

The New Journal

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Bonnie
and
Clyde
Glade



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Comment: faculty support for Coffin, glitter on Yale's party scene, and a close look at *We Bombed in New Haven*.

Coffin

A letter of support for the Rev. William S. Coffin is now circulating among Yale faculty members. It states that the signers of the letter are convinced that Rev. Coffin "has acted out of the strongest sense of moral responsibility in protesting the war in Vietnam, and that he has chosen his methods of protest only after careful and anguished reflection."

The 500-word letter states that the "great majority of signers of this statement share Mr. Coffin's conviction that our military involvement in Vietnam is profoundly wrong"; but it makes clear that it is more concerned with the indictment as a symbol of "tragic heightening of the domestic costs of the Vietnam War." In particular, it warns of the danger to a democracy when citizens are forced "to choose between their obligation to the law of their country and their moral obligation to themselves and their fellow citizens."

The letter also warns that the "vague and shadowy charge of conspiracy" may be used in the future to silence those who examine and discuss the issue of conscience.

Sponsors of the letter include Law School dean Louis Pollak; law professors Alexander Bickel, Elias Clark, Abraham Goldstein; political science professors James Barber and Robert Dahl; psychiatry department chairman Theodore Lidz; psychiatry professor Robert Lifton; psychology professor William Kessen; associate professor of molecular biophysics Robert Wilhelm; and history professor C. Vann Woodward.

Faculty who wish to sign the statement are asked to return a signed card to the office of James Barber, 202 Hall of Graduate Studies.

Another statement supporting Rev. Coffin was signed by 14 faculty members who aided in the turning in of draft cards or turned in their own cards on October 21 in Washington. The signers say that since the "Administration has chosen to accelerate the war," they feel "yet more strongly that it is not only our right but is our duty to protest this war and stand by those courageous young men who have done so by refusing the draft." The statement "reaffirms the position of last October and reaffirms our solidarity with each other."

One who will probably not sign any such statements is Yale President Kingman Brewster, who somewhat ominously commented after the indictment was announced: "I have made it clear on several occasions that I think draft resistance and its advocacy as a political tactic is ineffective, unwise and improper. Respect for due process of law, however, requires that anyone who is accused is presumed to be innocent until he is found guilty under a Constitutionally valid law. Therefore the fact of indictment itself does not warrant any change in Mr. Coffin's status at Yale."

Glitter

Carl Reiner did not wear his toupee. "Ruthie, it was him, I swear. He just looks less hairy."

But Paul Newman did wear his shoes. "Last time I saw Paul and Joanne, they were at the Copa in Miami. Paul was wearing black tie and his usual black socks. No shoes. It was very formal. Paul hates to wear shoes."

What an evening, December 4, opening night of Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven*, in the Yale University Theater. Except for Kenneth Haigh and his sleek friend, the sophisticates on the first two rows of the balcony almost broke their necks leaning and gawking over the edge. Strangers spoke to strangers.

"Who's Heller talking to now?"

Hermione Gingold?"

"Someone said Mike Nichols is here."

"I hear Clive Barnes and Walter Kerr are in the second row."

"Lady, I wouldn't recognize Clive Barnes if I sat on him. I'm looking for Paul Newman's bald spot."

Intermission came and everybody crowded down for a better view. Three first-year acting students stood on the packed stairs and reported: "Paul is now walking out of the auditorium. He chews his gum with the whole left side of his face. Good news, folks. He's not as short as you've been told. He wears a fitted grey double-vent suit. He is tanned. He is beautiful. He shimmers. He is walking outside into the air with his wife, Joanne Woodward. No, she is not wearing a wig. They're going back inside. Quick, look, or you'll miss him. That's all, folks, he's gone."

After the play, everyone came to the party in the Trumbull College dining room. In the beginning no one could move. Rumors of liquor and hors d'oeuvres at some far corner swept through the crowd.

"Arthur Schlesinger is here."

"Yes, I know. There he is," said a girl, unfortunately pointing to host Ronald Dworkin, master of Trumbull, who was deep in conversation with Frederic March.

"Celebrities always stick together," the girl added with some bitterness.

"Isn't that Robert Osborn with the white hair talking to John Hersey and his wife? I told him I loved reading the *Vulgarians*, and he told me he didn't write it," sighed Estelle Parsons, twisting her handkerchief.

"He wasn't telling the truth, was he?"
 At the party, Newman sat with his own party by the door. The former Yale Drama School student drank beer, chewed gum, and practised the fine art of not looking at five thousand people who were looking at him. His was the only group sitting, and he sat with his back to the crowd.

"Hey, listen, I went right up to him and said, if I don't do it now, I'll never do it."

"Yeah, yeah, what did he say?"

"Then I said, my name is Henry Winkler, and I'm a first-year acting student and did you do any editing or cutting for *Cool Hand Luke*. I asked if he had anything to do with that last awful sequence of Luke smiles."

"Yeah, yeah, what did he say?"

"He shook my hand and said, pleased to meet you and said, no, I just acted and split."

"Betsy, where is Truman Capote?" asked a professor.

"Truman didn't invite us, so we didn't invite him," said Betsy Dworkin.

"The play? Oh, of course the play is great. Everyone says so. All the people

who look like people you should recognize, they're big Broadway types. They love it. Heller's got a hit."

"Mr. Heller, I think you have a hit."

"Oh, yeah. Good. Meet my daughter Erica. I gotta run."

"Well, confidentially, I never thought he'd make it," said Erica.

"Who? Make what?"

"My father. I never thought he'd make it through the production. Didn't he look crazy when they made him come up on stage for a curtain call? He'll be impossible to live with after all this."

"I think the liquor is going to run out before I find out which one is Kurt Vonnegut," mourned a graduate student whose moustache was soaked with good Scotch.

"Look, give up. Bill Styron is here someplace," answered his friend, "and all my girl wants to do is stand here by the door and watch Paul Newman. She won't even talk to him. Just makes me stand here watching her watch Paul Newman."

"Bob and I had 27 people to dinner tonight, and all of a sudden Bob says, have to get over to Battell for services. Twenty-seven people and opening night and he has to go over for the protest." Norma Brustein laughed ruefully to Reverend Coffin.

"Jim, you mean you actually asked him for his autograph? You're crazy. You're drunk. What did he say?"

"He said the same thing to me that he said to the girl who asked him before I did. He said Jesus Christ I oughta smash your face in or something like that."

"Let me see what he wrote—Best Wishes to Mary, Paul Newman. Well, he signed it, all right."

"Look, he's leaving."

And then Paul Newman showed that the actor, even the star, can still use a good director. For his finale, he strained for the non balance of the ringleader, the tough kid who knows, and has to pretend he doesn't, that everybody's watching and waiting for him to show how cool he is.

Newman picked up an unopened Budweiser, pulled his custom-tailored gray pants away from his custom-tailored stomach, and slipped the can down into the front of his pants. Then he grinned.

And everybody saw that he wasn't really that tough guy. He was just some rich kid sneaking free booze away from a deb party in Westport.

But he didn't lose the crowd. They still loved him. After all, it was a hip move. He could get a whole can of beer just for the asking. He was Paul Newman. Anyway, he was killing himself for the effect. The can was cold.

Susan Braudy

Bombed

Joseph Heller's first assault upon the stage was a welcome step toward the engaging contemporary drama that Yale's resident audience has been led to expect, though not to find, at the new Repertory Theater. The December performance was a contrast to the earlier, uninspired presentation of a "classic" work which gained nothing from the meeting of the two perspectives of past and present—a confrontation that can so easily result in no perspective at all. The company still needs better overall scripts, but it is certainly now fair to say that it deserves them. The group handled the play with as much competence and imagination as could be expected of any company in the United States. Mr. Arrick

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Beleaguered Biafra and the threat of genocide

By Jonathan Lear

The final chords of Handel's *Judas Macabaeus* resonated through Woolsey Hall proclaiming the triumph of the persecuted Israelites. Lazarus Ekwueme left his place in the choir and walked the single, snowy black back to his one-room apartment next to George and Harry's.

This particular oratorio had struck a personal note with Laz, a graduate student in music, who has been away from his African home for two years now. It filled him with the thoughts of his people—the Ibos. "We are the Jews of Africa," Laz said after the concert. "We have so much in common with the Jews: ambition, love of education, pride . . . and persecution."

Genocide is imminent for the eight million Ibos that are his people. Some of the leading powers of the world actively support the forces inflicting the genocide; the American press indirectly lends support to those forces; the American government refuses to take any position; and the American people are largely unaware of the helpless condition of an entire people facing annihilation.

When I met Laz shortly after the Woolsey Hall concert, the muscles in his face were tight and his speech abrupt. Trying to ask an innocuous question that would ease tension, I made my first faux pas. I asked where his home was located in Nigeria.

"I am not from Nigeria," he said. "I am from Biafra. I am a Biafran."

Newspapers and diplomats insist on calling it Nigeria, but the region is wracked by a civil war so intense, so divisive, so bloody, that it is doubtful a united Nigeria in any old sense of the word will ever exist again. Thirty thousand Ibos who lived in the North of Nigeria lost their lives in a series of pogroms in 1966. An additional two million Ibos fled the pogroms in a mass exodus to the East, the home of their population.

On the first anniversary of the Northern Pogrom, after the federal government reneged on agreements which might have mended the nation, the Eastern Region seceded from Nigeria. The Republic of Biafra was born on May 29, 1967. Civil war followed shortly. The federal government, with its capital at Lagos, expected to crush the rebels within a week. They did not anticipate Biafran determination: the war is still being waged.

The federal troops seem intent on eliminating the 14 million people (eight million of them Ibos) who call themselves Biafrans. While all major nations conduct diplomatic relations with the federal government, no nation has yet recognized Biafra. Britain and Russia, strange bedfellows, actively support and equip the federal government.

The attitude of the West was ironically revealed in my second faux pas. I asked Laz about the Ibo tribe.

"I resent the word *tribe* as it is applied to the Ibos," he said. "We are a people, a nation. After all, no one talks about the Anglo-Saxon *tribe* or the German *tribe*."

In a year Laz will have his Ph.D. in music theory. His older brother has an M.A. in town planning; his younger brother is an English-educated surgeon; his friends in Biafra are all similarly educated. And I ask about his *tribe*.

The devastating war in Nigeria is condoned, ignored or even supported by the West because it is only black Africans against black Africans. Were there fifty white missionaries whose lives were in danger, the reaction would hardly be the same. Had the exodus of Ibos to Biafra

occurred along an internationally recognized boundary it would have been considered one of the world's great refugee problems. Because Biafra is not recognized, however, its two million refugees are passed off as a "domestic problem."

But the reddening eyes and occasional tears that accompanied Laz's descriptions of the war remind one that human deaths are something more than the box scores of a baseball game in an unfamiliar league. Since no mail can get through, Laz has no idea whether his parents are alive or dead. Any letter that is smuggled out of Biafra always carries news of death.

Laz learned from a smuggled letter he received this fall that Northern soldiers had built a fire with books from a school in which he had studied, and had roasted chickens. The books symbolized the education valued by Biafrans. By destroying the books the soldiers felt they were destroying Biafran power.

His fiancée, Vicki, whom he left at home so that she could finish her college education, just graduated *summa cum laude*; and he cannot even send her an application to graduate school.

"Vicki is stuck in the country," he said. "And I am stuck outside, which is even worse."

Laz spends most of his waking hours gathering support for Biafra and funds for Biafran refugees. The International Student Center is sponsoring a fund-raising show on March 2, in which Biafran students will perform. He hopes to unite concerned members of the Yale community who could act as a lobbying force on the government and the press to end the carnage.

The plight of the Biafran student in America is one which Laz, as president of the Biafran Students of Connecticut, is trying to ease. Since no mail leaves a blockaded Biafra, Biafran students have been cut off from family funds, and all Nigerian fellowships to Biafrans have been revoked. One of Laz's close friends at Columbia Medical School was forced to drop out and take temporary employment.

In spite of the constricting financial problems, the Biafran students in Connecticut, under Laz's leadership, donated \$475 for medical aid to Biafran refugees.

"You'd be surprised how little our finances here are a problem compared with the problem back home," said Laz. "I don't even know how many of my relatives are alive; I only know I will never see all of them again. If one can't go to med school, okay, so he'll get a job and earn some money to send to Biafra. This is the spirit."

2

On July 31, 1967, a letter appeared in the *New York Times*, the first in the American press to cry out against the genocide in Nigeria. The author was Richard N. Henderson, an assistant professor of anthropology at Yale who teaches African anthropology. From 1960, when Nigeria became independent, until 1962, Henderson was in that country studying urban structure and the impact of European and American culture. Henderson observed the movement from "Nigeria's brightest hopes to the first signs of danger." He also saw the large role the educated and skilled Ibos played in the life of Nigeria. The aggressive, self-assertive orientation of the Ibos permeated Onitsha, the town in which he lived.

In his letter to the *Times* in July, 1967, Henderson wrote that all those who had hopes for Nigeria were appalled at the threat of disintegration. However, he went on to say that legalistic arguments about the unity of Nigeria should not override humanitarian requirements. As the most educated people in Nigeria, the Biafrans provided before the pogroms the real basis for national identity; but the "murderous rampages" on the Ibos and the backing out of agreements ironically forced the most nationalistic people to secede. The federal government had exterminated all Biafran faith in the federation. The only possible solution, said Henderson, was the immediate demonstration by "concrete acts" that the federal government is concerned with the welfare and civil rights of the Biafrans.

Henderson's letter provided a flag around which other concerned scholars rallied. An "Appeal for a Cease-Fire in Nigeria," drafted by 13 scholars and missionaries, warned that the entrance of federal troops into the East (Biafra) involved a real danger of genocide. The letter said an immediate cease fire was urgently necessary, and it implored Britain, Russia, and the United States, the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity to act to end the hostilities.

These scholars later formed a Committee for Biafran Refugees with Conor Cruise O'Brien, Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at NYU, as the leading spokesman. Presently they are collecting donations for medical aid to Biafra through the National Council of Churches in New York.

The appeals of the scholars have made clear that no one group can be blamed for the tragic situation in Nigeria. The war is the culmination of a complex history of grievances and hatreds among peoples. Attempting to assign ultimate blame is not only fatuous but also hinders negotiations for a peaceful solution.

The events leading to the war are indeed a complex interweaving of nationalist movements restrained by feudal jealousies. Divided through history by suspicion and hatred, these people of Nigeria were grouped in a federation by a handful of British colonialists, who arbitrarily drew lines on a map of Africa with no regard for cultural or historical unity.

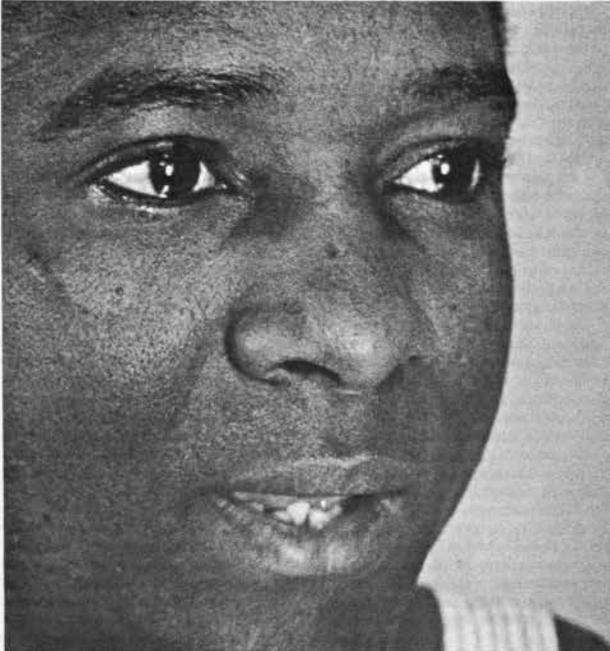
With Nigerian Independence in 1960 the three main language groups of Nigeria, Hausa of the North, Yourba of the West and Ibo of the East entered an increasingly hostile game of king of the mountain for control of the federal government. None of the groups could control the government alone. Coalitions formed and re-formed, but the Hausa North, with the larger population and territory, always dominated. The Eastern and Western sectors took turns at being excluded.

The Ibos in this period were forced to assume the classic role of a minority group. Trade-oriented, valuing education and maintaining strong kinship networks, the Ibos became identified as somehow more clever and sly than most. The hatred of the other peoples was vented on the Ibos, and they were blamed for all social malaise. In the Hausa-dominated North the two million Ibos, forced to live in ghettos called *Sabon Gari* (strangers' quarters), were still the most nationalistic group in Nigeria.

"Ibos did not think of themselves only as Ibos, but also as Nigerians," said Henderson.

The spark of nationalism ignited the

Lazarus Ekwueme



Richard Henderson

minds of several young army officers, and on January 15, 1966, they conducted a successful coup designed to end the feudalistic anachronism and establish a truly national government at Lagos. The leader of the Northern Region, Sardauna of Sokoto, and his Prime Minister at Lagos, Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, were assassinated.

The North feared this coup as an Eastern attempt to gain control of the entire federation. Ibos were blamed. While the officers that led the coup had members of all peoples, a large number were from the most nationalistic: Ibo. An Ibo became head of the Supreme Military Council. Major General Aguiyi-Ironsi, born in the North, Hausa-speaking, and above all dedicated to a united Nigeria, received a reputation based on only one characteristic—being an Ibo.

Tensions rose. The Ibos living in the North ridiculed the death of Sardauna and defiled photographs of him. The abstract and non-human terms in which Northerners spoke of Ibos gained in venom and frequency. Stories of Ibo greed and cunning saturated the North. Rumors of Ibos smuggling in guns to enslave the North grew malignantly.

Tensions boiled over on May 24, 1966, when to insure national unity Ironsi issued a decree abolishing regions entirely. Living in *Sabon Gari*, the Ibos were easy prey, and massacres erupted in five Northern cities.

"Some were decapitated. Others bled to death after their arms, legs, and testicles were chopped off. Old men and boys had their eyes gouged out. Pregnant women's bellies were ripped open. Children were shot in their parents' presence," wrote Claire Sterling in the *Reporter* (August 10, 1967).

Laz lost a cousin in this pogrom. Thousands of Northern Ibos fled to the East. The Ibo leader of the Eastern Region, Lt. Col. Odumegwu Ojukwu, a dedicated nationalist, asked the refugees to go back to their jobs in the North. Placing national unity first, Ojukwu realized that the North would face economic collapse if the Ibos who held the vital jobs evacuated. What Ojukwu terms the "last act of faith for that (nationalist) faith" ended in disaster.

A counter-coup in July killing Aguiyi-Ironsi catalyzed another pogrom. Every Ibo officer found in the Northern military capital was murdered. In this butchery Laz lost 210 former classmates. The new commander, Yakubu Gowon, symbolized the North's regain of control over the shreds of a nation.

Refugees flocked to the East. "A woman, mute and dazed, arrived back in her village after traveling for five days with only a bowl in her lap. It held the head of her child, severed before her eyes. Another woman stepped off a refugee lorry, her face battered. By her side was her little boy, one of whose eyes had been gouged out, and her little girl who had severe scalp wounds. 'What,' she kept repeating, 'has happened to my baby?' It had been tied to her back before she was knocked to the ground," wrote Colin Legum of the exodus (*Africa Reports*, November, 1966).

The pattern of federal unity had become a scattered jigsaw puzzle. In an emergency conference in September, 1966, Gowon made a last-ditch effort to piece it together. He proposed a loose association of autonomous states, economically interdependent and joined by customs unions and public services. All parties united,

ephemerally. For unknown reasons the North abandoned the proposals after its own leader had proposed them. The once bright hope of a united Nigeria dimmed a shade more.

The remaining Ibos in the North were hunted down and maimed or murdered on September 29, 1966, in a third pogrom, actively led by Northern police and troops. Schools and hospitals associated with Ibos were sacked and destroyed.

But the dim hope of a united Nigeria had not yet been extinguished. In the first days of 1967, leaders from all factions met in Aburi, Ghana, in an astoundingly successful conference. Gowon agreed to finance the resettlement of Ibo refugees, and all sides agreed to the loose economic association previously proposed.

Again the glimmer of hope was to be doused. The senior officers of the Northern civil service, more interested in immediate benefits than a viable federation, opposed these proposals, known as the Aburi Agreements. Controlling all federal power at Lagos, they showed reluctance to yield it. While Gowon's control over his bureaucrats may have been more than nominal, it was not strong enough. Reneging upon the Aburi Agreements in March, 1967, the federal government extinguished all hope of a united Nigeria.

The East, now well acquainted with disappointment, stood ready to act and seceded. Thinking that the war, which broke out shortly thereafter, would take a week to crush, Gowon obviously had no conception of the fierce Biafran spirit, for the war rages on today. Biafrans fight for an idea as well as for their very existence: a combination not easily overwhelmed by larger numbers or better equipment.

"This is a popular and patriotic war, waged by people who feel that their survival is quite literally at stake. . . . A nation has been born and will in some form endure. There is reality about the birth of Biafra," wrote Conor Cruise O'Brien in the *Observer* (October 8, 1967).

"As long as there is one living Biafran," Laz said, "there will be a Biafra."

The British are the most culpable of all parties. They support federal troops to frustrate the emergence of African intelligence. Henderson thinks the British prefer a docile, tradition-oriented, dependent people to an independent, educated, self-assertive people who might compete with business interests. They not only condone, but actively support the wholesale slaughter of an entire race to promote selfish economic interests. Britain isolates the most Western-oriented nation in Africa.

Only one more in a long list of tragic ironies is that Britain finds herself on the same side as the Soviet Union, which aids the Lagos government as a natural extension of Arab bloc support.

The worst aspect of Britain's position is that it prevents her allies from aiding Biafra. With Russia and all Moslem countries supporting Lagos the only side that could support Christian Biafra is silenced. While the United States is diplomatically obligated to be neutral, genocide somehow seems at least as important as neutrality. Henderson and other members of the Committee for Biafran Refugees have appealed to the State Department to take a more active part in attempting to end the violence. The official response has been that any U.S. efforts to encourage negotiations would be rejected as interference in Nigeria's internal affairs and

as an unfriendly act. With British and Soviet aid pouring into Lagos, the charge of interference would seem to be little more than a semantic game. But since Britain is her closest ally, the U.S. is in an embarrassingly touchy situation. And, of course, there's Vietnam.

3

The press performed a disservice to the American people and an abominable injustice to the Biafrans in covering the war. For the ultimate existence of the Ibos may hang upon the feelings of the American people. Today few Americans realize there is a war in which 14 million face death, and that is the fault of the press.

When hostilities erupted, the *New York Times* had reporters in both Nigeria and Biafra. Understanding the plight of the Ibos, the Biafran reporter, Lloyd Garrison, wrote, "Like a beleaguered Israel, Biafra will fight back. It will have nothing to lose. For the Ibo it will be survival or death" (*New York Times*, June 4, 1967). Garrison was withdrawn on July 21 and not replaced. So ended any semblance of balanced coverage in the *New York Times*. The remaining reporter in Lagos, Alfred Friendly Jr., according to Henderson "swallowed the federal position whole." Friendly, Henderson believes, was contained by the federal government at Lagos and was unable to do much more than rewrite that government's hand-outs.

Friendly remains the only *Times* reporter in Nigeria. In at least one instance, the *Times* reported the fall of a Biafran town to federal troops when it was still in Biafran control. Some very recent articles, however, suggest that Friendly is beginning to become disaffected with the federal side.

"Time seems to be running out for the secessionist Ibo regime," began a *Times* editorial of August 6. Yet on August 13 the *Times* expressed disappointment that federal troops weren't "tightening the noose" fast enough and that Biafrans were taking the offensive.

Upset at this coverage, Henderson wrote Graham Hovey, a member of the *Times*' editorial board who deals with African affairs, accusing him of "distorting a complex situation in which a very large number of human lives are at stake." Since an interchange of ideas between Henderson and Hovey, the editorial position of the *Times* has evolved to the point of urging negotiations, while still opposing any form of secession.

On Thanksgiving Day Laz and 100 fellow Biafrans demonstrated in front of the *New York Times* editorial offices to protest the *Times*' treatment of the war. Since that day there has been no editorial mention of the war.

The *Times*' distortion results from carrying the rational amorality of politics too far. "Biafra cannot win. The Biafrans simply must give up secession and negotiate for a highly autonomous East Central State," said Graham Hovey in a telephone interview last week. While in a 3-M game of Diplomacy this would be the correct move, it fails to take into account the personal determination of a people.

"There are no conditions for reuniting. The two countries can never be one again," said Laz. "This is not just my feeling. It is the dedication of 14 million people who are fighting for their lives." ■

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The director's event: interview with Arthur Penn

by Robert Edelstein and
Martin L. Rubin

Robert Edelstein, a senior in Yale College and chairman of the Yale Film Society, directed Sally's Hounds, shown at Yale last fall, and is presently working on a new film, The Girl with No Name.

Martin Rubin, a junior in Yale College, is vice president-treasurer of the Yale Film Society.

The release of *Bonnie and Clyde* has confirmed Arthur Penn as the most talented American film director to emerge in the '60's, clearly outdistancing such other aspirants as Stanley Kubrick (*Dr. Strangelove*), Mike Nichols (*The Graduate*), Robert Mulligan (*Up the Down Staircase*), or Sidney Lumet (*The Pawnbroker*).

Like most recent film-makers, Penn started out in the perilous training grounds of New York television and theater. Working mostly with producer Fred Coe, his early TV experience included "The Colgate Comedy Hour" and "First Person." His first major theater production was William Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw* in 1957. At this time, he and Coe became interested in Gibson's *The Miracle Worker*, which resulted in the successful "Playhouse 90" production and, later, a long-run Broadway show, directed by Penn. Other notable plays Penn has directed on Broadway include *Toys in the Attic*, *All the Way Home*, *An Evening with Nichols and May*, *Golden Boy* and *Wait Until Dark*. His previous films include *The Left-handed Gun* (1959), *The Miracle Worker* (1961), *Mickey One* (1965) and *The Chase* (1965).

Bonnie and Clyde (1967) has been, except for the pathetic dissent of Bosley Crowther, the most critically acclaimed film of the year. The interview which follows centers mainly on this film. Despite the critical attention it has received, the film has been largely misinterpreted. We hope that this interview will clear up some of these misconceptions, most notably those of critics who insist that the film is an attempted recreation of the Dust Bowl era and/or the story of a budding Al Capone and his bloodthirsty moll. It should be noted that the themes and style of *Bonnie and Clyde* were developed in Penn's previous four films, and this interview touches upon them to illustrate that point. In short, *Bonnie and Clyde* bears more relation to *The Left-Handed Gun* than to either *The Grapes of Wrath* or *Little Caesar*.

Penn, now forty-five years old, is preparing the script for his next film, *Little Big Man*, based on the novel by Thomas Berger. He has planned no other projects beyond this one. He continues to direct in theater, although the disastrous experience of *How Now, Dow Jones* has made him wary of Broadway, and he will be running the Berkshire Playhouse in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, this summer. This interview was conducted at Penn's office on Broadway in November, 1967, three months after the release of *Bonnie and Clyde*.



In your films, you seem to be concerned with individuals who want to shape their lives in their own way, outside of society. Yet these characters come to violent, tragic ends. Aren't you concerned about any other character types?

I would say, almost categorically, that the only people who really interest me are the outcasts from society. The people who are not outcasts—either psychologically, emotionally, or physically—seem to me to be subject for material for buying breakfast food,

but they're not subject for material for films.

My characters don't always end violently, if you bear in mind that Helen Keller figures in this configuration of outcasts. Quite the reverse happens.

What I'm really trying to say through the figure of the outcast is that a society has its mirror in its outcasts. A society would be wise to pay attention to the people who do not belong in it in order to find out what its configuration is and where it's failing.

In *The Chase* and in *Bonnie and Clyde*, at least, the fates of these characters seem to get progressively darker. They seem more and more hopeless in their ability to make these lives which they wish to lead last . . .

Well, I don't think there's anything like an even battle between the outcast and his society. It isn't an even battle at all. What I really am sensing is that this is the only fight these people can fight. The odds are clearly against them as, I think, the odds are clearly against the Negro in the civil rights movement today. The odds have always seemed to be, as far as I can figure, against the people who seem to be on the right side.

In a certain sense, it's a kind of revolutionary position. I mean to say, my sympathies lie with that man or woman who's outside society and cannot accommodate himself to it and may have to lose his life in order to change that society.

Towards the end of *Bonnie and Clyde*, Bonnie tells Clyde that she's "got the blues," that at one point she had thought they were "going somewhere," and now she wonders if they are going anywhere. Are they?

No, I'm not holding up Bonnie and Clyde as particularly interesting outcasts nor as outcasts who have an intention or a continuing motivating line. I don't think they did. I think they were wandering, hopeless people.

But I think it was a wandering, hopeless time. The time itself didn't know where it was going. It was a peculiarly naive time, horrible as it was. The Depression was peculiarly naive. The banks did naive things. They foreclosed as many farms as they possibly could, leaving the land without anyone to farm it, which promptly broke the banks.

Everyone seemed to have a sense of destination, and yet when they came to confront their lives, the discovery was that the sense of destination had departed. They found they were simply engaged in acting out whatever roles they had set in motion originally.

In the film, it was very important for me to have at least Bonnie understand that she was no longer acting out of the early promises of Clyde like, "I'm going to dress you up, and we're going to go to the fanciest restaurants." There was no longer that, and they were down to a very threadbare basis. This was, however, her only place for existence—with him and in doing these things. She was perfectly willing to accept that, knowing that death was implicit in it and liable to come at any time. In that sense, it was an existential realization, and it was an important one for me.

These outcasts are often famous criminals, such as Billy the Kid and Bonnie and Clyde, and they seem to attract hero-worshippers. I'm thinking particularly of the Hurd Hatfield character in *Left-Handed Gun* and C. W. Moss in *Bonnie and Clyde*. Why should criminals become idols?

I think that outcasts who become prominent immediately have satellites who idolize them. It is in a certain sense a part of the bizarre character of the world that these outcasts find their historians and documentarians in these idolators.

In the character of Hurd Hatfield in *Left-Handed Gun*,* I was really trying to say that he was constantly confronted with a myth that he contained in his head about who Billy the Kid was. His grave disappointment at who Billy the Kid actually was in fact and his inability to reconcile those two caused him eventually to betray Billy.

It was the need to have heroes be genuinely heroic that seems to me to be an absurdity and a foolish intention, and when somebody like the Hatfield character is failed in that, there's no end to his retaliation, no limit to his revenge.



C. W. Moss does not fall in the same category. C. W. Moss was really a fellow without imagination to whom these people brought one little bit of imagination and romance, and he was perfectly willing and grateful to have that in his life.

When he goes along with his father in setting up the ambush, I took that to mean that he was really testing his fantasy of these people to its limit, in his utter belief that they would really walk on water and be able to elude any ambush that his pedestrian father

*Penn's first film, *The Left-Handed Gun* (1959), a unique rendering of the myth of Billy the Kid, was initially received coldly in this country but was critically successful in Europe. In the film, Billy (Paul Newman), a childlike outlaw, is befriended by a kindly Scottish cattleman. When the Scotsman is murdered, Billy tracks down the killers and brutally avenges the death of his friend. He is protected by Pat Garrett and a Mexican blacksmith. He alienates both of them by disrupting the former's wedding and sleeping with the latter's wife. Billy is finally betrayed by an itinerant huckster (Hurd Hatfield) who had once idolized him. Trapped, Billy forces Pat Garrett to shoot him by drawing on an empty holster and dies suicidally. In this first film, Penn's preoccupation with physical violence and his flair for striking visual effects which seem to miraculously stay on the right side of obviousness are already clearly apparent.

could have possibly set up. He was absolutely certain that these figures out of romance would be able to walk away from it. In that sense, and only in that sense, it has a certain resemblance to the Hatfield experience in *Left-Handed Gun*—just the disparity between reality and his desire to endow Bonnie and Clyde with characteristics that they don't necessarily have.

One of the most lyrical scenes in *Bonnie and Clyde* occurs when the two finally sleep together, and it comes so late in the picture so close to their destruction. Why there?

I'm not entirely sure that was a right thing to have done . . . I mean, that we have them sleep together, consummate a relationship which we've been offering as one which was, at least to a sizeable degree, predicated on impotence on his part. But it seemed to me that a credible case could have been made out for a man who, having been terrified of women and sexual intimacy all his life, finally finds a woman who has so completely severed all her connections with the world, including the one with her family and her mother, and has so thrown her lot in with him as to be perhaps so unthreatening that he might conceivably be able to consummate a relationship with her.

That's open to quarrel, and some people have quarrelled with it for being excessively romantic. It might indeed suffer under some sort of scrutiny. I think here we were making a sexual conjecture that quite probably might not hold up.

But we were also saying something else. Now how obscure this is—I would be the first to recognize its obscurity. One of the intentions we had when we set out to do this picture was to say—Look, up until now, at least in Hollywood pictures, and more true than in Hollywood, the entire sexual level of existence is this: You don't get laid, you don't have sex . . . and then you finally break through whatever that Hays Office is, whatever that Production Code is (in life, I don't necessarily mean in movies). But the person in the movies finally makes it.

The assumption in all the films I've ever seen is that it's always spectacular, it's always marvelous. There are never any mistakes. There is never any anxiety. There's never any unhappiness associated with it. It's always perfect! I mean, if you can once get in bed with Doris Day, it's gravy from there on in—which is a *patent lie*. So we started out by saying that was one of the things we wanted to address ourselves to in the film.

The other thing, which is very obscure and which I don't know if you would agree holds any water at all, but which has some meaning to me, is that there is a certain, it seems to me, male fantasy. In the case of the male virgin, it is the dark side of the virginity, which is: if I lose my virginity, I will die.

In a society as hard-nosed Baptist as in the Southeast or Southwest, it seems to me that that kind of punitive, retaliatory God would be very closely related with the sexual act. I didn't mean in any way to make that explicit, but at least it's something that was

operating for me as a demonstration of an ultimate naiveite in this outcast.

But he does die . . .

He does die, he does die. I mean, we were not in that sense trying to alter that kind of fantasy. If anything, we were substantiating the mythic character of it: So and so did so and so; he climbed Mount Olympus . . . and he died. It runs in mythology as rather a common form. Prometheus brought life and then was chained to the mountain and had his liver torn out.



There is a consequence to those kinds of deeds that is Greek, that runs back, and it is more than Greek—it's mythic. I think people endow mythical characters with those capacities: both to ascend the heights and also to be levelled again, once again.

I would say, though, that every man has his own periods when he seems to ascend the heights, but the general experience afterwards is quite a lonely, desperate, pessimistic one.

About this love and death theme—do you think there's a similar and even more explicit situation in *Left-Handed Gun*? When Billy first makes love to the girl, he walks away, turns around, and pretends he's drawing a gun. When he dies, he makes the same gesture, the pretense of shooting a gun.

Yes, yes. It was the same character, the same sexual character, in that picture as in *Bonnie and Clyde*. You're the first one to see it, but that was the truth.

But it was associated, it is associated for me with the outcast character. It is related in that sense to the man who perhaps would view entry into the woman as entry into society—as a kind of relaxation of his abilities to remain out at the edge. The edge of his anti-social desires might be blunted by that sexual act.

It's meant to be true in both cases, since both Billy and Clyde are outlaws—different, let me say, from *The Chase*, where I didn't think of Bubber as an outlaw.

Why does Bubber come home after his escape from prison? There seems to be a sort of blind force driving him towards that town.

I don't know. I don't really have an answer to that. We didn't have a good answer to that for a whole year. We kept raising the issue, but we could never really resolve it properly for ourselves. We spoke a lot of bullshit about it, but none of it really held water, and

it doesn't hold water on the screen. It's not true, just not true at all.

Do you think there's a similar blind force driving, let's say, Mickey One or Bonnie and Clyde?

No. Bonnie and Clyde have a very specific force driving them. They set up a set of circumstances, and the circumstances eventuate in something beyond their expectations, which throws them outside of the law.

Mickey* was a very different character in that sense. There's only one force driving Mickey. I wish there'd been more. The one force for Mickey was the feeling of having become the outcast and wanting to re-enter. The only thing he couldn't stand was to be outside of society. That was intolerable to him—to have the anonymity, the identitylessness. In that sense, Mickey is a less interesting and, for me, less heroic character than either Billy or Bonnie and Clyde.

There seems a certain romantic attitude in the way you approach the relationship of Bonnie and Clyde and of Bubber and his wife, Anna, in *The Chase*.

Well, I don't think the Bubber-Anna relationship can really be compared with the one between Bonnie and Clyde. I think, in very simple terms, that Bubber came home to commit suicide. He had no ego left. He had no real destiny left. And he knew that that relationship with his wife was, to all intents and purposes, non-existent. So he came home, and it was a suicidal act.

I don't think that was true of Bonnie and Clyde. I don't think they were motivated out of a suicidal desire. They were motivated out of a more naive view of the world: that better things could be achieved. That she could wear a silk dress and go into the Adolphus Hotel. That he could set to rights the poor, foreclosed farmer. That he could, in a sense, level out part of the injustices of his society. The thing finally escalated quite out of their control; that is the sadness of it. But I wouldn't compare them as couples at all.



**Mickey One* (1965), Penn's third film, deals with a successful nightclub comedian (Warren Beatty) who is suddenly and inexplicably threatened by a nameless crime and faceless mob. He runs away and tries to bury himself in the slums of Chicago, working in honky-tonk dives. He is asked to audition for a spot in a classier nightclub, but, thinking this to be an effort by the mob to draw him out of hiding, he again flees. After a cathartic beating, he returns to face the audition, presided over by a huge, blinding spotlight, and frees himself of his anxieties.



Marston Bates

—a noted biologist, who has lived in many primitive and civilized parts of the world—provocatively (and irreverently) questions the "naturalness" or "unnaturalness" of such things as incest . . . eating insects . . . drug-taking . . . cruelty . . . and covering up between knee and navel.

Gluttons and Libertines

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Could you elaborate on this suicidal theme? I'm thinking of a line that Bubber brings up near the end of *The Chase*, where he's talking about why he couldn't stand it in prison, and he says, "When you're willing to die, then you're really free." How willing is Mickey One to die at the end of that film?

At the end of *Mickey One*, he is willing to die. He would accept death, very unwillingly, but he would accept it. The point up until then is that he was not able to accept it. He was scared to accept it. He was in flight from the possibility of death. By the end of the picture he is not. And that's all the distance the picture traverses. It takes him from his terror and inability to accept the possibility of his death to his new-found ability to try dying rather than staying outside of this society any longer. This society nourished him, because it was essentially a give-and-take; he was a comedian and needed response.

And Billy the Kid? He seems the most suicidal . . .

Yes, I think Billy the Kid is. Billy was afflicted with a sense of justice that he saw nowhere acted upon in his society. He had an almost psychopathic sense of what was just and unjust. And he appointed himself judge, jury and hangman for those who violated his sense of justice.

I was really talking about an infantile sense of justice, a kind of pre-Oedipal sense of justice: an inability to reconcile the fact that someone had really slept with his mother, so that these men were constantly transgressors. They were constantly failing his system of justice, his unbearable system of justice. At the end of the picture, he then becomes the transgressor. The act of sleeping with the woman, the wife of the man who has been his protector, is his way of sealing his own fate by doing the very act for which he has been punishing people all through the film.

A very powerful, almost cathartic violence runs through both *The Chase* and *Bonnie and Clyde* whenever these outcast characters are confronted by the society from which they're running away or trying to change. Is this violence a significant element within the films?

Yeah, within the films and within me. I think that I would like to knock a lot of heads together, a lot of heads, and that's how I do it. I think that society could use a lot of heads knocked together.

Your films give a very strong sense that this is the only way it can be done.

I'm afraid that's what I believe, sad to say. I mean, I believe in all kinds of pacific means, but if you really search deeply, I don't have a great deal of belief that they will work. I do have a certain belief that muscle will work, that some heads knocked together will work.

Whenever I've seen the need for social change, and I see it—we see it all the time, it seems to me that the defenders of the status quo are the most resilient, impenetrable bastions. It's so difficult to ever assault them that I find a certain persuasion in those people who counsel violence, who really act with a certain violence. I'm thinking now of the Negro situation in the civil rights movement today. Up to a certain point I believe in the marches and the non-violence, but I have to say that, at this point, I do not have much faith in them. I mean, when I see the faces of the fat, grinning sheriffs in Philadelphia, Mississippi, reason departs. All I want to do is get one of my heroes out of the movie to let 'em have it!

Your style often reflects this violence. For instance, the opening of *Bonnie and Clyde* is technically rather spectacular. What were you trying to achieve in those very jarring, oppressive close-ups at the beginning—of Bonnie undressing and coming to the window and later of Bonnie and Clyde after they meet?

It didn't have a great deal of meaning to me. It was really a technique choice. At the beginning I thought: where I really want to open up and see the landscape is when the two of them get together and get in the car... and head out! That's really where I want to see what field it is that they're operating on. Previous to that, the only field, it seems to me, is the look in the eye, the shape of the lips and how it goes around a coke bottle.... So I just decided to get in there as close as we possibly could. That was really a fairly simple-minded choice.

You seem to be preoccupied by cars. Key scenes in both *Mickey One* and *The Chase* are set in auto junkyards, and *Bonnie and Clyde* takes place almost exclusively in cars. Do you see these vehicles as symbols of modern life?

No, I really don't. There are two things at work. The junkyard in *The Chase* is really a wholly personal prejudice of mine. I live in the country, and whenever I drive up I keep seeing these things growing larger and larger. I think of them as a festering sore that is absolutely unbearable to behold. I mean there's a town called Craryville, New York, a sweet, innocent little town. I would say that probably one-quarter of it is now covered with automobile bodies rusting, which struck me as a terribly disgusting sight.

Visually, it was a disgusting sight. So when we were trying to think of a place for the ending of *The Chase*, that one seemed natural to me, where I could get two things off at once. One was a kind of jungle feeling which was absolutely necessary, whatever the jungle equivalent would be for this society. The automobile junkyard seemed to me to be a very apposite symbol for it. And so, in that rather simple-minded way, it suggested itself, and at the same time I got rid of a great deal of the hostilities I had towards Craryville, New York.

The case in *Bonnie and Clyde* is rather different. That has a certain historical base. As one of the more sympathetic observers said about Bonnie and Clyde (the real Bonnie and Clyde, not the characters in the film), they were invented by the V-8 engine. In a certain sense, that was true. When Ford came out with the V-8's the majority of the police still had the old 6's, the old Model T's and Model A's. Bonnie and Clyde would inevitably steal a V-8, a powerful car which could permit them not only to outrun the police of any local community but also to move across state borders.

That was their pattern. It was not unusual for them to drive seven and eight hundred miles a night. They were peregrinating souls on a very desperate level, and right at the head of it was that engine that was really driving them.



So that's what prompted us in *Bonnie and Clyde* to rely on the automobile. It also became their province. The inside of the automobile became their home. They would pick up people and drive them several hundred miles for conversation and society. That's why we included the scene of the undertaker and his girl in the film. Bonnie and Clyde picked them up because they had nobody else to talk to.

How real is the world in which Bonnie and Clyde are living? Do you think such a completely self-shaped existence is possible any more?

I don't think it was possible even then. We delineated a world which isn't an actual documentary vision of the world as it was then. We stripped away almost all the extraneous details we could. The visual essence of the picture is what it leaves out, for the most part. This barrenness was extremely intentional.

I don't think for a minute that we were creating any kind of world as world, I mean, any kind of society as society. We were creating it only as two narcissistic, mutually-involved kids might view it, which is really as a series of targets or objects—or simply as specific downtrodden people who might motivate Bonnie and Clyde to attack the targets. The movie is in that sense an abstraction rather than genuine reportage.

I think I meant more specifically the characters of Bonnie and Clyde and the way they chose to live: this robbing of banks and then running away. How long could this actually keep going? The use of the poem, the legend of Bonnie and Clyde—there seems something mythic about their existence.

Oh, I think they had a strong mythic sense about themselves. Anyway she surely did. I don't think he did. I think he was kind of a clod. Even though her ballads are doggerel, they show she has a certain ability to confront her situation in a more honest way than he was ever able to do.

I don't know, I suppose they could have gone on robbing banks. They were petty thieves at heart. They were not killers. J. Edgar Hoover may take exception, but I don't think of them as killers. I don't think they set out with that intention. They really set out to level things out a little bit. The banks had the money; they didn't have the money. And that just didn't seem right to them. So they decided to get a little bit of it.

In the course of getting a little bit of it, they attracted C. W. into their orbit. He provided the ridiculous instrument by which they then created their first murder. Having created it, they were committed to a course of action that was really larger than they were. Murder is in a certain sense bigger than these two characters. They're more thieves than murderers. They had no noble intentions of deposing some kind of reigning monarch or setting evil to rights. They killed accidentally, and they continued to kill accidentally.

There also seems a certain accidental, indifferent manner in the way they themselves get killed. There is something frightening in the expression of that Texas Ranger, so cold, so indifferent, and it just seemed to happen. Even the way the film ends seems to reflect this. It just stops, rather than coming to a more obvious, dramatic resolution.

Yes, the mood of the ending was very intentional. It was an affectless death. Sheriff Hamer himself didn't have any strong feeling about them. He wasn't operating inside any code or system of

honor or morality. He had his job to do. They had their job to do. And that seems to me to be about the worst kind of killing. One could make a very strong case for Adolph Eichmann exactly on those terms.

It seemed to me an excessively thorough death. You know—the man who summoned all his resources to break the butterfly on the rack. It was the righteous indignation of a certain segment of society acted out so that it becomes at least as ugly as anything the victims of their attack might have done themselves. The justice meted out by the forces of law and order seems to me far worse than the crimes that they're avenging, and this was one of the instances.



The death of Bonnie and Clyde was literally and historically accurate. They did fire a thousand rounds. There were eighty-seven distinct hits on the bodies of Bonnie and Clyde. As recently as 1946, the car was being toured around the Southwest, shown at carnivals: The Death Car of Bonnie and Clyde. It's a kind of gothic, grotesque behavior, and I would be hard-pressed at this point to make any choices, between Sheriff Hamer and Bonnie and Clyde, I think I'd choose Bonnie and Clyde.

Do you think that Sheriff Hamer is in that respect similar to Pat Garrett in *The Left-handed Gun*? They both seem to bring about this justice from completely personal motives.

Right. Right. I do. I think that the self-righteousness of the arm of justice is almost the most dangerous thing there is, because it's unreal. I don't think these people understand their own motives when they supposedly act out their acts of justice. I'm not entirely sure that I believe that somebody who becomes a policeman has very high motives to begin with.

Historically, a good case could be made for the fact that Bonnie and Clyde, as national figures, were elevated to a kind of artificial prominence. They were endowed with characteristics that they did not necessarily have, mad-dog killers and so forth. This was done for a very specific reason, an historical, constabulary reason. Before that time, acts of justice were confined within a state. But with the advent of the V-8 automobile, people were able to cross the state lines. There became known then the need for a national police force.

The creation of this national police was regarded, however, with a great deal of suspicion by the members of Congress and the people because it was absolutely against the spirit of the country. The sovereignty of states was

very important both for the law-abiding citizen and the criminal. So, a rather sizable brainwashing public relations campaign was conducted on behalf of the creation of a Federal Bureau of Investigation. Bonnie and Clyde, Dillinger, Pretty-Boy Floyd, those kinds of relatively petty crooks, were painted in the most garish colors by the national press. The FBI issued what were practically little comic books, cartoon stories. I saw some of them, putting down these bad guys and making them out to be fanged killers. The powers of this national police force today frighten me considerably more than Bonnie and Clyde ever could.

I guess Clyde's line, "They make us look big so that the laws'll look big when they catch us," is appropriate here.

Oh yes.

I'd like to say something here about the emphasis on childhood in your films. You said Billy the Kid is a child, and Bonnie and Clyde seem child-like in their naivete. This issue comes to a head in *The Chase*,* where almost the whole situation arises out of childhood and childishness.

I would say, perhaps generically, that films about outcasts, probably films about anybody, have to do with some kind of arrested emotional state that's associated with a childhood experience. Probably the only really adult

figure in *The Chase* was Sheriff Calder, Marlon Brando. He was a man whose whole action in the picture was to hold onto a mature view and avoid an infantile retaliatory-aggressive stance. He had to try to cool it as best he could in a community which was somewhat infantile in its views. The sadness of that story is that Calder failed.

The other sadness is that we failed Calder. We failed Brando in the fact that we didn't dramatize that nearly well enough, and that seems to me to be the conspicuous failure of that film. It seems to me an interesting character

*In *The Chase* (1965), a high-budget Sam Spiegel production, Penn encountered his most serious difficulties in completing a film. He eventually lost control over the editing, and several scenes were re-shot after his departure. The film remains, however, one of his most impressive achievements, an examination of the violence lying beneath the surface of a listless Texas town controlled by a Big Daddy-like oil baron, Val Rogers (E. G. Marshall). The escape of Bubber Reeves (Robert Redford) from the state prison aggravates the town's pent-up frustrations, complicated by several childhood grudges and the fact that Bubber's wife (Jane Fonda) has defected to Rogers' son (James Fox). A boozed-up Saturday-night mob traps Bubber in a junkyard before he is rescued by Calder (Marlon Brando), a dedicated sheriff. However, Bubber is assassinated before Calder can return him to jail. Rogers' son dies as a result of the lynch-mob's violence, and Calder, giving the town up for lost, resigns his position and leaves.



and an interesting motive, and we stepped all over our feet trying to get that on the screen. I mean, we never did.

In the sense that Calder fails, it seems that none of these outcasts, these figures in direct conflict with society, are capable of really changing it. I think this feeling is expressed in the scene in which Bonnie and Clyde are shooting outside the abandoned house, taken over by the banks. The dispossessed farmer and his worker come and take several pot-shots at the house. There seems a kind of hopelessness in the sense that they're firing at it, trying to get back at it, but they can't.

Yes. I don't know that I think outcasts or people who engage in these kinds of acts of violence can necessarily effect change. I think, however, that there

is no other choice for them. I think they have to do that. And I think that only with a vision of history can we see that maybe, maybe in some nutty way, they did really affect change. But at the time, I don't think we can ever point to change. I mean, more change has probably been accomplished by Gandhi than by Jesse James or William Tell, but maybe that's only true in certain circumstances. In other circumstances, sometimes I think people have had to go to Spain and fight the fight and lose the fight, in order to create a kind of conscience for the rest of us that is a part of us the rest of our lives. In that respect it's fortunate that these people do their thing.

We'd like to ask some more technical questions now. Your actors are always given very strong physical characterizations. We remember characteristics which are very powerfully delineated visually. How closely do you work with your actors in getting this kind of effect?

Pretty closely. I really have a lot to do with that. I like kinetic behavior; I think that's good for cinema. Kinetic-cinema, the two words have the same source.

I think it's good cinema for somebody to walk in a certain way and to move in a certain way. After all, you're showing a distillation. You're showing some ninety minutes out of a lifetime, so somebody had better come through a door in a very particular way, or hit a

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desk in a very particular way, or fire a gun in a very particular way in order for it to be meaningful.

I studied with Michael Chekhov, who was a great believer in the "psychological gesture." This is the sense that an actor can achieve a good deal of the psychology of his character by assuming some of the physical, external aspects of that character.

I've found this works and I use it rather frequently. I think Warren's limp was a very important factor in the formation of the character of Clyde . . . the dialect, the whole gait. For instance, Warren always wore that gun under his jacket. Whether it was ever intended in the scene or not, it was always there. He never played a scene without it, never, because he felt it was so much a part of his character. And it *did* make his suit fit in a certain way; it made him stand in a certain way. I think it does have peripheral benefits that we may not be conscious of, but they do help convey character.

Does this visual factor affect you very strongly in casting your roles?

Oh yes, sure. And why not have attractive people? I must say I've come a long way. When I first started out, I felt films had to be about really ordinary-looking people. But by God, they're not ordinary; they're sixty feet high. That's one incontrovertible fact about movie screen, and somebody not very attractive and sixty feet tall is really ugly.

How much freedom do you give your actors?

Well, it's always relative. What we try to do is to create the climate of accident, of controlled accident. That's really the essence of it.

Certain things I will set very meticulously. Other things I will not only set, but I will alter them from take to take so as to throw the actors off. For instance, although they're sitting in chairs, on the next take maybe one chair leg will be a little shorter than the others. Something will happen in order to cause them to say, "Jesus Christ, I'm doing a shot, but at the same time this chair doesn't . . ." They have to deal with that fact. It's by way of the physical conditions of living, that I try to create these accidents.

How closely do you work with your cameraman?

I set up every shot in the sense that I pick the location of the camera, the lens, and what it should contain. The cameraman (now we're talking mostly about Hollywood cameramen) then takes over and lights that shot. That's what their function is: lighting. It's not camera movement or camera composition. And it was at that level that we had some philosophical disagreements about what the character of a frame should be. I'm now talking about cameramen other than the last one; I don't mean that to be true of Guffey (Burnett Guffey, cameraman for *Bonnie and Clyde*). Guffey was the first cameraman I found who, although he disagreed with me, at least allowed me the belief that there might be some-

thing to what I was saying—how much light we could really cut off from a scene and still have a scene and how light had to be relatively unified in source.

You see, so much has been going on in terms of technological change in Hollywood. The character of film is so much better; it's so much faster. The lenses are so much faster; the developing process is so much better. On the other hand, the Hollywood cameramen are the same cameramen who took us from the days of the silent film to now. They are men of sixty-five or sixty-six who have not really yet recognized viscerally the character of the material they're working with. They take that light meter, and they know they've got a lot of light, but they'll put a little more light in there and a little more light . . . and pretty soon you're inundated.

Guffey was very malleable in that respect, and I have a high regard for him. I have to say he was not always with belief or conviction, but he was perfectly willing to try it. And very often he was gentlemanly enough upon seeing the stuff in the dailies to say, "My God, that's better than I thought. I really didn't think it would work, but it did." In that regard, I have a sizable estimation of him.

What do you think of the telephoto lens? You use it to great effect in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

Great lens! I'm going to use it more. I just have to use it more. I've really got the appetite for it. That is something else! We haven't really used that at all. I'm really going to use that now. Oh boy, that was one of the best experiences I've had.

You're talking about the pan down the Arcadia street (to the shot of C. W.'s father and Sheriff Hamer sitting in the ice cream parlor). That was meat and potatoes, meat and potatoes. There was a great deal of head-shaking and breast-beating about that shot. They said, "A 400mm shot! It'll shake, and nothing's going to have any depth of field . . ." And all the while I kept saying, "Yeah, tell me more, tell me more," and, by God, it came out looking just the right way. Of course! It's *sensational* dramatically!

At a certain point, there's a certain dramatic event that's only two-dimensional, and anything else is a lie. In this kind of schematic betrayal, we weren't interested in what they were specifically saying or what they were doing or what was going on. It was a pure act, a human act, and it should have been as two-dimensional as it's possible to get. If I had my choice, I'd go back and shoot it on an 800mm lens, right now.

It's a very exciting lens, particularly to intercut with. Everybody keeps saying you can't intercut with it, but the reverse, I think, is absolutely true. You not only *can* intercut with it, but *should*. The changes in visual experience between that and a lens with a great depth of field is just marvelous! I will probably end up using that lens a great deal more, maybe twenty times more than I have so far. I'm already seeing my next picture with so many scenes visualized in that way.

Given your initial story, do you think you see the film very much in terms of the shots that go into it?

What I've discovered is: when I've known what I was doing, in *Left-handed Gun* and *Bonnie and Clyde*, I saw the whole movie. Those are the only two movies I ever did see before I went to a screening. I now have to recognize this as a symptom in myself: If I can't see it in my mind's eye, something is wrong. Something is wrong. Something is wrong at least for me, and I will be alert to the fact in the future.



Do you use a lot of takes in a given scene?

Yes, I use a lot of takes, and I print a lot of takes—an indecent number—to the dismay of every studio that I've ever been associated with. But, I mean, if you can have an entire life geared to the creation of that one piece of film, and then at that point you suddenly invoke limits, it seems to me the most absurd thing in the world. You know, you have thousands of acres of wheat-field, and then when you come to bake the bread, you decide it's only going to be half a loaf long and that's it. It's ridiculous.

Do you eliminate many scenes in the editing of your films?

No, we don't. In *Bonnie and Clyde* I don't think we eliminated more than a minute or a minute and a half. The picture that's on the screen is the script as we shot it. What we eliminated were overly explicit utterances where an image took care of the idea.

We began one sequence about five speeches into the scene—the scene which ends with his saying, "I would live in one state and rob banks in another." We found that what we had viewed in the scene before, where they had made love, took care of the whole preparation of the following scene. We didn't need it, so we simply jumped into the middle of it. But that's all we cut out in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

In general, do you think you have as much freedom working with studios as you would want? Were you able to do as much with *Bonnie and Clyde* as a Warner Brothers production as you might have wanted to?

Yes. After the fact, I would have to say that we were not limited by the studio at all. During the making of it, there was always the potentiality that a very severe imposition of limits could have taken place . . .

I take it this was true of *The Chase*.

Yes. It not only *could* have taken place, but it *did* take place, totally.

Fortunately, studios are growing up now. They are recognizing that the nature of film is changing and that they have to give the people who make the films the opportunity to put them together in their own way. In my next film, for instance, I had no difficulty in getting the right to cut it in New York, the right to cut it in my own way. There has been no interference at all.

Studios are disappearing as studios and becoming what they always have been in true character, financing organizations. They're business organizations, and any pretensions towards the aesthetic are only the reflections of some elderly, vain men.

Do you still enjoy working with theater?

Yes, I enjoy the theater a lot. I don't know that I enjoy working with Broadway theater; I think it's silly.

There's something to be learned about distillation in theater that's very important. Also good actors clearly come from the theater. I found Estelle Parsons and Gene Hackman at a summer stock theatre in Stockbridge.

Do you think there's as much room for personal expression in theater as in film?

No. But I don't think there's a great deal wrong with not having personal expression sometimes. There's something to be said for technical craft, for the ability to elucidate someone else's work.

More and more I'm learning to get rid of the disciplines of the theater when I'm making a film. In the theater the script is embalmed. It is The Text, a revered work. A man's written it, and it's meant to be delivered as such.

In the cinema, the dialogue is only a guide. My good writing friends are often offended by the literary level of the scripts of my films. On the other hand, I keep thinking it doesn't matter a great deal, and I'm sort of offended sometimes by the look of *their* plays.

There's an awful lot of vanity that's inherent in the moviemaking event. It's a seductive event. Seldom in one's fantasies can one achieve the kind of power that you literally have on a movie set. Power corrupts; movie power corrupts absolutely. Dialogue in cinema only serves as a guide to a kind of visualization, and if this be megalomania, so be it. There is only one event in making movies, and that's the director's event. It is not anybody else's. I don't care how well written the script is. You can go down and get into a motel room in Texas, and the dialogue can be exquisite, but what you choose to look at and how you look at it is everything, everything. I mean, I can show you tons of out-takes where I looked at the wrong thing, and I can only say that had the movie been made up of those out-takes, it would have been a dreadful movie. You know, it's perfectly possible to not see something in the right way. That's the whole thing; it's really a cyclops experience. You get that one glassy eye with which you see everything, and that's movies.

The Mill-in: of Berkeley and things to come

by Michael Mandelbaum

Michael Mandelbaum, from Berkeley, Calif., a senior in Yale College, is an intensive major in political science. This is his second appearance in The New Journal.

"One of the most difficult tasks facing the Chancellor," according to the *Slate Supplement to the General Catalogue*, the University of California, Berkeley's widely-read equivalent of the Yale Course Critique, "is that of unifying and infuriating the students in time for the annual Fall STRIKE. We all know how rushed the quarter system makes studying, and it has been hard on the Chancellor, too. Although he has been doing a workmanlike job, and has even started this task early in the summer, he has not yet attained the prowess of his predecessors."

Slate's fears were not borne out. It was not even necessary for the University to award an honorary degree to Lyndon Johnson, Nguyen Cao Ky, or Shirley Temple Black, or to name a building after the founder of the Dow Chemical Company, as the *Supplement* went on to suggest, to ignite a series of disorders which have become an annual event on the campus since the memorable Free Speech Movement of 1964, which was led by Mario Savio. These disturbances at Berkeley, and those that occurred shortly afterward across the Bay at San Francisco State College, are different from their predecessors. The underlying causes and the tactics employed are new and disturbing. They bear on the immediate future of American student activism, and even of American universities themselves.

Ostensibly, each commotion was a response to administrative suspensions, issued for allegedly political reasons. In Berkeley in early October, students staged a large anti-war rally on campus. The rally defied a court's injunction, obviously designed to stifle protest, which was rescinded shortly thereafter. Although he disagreed with the injunction, Chancellor Roger Heyns felt obliged to recommend that eleven of the rally's organizers be suspended. Charging that Heyns sought to hinder anti-war activity, and had unfairly singled out a few of the several thousand who participated in the rally, students staged a series of "mill-ins" in the administration building. Hundreds of students flooded the corridors and offices of Sproul Hall. Others kept its telephone lines constantly busy, making the normal transaction of university affairs impossible.

San Francisco State is the crown jewel of the state college system (distinct from the University of California and its several campuses), with a reputation for a bright, hip student body and an avant-garde curriculum. Several days after the last of the Berkeley mill-ins, State spawned its own "Movement Against Political Suspensions."

President John Summerskill had suspended four members of the school's Black Student Union, who allegedly had assaulted the editor of the campus newspaper. Several weeks later, a campus literary magazine printed an erotic poem which, Summerskill decided, violated an agreement made by the magazine's editor. He suspended both the editor and the poet. A few days later, admitting that his action had been premature, Summerskill reinstated the two pending an investigation. Angered by what they considered a racially biased double standard, students marched on their administration building. Finding it locked, they broke several windows and climbed in. No further damage was done there, but during the fracas some black non-students reportedly set fires in the campus bookstore and looted the cafeteria. Simultaneously, a

number of fights erupted outside the administration building.

Although the immediate object of student wrath in each case was the chief campus administrator, a fundamental provocation was the tedious, omnipresent war. For the war in Vietnam is finally having a marked effect on the most highly educated of those who must fight it. Students, particularly older ones, are concerned by the very real threat of the draft after graduation; they are frustrated by the failure of dissent to have any real effect upon an implacable national administration with a one-track mind; they are angry at the duplicity and hypocrisy which have characterized the conduct of the war. Thus a climate of malaise and hostility has been generated at San Francisco and Berkeley, in which campus disturbances require very little provocation.

Berkeley and San Francisco also represent a temporary detour in the course of student opposition to the war; an involution—a turning back on the university itself. This is in part due to the failure of all attempts to influence the forces directly responsible for the conflict. Students vent their frustrations on the institutions closest at hand, and upon which they can have the most impact.

The campus is also a relatively safe place to protest, particularly for California students, one of whom called it "our turf." At military induction centers, weapons depots, or even in city streets they are subject to the vindictive directives of General Hershey and the heavy clubs and noxious fumes of unsympathetic police. The violence visited upon a group attempting to stage a peaceful sit-in in Oakland on October 17 of last year (*New Journal*, October 29, 1967) was undoubtedly traumatic for many in the peace movement in California.

Accompanying this involution is the birth of a new set of tactics, which have been particularly evident in Berkeley. A mill-in is not strictly illegal. It is a violation of the public order, not the law. In common with the entrapment of representatives of the Dow Chemical Company, it foreshadows a shift from a strategy of petition and persuasion to one of harassment. Instead of merely asking that the war be ended and the university be changed, students increasingly are attempting to interfere directly with the administration of both. Their actions are no longer wholly symbolic.

Most important of all, participants in the mill-ins break radically with the strategy of civil disobedience and the philosophy behind it. An act of civil disobedience must be committed openly, non-violently, and with a willingness to accept the prescribed consequences. As Herbert Kelman points out, it is designed for "a restoration of the system's legitimacy and integrity, and expresses a faith in the society's capacity to be true to its own values. . . ." Participants in a mill-in do not make such an affirmation of overall legitimacy. They do not announce their actions openly, they do not commit themselves absolutely to non-violence, and they are unwilling to incur punishment. At the first sign of police, they quickly disperse. Such tactics accurately reflect a growing alienation from the entire structure of authority in this country, and an erosion of the respect and allegiance it has normally commanded.

The parallel to the tactical history of the Black Revolution is striking. Berkeley's Free Speech Movement in 1964 borrowed

the sit-in from the black students who began to desegregate the South in the early 1960's. A shift of framework—in one case from the South to the urban ghettos of the North, in the other from the issue of the student's role in the university to Vietnam—producing frustration and anger, fueled by encounters with powerlessness and hypocrisy—has led in both cases to guerrilla tactics of disruption. The next step for students is the concerted use of violence, and that is very much in the air in Berkeley.

The events on campus have catalyzed a predictably sharp swing to the right in California politics. Not only Governor Reagan and Superintendent of Public Information Max Rafferty, right-wing Republicans with an eye on higher office, but even State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, the most prominent Democrat in the state, sensed political fodder in the disturbances and denounced students and administrators. Outraged legislators in Sacramento called for campus investigations and reprisals against "subversives."

The elements which in the early 1950's fostered McCarthyism are again present: a distant, ambiguous, indecisive conflict and the absence of vigorous national leadership to defend civil liberties. They create a political climate in which anti-intellectualism thrives and attacks on the universities are profitable.

Ultimately the price the United States pays for the war may well be the disillusionment and alienation of an entire generation of students. The most immediate domestic casualties, however, are likely to be the universities, and particularly their administrators. At another time, in another place, Roger Heyns and John Summerskill, honorable, able men, might be heroes. But it is their job to mediate between the students and those holding political power, and that is no longer possible.

Nor are these gloomy prospects confined to California, as similar events at Wisconsin and Harvard testify. President Kingman Brewster noted the absence of such disturbances at Yale when he appeared on the "David Susskind Show." He credits the general restraint of Yale students, and in identifying a relatively moderate style of political activity on this campus he is no doubt correct. But if the specter of Vietnam continues to haunt this country, his turn will come. ■

Insanity and the lawyers

By William Iverson

William Iverson is a student in the Yale Law School and editor of the Yale Law Journal.

The Insanity Defense, by Abraham Goldstein, Yale University Press.



Abraham Goldstein

The defendant, who pole-axed his wife, claims he was insane at the time. Psychiatrists testify to and fro to that, arguing learnedly before the jury whether the accused is a paranoid schizophrenic, a psychopath or whatever. Finally, the judge instructs the jurors to acquit the defendant if they find he was indeed insane.

That, in a cameo, is your standard scenario for the insanity defense. The drama seems straightforward enough. It's not. The confusion begins with the instructions the judge must give the jury, and pinwheels out from there.

What tests shall the judge instruct the jury to apply in deciding whether the defendant should be held accountable for his acts? Tabloid readers who follow with titillated glee the trials of ax-murderers would say, of course, whether the accused "knew right from wrong." Fleshed out with the preliminary question of whether he was "under such a defect of reason . . . as not to know the nature and quality of the act," this is a facsimile of the famous M'Naghten rule. In the century or so since the English courts abandoned the "wild beast" test—which had slipped into the law a century or so before that by a mistranslation from the Latin of a thirteenth-century scholar who wasn't talking about the insanity defense anyway—the M'Naghten rule has been the test in the large majority of states.

More recently, a number of states have adopted—exclusively or in addition to the M'Naghten test—the rule that the accused should be found not guilty by reason of insanity if he had a mental disease which made him unable to control his conduct. The American Law Institute, in its proposed Model Penal Code, has combined the two—although it carefully changes the "know . . ." of the M'Naghten to "appreciate" the criminality of his act and the "control . . ." of the more recent test to "conform" his conduct to the requirements of the law. The latter change seems senseless; the former—because "appreciate" is a nuance broader than "know"—is worthwhile. Both, however, assume that the twelve good men and true on the jury are as sensitive to language as a linguistic philosopher. Finally, in 1954 the District of Columbia Court of Appeals decided that "an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect." Only Maine and the Virgin Islands have followed the District of Columbia in adopting this test, but the rule of *Durham v. United States* has inspired a torrent of law review articles fretting about the proper phrasing of the judge's charge to the jury.

Now comes Professor Abraham Goldstein with his book *The Insanity Defense*. He makes, and documents, two immensely valuable points: (1) the precise wording of the insanity defense—that is, the language with which the judge charges the jury—is hardly worth the reams of foolscap devoted to it, and (2) the insanity defense itself plays but a small role in removing men who are in some sense crazy from the conveyor belt which carries criminals from arrest to arraignment to indictment to trial to prison.

In the movement for new tests of insanity the M'Naghten rule has been whipped with remarkable fervor. Its language of "knowing right from wrong," the reformers shout, wrongly focuses on the misleadingly narrow "cognitive" aspects of mental health and rests on an archaically "compartmentalized" conception of the mind. The critics of the rule

never tire of pointing to those defendants who quite rationally realize both the "nature" of their acts and that the community considers them "wrong," yet who kill or rob anyway because of their crippled personalities and twisted values. Surely, say the critics, we cannot "blame" these men or expect them to be deterred by the punishment threatened by a society of which they feel no part. Moreover, the critics argue, the narrow gauge of the M'Naghten rule leads judges to refuse to admit evidence which, while not showing that the defendant did not know right from wrong, would present to the jury a rounded image of his mental problems and, hence, of his blameworthiness.

Unlike most of the critics, Professor Goldstein has taken the time to read the cases and to ponder the extent to which the jury will be cowed by the judge's instructions. He finds that judges almost never refuse to admit any evidence concerning the mental history of the defendant, regardless of its bearing on the narrow question of whether he knew right from wrong. Moreover, courts are usually willing to let psychiatrists testify that "know" should not be interpreted in a narrow "cognitive" sense but in the broad, textured sense of whether the defendant understood and appreciated emotionally the wrongfulness of his conduct. Most important, the jury can and will acquit for insanity a defendant who it feels should not be condemned, regardless of the sonorous formula given it by the judge.

Having shown that much of the abuse heaped upon the M'Naghten rule has been unjust, Professor Goldstein applies that same treatment to the word-quibbling with which reformers have attacked other tests they find too narrow, with the same result: the words of the rule followed by the court play almost no role in deciding the critical question of what evidence the jury will be allowed to hear, and probably as small a part in guiding or determining the jury's verdict.

After thus showing the relative unimportance of the games lawyers play over the wording of the insanity defense, Professor Goldstein goes on to show the relative unimportance of the insanity defense itself. Very few defendants plead the insanity defense. The really mad never enter the criminal process; the police or the prosecutor shunt them off to the insane asylum early in the game. Of those that remain, many are found "incompetent" to stand trial—they cannot understand the nature of the charges against them, or cooperate in their own defense. And so off they go to the insane asylum. The class is now reduced to a relative handful who may have been in some sense mad when they committed their criminal acts, but who are at least superficially lucid at the time of trial. Of these, only a very few would be so foolish as to plead insanity. The reason is simple, although seldom appreciated by the public. A guilty plea results in a determinate sentence, and with good behavior and a proper show of penitence the criminal can count on his freedom in not too many years. An insanity acquittal, on the other hand, almost always results in commitment to a mental institution, and release from a mental institution is at best an iffy proposition. The usual statutory standard is a finding by the hospital physicians, and possibly by a court, that the inmate has recovered his sanity or is no longer dangerous, or both. Particularly in the case of a man committed after a violent crime, both physicians and courts

are predictably reluctant to make such findings. Thus, the defendant "acquitted" for insanity actually faces an indefinite period of confinement. Hospitals for the criminally insane are hardly Sunnybrook Farms, moreover, and society treats those who are released with an aversion usually reserved for lepers and returned turncoats. The net effect of all this is that no defendant in or out of his right mind raises the insanity defense unless the consequence of a normal conviction would be execution or a very long sentence indeed.

Since the defense is of such slight importance in determining the disposition of the pitiful hordes who stream through the criminal process, why all the excitement about the insanity defense? Why indeed? True, the defense when raised in a sensational case does enliven the trial. And the conceptual issue is well calculated to call forth the best and worst from psychiatrists, philosophers and lawyers. But why not worry instead about the problem in full outline: how should society identify and deal with the criminal who somehow is not like the rest of us? At best the insanity defense plays a small role in the total drama, and good reasons can be and have been suggested why it should be forgotten altogether.

The issues cast up by proposals to abolish the insanity defense are far too complex to be argued in a book review. And it is ultimately unfair to challenge an author for writing the book he did and not some other. But it can fairly be asked why Professor Goldstein, well aware of the limitations of the insanity defense, still feels that it fulfills a needed function in the law. The alternative would be, in broadest outline, to remove the thorny issue of mental abnormality from the trial, where determination of the defendant's sanity becomes bogged down by the elaborate procedural ritual of the adversarial process, and instead to evaluate the defendant's mental condition in a more informal post-trial proceeding to decide his disposition.

Professor Goldstein has, essentially, two reasons for retaining the insanity defense in something like its present form. The first revolves around the role he envisages for the jury; the second, around the value he attaches to the adversarial process. The need for a jury determination of the insanity issue follows from Professor Goldstein's conviction that the decision whether a man should be held responsible for his actions is not a medical but a societal judgment. That is, the insanity defense, or any analogue to it, should winnow out and protect from criminal conviction not those who are in some medical sense "sick," but those whom the community cannot properly "blame" or find "guilty" for their actions. Philosophers can elevate the concept of responsibility to principles of towering abstruseness. Professor Goldstein keeps the problem refreshingly close to earth: one very important function of the criminal law is to reinforce a sense of personal responsibility in men; for this reason, a criminal conviction carries not only tangible punishment, but a carefully delivered condemnation of the community. If the integrity of this process is to be preserved, some provision must be made to excuse those individuals with minds so warped they cannot be condemned. And since the definition of "evil" belongs not to the psychiatrists but to the community, the determination of responsibility in the criminal law must belong not to the experts but to the jury.

This analysis of the function of the insanity defense and the role of the jury has several soft spots. The first question is whether the jury realizes that it is being asked to make a moral judgment. After listening to a parade of psychiatrists and being instructed by the judge to determine whether the defendant is suffering from a "mental disease or defect," the jury may pardonably conclude that the question assigned it is more medical than moral. Moreover, even if the jury realizes that it must make a moral judgment, how does it balance this against the other judgments it must make? An acquittal for insanity does not merely mean that the jury has absolved the defendant from "blame." As pointed out earlier, it also means that the defendant will go to a mental institution instead of to prison. He may or may not receive any help or treatment there; he may or may not find it easy to get out. The jury's verdict sets all those wheels in motion. Yet in most trials the jury is not even told that the defendant acquitted for insanity will be committed and not immediately released; nowhere is it told what will happen to him once in the hospital. Certainly, as long as we are to hand the jury this great undigested lump of decision-making responsibility, we should hand them the fullest possible information not only about the defendant but also about what the consequences of their verdict will be. To paraphrase Justice Cardozo, "Moral judgments in the air, as it were, will not do."

Furthermore, should we ask the jury to deliver a single elliptic verdict which must respond to such divergent questions as whether the criminal law should formally "condemn" the offender, use him as an example to others, rehabilitate him, or simply restrain him to protect society?

We might tell the jury clearly that its only task is to determine the facts and to decide whether "blame" is in order, and that the judge or some later agency will decide the issues of restraint, rehabilitation and the deterrence of others. If, on the other hand, we wish the jurors to consider such questions, should we not perhaps allow the jury to address itself separately to "Do you find this man evil and blame-worthy?" and "Do you think this man is so dangerous that he must be confined to protect the community?" and "Do we have the right or the duty to 'treat' this man and condition him to accept and conform to our norms?"

In either case, shouldn't we at least tell the jury, one way or the other, which issues it should consider, and which will be resolved elsewhere—to the extent, of course, that these questions can ever be separated and considered one at a time?

Professor Goldstein does not address these issues. He seems, implicitly, to assume that the "moral judgment" he finds so necessary can be and is isolated when a jury decides to acquit for insanity. Perhaps, on the other hand, he feels that "the hard-to-state purposes of the substantive law" must be lumped together into the single question: Guilty or Insane? Whichever the reason, a more rounded explanation for his faith in the jury to make an unstructured and largely unstructured response to the insanity defense would be welcome.

Professor Goldstein's second principal reason for accepting the insanity defense in something like its present form lies in the value he attaches to the adversarial process. Like the role of the jury, this also is a familiar issue in the law. The value of

vigorous advocacy by both sides in deciding such crucial questions as guilt or innocence is clear. Professor Goldstein contributes a valuable chapter to the problem of providing an effective defense for the indigent accused who is mentally ill. Indeed, much of his book is well calculated to instruct the lawyer in deciding how and when to raise the insanity defense; if read by enough lawyers, *The Insanity Defense* will do much to enhance the sophistication and effectiveness of innumerable future trials.

The costs of the adversarial process are also clear, however, to Professor Goldstein as well as others. An issue continually bruited about is whether a battle of expert witnesses at the trial should be permitted to confuse the jury. The psychiatrist for the defense testifies to the insanity of the accused. His counterpart hired by the prosecution, in equally impressive jargon says, "Not so." How much better, say some, to have a single impartial expert appointed by the court. Professor Goldstein rejects this proposal perhaps too emphatically. He points out that many such court-appointed experts are poorly qualified. This is a valid criticism, but it goes to the way things are done, not the way they might be. Professor Goldstein also argues that much of the "battle of experts" is real, and not simply the result of professionals playing hired gun: responsible psychiatrists do often differ on the proper diagnosis of an accused, and—more senselessly—on whether his condition should be labeled a "mental disease." Professor Goldstein thinks the danger that the jury will be confused or overawed by such disagreement is overrated. He feels strongly that "the factual issues and normative problems calling most for decision by a jury" should be fully aired before them.

This insistence on a full adversarial proceeding is integral to Professor Goldstein's belief in the need for an insanity defense. It is a respectable, time-honored and forcefully argued position. But in sending everything to the jury through an adversarial proceeding, Professor Goldstein may focus too much on the best choice among presently available alternatives and too little on the best possible solution. He may truly believe that the jury is the best body in every way and for all time to decide every question. But his faith in, or at any rate reliance upon the jury may also reflect a distrust for psychiatrists, the effectiveness with which courts can review their decisions, and, most important, the willingness of society to provide enough good psychiatrists. Perhaps, with time, some or all of these parameters may change. If so, Professor Goldstein will then undoubtedly re-examine his conclusions. Unfortunately, his book devotes too much attention to patching up the status quo and too little to considering the need for and possibility of an approach qualitatively different from the present regime. ■

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continued from page 2

brought out all the play's lively energy of satire and surprise, and he added some of his own. The actors not only carried the comedy as far as it would go, but they also lifted the less successful and sometimes irrelevant portions of the script over a few of the rough spots into which it frequently fell.

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This commendation of director and cast is not meant to condemn the author. Although the script was the weakest member of the partnership, the whole production depended upon and carried the stamp of Mr. Heller's imagination. Without simply rewriting his novel, he transferred to the stage many of the themes and techniques of *Catch-22*, and these provided the play's witty but sobering humor and its effective, shocking climax.

But while the new form welcomed his characteristic verbal and visual jokes and the ironic confrontation of clear-sighted madness and blind sanity, it proved hostile to the underlying structure of the novel. During the first act, the audience waited in vain for a plot to emerge, and during the second it was troubled by a wavering tone. Within the briefer and more schematic format of drama, Mr. Heller still lacks the finesse necessary to transport his audience from the laughter of the beginning to the tears of the end. Consequently, the play seems to fall into two halves, one primarily comic and one primarily serious. The awkward final scene, itself disappointed from all the rest, accentuated the author's failure to weld the play into a whole.

This split does not mean that the play has no structure. In fact, outside of plot and tone, several devices work to hold in check the nearly antithetical thrusts of the drama. The whole play is interwoven with scraps of English literature quoted and misquoted in the service of a variety of moods and contexts. Lines from *Prufrock*, *The Wasteland* (including one of Eliot's allusions to *The Tempest*), *The Rubaiyat*, *Dr. Faustus*, *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Macbeth* create a verbal texture complementing and reinforcing the self-conscious use of theater characteristic of the play.

A device dealing more directly with structural problems is the use of recurring lines and situations—first in the comic and then in the serious half of the play. "It's about time," a seemingly innocent, though ironic, answer to the question, "What is it all about?," undergoes thematic development and surfaces at the end of the play as a reminder of urgency for those who wish to avoid the trap set by a senseless and brutal war. Similarly, Ruth's early inability to know how to react to Sinclair's supposedly fictitious death is echoed in the last scene by Capt. Starkey, who promises to weep for his son, whom he must send to his death, but cannot promise that his grief will be sincere.

Such devices, despite their frequency, finally fail because they *link* rather than *unify*. Mr. Heller achieves his effects only when he does what satirists have always done—create dialogue or situation which is *simultaneously* comic and grim, jokes which induce at once hearty laughter and a moral shudder. Thus he is most effective at the beginning, where the audience must respond to lines that are rich in humor because they reverberate with terrifying echoes of war as it is really conducted. The major grants the captain the soldier's vainest wish, the knowledge that nothing bad will happen to him. He then reminds him what all enlisted men know: "We're not going on the mission; they are." A corporal illustrates Tocqueville's insight into advancement in democratic armies when he tells his sergeant, slated to die on the next mission, "Goddamn it—I want my promotion! You've got to fly to Minnesota and you've got to be killed!"

Mr. Heller's most consistent technique is the slipping from one frame of reference

into another. This is fundamental to the organization of the play, which attempts to erase the lines separating art from life. Speeches like the following, judiciously infrequent, effectively keep the audience from feeling secure about the format or their proper response to it: Sgt. Henderson steps forth and says, "I'm not really a soldier. I'm an actor playing the part of a soldier. I'm the best actor here. Did you see me in *Endgame*?"

The broken frame of reference also provides the basis for the dialogue, which recalls the humor of vaudeville and the routines of Abbott and Costello. The jokes are best when they use single lines to deflate the seriously presented but morally offensive ideas that precede them. Anthony Holland's response to the news that the company is intending to bomb a whole city off the map is memorably funny and sobering, for it exposes with rich irony the banality of the military perspective: "Why not just bomb the map?"

For those of us who must survive other bombardments in New Haven, the work of the director and cast is probably more interesting than the strengths and weaknesses of the script. Aside from a few overreaching touches like the superfluous and awkward staging of the final scene, in which the two Starkeys face the audience instead of each other, Mr. Arrick did a splendid job, both with the excellent comic scenes and the inferior serious ones.

The company supported the director with nearly perfect performances. Ron Leibman had the most successful and most significant part, that of an articulate sergeant who is at once a cynical, egotistical hotshot and the only member of the "cast" to recognize and deplore the "real" killing of Sinclair. He struck a badly false note when he drew a laugh crying for his mother, but otherwise he portrayed his diverse character with impressive skill.

Stacy Keach drew a tough assignment for two reasons. First, he had to play an ineffectual man who is a good captain. That this type exists in life does not make its portrayal on the stage entertaining. Furthermore, with some of the worst lines in the script, he had to embody the major target of the play—the man ignoring violence by "doing his job" from a safe position. He could have allowed himself to respond to his predicament with more animation, but on the whole he did a good job with a rather lifeless character.

Estelle Parsons displayed the voice and figure required to persuade the audience that her "role" restricted her from doing all she might—both in the war and in the play. Her first scenes were debilitated by their irrelevance to the play's major theme and plot, but in the excellent scene toward the end, where she is terrorized by the grinning sportsmen pursuing Sgt. Henderson, her convincing frenzy made a major contribution to the play's suspense.

Michael Lombard was especially fine in his subtle characterization of the villain of the piece. Seeming at first merely a colorless senior officer, he emerged as the "director" of the war play. Actors took cues from him and asked him for better roles; characters sought his advice in love and marriage. Despite one misleading appearance with a bowling outfit and baby's pacifier, he steadily and ominously assumed more and more responsibility for the organized brutality he embodied and controlled in the play war.

The rest of the cast performed with few flaws. Anthony Holland was, as usual, particularly adept at maximizing the

comedy in his part, happily stealing with his voice or with gesture nearly all his scenes. He combines the professional competence necessary to the mastery of a character with the natural talent for comedy that makes him seem to extract even more from a good role than the author inserted. Mr. Arrick did an especially good job in playing Holland's and Ron Leibman's roles and abilities off against each other.

In all, then, the company proved more than equal to its assignment, and it brought off a successful show. It is unfortunate that so much of the production's energy derived from stage effects like slapstick, vaguely relevant songs and comic routines, and off-stage noise. It is too easy to get and hold an audience's attention by assaulting everyone's ears with an explosion and then threatening them with another. The play would fail the test of removing the brilliantly executed time-bomb sequence and restaging the realistic, point-blank shotgunning of Ron Leibman. Deafening blasts, like the sharp raps of the relentless hunters on Ruth's thin door, are effectively used to build toward and create the shocking climax, but, ideally, dramatic tension should depend upon more articulate sounds than those. Happily, though, the play's imaginative conception, its fruitful use of the idea of theater, and its often first-rate anti-war satire compensate for its dramatic weaknesses. When a playwright can create a world in which the following speech produces hearty but chilling laughter, he is in the right business: "This is a military man's dream. A sneak attack. If everything goes well, there shouldn't be a thing left alive. This is a mission we can be proud of."

Charles Long
Instructor in English

Letters

To the Editors:
I found the article by Susan Braudy one of the most interesting and thorough articles I ever read about anyone, especially me.

Joseph Heller

To the Editors:
I couldn't help but comment on Michael Mandelbaum and Steven Weisman and their naive article titled so ineptly "The County that Made Ronald Reagan Possible" (*New Journal*, November 26, 1967).

One more shallow article based on a few crumbs of information and hastening to a faulty conclusion.

I think you know my background well enough to guess I am qualified to take off and land on these two 'reporters' and knock them flat. I have voted, more often than not, for the Democratic Party. I rather imagine myself to be a liberal intellectual, whatever in hell that is.

So, reading this truly stupid article put me off my feet the rest of the day. No "County" made Ronald Reagan. Not even Ronald Reagan made Ronald Reagan.

President Johnson made Ronald Reagan. Johnson and his Dumb-cluck hostile Vietnamese policy. Given Johnson and Vietnam, the Democratic Party made Reagan. Johnson and his dumb-cluck wish to acknowledge. It is swept under the carpet and not talked about. Without Vietnam, and Johnson, Reagan would be nowhere. Hundreds of thousands of Democrats, fed up with Johnson, in the secrecy of the pollbooth, elected Reagan

in order to kick Johnson in the balls. Orange County, honeybuns, had nothing to do with it.

So, kids, come in off the playing fields. You're not qualified to have an opinion in the big game of dirty pool. You're looking in the wrong direction. Look to the White House. As long as it crumbs up the world, we shouldn't be surprised at anything that happens. Why, Jesus, NIXON might even run for President this year, and win, as a result. Is that Orange County, boys? Like hell it is.

Ray Bradbury

(Mr. Bradbury, author of *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Martian Chronicles*, lives in Los Angeles.)

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