rising cost of welfare.

"Vote for me if you believe in yourself; if you believe in your right to determine your own destiny, make your own decisions, and plan your own life."

Over seven out of ten of the residents of Orange County believed in themselves strongly enough to vote for Ronald Reagan. Like a medieval monarch, Reagan is both symbol and defender of the faith of the county; that faith is conservatism, rooted in suddenly and independently acquired prosperity, and the beliefs about America and the world to which that prosperity gives rise. The overwhelming

support he received in Orange County, and other areas which share its faith, carried the former actor into the California statehouse in 1966, and on into the contest for the American Presidency in 1968.

One way to understand the phenomenon of Ronald Reagan is by exploring the political culture of the 800 square mile county that made him possible.

"The important thing to know about Southern California," Harvard's political scientist James Q. Wilson has written, "is that the people who live there—who grew up there—love it. Not just the way one has an attachment to a hometown, any hometown, but the way people love the realization that they found the right mode of life."

With its semi-tropical climate, 2500 acres of public beaches, its boat harbors and its booming economy, the county has become the fastest growing area in the country. Once a great expanse of orange trees and agricultural communities, it is now urban sprawl—freeways, shopping centers and tract homes—key real estate in the megalopolis that spreads from Santa Barbara south 200 miles to San Diego along the Southern California coast. Between 1950 and 1966, Orange County's population increased 500 percent, from 216,000 to over 1,200,000.

Almost everybody in Orange County has a well-paying job, either as a white collar worker or as a highly skilled technician with General Dynamics, North American Aviation, Autonetics, or any one of the many aerospace firms in the county. Everyone owns or is paying for his house, most in large commercial tracts, heralded by highway billboards announcing such messages as "When You're Here, You've Arrived."

Two cars are a minimum; pleasure boats are common. In fact, people in Orange County spend more money on more things than practically anyone else in America. Furniture, for example, is often purchased by the roomful, rather than in individual pieces. The area is the shopping center capital of the world. There are more supermarkets along Harbor Blvd. in Costa Mesa than in all of New Haven.

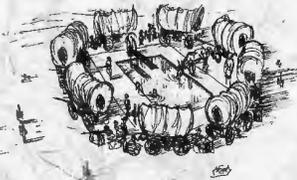
Le Corbusier, the architect, could have been thinking of Orange County one night at a New York dinner party, when he took his napkin and on it sketched a square. He then drew a rectangle in the lower left-hand corner for a door, a window in the upper right, and a string of smoke emerging from a chimney on top. Handing the sketch to his dinner partner, he exclaimed: "Voilà! The American Dream!"

Orange County is for its residents the fulfillment of the American Dream. The governor typifies their way of life: prosperous, independent, clean. One result is an energetic kind of civic pride. It was a great day for the county, for instance, when in 1963 the Bureau of Census officially designed it a "Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area," distinct from Los Angeles. Two years later the Anaheim Stadium was constructed and the requisite major league baseball team arrived shortly thereafter.

Related to the achievement of the American dream are suggestions of the American frontier, with its rugged individualism. There is also a trace of anxiety, a concern that the Dream may be ruined by the intrusion of alien forces.

Orange County is literally a frontier. Until recently, most of its land was par-

celled among a few large ranches, which came originally from Spanish land grants. Over 60,000 acres of the Irvine Ranch (second only to Texas' King Ranch in size and wealth) is still used for agriculture. In the last few years, however, the developers have carved out entire towns—even a branch of the University of California—on the rolling hills where cattle used to graze.



"Frontierland," one of Disneyland's main attractions, serves as a metaphor for the ideal life-style Orange Countians admire. Assembled there is Hollywood's version of the frontier: shooting galleries, the Mark Twain paddle-wheel steamer, pack mules, keel boats, Indian war canoes, and a frontier trading post.

Even more representative of this kind of nostalgia is Knott's Berry Farm, not far from Disneyland. Knott's Berry Farm, where the asphalt sticks to your shoes like chewing gum on a hot August day, was the area's first tourist attraction. It is today the spiritual heart of Orange County.

Walter Knott has constructed there not only an Indian trading post, but also a covered wagon camp, a Calico gold mine, an operating stage coach route and an imitation ghost town. Each day, visitors can see a real live shoot-'em-up gunfight on the streets of the Old West.

Knott erected these replicas on land where berries once grew; he did it with proceeds from the sale of Mrs. Knott's old-fashioned strawberry jam, which still sells widely. The family venture itself is an example of self-made success.

The rugged individuals who populate the area, like their mythical forebears, are not bound by social convention. Only in Orange County can traffic violators appear in municipal court shoeless or shirtless, taking time out from the beach, and be received by the judge with equanimity.

There are several manifestations of individualism. The media is geared to personalities, like the abrasive Joe Pyne, who hurls epithets ("Go gargle with razor blades") to the parade of victims who appear on his weekly television talk show.

The Pacific Ocean is part of another kind of individualism. Surfing and boating are popular partly because they represent a confrontation between man and nature. Legions of young people travel with their boards to take the big waves, or to test their body surfing skills at "The Wedge," in Newport Beach, where it has not been uncommon for swimmers to emerge with broken arms and legs. A few have been killed.

As with the pioneers on the frontier, survival and success depend upon the skill, ingenuity and daring of the individual. The logical extension of this attitude is the fundamentalist capitalism which predominates in the county. The most prominent and most extreme advocate of this position is the *Santa Ana Register*, which is well to the right of Adam Smith. The largest newspaper in the area, emanating from the

county seat itself, it is part of a chain of "Freedom Newspapers," owned by R. C. Hoiles, an archconservative octogenarian who might almost be classified as an anarchist.

Not only does Hoiles object to government financing of schools, he believes that it should not even provide fire protection: that task is better left to privately-owned insurance companies. The enormous and widespread prosperity of the area, seemingly achieved individually, makes this philosophy of pristine laissez-faire attractive to the citizens of Orange County. It is validated by their own experience.

With all their concern for old-time individualism, the settlers of the Orange County frontier are citizens in exile. They sense that they are cut off from their roots, and compensate by a concerted super-Americanism. The county is reminiscent of the British communities in the overseas colonies, whose members drank more tea, played more cricket and were generally more English than anyone at home.

In the same way, coffee shops in Orange County proclaim adherence to "the principles of Americanism," gas stations fly the Stars and Stripes, and the Pledge of Allegiance is chanted at every opportunity. There is also a great interest in the Revolutionary War period of American history, and the interest extends beyond the rhetorical invocation of the Founding Fathers. The pride of Knott's Berry Farm is a brick-by-brick replica of Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

Part of the tour of the hall is a recorded re-enactment of the debate over the proposal to declare independence in the Second Continental Congress in a facsimile of the room where it took place. The debate sounds familiar. It is carried on in the terminology of today's controversy over Viet-Nam. The "nervous nellys" who oppose a forthright stand for independence whine for a "limited war," and a "negotiated settlement." The bold visionaries on the other side insist that compromise is impossible, and urge "support for our boys who are in the field fighting."

Thus it is clear that the Founding Fathers would have agreed with the citizens of Orange County on Viet-Nam, just as they would have agreed on Medicare, welfare and active government.

Easterners (and particularly Northern Californians) are scornful of the political ideology of Orange County, which seems to them Blimpish, priggish, reactionary in the worst sense, and dangerously oversimplified. Perhaps so. On the other hand, the politics of the county can be justified on the basis of its collective experience. By the simple act of moving to California, the people there have attained the Good Life. Therefore it follows that anyone of enterprise, no matter what his background or color, can attain it—and anybody who doesn't is inferior or lazy.

And this Good Life was achieved with absolutely no assistance from the government. Therefore, the government is little more than a group of self-serving hacks, as Ronald Reagan observed, who have no right to claim a share of the prosperity, especially not for the purpose of redistributing it among loafers. Any challenges to this way of life—communism or its hand-maiden, big government—must be resisted. The Good Life, above all, was achieved by the American Way, which originated somewhere around 1776, and was cultivated on the frontier during the 19th century.

The political faith of Orange County,

then, is not complicated. Prosperity is achieved by the efforts of the individuals, in a society free of government fetters. Americans must protect this freedom, otherwise the prosperity may disappear. Ronald Reagan, who believes this, has been chosen as Protector.

But this view of the world is not without flaws. The attitude that Orange County's prosperity is independent of government intervention is not true. It is the government which has subsidized the aerospace companies, built the freeways, educated the children, sponsored four large military installations which fuel the county's economy, and brought water in from the north and east to irrigate the land.

Further, the world-wide view of these citizens is unabashedly superficial. The capsule creed of Walter Knott, which is prominently displayed in his Freedom Book Store, is: "We oppose Communism, Nazism, Fascism, and all other forms of Socialism."

And finally, Orange County has become a disturbing fulfillment of the American Dream. When everybody has a Le Corbusier dream-house in the suburbs, and when everybody has his own car and can go anywhere he pleases, the result is a huge ticky-tacky residential sprawl, with no organizing pattern, and no center city. This sprawl is laced with freeways, where every day hundreds of thousands of Americans speed along in isolated, alienated, hypnotic, frenzied equality. Ronald Reagan has become the political expression of this way of life.

The waking world has a way of intruding on dreams. Most of the population now lives north of the Newport Freeway, which bisects Orange County. They occupy homes built between 1950 and 1960, which can be expected to deteriorate rapidly ten or fifteen years after construction. Rather than pay the high cost of repair, residents are likely to travel south, where extensive residential development is already under way. The dilapidated houses which they leave can probably be sold only to low income groups, groups to whom better housing is not available—to Negroes. Orange County, which voted 78 percent against fair housing in 1964, may contain, within the next few years, another Watts.

One day last summer, residents of Newport Beach, their eyes irritated to tears in a way they had never expected, sensed that change was in the air; dirty, wispy brownish clouds, never before seen in the area, were floating in the sky, moving slowly down from the Los Angeles basin into Orange County. The sun was still warm, the blue waves rolled in as steadily as ever, and the beaches were no less crowded. But for the first time, smog, resulting from the noxious gases released into the air by the cars and factories of modern society, had come to Orange County.

It was only a few days later that three well-scrubbed boys stood by Main Street in Disneyland watching a Chaplinesque "Disneyland Sanitation Department" worker shovel a yellowish-brown mound, a souvenir from a horse who had passed by earlier, into his cart. Two of the boys winced, grimaced, groaned, held their noses, and generally showed a militant disdain for the animal's excrement. The third, however, reacted differently. He was incredulous. He stared, and stared, and stared at the disappearing pile. In Disneyland? He just couldn't believe it.

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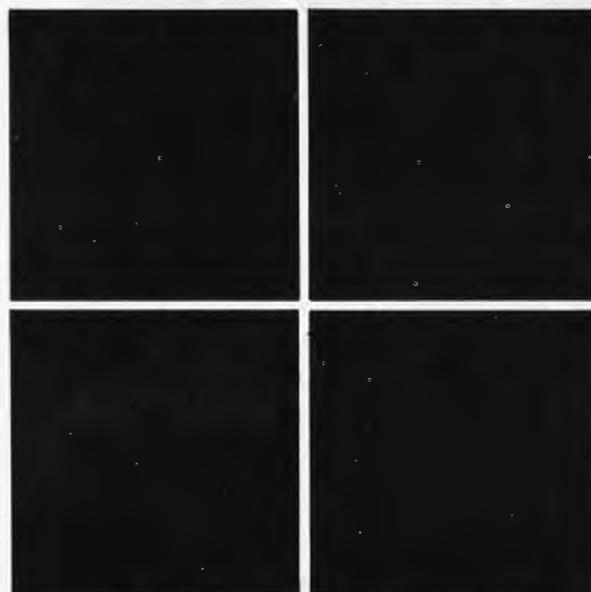
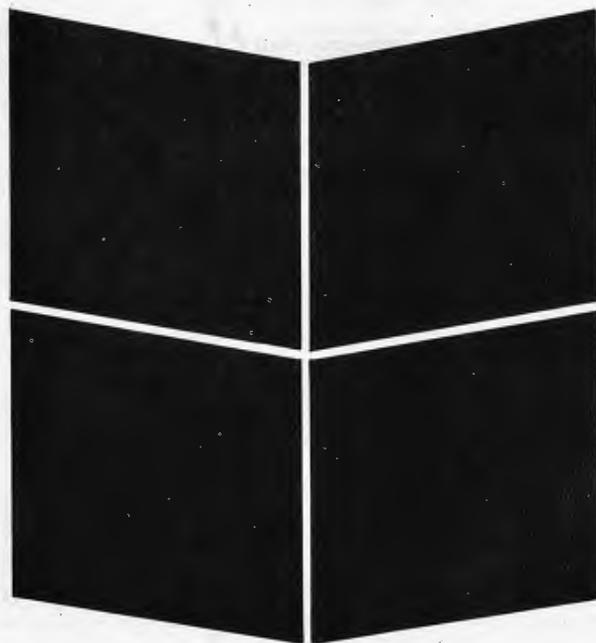
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Two late masterpieces by Fritz Lang

Wednesday, November 29
RANCHO NOTORIOUS (1951)
Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer

Lang's stark offbeat western, a grim tale of "hate, murder and revenge," is one of the great director's most intense and relentless films.

Yale Film Society

Thursday, November 30
THE THOUSAND EYES OF DR. MABUSE (1960)
Gert Frobe, Peter Van Eyck, Dawn Addams

Lang's last and greatest film, never officially released in this country, is an eerie compendium of black magic, remote control television, crime rings, sleep-walking agents, a huge hotel once used by the Nazis to spy on foreign diplomats, and perhaps the most brilliant editing in the history of film.

"C'mon Joe," they would say to him. "A few of the jokes, maybe yes, but not the whole book. You don't have that kind of tragic sense."

By Susan Braudy

"I believe that Joseph Heller is one of the most extraordinary talents now among us."
—Robert Brustein, 1961

"I like a lecture that mentions *Catch-22*."
—Yale Freshman, 1967

"I had lunch today with Joseph Heller. You know what he talked about during lunch. Lunch. He talked about lunch," said a graduate student. "Orange drink at Yale. Either that guy is wearing a mask or else he didn't write that book."

"Joseph Heller, an easy-laughing man," was the way *Vogue* magazine saw Heller a year after *Catch-22* was published. *Vogue* held a manicured finger to the fashion winds and called Heller a new trend in fashion, along with the high-waisted dress and the overblouse.

But Heller doesn't laugh easily and he did write *Catch-22*. When Heller, the master of tragi-comic farce, laughs, he sounds only obliging. It's as though he were reading, hahahaha, from a script of the conversation.

When he writes, Heller uses humor to lure his audience into unexpected confrontations with a tragic truth. Suddenly the immediacy of your laughter brings you face to face with man's vulnerability. But in real life Heller uses his humor to keep people from looking too closely at him and, more important, to defend himself from the truths he too easily sees.

"Of course he's masked," says a close friend of Heller's. "He'd be an open wound otherwise. There's nothing arty about Joe's mask, either. He's often mysterious because he's so plain."

"Today's Rosh Hashanah, a religious holiday, right? No classes on Rosh Hashanah. So what're you doing here?"

Heller greets the playwriting students waiting for him in the gloomy hall of the Drama School annex. He sees he is the only one enjoying his joke. He laughs loudly and shifts his gum massage stick from the side to the front of his mouth.

"All right, you convinced me. We'll have our class."

This semester Heller is teaching a graduate playwriting seminar and an undergraduate creative writing class at Yale, while the Drama School is producing his new play, *We Bombed in New Haven*, which opens December 4.

Heller is a thick and handsome 44. He looks like he might have made a lot of money publishing popular art books in New York. His face is large and fleshed out, but not fat. His large brown eyes seem to stare directly inward as well as outward. He looks prosperous.

Despite the expensive navy or green blazer, the striped shirt and tie, Heller looks tough. Maybe it's the Stim-u-dent toothpick that hangs out of the side of his mouth. Maybe it's his graying curly hair long in the back and in the sideburns, but slicked back from a widow's peak. It could be his broad shoulders or the slight swagger in his walk. The effect is exotic for Yale, but not for the Drama School.

Twenty years ago *Esquire* printed a Heller short story along with a picture of Heller, 24 years old, a junior Phi Beta Kappa at NYU, married, and the owner of a good conduct medal from the war.

In *Esquire's* picture, his large nose and

SUSAN BRAUDY, the wife of Leo Braudy, a member of the English Dept., does free-lance writing.

eyes sit uneasily on a dark, skinny face. He looks scared and underfed. Like most pictures, if you stare at it long enough, the eyes seem to stare directly outward and directly inward at the same time.

"Listen, you're crazy," a tired Heller rubs the back of his neck in the New Haven railroad station. "You've over-researched this article. What do you want to work so hard for? Next time you write an article, take my advice, hand the guy 20 questions and a tape recorder, and that'll be your article."

Heller had agreed to let me interview him on the train back to New York after his Thursday classes. I started to leave him to buy my ticket. "Better take your notes with you," he said, "or I may burn them. Who would be interested in all that junk about me anyway?"

Heller has a thing about money. He enjoys talking about it. A few years ago Heller and Edward Albee were both guests at a small dinner party. Albee wanted to talk Art. But he never got the chance. Heller spent all evening talking about taxes.

"My generation was oriented to the Depression," Heller once said. "When I was in school, we all wanted to get out and make a good living. Today most students do not know what they want to do. They only know what they *don't* want to do—go to war."

In the dining car of the train, Heller begins, "I'm probably going to fall asleep before I can answer any of your questions. Tell me again why you're writing this article. Somebody must be paying you a lot of money to ride into New York with me. You're probably crazy."

He leans across the table and whispers, "If you sit here in the dining car, sometimes you can get a free ride."

Interviewer: "What did you hope to accomplish by writing *We Bombed in New Haven*, Mr. Heller?"

Heller (rolls his handsome head and sighs to the ceiling before he puts a fresh Stim-u-dent in his mouth. He talks like the guy eating at the delicatessen after Saturday morning golf.): "What else, I wanted to make a million dollars."

Interviewer: "No, really."

Heller: "All right. Right now I want to make every woman cry and every man feel guilty when he has to go home and face his sons. What can fathers do about Viet Nam?"

(Heller pauses and says with emphasis) "You ask what did I mean to accomplish. I meant to write a very good play."

The Resistance has bought tickets for the play to aid the movement against the war. Heller predicts that, if things continue as they are now, in six or eight months 100,000 Americans will be under indictment for breaking laws in draft protests. "This could end the war. They can't put everybody in jail."

Heller believes this war is different from World War I. World War II, he believes, had to be fought.

A little over a year ago, *Holiday* sent Heller (and his wife and two children) back to the air base in Corsica where most of his war, World War II, took place. From there, Heller had flown missions as a wing bombardier.

But Corsica was no longer the place his war had been. His war was over and gone, and he saw that even his travel-weary, ten-year-old son realized it.

"What the grouchy kid didn't realize though was that his own military service was still ahead; and I could have clasped him in my arms to protect him as he stood there, half hanging out of the car with his sour look of irritation."

In *We Bombed in New Haven*, Captain Starkey must personally induct his son into the army. Starkey always does what he is told. He fits into the system, and the system destroys him.

Heller never read Pirandello, but Pirandello's spirit is in the play. The characters are both actors and soldiers at the same time. Their parts and their lives as soldiers are controlled by an existing script that they have read and by a metaphysical script to which only the Major has access.

When another character refuses to die, as the script dictates, the Major is not surprised. Because he has the ultimate script, the Major knows how this man must ultimately die.

One of Heller's playwriting students remarked on the relevance of the play metaphor. "Most guys think they'll go in, play the role of the soldier for two years, and then come back and pick up where they left off. They don't think: go in, play soldier, and be killed. If they knew what Heller's characters know about their own deaths, they wouldn't take it so lightly."

The Drama School publicity people asked Heller if they could advertise the play as a comedy. Heller said no. Even though, he says, if you call it a comedy, more people will probably buy tickets to see it. But Heller uses comedy and satire for other ends. There are many jokes in the first act of the play. But early in the second act, a soldier says, "There'll be no more laughing tonight", and the play moves swiftly to its tragic conclusion.

Heller (showing no signs of falling asleep as he eats his chicken dinner in the dining coach of the New York train): "I know what you can write about. I'll give you the anecdote about how I happened to write the play."

Heller was born in Coney Island in 1923. In *Show* magazine, he wrote: "Coney Island is beautiful to children and ugly to adults, and, in this respect, it is often typical of life itself."

After graduating from Abraham Lincoln High School in 1941, Heller went to work as a blacksmith's helper in the Norwalk Navy Yard, though at the time he was too skinny to lift a sledge hammer.

He enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1942, a few months before he would have been drafted. Like Yossarian, Heller figured that the war would be over before he got into it.

"What incredible optimism we had in those days. We believed that any country that tried to take on the US would be knocked off in a week."

First Heller went to armorers' school. Then he transferred to cadet school when rumors began to circulate that armorers became gunners. Gunners didn't last long in combat.

Heller went into combat as a wing bombardier in 1944, two years after he enlisted. He remembers that at first he was disappointed because his missions were milk runs, that is, nobody shot back at his plane.

"I was a jackass. I thought war would be a lot of fun, but I wasn't the only one who was naive."

Heller listened quietly as a playwriting student told him about Jack Valenti's recent talk in the Law School. Valenti,

We are men of draft age who believe that the United States is waging an unjust war in Vietnam. We cannot, in conscience, participate in this war. We therefore declare our determination to refuse induction as long as the United States is fighting in Vietnam.

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who is of Italian descent, claimed to have killed 10,000 Italians by bombing during World War II, and used patriotism to explain conscience away.

"If he said that," said Heller quietly, "then he's a schmuck. First, I would suspect he's a liar because no one can keep such accurate count, especially from the air, of how many people are killed when a bomb explodes. Second, if he had indeed killed that many people, he's really something for boasting about it."

Heller says people can fight wars because they don't understand the seriousness of what they are doing. It was not until Heller's 37th mission, his second over Avignon, when a gunner in his own plane was wounded, that Heller came to a startling realization. "Good God, they're trying to kill me, too," he thought. After that it wasn't very much fun.

Yossarian, the main character of *Catch-22*, had his moment of truth about the nature of war in a flight over Avignon:

Yossarian ripped upon the snaps of Snowden's flak suit and heard himself scream wildly as Snowden's insides slithered down to the floor in a soggy pile and just kept dripping out. . . . Here was God's plenty, all right, he thought bitterly as he stared—liver, lungs, kidneys, ribs, and bits of stewed tomatoes Snowden had eaten that day for lunch. . . . Man was matter, that was Snowden's secret. Drop him out a window and he'll fall. Set fire to him and he'll burn. Bury him and he'll rot like other kinds of garbage. The spirit gone, man is garbage. . . .

"I'm cold," Snowden said. "I'm cold."

"I am not Yossarian," Heller once said. "He is who I might like to have been, had I the knowledge then that I now have."

When the war ended, Joseph Heller married, spent one year at USC, got his BA from NYU and his MA from Columbia, and won a Fulbright to Oxford.

He also published two pieces in *Esquire* (one on horse racing) and two in the *Atlantic*.

Heller's first story appeared in the *Atlantic* in March 1948 with the following *Atlantic* introduction:

"A veteran, now in his twenty-fifth year, who is thinking and writing in terms of peace, JOSEPH HELLER is a *junior* at New York University, where he is majoring in English and producing short stories which in our judgment give very real promise."

Heller's second story appeared in the *Atlantic* five months later with the following *Atlantic* introduction:

"A veteran, now in his twenty-fifth year, who is thinking and writing in terms of peace, JOSEPH HELLER is a *senior* at New York University, where he is majoring in English and producing short stories which in our judgment give very real promise."

It was while Heller was at NYU that he decided that if he couldn't make it as a writer, he would teach. Then from 1950 to 1952, he taught English at Penn State and didn't like it. So, in 1952, the Hellers moved back to the city (the way all New Yorkers refer to New York, no matter where they are) to work for 10 years in the advertising departments of *Time*, *Look*, and finally *McCall's* magazines.

While he was on his way to success in the advertising world, Heller wrote *Catch-22*, the novel about the horrors inflicted on people by both war and peacetime bureaucracies. At night, sitting at his kitchen table, Heller wrote a book attacking

the kind of bureaucracy he helped perpetuate during the day.

Friends who summered with the Hellers on Long Beach, Long Island, remember that Joe and Shirley always left parties very early. "The novel, you know," people would say significantly after they'd gone.

During these years, Heller professed to love the advertising game. But he also enjoyed changing jobs. Every time he was given a raise or a promotion, he began looking for a new job. He also kept working steadily on the novel. He did not want to write just any novel. He wanted to write a masterpiece.

Even today, Heller still insists that working in advertising was a great life. People in the advertising departments of magazines like *Time* and *McCall's* were more intelligent and better to be with, he says, than any group he's found since, not excepting any in academic communities.

But when he's pushed, Heller admits that although he enjoyed doing advertising in his 20's and his 30's, he always knew he would get out. He knew he would not have a salaried job his whole life. Still, long lunches, no time clocks, and lots of parties also helped make his work in advertising very desirable to Heller when he had to work.

Heller joined *McCall's* in 1958 as a presentation writer, when Herbert Mayes took over the editorial side of the magazine, during a *McCall's* top management shake-up. In two years, *McCall's* surged from fourth to first place in the women's magazine field.

After *Catch-22* came out, Herbert Mayes complained, "Heller's a hell of a good publicist. Sorry we lost him. What I'd like to know, though, is how he got the time on my time to write that book."

At *McCall's*, Heller prepared slide and film shows, flip charts, and direct mailing to be presented to salesmen selling magazine space and to advertisers buying.

He wrote scripts for "dog and pony shows" which were presentations shown throughout the country to big advertising agencies and prospective clients. It was a million-dollar business. Salaries were high. One travelling show might cost as much as 90 thousand dollars in non-personnel expenses alone.

Heller also organized the yearly sales convention for *McCall's* space salesmen in Nassau in 1961. Heller's slide show "The Pages That Sell" was the main attraction for salesmen at this convention.

But pages of another sort were pre-occupying Heller at this point. He took a boat rather than a plane to Nassau, so he could read the galley sheets of *Catch-22*.

While other conventioners spent night and day boozing it up at the bar, Heller spent his free time out on the beach reading those galley sheets.

His former associates remember Heller as a great advertising writer with a fantastic sense of the trends of the times and what was important to the people buying.

But they also remember days when Heller would come to the office and announce he was just going to brood and not work. Not everything was parties, long lunches, and trips to Nassau.

"I think Joe escaped from the bureaucracy and all it stood for by writing his novel," says someone who used to work with him. "Just like Orr, the guy who always had horse chestnuts and crab apples in his mouth when it came time to answer important questions, but who managed to row from the Mediterranean all the way to freedom and Sweden."

"Don't forget," he added, "Joe worked on his own escape, that novel, for over eight years."

When rave reviews started coming in, Heller took to carrying them around at work. He became so excited about Brustein's review in the *New Republic* that he told friends Brustein probably wrote better than he did. Heller signed countless books for *McCall's* people, but he never gave anyone free copies. He chided people who brought their copies discounted from *Korvette's*. But he treated friends to lunch if they promised to check how the book was selling at nearby book stores.

His business friends found it difficult to believe he had actually written *Catch-22*. "C'mon Joe," they would say to him. "A few of the jokes, maybe yes, but not the whole book. You don't have that kind of tragic sense."

In November, 1961, two weeks after publication date, Brustein and Heller met for the first time at the home of the *Village Voice* critic. Heller was so thrilled about going to parties and meeting famous people during this time that it took him months to catch on that parties had been thrown so that people could meet him. He was the guest of honor.

That night, Heller talked about things he'd been through in the army. He talked about being so high in the clouds that when you hit a bridge, you couldn't tell if there were people on it or not.

Heller took a leave of absence from *McCall's* a few months after *Catch-22* was published, and he never returned. During the next five years he wrote critical and autobiographical articles for national magazines, went to Hollywood to write the "polish" (the final script) for "Sex and the Single Girl", worked on his next novel which he predicts will be finished in the next two to twelve years, and toured college campuses speaking and reading from *Catch-22*.

Catch-22 was translated into 12 languages, became a best seller in countries like England and Czechoslovakia, and sold more than 3,500,000 copies. Heller sold an option until 1969 on the production rights to Columbia Pictures for a reported \$150,000.

Heller is not interested, he says, in whether the book is ever made into a movie. Filming may begin this summer. Mike Nichols was slated some time ago to direct the movie. Alan Arkin was chosen as the movie's star.

It was while Heller was doing reading and speaking tours on *Catch-22* that he conceived of having four actors and an actress do readings from *Catch-22* plus source readings from Shakespeare from which a surprising number of *Catch-22* passages derive.

"Sort of readings and misreadings from Shakespeare," was the way Heller described his plan to a Filmways executive who had bought production rights from Columbia.

But as Heller began to look for a device to give his play more form, he decided to drop *Catch-22*, which was becoming a burden, and to write an original play. His first draft contained Falstaff's speech on honor among other Shakespearean passages, most of which have been cut from the final draft.

At this point, late last fall, Heller came to Yale to give a talk at Calhoun College, during which he described himself as "a born promotion man."

"He's incredible," was the reaction of

one Yale student after Heller's speech. "He comes on like a real Madison Avenue fat cat with that born promotion man business. If I were the author of *Catch-22*, I'd bill myself as a born American author."

The next night, Heller had dinner with the Brusteins at their home. During dinner he discussed his idea for the play. Brustein was very excited and encouraged Heller to get to work on it.

The first draft of the first half of the first act appeared in Brustein's mail along with an outline of the rest of the play about a month later. As soon as he read it, Brustein realized that Heller had obviously thought much more deeply about the play than he had let on when they had talked about it.

After four more months of hard work, Heller sent Brustein the second draft of the whole play. Brustein read it and became so excited by the last act that he read it first to his wife, and was still so excited that he called Philip Roth long distance and read it to him.

Brustein then invited Heller to be Playwright-in-Residence for this semester and contracted for Yale Drama School to produce the first production of *We Bombed In* —————. (The title changes each time the play is produced in a different city.) Thus the play would be known first as *We Bombed in New Haven*.

The first public reading of the play in late October was a smash hit. The actors read it before the entire drama school. At the play's end, Heller himself was among those moved to tears.

One student said he didn't see how the play could ever be better. Many agreed they had never heard a first reading so good. The actors sounded so natural that people kept referring back to their scripts to make sure they weren't improvising.

After the reading, Larry Arrick, the director, fresh from the off-broadway production of *Fragments* by Murray Schisgal, asked students to go and come quietly from rehearsals without disturbing the cast. He also asked them not to sit back and snipe and criticize.

Then Heller, joking in his best *Catch-22* style, told students they could make as much noise as they wanted at rehearsals, and for God's sake, if they had any criticism, please speak up.

That day, Heller remembered all the reasons he had decided to open his play in New Haven. Without Brustein's encouragement, first of all, there might not have been a play at all. Also he viewed his first play as an educational experience. He had felt that at Yale he would have the most creative freedom to develop and change his script.

"The pressure here at Yale," he told his playwriting class while he loosened his tie and unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt, "would never be as bad as New York where every jerk you meet wants to change your script."

We Bombed in New Haven went into rehearsal October 30, inside the dark, deserted, and often chilly, old WNH building on Chapel Street.

After one rehearsal Heller was a nervous wreck. He told his playwriting students about a night of fitful sleeping at the Midtown Motor Inn, tossing and turning in anguish over what he had seen at rehearsal. All night long, maniacs on either side of his room banged walls and played radios. At 5 a.m. a distraught Heller discovered that, in fact, the radio built into his own night table had been on all night.

Heller was now having trouble remem-

bering the reasons he had brought his play to Yale. He had just been told that the actors would not be able to rehearse on stage with props and correct spacing until four days before opening night, because the stage was being used by undergraduates and the San Francisco Mime Troupe. And Stacy Keach, the star of *We Bombed In New Haven*, would not be able to attend the first week and a half of rehearsals.

"They've been rehearsing a different play all this week," Heller said, "It's called *Waiting For Stacy*."

Heller was also shattered after the first rehearsal to find his stage directions ignored, verbal emphases changed, jokes lost, and continuity continually disrupted.

Lines were dragging that Heller had envisioned as fast repartee. If an actor would say a line as Heller had envisioned it, he would heave a sigh and think, great he's got it. But ten minutes later in another run-through of the same scene, the actor would say the line completely differently.

"I can't understand it," Heller told his playwriting students. "Maybe I just better stay away from rehearsals for my own peace of mind, my own sanity."

The young playwrights had almost all been through bad moments like these. They told Heller that the best thing he could do would be to stop going to rehearsals, until right before the play opened. They assured him that things always spring into shape during final rehearsals with or without the then-broken figure of the playwright.

Heller agreed and seemed to cheer up. But he decided to go to one more rehearsal.

After rehearsal number two, he told his students, huddled in a dark corner watching the play through a glass window, that Anthony Holland and Ron Liebman were adding new comic levels and texture to the characters they played.

"I'm learning. I'm learning," said Heller later that day on the train, "that I wrote a script not a production. In novels, the writer defines and limits his characters, but not in plays. If an actor has any talent and is working with a good director, he will fill out bare words in the script."

But the play was still making Heller very nervous. He decided to stay away for two weeks, cross his fingers, and hope everything would come out all right.

"Otherwise," he said weakly, "I think there will have to be some unpleasantness."

But Heller couldn't stay away for two weeks. He was back one week later for Stacy Keach's first rehearsal. After the rehearsal, he was joking, but he was still very upset.

"Listen, who's nervous," he said, "I'm a veteran of the theater now. After two weeks experience I've learned a lot. I've learned to suffer excruciating torture without making a sound while they blow my play."

But Heller was feeling better. He allowed as how he was beginning to like the theater. He was even beginning to take actors seriously after a long evening with Ron Liebman.

But Heller had a new worry. In the week that he was gone, the Major had developed a southern accent. Heller said, "I don't like the Major with a southern accent. I don't want the audience to think he's supposed to be Johnson. By projection the play is about the Viet Nam war. Specifically, it's about a very unspecific war."

"The Major is supposed to be as sinister and mysterious as fate or destiny or God. I don't want him to be turned into a south-

ern jingoist."

What will you do after this play, asks a student.

"I don't have a work compulsion, I don't have to write plays or novels. What're you laughing about, Allan? I had one when I was your age, but I don't have one anymore. I just want to write a good novel or a play once in a while. I can make enough money to live doing movie polishes. I can get a certain amount of satisfaction from doing that. I don't always have to be doing great art."

One can understand. *Catch-22* and *We Bombed in New Haven* are both about war, but beyond that they're about the fragility and vulnerability of people, about the wars that people wage against other people and against themselves. When you see and feel this evil, as Heller did over Avignon, you will never forget it, but you can't take the pain of constantly facing it.

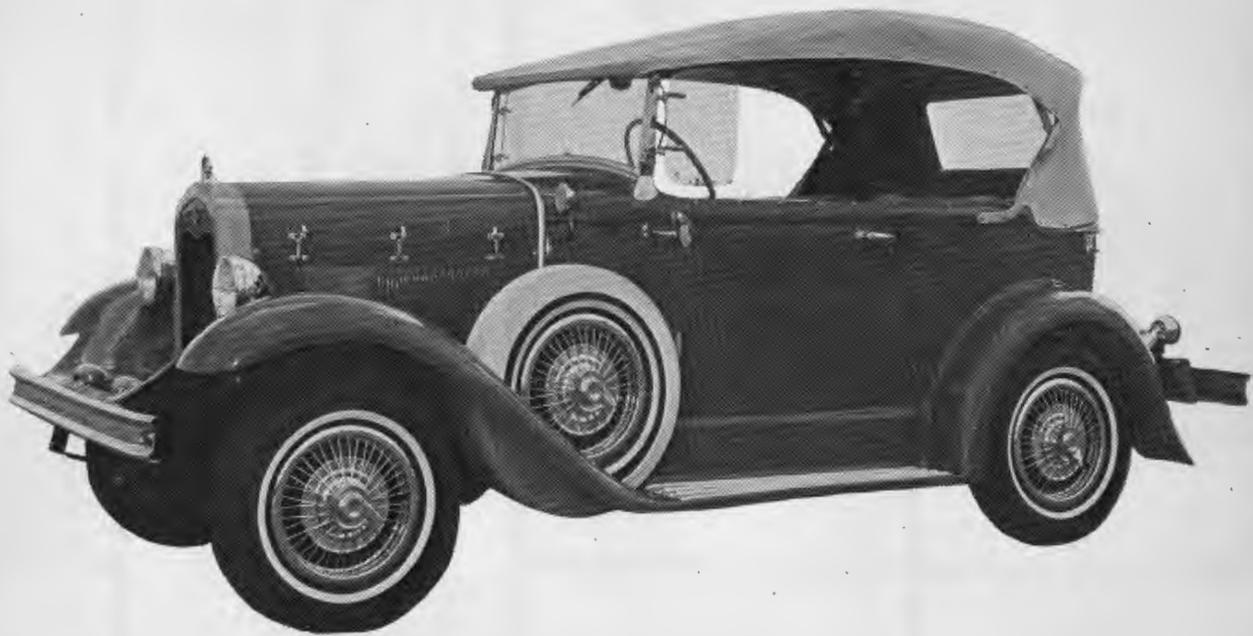
Interviewer: "Isn't it a funny feeling that so many people you don't even know were so moved by your book and will also be moved by your play?"

Heller: "Not a funny feeling. It's a good feeling. See that guy over there (He points to a man across the aisle eating soup and engrossed in a paperback.) When my book first came out in paper, I'd get into the subway or train and look at the books people were reading. If the paperback had blue edges, it was Dell. My book is in Dell, so then I'd have to try to see the cover. If the guy was reading my book, it was a good feeling."

Correction

Modern Library Contest

Under Author Number 7, there should be only two lines for his books published by the Modern Library, not three. Hint: He is not John Kenneth Galbraith.



Let Marcel Proust put you in the driver's seat!

Announcing Modern Library's 50th Anniversary Contest

(In which, you'll be glad to know, no purchase is necessary)

This year marks the 50th anniversary celebration of the founding of the very modern Modern Library. During these 50 years, The Modern Library has put together a list of authors that includes practically every distinguished work of literature from the age of the stone tablet through the age of the electric typewriter. Frankly, we're very proud of what this list has meant to us—and to all of you who constitute the literate reading public.

Now, we here at Random House—authors, editors, even the advertising department—would like to have the thousands of Modern Library readers around the country share the joy of our 50th anniversary celebration. (As you may—or may not—know, Random House really started with The Modern Library many years ago). The best way to do just that, we felt, would be to have a contest that would involve both the authors of The Modern Library and you, the reading public.

On the following two pages, you'll find 22 caricatures of international literary titans by David Levine. (David's caricatures of literary figures are in a class by themselves—as are the authors in The Modern Library.)

You'll note quickly that we haven't included any of our living authors—JOHN UPDIKE, JOSEPH HELLER, EDMUND WILSON, SAUL BELLOW, JAMES A. MICHENER, JOHN O'HARA, ROBERT PENN WARREN, JOHN STEINBECK, WILLIAM STYRON, EUDORA WELTY, IRWIN SHAW, NORMAN MAILER, JEROME WEIDMAN, MURIEL SPARK, ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, JEAN PAUL SARTRE, W. H. AUDEN, PHILIP ROTH, MARY RENAUULT, S. J. PERELMAN, HERMANN HESSE, BERNARD MALAMUD, ANDRE MALRAUX, ERSKINE CALDWELL, OGDEN NASH, JOHN HERSEY, LILLIAN HELLMAN, IRVING STONE, ARTHUR KOESTLER, THOMAS PYNCHON, ROBERT GRAVES, RALPH ELLISON, TRUMAN CAPOTE, PEARL BUCK, DWIGHT MACDONALD, JAMES T. FARRELL, BERTRAND RUSSELL, KATHERINE ANNE PORTER, GRAHAM GREENE, LOUIS AUCH-

EXAMPLE

EXAMPLE

0. MARCEL PROUST

THE CAPTIVE	SWANN'S WAY
CITIES OF THE PLAIN	THE SWEET CHEAT GONE
THE GUERMANTES WAY	WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE
THE PAST RECAPTURED	

INCLOSS, etc.—with one exception. (As you might imagine, not everyone takes kindly to David's sharp and sardonic interpretations, and we saw no reason to jeopardize any of our wonderful relationships with living authors. Again, with one exception.)

PRIZES! INSTRUCTIONS:

Now, your job is to name the authors David has pinned to paper so wittily and well. (Don't despair of winning if you don't identify them all at first glance. A representative list of Modern Library authors follows the quiz. It contains all of the

answers if you know where to look for them. An example of how to complete your entry is shown at left.

Once you've identified the authors, you have only to list the names of the books currently available by that author in The Modern Library, and then send the whole four-page deal to us: Random House, c/o Adams-Burke Corp. P.O. Box 35504, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55435.

Sometime after November 30, 1967, the Adams-Burke people (bonded and all that) will put all the responses in what we suspect will be a huge barrel. From that barrel, they'll draw 24 winners at random (see, we worked in that name again). The first one drawn with all the correct answers will get—absolutely yours—a beautiful new Classic Phaeton car (otherwise known as "the Abercrombie Runabout") pictured above. This is a fiberglass replica of a 1931 Model A touring car, mounted on an International Harvester Scout chassis. *Bright red!* (Marcel and the rest of us feel this prize is singularly appropriate since it represents style and value that never go out of date... very much like The Modern Library which, we hasten to remind you, can be bought in beautiful hardbound editions for very little more than paperback editions.)

After the car, the next two winners will receive a complete set of The Modern Library Regular Editions (shipped anywhere in the U.S.), and the final 21 winners will each get a copy of the fabulous new Random House Dictionary of the English Language.

So, turn the page and get to it. You can enter as often as you like. Fill in your name and address on the coupon following the caricature quiz on the third page of this announcement, and send in the entire four pages right away (before someone else steals your copy of this publication to enter themselves).

And to everyone who enters, many thanks—and good luck!

Void where prohibited by law.



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1. Please print the author's name in the spaces (a blank is provided for each letter) provided beneath the caricature and, below that, list the titles of his books that are currently available in The Modern Library (a helpful list of these appears on the following page).
2. In the box at the bottom of the following page, enter the name of your nearest or favorite bookstore—they may win a prize too.
3. Remember, after you've won the car, Drive Carefully.

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How My Draft Board Dodged the Subject When I Brought Up the Draft

By Richard Harison

When I left my home in Westport, Connecticut last summer and set out for California, I hardly expected to return as a non-cooperator with the Selective Service System and a full-time organizer for the Resistance. I came back in October, after turning in my draft card, because it seemed to me that I had a responsibility to explain my actions to each member of my draft board, to try to make them confront the issues individually, just as I had.

It was with a vague uneasiness that I plodded along the rain-soaked streets of Bridgeport, hunting out the residences of the nameless, generally faceless men who decide whether a young man such as myself spends his time in San Francisco or Viet-Nam.

I kept asking myself whether anything I could say would make these men appreciate my position, let alone get them to thinking that what they were doing might not be in anybody's best interests.

I remembered when I had gone before them as a group. If they acted individually in the same manner as they did together, I thought, peering at a house number, then this was all a waste of time. My only comfort was denying them the privilege of smugly passing me off as a draft-dodger, Communist, traitor, or any of the other epithets that they were likely to use. Impossible as it might seem, I still hoped they would understand.

With that hope, I ran the bell of Number Two, a portly, seemingly pleasant man in his early fifties. (I used this numerical designation not only because it is the preference of the board members that nobody know who they are, but also because of the remarks of one of the board clerks who referred to the chairman as "Number One, the BIG man.")

I explained that I had returned my draft cards on October 16th and had flown back from the coast to talk about it. He laughed and placed his arm on my shoulder.

"Why you didn't have to come all the way back here for that," he said, "You could have just written the Board. They would have sent you another one."

I tried to explain, but he seemed determined to believe that I wanted a favor from him.

"You can be sure that the Board will decide your case fairly and in your best interests. We certainly don't want to send anybody who has a good reason for not going."

"I realize that," I replied, "but as things stand, the board is not who's going to decide. . . ." He glanced at his watch.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you'll have to excuse me right now. I have a Church meeting to attend." He straightened his tie. "I'm a Deacon, you know."

I thanked him for his time and left, puzzled mainly about his lack of curiosity.

At Number Three's house I received a more expected reaction. It was hard even getting him to the door. He seemed quite absorbed with the show he was watching on his color TV set.

When he finally did answer, I delivered my prepared sentence of introduction. His initial remark was that I should present myself at the next Board meeting, and they would decide fairly what was to be done.

RICHARD HARISON, who graduated from Yale in 1966, has studied at the Institute for the Study of Non-Violence in Carmel, Calif., and is now an organizer for the Resistance in San Francisco.

"But I have turned in my draft card," I said.

"Well you better get another one."

I was once again stumbling for the right words when he continued.

"I don't see why you've come to me about it. I can't do anything for you. You'll have to see the Board."

"But I am no longer going to deal with the board," I replied, "I'm only here to. . . ."

"Wait. Wait just a minute now," he said, finally grasping the situation. "Just who puts these ideas in you kids heads anyhow? Who does it? Your professors or what?"

"Not just them," I answered. "Lots of people. Professors, friends, ministers, people I respect, books, the New Testa. . . ."

"You went to school then, did you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I graduated from Yale in 1966."

"And what church do you go to?"

"Mostly Episcopal; I also attend Quaker meeting." He shook his head.

"All that fine upbringing, and you still don't believe in war. Well I want you to know one thing. I didn't like it in '42 when I went to war. I was 38 years old then. Had a nice job and a good home. But I went when my country called."

"You enlisted?" I asked.

"Well, no, I was drafted. But it's all the same. I went. But you listen to my advice. Go down to the Board and ask them to set up a hearing for you. We'll decide your case fairly."

I thanked him for his time and turned towards the door.

"You're lucky I didn't know what this was all about, or I wouldn't have let you in in the first place." He firmly closed the door.

Number Four seemed more interested and more curious. He was very courteous and very prompt to open the door. Unfortunately, most of our hour-long conversation was spent while he rambled on about his boyhood days, but occasionally he would dwell on specific points.

"What's the matter with young kids in this country today? America has been good to them. They have a good education, most of them, come from nice homes. Why shouldn't they fight for their country? My grandfather, my father, and I all went. My son just got out. Four year hitch in the Navy. Besides we got to stop these Communists. You don't want to fight them over here do you?"

"I don't want to have to fight them anywhere," I answered. "I think man can find alternatives to war."

"Try and tell them that."

"Even if that were true," I said, "does that make it right to violate the United Nations Charter or the 1954 Geneva Agreements? Is America to be proud that she condemns criminality and violence and yet practices both of them?"

"Well, if you're talking about Viet-Nam," he said, "I agree with you. I'm as opposed to this war as you are. It was a mistake to get involved, and it is a mistake to keep fighting there."

Then *how*, I asked, could he keep sending more and more men over there? How could he serve on a draft board whose function is to replace the men who have already died with more and more? Number Four straightened up in his chair and folded his hands.

"That's what the government wants me to do, and they've been good to me. I got a nice house, a car, a good job. I raised kids here. Besides, nobody can stop this

war. The Vice-President says it doesn't matter how they vote in San Francisco, 'cause he's not going to pay any attention to them."

"But if I were opposed to the war," I replied, "I certainly wouldn't work for Dow Chemical or Colt."

"Oh, but that's different," he replied.

"People are always going to hunt."

"Not with M16s and napalm," I said.

"And don't you ever look forward to a world where man can live without war?"

"Sure I do. That's why we got to fight. To stop people from wanting to conquer people."

I glanced at my watch and rose to leave, thanking him for listening to me. I had reached the door when he said "You'll see. There's nothing you kids can do to stop this war, so you might as well shape up and go. You'll only be ruining your life if you don't go. And who knows? You might just get a desk job or something."

I got back inside the car and looked at my list. The last man on it was Number One. I remember him well from the time I had gone before the board. How could I forget his neat little syllogism about pacifists:

1. Pacifists don't like war.
2. Nobody in the army likes war; therefore: The army is a group of pacifists.
3. People in the army are serving; therefore: All pacifists should serve.

When I got to his apartment, I rang the bell, and I heard someone on the inside approach the door. But instead of opening it, he seemed to wait behind it. Finally he rustled a few locks and the door opened about four inches before the brace of chains snapped taut. I explained who I was and why I was there.

"Please leave. There's nothing I can do for you."

"If you're busy right now, I could come back some other time, either here or at your office." I watched his eyes scrutinizing me inch by inch while his hand gripped the doorknob.

"No, please leave me alone," he said, shutting the door.

As I approached the doorman, I couldn't help but remarking, "Mister F. is a very frightened man, isn't he?"

"Yes," the doorman solemnly replied, "he is."

The Sidewalk

A Screenplay

By Stephen Magowan

Photographed by Joel Katz

Exterior: street, day:

The business district. A winter month. From the window of a skyscraper one watches the mechanical flow beneath.



SOUND: of an approaching subway train, finished by a cruel breaking.

A closer view details the intricate maneuverings of what had seemed an easy tide: the streaming from the underground into daylight, the jostling for position: a general moving, individually performed, played out against the sounds of a morning's rush hour.



A study of legs as they attempt to avoid the trampling of a newspaper, folded to the listings of the American Stock Exchange.



MR. AKIN makes his exit from the subway station, blinks at the sun, adjusts his flower, plots his course. Whereas others make the journey with a newspaper, MR. AKIN gazes unemotionally at the buildings: a sublimated aesthete.

From another angle: detail of the studied avoidance of the stock quotations, this time of the *Whole Man*, of the complete gesture.

Slow motion.

MR. AKIN approaches the folded newspaper, his gaze still lifted. He looks down.

STEPHEN MAGOWAN is a Scholar of the House presently working on, in addition to his project, an adaptation and a revue commissioned by the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco.

JOEL KATZ, after six years in New Haven as student, is an instructor of photography in the School of Art and Architecture and an associate editor of the Yale Alumni Magazine.



He stops: a still of several seconds. Then he steps on . . . an exaggerated slow motion . . . steps purposively on the newspaper. His right leg drops outrageously, his face becomes a portrait of agony.



A silent scream.

The pavement block, as if on hinges, has dropped and closed up on his ankle.



MR. AKIN regards his predicament. About to yell, he thinks better of it. Embarrassed, he decides on a light heart.

Pause. He bends his other leg to effect a less lopsided look. A jurtive glance reveals to his satisfaction that he has been unobserved. To appear less conspicuous, he picks up the folded newspaper, pretending a study.

Pause. He looks down: he grinds his teeth, his entrapped leg taut as fishing tackle, as he struggles to extricate himself. After an awful moment, his eyes roll, swim . . .

A spot appears on his sock, grows: blood. MR. AKIN pulls down his pants to cover his sock.

Startled by his concentration, he looks about to check if he has been observed. He returns to himself, deliberating, preparing. Again he tries for freedom . . . uselessly. Anger. Once again: an extravagant effort, dying in a quiver, a stifled yelp.



A PASSER-BY bumps into MR. AKIN.

PASSER-BY (Walking away, over his shoulder): Do you mind not taking up the whole sidewalk?

MR. AKIN: Yes.

PASSER-BY: There's a time and place for reading, you know.

MR. AKIN: I'll be on my way.



MR. AKIN pantomimes a brisk walk: arms swinging, weight shifting, eyes down. After a moment he looks up, relieved the PASSER-BY is no longer attending to him. He looks behind, searching out another pedestrian.

A PEDESTRIAN nears. MR. AKIN edges over, utters an abortive wave.



MR. AKIN: I'm sorry.

PEDESTRIAN (Continuing on, not looking): That's alright.

MR. AKIN: Can you help . . . ?

PEDESTRIAN (Annoyed, eyes averted): No. Oh, no! I'm sorry. I've left my wallet . . . I don't know where . . .

MR. AKIN (Stopping him): It's not that kind of help. (The PEDESTRIAN turns to him, close, unaware) It's kind of embarrassing. Sort of. I . . . Well, you see, I work in there, you know. (He points to a skyscraper) It's just . . . Sir, it's just a question of getting there. (Pause)

You've seen me in there. I've seen you, you've seen me.



PEDESTRIAN: What do you know? I'm late.

MR. AKIN: The sidewalk just went . . . down, and then it went . . . up. Like a certain stock I know.

PEDESTRIAN: You're sweating. It's cold and you're sweating!

MR. AKIN: I sweat sort of easylike.

PEDESTRIAN: Why don't you get off the sidewalk?

MR. AKIN: I can't.

PEDESTRIAN (*Embarrassed*): Oh, I'm sorry. Are you . . . Are you frozen or something?

MR. AKIN: Well . . . I'm kind of frustrated. Kind of hard to do anything on my own. (*He looks down*)

PEDESTRIAN (*Looking down at MR. AKIN'S foot: a huge grin breaking*): Oh, you've



sure made a monkey out of me! Gosh, I didn't think you were frozen. It didn't make sense.

(*Pause; happily*)

I get it! You're advertising, of course. What's it for?—some kind of footwear? Yeah, there are the cameras.

(*He points at the camera*)

What station are you going to be on? Something big, I bet, something like a special, huh? What station are you going to be on?

(*Pause; less happily*)

The camera guy's going to have to stop filming soon. I can't be in this.

(*Pause*)

Why are you doing this? I mean, what's the brand?

(*Pause; growing frustration*)

You know, not everyone tunes in on the ads. Okay, some are sort of funny. Is this going to be funny? A sort of Rumpelstiltsken thing?

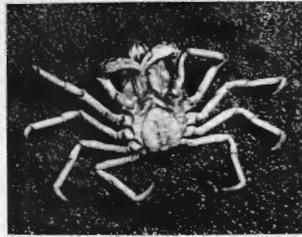
(*Pause. Angry. He takes out a pen and pad*) Okay, who does your advertising?

(*Pleading*)

I won't tell anyone.

(*Pause. A smiled whisper*)

Okay. It's hush-hush. Look, I've got a



secret. I've got the crabs. What's your secret?

(*Afraid*)

I haven't done anything to you! Why are you bothering me? You've got me late to work, you realize. Late!

(*Pause*)

You're going to come out of there and molest me!!

(*Pause*)

I'm going to tell somebody. Okay? . . . You won't come out after me? . . . Just stay right there, huh?

(*Backing away*)

Stay! . . . Stay!

In panic, the PEDESTRIAN searches out another person. He stops a MAN and points to MR. AKIN: the MAN stares and



laughs. Gradually, a CROWD gathers, is told by whispers, gestures, jokes of MR. AKIN'S predicament.

MR. AKIN looks at the CROWD. He is encircled. The CROWD is either embarrassed to meet his gaze, or stares back coldly. Some look sheepishly at the camera.

A bustling of the CROWD: an EXECUTIVE, silver-haired and Important, a card-holder of a high echelon, breaks through. For MR. AKIN it is the coming of relief, of safety, security, of help.



EXECUTIVE (*Approaching, sober and displeased*): Well?

MR. AKIN: I've never been so happy to see anyone in my life!

EXECUTIVE: I can't claim to share your embarrassing enthusiasm.

MR. AKIN: The sidewalk opened up. Just like that!

(*Surprised, he shakes his head*) It'll have to be repaired.

EXECUTIVE: And you're stuck, you're saying!?

MR. AKIN: It's sort of like a flat tire.

EXECUTIVE: Has this ever happened before?

MR. AKIN: I fell through the market once. When I owned my own company.

EXECUTIVE: Just why do you suppose this happens to you?

MR. AKIN: Well, things always happen to me in three's.

(*Pause*)

Wait till next week. I'll really go through something!

(*Pause*)

I can't feel anything down there.

(*He looks at his foot*)

EXECUTIVE: And what am I supposed to do?

MR. AKIN: I don't know.

EXECUTIVE: Well, I'm damn sure I don't!

MR. AKIN: Can we telephone somebody?

EXECUTIVE: Who, pray tell?

MR. AKIN: A lawyer, or something. I want to get out!

EXECUTIVE: And what the hell do you think I am? I'm a lawyer. I'm a law firm!



(*He points out the skyscraper. But he is now embarrassed: he has spoken loudly. The CROWD stares at him*)

I wish we could go somewhere and have this out. But you have to do this in front of everybody, just to embarrass me. Do you think you're in a privileged position? Huh? Is that it? . . . Look what it does to me:

(*He includes the CROWD in a gesture*)

I can't blow up since you have to pick on a crowd like this.

(*Pause*)

You seem under the incredible impression you can just do this and nothing will happen. I can't have you in my employment any more. You're through working for me!

(*Pause*)

Do you know what will come of this?



(*He points to the camera*) He's going to develop this film—he's going to print the film with your mug all over it so everyone can have a good gas.



MR. AKIN: I'm aching!

EXECUTIVE: Will you lower your goddam voice!

(*Pause*)

Now, quite calmly: you're through. You'll have to find work elsewhere. I'll tell your



mother. I don't know what you're going to do. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes.

(*Pause*)

My God, you've made a monkey out of me!

(*He looks at the CROWD: then hoarsely to MR. AKIN*)

Will you have the common decency to smile while I leave?

(*He departs through the CROWD*)

MR. AKIN: But . . . Daddy . . . ?





MR. AKIN wearily lifts the newspaper. He folds pages, coming to stop on the "WANT ADS." Meanwhile, the CROWD:

CROWD: Daddy angry with you?

Why don't you do something?

You gonna just . . . stick it out?

You know, we're going to be late for work.

So why doesn't he hurry up?

Maybe he'll scream. Or get bloody. Then we can all go.

Why doesn't he jump?



(Chanting)
Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

SOUND: of drills humming in the distance.

MR. AKIN looks up. He strains his eyes. A smile flickers. Construction workers are drilling, a block and a half distant.

MR. AKIN looks at the CROWD, still chanting. He reaches into his back pocket and extracts a wallet. The CROWD quiets.

MR. AKIN withdraws a dollar bill.



MR. AKIN (Excited): Guess what? . . . I mean, I've just noticed a construction group—you see? Over there? They've got drills. Now I'll give a dollar to whoever will run over and ask the guys if they can't come get me out.

As MR. AKIN offers the dollar to several faces, the CROWD looks away.

A YOUNG MAN steps forward, his hand on the dollar bill.

YOUNG MAN: Here. I will.

MR. AKIN: Just ask them if they'll bring their drills over. Will you?

MR. AKIN gives him the dollar. The YOUNG MAN turns about and walks through the CROWD in the direction of the workers. The camera follows until he is half a block away.

MR. AKIN: grim, anxious. Pause. His expression turns ironic.



The YOUNG MAN is running, turning down a side street. He disappears.

MR. AKIN (Almost to himself): Stop, thief, stop.

(He looks to the left. To the right. He bends down and tears at his sock. It comes off easily. He picks up his hat from the sidewalk, brushes it. Pause. He extends it, upside down)



Anyone want a look? Anyone want to look at my foot? It costs one quarter.

(Pause)

No takers? For twenty-five cents a look . . . a look at a freak.

(Pause)

Nobody?

An old, bald man steps forward.



JEW: A nickel.

MR. AKIN: A quarter. Just a quarter to see my foot.

JEW: A nickel.

MR. AKIN (Pause): Twenty cents. Two dimes . . . or whatever.

JEW: A nickel.

MR. AKIN: Fifteen cents.

JEW: A dime.

Pause. Then MR. AKIN extends his hat further. The JEW approaches. He digs into his pants pocket, removing a fistful of change. He searches out a dime, devotes it to the Cause. He stoops to his knees, inches closer, and looks at the foot. Pause. He turns back an awful face.

JEW: What a stink! I should only have such aromas!

(Pause)

Mister, something's eating you! (To the CROWD)



Three toes! Count 'em: three toes the guy's got missing!

The CROWD starts talking, aroused. People press in on MR. AKIN, jostle for position, bend down to check it out. MR. AKIN takes the dime from his hat, pockets it, stares blankly out.

CROWD: Christ! You can see the toes disappear right before your eyes.

What's doing it?

Can't tell. I don't see anything. Does anybody?

Not me.

How many toes does he have now?

About half of one.

But that's going quick.

Well, keep watching. Probably all of him is going in a while.

It must be termites. Is it termites?



Here, let the others get a chance, huh? Don't hog!

Better hurry!

Well, move!

That's it! He just got the bone. I don't guess you can walk on something like that.

No, it ain't substantial.

I can't take the smell no more.

The CROWD draws back.

MR. AKIN looks off, through glass eyes, darkly.

A FRUIT VENDOR is watching him, casually leaning on his wares. He picks up an apple, bounces it, and approaches MR. AKIN, the CROWD letting him through.



FRUIT VENDOR: Did you have breakfast?

MR. AKIN (Dazed): Toast . . . coffee . . .

FRUIT VENDOR: Would you like an apple?

MR. AKIN: An apple? (He looks at it; his voice nearly breaks) Yes.

FRUIT VENDOR (Merely palming the apple. Pause. He points to MR. AKIN'S foot): Someone else didn't have breakfast either. (The CROWD titters) You must taste very good. (The CROWD laughs) You look like you taste good. (His lips wet) Do you taste good? (Pause) Gimme your dime!



You want my apple? Gimme your dime. (MR. AKIN shakes, sweats. He takes the dime from his pocket and hands it to the FRUIT VENDOR. Pause) Open your mouth. (Pause; hysterically) OPEN YOUR MOUTH!



The FRUIT VENDOR places the apple in MR. AKIN'S mouth, then walks away. The CROWD is smiling. MR. AKIN is motionless.



Two MEN approach MR. AKIN. MAN #1 taps him on the shoulder.

MAN #1: Your hands are free, you know.



MR. AKIN (Slowly, he brings his hand up and removes the apple): Thank you. (Pause) Is . . . Is my foot still there?



MAN #2 (He bends down to look at the foot. Then he looks up): There's still a stump.

MR. AKIN: Well, that's something, isn't it! (Pause) Will you help me?

MAN #1: We have to go to work.

MR. AKIN: Oh, I can wait. I've waited. After work?

MAN #1: We have to go home.

MR. AKIN: Can anyone help me?

MAN #1: How can anyone help you?

MR. AKIN: By going to the construction gang.

MAN #1: But they have to work.

MR. AKIN: Then, after work?

MAN #1: They have to go home. . .

MAN #2: Besides, they're union men. They're not allowed to branch out.

MR. AKIN: Couldn't a policeman be told?

MAN #1: What could a policeman do?

MR. AKIN: Get someone to dig me out, men with drills.

MAN #1: You tell a policeman and they take down your name so they can call you a lot of dirty things. And they take down your address so they can sue you.

MAN #2: Besides, aren't they union men?

MR. AKIN: Well, what about firemen?

MAN #1: Oh, come on! Firemen don't have drills. They have hoses. And hoses don't work in sidewalks. No, only the drillers have drills.

MR. AKIN: And they're union men. (Pause) Then . . . Oh, what chance have I?

FRUIT VENDOR (Leaning on his wares, calling out): Hey! How can you guys stick by him? Sweaty and smelly all over. I get him from here. It's too much. You shouldn't do nothing. Forget it.

MAN #1: Sorry.

MR. AKIN: That's alright. You can't help.

MAN #1 (Turning to MAN #2): Come on.

MR. AKIN: Maybe next time, huh?

MAN #1: Yeah. Be seeing you.

The two MEN exit through the CROWD. And the CROWD itself begins to disperse, looking at timepieces. The FRUIT VENDOR indolently pushes away his wagon. Pause.

MR. AKIN: (Looking up) Why? . . . Why? . . .

The camera looks up at the skyscraper. Then down at MR. AKIN'S foot. Pause.

MR. AKIN clenches his fists—though one hand still grips the apple. He starts breathing heavily. Pause. He bends his knees.



Gritting his teeth, he pushes up as violently as possible. Then a scream. Quick breathing, finally slowing. A big weary sigh.

MR. AKIN: If only this were! Then I could leave the picture. (Pause. He again sets himself) Take up thy foot and WALK!



On "walk" he pushes up. Again and again he tries. A final, sustained, quivering, extravagant effort, ending in a cracked groan. He falls, the apple drops . . . one hears clearly the sound of a bone breaking, crunching. Long pause. MR. AKIN slowly rights himself, sitting now. Pause. He picks up the apple.

SOUND: of a subway train rumbling heavily beneath the sidewalk.

The camera leaves MR. AKIN alone with his apple. As it backs off, further and further, MR. AKIN takes up his newspaper. He removes the center section, tucks it into his collar as a bib, polishes the apple on his trousers . . . and only then begins to eat.



Into a dissolve.

continued from page 2

of the administrative forces are for immediate visibility," he says, "but I want to see the formal program emerge out of informal programs. I'm against instant experimentation. It tends to play down the guy who's really good and is committed to a certain thing. My value is primarily at the level of teaching poems."

A noisy fight over Pass/Fail dominated most of all the last year at Santa Cruz. Berger opposed that system because he feels it allows sloppy academics to take an easy way and also because Santa Cruz permits secret evaluations in locked files.

Berger himself is engaged in a number of projects. He hopes to finish writing a book on Edmund Spenser by the end of the year. In the meanwhile, he has also become interested in the theatrical medium, in the different relations among actors and characters and spectators that pushes the writer from the foreground. He wants to explore the theatrical experience as a model of human experience. His lecture on *The Tempest* grew out of his realization that Shakespeare's last plays do not seem to be made for the theater, that they seem even anti-theatrical.

In addition, Berger is also working on two other sets of studies. The first has to do with period imagination, what makes the imagination of one time different from those that preceded it. He's also doing a set of studies on archaism and revisionism, how writers relate to their predecessors.

Maynard Mack's allegorical introduction of Berger at the lecture, which had moved from the Graduate School to the Law School auditorium to accommodate the large turn-out, was graceful and affecting but emphasized Berger as the ingenuously brash young man. This, however, no longer fits Berger. He's now a senior man and one of the main movers in a new department at a campus which soon could be one of the most exciting in the nation.

Berger was at Yale for three days. In some ways, it was clear, he missed Yale; it was also clear, from the steady flow of visits, phone calls and invitations, that a lot of people miss Harry Berger. They wanted to see him, to ask him what he's doing. Berger came up to New Haven from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he's spending a semester's leave from Santa Cruz. He teaches one course at Chapel Hill, but he spends much of his time sitting in the backyard, reading Edmund Spenser under the warm sun.

—Dan Yergin

Harvard

Cambridge—

Each September, just before classes begin at Harvard, the entering freshman class congregates in Sanders Theatre to be officially welcomed by President Nathan M. Pusey, and to hear Dean of Freshmen von Stade remark that the entire class will not be assembled again until its commencement, four years away. He could accurately add that President Pusey's welcome will probably be the last that the freshmen will hear or see of *him* during those four years.

Dr. Pusey is not a charismatic man. He is not running for anything: his speeches are dry and businesslike, and seem to reflect his interpretation of his job, which is to keep the University grow-

ing, the money coming in, and the atmosphere quiet and untroubled. Undergraduates think of him, when at all, as the grey embodiment of the business aspect of Harvard's operations, and a small group of students has until recently maintained that Dr. Pusey's invisibility was not apparent but real, that he was merely an abstract administrative contrivance.

But on October 25th of this year, a group of Harvard and Radcliffe students and teaching fellows sat in front of a doorway in the Chemistry Department's Mallinckrodt Hall to protest the war in Vietnam, napalm, and what they said was Harvard's implicit support of both. The occasion of the demonstration was the arrival of a recruiter from the Dow Chemical Company, suppliers of napalm to the U.S. Department of Defense. The demonstrators blocked the entrance to the room where the recruiter was attempting to hold interviews, prevented students from seeing him, and refused to allow him to leave for about seven hours. The administration was horrified, and six days later President Pusey emerged to articulate its position on the demonstration.

Pusey's statement was read to the press at the end of a two-hour faculty meeting on October 31 which had approved the administration's recommendation to place seventy-four of the demonstrators on disciplinary probation. The statement was brief, serious, and firm. It emphasized that the disciplinary action just taken was

entirely non-political, and based solely on the unacceptable tactics used by the demonstrators. These tactics, Pusey asserted, were indecent and repugnant to a civilized society. Peaceful political expression was permitted and even encouraged at Harvard, but no obstructionist or violent demonstration would be tolerated in the future.

That seemed for a moment to take care of the Dow incident. The punishment, although rather arbitrarily allocated among the three hundred demonstrators, was generally considered moderate, and was accepted without significant protest. Thus the unfinished business of Mallinckrodt was settled, and President Pusey's statement seemed to set clear and reasonable guidelines for the handling of any future incidents. Franklin Ford, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, compared the Dow *denouement* to the evacuation of Dunkirk, and advised the Harvard community to feel relief rather than jubilation at the outcome. The Boston papers concluded a week of lurid coverage with the glum concession that "life is getting back to normal on the Harvard campus."

In one sense, the Dow demonstration followed the pattern of last November's McNamara incident—a sudden, apparently spontaneous action by a comparatively small number of students, followed by weeks of discussion and analysis. But the uproar that followed the besieging of

Secretary McNamara's car was concerned with a question of manners. Everyone is sure that the Dow demonstration has raised more fundamental questions, although there is some confusion on what those questions are.

On the administration side, there is a renewed fascination with civil liberties, now enlarged to include a "right of recruitment" which must not in a free society be withheld for non-political groups such as Dow, the Armed Forces and the CIA. This argument of moral principle is complemented by a pragmatic one: if Harvard ceased to struggle for freedom of speech and movement, the forces of right-wing reaction would find it easier to curb the freedom of those to the left of the government. To the repeated urgings of anti-war activists that the University take a public stand against the war in Vietnam, the administration replies with arguments about the educational necessity of neutrality in complex matters of public policy. The proper function of the university, according to this view, is to facilitate the free exchange of ideas, rather than to act as a political pressure group.

The reaction of Harvard's radicals to these arguments is to assert that Harvard's actual social function has very little to do with the free exchange of ideas, and a great deal to do with the government and with the war. On the broadest level, the American university is seen as an essential

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"One of the finest translations of folk material into theatrical terms I've seen"
Paul V. Beckley, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*

The Yale Dramat is proud to present a rare example of American folk theatre

Dark of the Moon

by Howard Richardson and William Berney

A disturbing tale of sorcery and religious fanaticism among the inhabitants of the Smoky Mountains

Harvard weekend, November 24-26

Performances Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday matinee

For reservations call 865-4300

On December 4, as part of the Second National Resistance Protest, a group of men from Connecticut will formally disassociate themselves from the Selective Service System. They will turn in their draft cards, write a final explanatory letter to their local boards, and add their voice to the growing number of Americans who can no longer tolerate the absurdity and inhumanity of the Vietnamese War.

The courage of these men is great. Many of us are not, as yet, prepared to join them. But we cannot fail to support them in their act of conscience. The very least we can do is to show them that they do not stand alone. Please be there on December 4.

The Resistance

A Rally of Support, New Haven Green, 4:00.
A Service of Conscience, Battell Chapel, 4:30.

Speakers: R. W. B. Lewis, Master of Calhoun College and Professor of English and American Studies; Thomas M. Greene, Professor of English and Comparative Literature; Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr., Chaplain of Yale University; Rick Bogel, of The Resistance.

Two performances of "We Bombed in New Haven" by Joseph Heller, directed by Larry Arrick, for the benefit of The Resistance.*

December 5 & 6 at 8:30 P.M.
Tickets at \$4.00 & \$5.00 at the Yale School of Drama green room.
After 5:00 P.M. call 865-2741 or 562-8388.

*THE RESISTANCE Theatre party is a fund raising activity of THE RESISTANCE and does not represent THE YALE SCHOOL OF DRAMA

component of the war machine, as providing facilities and especially talent without which the Vietnam war could not be prosecuted. Thus any university which has not actively sought to disengage itself from the government is considered to be "complicit" in the war, and is seen as having already taken an implicit stand in favor of it. "I think," a Kirkland House student said to Dean Ford last week, "that you misinterpreted the purpose of the demonstration. We don't want the University to take a stand on the war—we want it to stop taking a stand on the war."

There is little agreement among student and faculty radicals on how the University should "stop taking a stand on the war", but most proposals involve the barring of war-oriented research at Harvard, along with a refusal to allow on-campus recruitment by organizations deeply involved in the war, such as Dow, the Princeton-based Institute for Defense Analysis, the CIA and the Army. Other variants include a public denunciation of the war by "Harvard", which sometime means the President, other times the faculty. But all of these proposals are similar in that they call on Harvard to make a dramatic, public and collective break with the present government of the United States.

It is this basic demand which gives the current Dow debate at Harvard its subtle air of unreality. For regardless of the arguments raised in this prolonged intel-

lectual aftermath to the Dow sit-in, there has never been, nor is there at present, the slightest possibility of Harvard's breaking with the federal government.

The reason that Harvard will not break with Washington over the war has very little to do with the theoretical arguments advanced by the administration: these are required to convince the dissidents that Harvard's actual course does not reflect callous indifference to the war, but rather a concern for enduring values such as freedom and *veritas*. The essential fact of the situation is that Harvard's relationship to the federal government is more than a matter of policy: it defines Harvard more than it is defined by Harvard, and any truly significant change in that relationship can only grow out of an equally great change in the Harvard community's perception of its own role in American society. Harvard was the fountainhead of the New Deal and of the New Frontier: it is today the haven of momentarily unemployed policy-makers, and the point from which they expect to return to power at the end of the current partial eclipse of liberalism. Power lies near Harvard: it is felt to be essential that this is so, and if some part of American policy seems to be slipping toward West Point, it is all the more important that Harvard retain control of the rest. The Harvard community is in a loose but very real sense a public policy-making institution, and because the American liberal cannot conceive of policy-making without

political power, Harvard sees the need to maintain its avenues to power.

Thus Harvard cannot avoid defining itself to a significant degree in terms of political power, of its capacity for "changing the system from within". To deny this power by breaking with Washington is inconceivable: it is a self-contradiction, a denial of Harvard's conception of itself.

President Pusey's short statement on October 31, then, was really all that the situation required. Dr. Pusey knows, as the whole University must know, that Harvard's refusal to co-operate with and participate in the U.S. government is as unthinkable as Harvard's dissolving itself. A small minority of faculty and students may press for such a refusal, but to the large majority at Harvard, the war might be bad, but it can't be *that* bad.

Harvard's self-definition in terms of power, although it imposes the absolute limitation on possible political responses to the war there, is very slow to emerge into public view. Like Dr. Pusey himself, it remained imperceptible to the activist minority until a challenge arose, as it did on October 25. At that time, it began its ponderous advance toward creating an eventual stalemate in the discussion of a collective university action against the war.

The discussion will continue for a while longer, and a few substantive changes of detail may yet come of it. The faculty has approved the formation of an advisory student-faculty committee—which for

Harvard is a radical innovation in itself—to examine questions raised by the Dow demonstration. The committee will likely hear arguments against "complicity", and demand for a disassociation from the war. But an advisory committee will not change Harvard's self-conception and therefore will not bring about this disassociation. As a student remarked last week while watching a small demonstration against defense recruitment, "You couldn't get a revolution out of this university by Caesarian section."

—Our Harvard Correspondent.

Moon

If subsequent Dramat productions are as good as the first one, this should be a top-notch theatrical season. For *Dark of the Moon*, now showing at the University Theater, is excellent technically. The whole production shows a firm directorial hand; and its strengths and weaknesses alike may both be traced to this.

On the credit side as well is the fact that the actors have been thoroughly drilled but are by no means mechanical or spiritless; and though the play is presented in a highly stylized mode—indeed, one might almost say that it is choreographed like a ballet—this in no way detracts from the immediacy of its emotional impact. Mr. Starnes deserves high

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praise for melding the diverse elements of *Dark of the Moon* into a unified whole which can be talked about as such. Indeed it is only on ground of interpretation that we can take any legitimate exception to this almost flawlessly executed production.

Dark of the Moon seems to ask a simple question of its director: is it primarily a tragic play with pronounced comic elements or just the reverse? *Dark of the Moon* is conventionally produced as a tragedy. Mr. Starnes has taken the far more difficult course of producing the play as a dark comedy, and of contrasting its humorous elements with the somber background of witchcraft, of curse and retribution, of death, sexual license and religious bigotry against which the action unfolds. This interpretation, however, has the built-in danger that the play will give the impression not so much of humor as of frivolity. And indeed this is a shortcoming of the present production, in which the unsophisticated mountain folk have an unhappy way of deteriorating into mindless hicks. Mr. Starnes' attempt to evoke a simple primitive world too often deteriorates into an unintentional and somewhat condescending parody of a tragedy in which the actors laugh at the characters they portray and nobody takes the thing very seriously.

The first act is primarily at fault; for here Mr. Starnes has delineated his characters in broad strokes, an attempt at bold characterization with the unfortunate side effect of obscuring the subtle analogies between acts one and two. The unaltered playgoer will fail to see, for example, that the pivotal scene at the hoedown in act one is an almost exact—if unexpected—foreshadowing of the scene at the revival meeting in the second act which culminates in the ritual rape that precipitates the final tragedy. And for all Mr. Starnes' fascination with choral speech and gestures in unison he does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that the square dance is itself a ritual, a profane version, as it were, of the sacred ritual of the religious revival.

Ultimately the question of whether the play is a comedy or a tragedy is misleading. *Dark of the Moon* turns out to be primarily a study in ironic perceptions, of how the complexity of human experience evades all attempts at simple explanation. The world of the play is defined in terms of various stereotypes of the range of human behavior, running from hoedown to revival meeting, out of which the various characters manufacture inadequate explanations of their own motivations and the meaning of their own lives.

Indeed, the plot of *Dark of the Moon* is itself a descant on a commonplace, the story of the demon lover, one of the darkest of romantic stereotypes. Ostensibly *Dark of the Moon* tells of the plight of Barbara Allen, an innocent maiden who is attacked and raped by a witch, who later marries him and bears his child, and who is ultimately reclaimed by means of the simple faith of good country people. The truth, it transpires, is not so simple, nor are the country people so good. Both the mountain girl and the witch boy, who are the only characters in the play able to transcend the limitations of their respective worlds, are destroyed by the societies whose conventions they have defied.

One may fault this present production of *Dark of the Moon*, then, for its failure to evoke that ambiguous mood which gives the play much of its emotional charge. It is perhaps too straightforward in its

conception; but in execution this Dramat production merits the highest praise. It is skillful without pretentiousness and, best of all, allows us to focus our attention undividedly upon the play.

—James K. Folsom
Asst. Professor of English

Yale

On Wednesday, November 8, a great deal happened, or seemed to happen. First a nineteen year old from Coventry, Connecticut, who had enlisted in the U.S. Army and then decided that the Vietnam war, and killing in general, was wrong, showed up for orders at the Connecticut Induction Center on Chapel Street. He had made his views known to local draft protestors, and twenty people with signs showed up to encourage him to refuse induction. At the end of the day he received a government escort from the Center to a bus bound for Fort Dix, New Jersey, after making a "V" sign to the shivering demonstrators.

That same afternoon, thirty members of the Yale SDS picketed at 143 Elm Street, where Yale has its career advisory offices and where a CIA representative was preparing to interview Yalermen seeking careers in the Agency. As applicants were hustled out a backdoor by the agent to a downtown office, the pickets were barred from the building on instructions from Assistant Dean of Yale College Donald Akenson. SDS chairman Karl Klare said that the hastily called demonstration was just the start of a challenge to University recruitment policy. Akenson defended the right of recruiters to recruit, but said that Yale had no formal policy in this regard and that the demonstration had raised a point "that ought to be clarified, and which we intend to clarify."

That night, Robert Welch debated Norman Thomas on whether or not we must negotiate withdrawal from Vietnam, under the auspices of the Yale Political Union. The debate had been billed by the P.U. as likely to be Thomas' last, and the Law School Auditorium was jammed with people come to watch. Thomas said that American involvement in Vietnam was helping Communism, that the war was everlastingly destructive of Vietnam, that it was unjustified by any of the canons of a just war, that it was dangerous and stupid. Welch said that we had to stay and win since we were there, though getting there was a mistake, part of a world-wide Russian-American Communist conspiracy that had preplanned what is happening now in Vietnam as far back as 1952. He said we could win "overnight" if someone "took the wraps off our boys," let them go all-out.

It was a silly sort of debate, cleverly staged for bored Yale folk, pre-ordained to demonstrate nothing.

Meanwhile, Donovan was signing at Woolsey Hall, and over in SSS the Dump Johnson movement was trying to get underway. Allard K. Lowenstein, 1954L, who is vice-president of the ADA and chairman of the Conference of Concerned Democrats, which wants to dump LBJ, had come to town, and convinced a number of people that defeating Johnson in the primaries was possible, and the most productive step toward negotiating the United States out of Vietnam. The meeting heard Vincent Scully analyze the President, who was "dragging the United

States with him into the very shades of hell." Ezra Stiles Master Richard Sewall said he had greeted news of the movement's inception as "a burst of light on a dark landscape," and Lowenstein presented his arguments.

The star speaker, former Connecticut Congressman Frank Kowalski, was saved for last, and spoke to a small and dwindling audience in the auditorium. The former army colonel began eloquently, describing how as the first military governor of Hiroshima he had stood amongst the ruins of the city "and saw the charred hell . . . and I made up my mind that I would fight for peace for the rest of my life." Then he rambled off into one thing after another, talking at time tragically, at others "of the silly hide-and-seek games in South Vietnam, where we are losing so many lives. . . ."

Though he thought that the war was wrong and that the U.S. ought to leave "as soon as possible," Kowalski didn't feel he could support defiance of the draft. After he had finished his speech and left the speaker's stand, he paused, walked to the side of the stage, and said in a shaken tone that he was leaving shortly for Washington, for his son was in the army and was on the point of leaving for Vietnam. The meeting was breaking up at that point, however, and hardly anyone heard him.

The next day, a faculty petition was published in the *Yale Daily News* over more than 400 signatures. It was more strongly worded than the petition of last winter, which 462 faculty members had signed, but there was a certain absurdity in its call for President Johnson to "rise to his historical destiny," terminate the bombing of the North for good, and enter negotiations with the NLF towards "an honorable peace."

A series of half-starts, confrontations with unclear outcomes, everything happening at once and an intellectual debate on the war that has remained roughly at the level of the first teach-ins while the war has grown by leaps and bounds. The malaise of a wide range of students opposed to our war in Vietnam has become increasingly pronounced, and since the range of tactics is so wide and the direct effects so unclear, they are starting with themselves, in the hope of building a movement, announcing either defiance-if-necessary or total noncooperation and resistance now, to the draft. It seems to have been the Yale way to remain aloof from this sort of thing, but maybe it's changing now.

—Jerry Bruck

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