

The New Journal

Volume one, number seven | February 4, 1968

*Hart
spring
Blows
his Mind*



FIRST CLASS

LA PAULINE JORDAN
2426 45th AVE
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF 94116

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FBI

"Do you have your draft card on your person? How well do you know Reverend Coffin? . . . Well, frankly son, it's kind of a personal thing, my feeling for the director, Mr. Hoover. Now did anyone help you decide to turn in your draft card? . . . Of course we will have to report that you refused to answer some questions."

The pattern was the same that first day the FBI agents came swarming across campus after Resistance Week, in October.

The two agents sit on hastily cleared chairs, trying to chase Grand Inquisitor fantasies from the interviewee's mind. One agent takes notes. One agent asks the questions and chats.

After several questions, they casually hand the interviewee a statement to sign. The statement waives the interviewee's right to silence and his right to counsel. He is tense, surprised, uncertain. Should he sign? What is penalty for not signing? Should he have started talking in the first place? What are his legal rights?

Thus six Yale people were taken totally off guard and answered some questions during surprise visits that Monday of the FBI's week-long Yale investigations.

According to a Yale Law Journal (December) article, all twenty-one Yale people ultimately interrogated were largely ignorant of legal rights to silence and to counsel guaranteed them by the Miranda and Escobedo decisions. They only learned of the rights after six were visited that first day.

If this highly intelligent and well-educated group is ignorant of how the law protects them here, says author John Griffiths and Richard Ayres, then it is not surprising that less educated members of society are also ignorant of their rights.

After Monday's unexpected visits, the alleged resisters met with lawyers Griffiths, Charles Reich, and Clyde Sommers. They decided the best policy for future interviews would be silence. The lawyers explained that refusal to talk is not a cop out. Silence only guarantees that a potential court case would be less complicated—cleaner, legally speaking. Silence would also make investigation proceedings a little harder for the agents.

But principally, as John Griffiths said recently, one doesn't really know what the agents are really after. If you answer questions, selectively or otherwise, you could unwittingly implicate someone else. You yourself might, both fortunately and unfortunately, be of little interest to the investigators. Chances are they are probably after someone else. They interview you to gather evidence about a movement and its leaders. Any evidence you give might be used to implicate an alleged leader, like Rev. Coffin.

But what about the six Yale people who talked to agents before the lawyers told them how the law protects them. Not one of the six attributed his decision to turn in his draft card to the influence of any other person.

The article points out that the FBI often made no attempt to refer or inform these people of their legal rights until several questions had been discussed. When the agents finally proffered the waiver statement, people were simply confused. They had already talked to the agents about their lack of draft cards and why. They were not aware when they gave the information that they didn't have to answer at all.

After the meeting with the lawyers, the six agreed that they would not have spoken to or tried to "evangelize" the agents, had they known of their rights.

Said one, "They seemed so reasonable that I guess I tried to convince them of my position."

After Monday's meeting with the lawyers, fifteen more people were visited by agents of the FBI. They kept silent on resistance questions.

Ironically, according to Griffiths and Ayres, many still insisted on keeping up the charade of politeness and tried to respond in terms of normal social interaction. The agents themselves tried not to disrupt the social situation, remained polite for the most part, and assumed an engaging middle-class manner.

"For middle class suspects like ours," write Griffiths and Ayres, "it seems that one of the fundamental rules is that one not be unnecessarily rude. Even after the Monday meeting, in which the nature of the interrogator's job—and in particular the fact that it is a job—was discussed, the subjects remained largely unable to treat their encounter as an early stage in a formal, adversary legal process. For instance, one said to the agents, 'I believe I have a legal right not to answer questions, if you don't mind. . . .'"

Tina Painter

Letters

To the Editors:

As a longtime resident of Orange County I beg to be allowed to remark briefly on the article "The County That Made Ronald Reagan Possible" by Messrs. Mandelbaum and Weisman. First, I question the authors' apparent belief that Orange County is peculiarly responsible for Governor Reagan's political prominence. Certainly seven of ten county voters did vote for him in 1966, but so did a good many other Californians. After all, he did defeat the incumbent by nearly 1,000,000 votes. Something more than a single county "made Ronald Reagan possible," and the implications of his political success are just beginning to unfold.

Second, I believe the authors were far from charitable in their devoting so little attention to the development of the University of California campus at Irvine with its proposed surrounding community. This is one of the most exciting planned community programs now being undertaken in the country, and is potentially perhaps the most far-reaching. (I commend a short article in *Saturday Review*, 23 September 1967, by Myron Roberts, "The Making of a City," for details.) I would not be surprised if in the future the Irvine community has a much longer-lasting and more penetrating effect on the life of Orange County (and on the "American Dream" as well) than either Knott's Berry Farm's celebrations of the past or the *Santa Ana Register's* editorial policy.

Stephen F. Treadgold
Yale College

To the Editors:

My compliments to Mrs. Braudy. She has written an excellent piece on Joe Heller (*The New Journal*, November 26, 1967).

There was a chap in the office with us who did not like Heller. And vice versa. One day Heller brought in a carbon of his manuscript, asked if his sidekick would care to read it. Sidekick did, said it was awful. "I think so, too," Heller told him, "guess I'll just chuck it." That, however, was several days after the book had been accepted by Simon and Schuster.

I don't know if the story is true. I got it second hand. But it sounds like Joe.

Herbert R. Mayes

(Mr. Mayes, now editor-at-large for the *Saturday Review*, was editor of *McCall's* when Heller worked for that magazine.)

To the Editors:

I thought your readers might be interested in the answers to our Modern Library 50th Anniversary Contest—Sweepstake that we ran with you in October. Some confusion resulted from an error on our part under David Levine's sketch number 7 (James Joyce). There were three blanks for the titles of his books but there should have been only two, for *Ulysses* and *The Dubliners*. Taking the others in order, the answers are:

1. Kierkegaard
2. Honore de Balzac
3. Lord Byron
4. Fyodor Dostoyevsky
5. Oscar Wilde
6. Nietzsche
7. Edgar Allan Poe
8. Albert Camus
9. Jean Jacques Rousseau
10. Joseph Conrad
11. D. H. Lawrence
12. Sigmund Freud
13. Jean Genet
14. John Dewey
15. Sir Richard Burton
16. Anton Chekhov
17. Dante Alighieri
18. Bernard Shaw
19. William Faulkner
20. Mark Twain
21. Pushkin

We received about 5,500 entries which I think is pretty impressive considering that the contestants had to name 22 authors from David Levine's caricatures—also write out the titles of 59 of their books.

The winner of the Classic Phaeton Car was Miss Lyn Levenberg of Greenwich Village. She is, coincidentally, a writer. She was last seen heading south with the top down.

The second prize was won by Waverly Barbe, who is a professor at the Tuscaloosa State College in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. And the third prize was won by Conrad Discont, who is a Junior College Instructor in Fresno, California. The second and third prizes were a complete set of Modern Library books (373). There were 21 other winners from all over the country and remarkably enough 25% of the winners were from California. Could this mean that the intellectual center of America has shifted along with the population?

I shall leave you with this rather tragic thought to ponder.

William H. Ryan
Advertising Manager
Random House, Inc.
continued on page 14

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Credits:

Tim Page: 5, 6

Ronald Gross and Herman Hong: 8

Waiting for the Herky Bird

By Betty Jean Lifton

Betty Jean Lifton, a free lance writer, last summer made her first trip to Vietnam since serving there as a correspondent in 1954 after the Geneva Accords. She also covered the end of the Korean War and has contributed to The New York Times Magazine, Mademoiselle, and the Asahi Evening News of Tokyo. She is the wife of Robert Jay Lifton, professor of psychiatry at Yale.

I made my first acquaintance with the Herky Bird when I flew from Saigon to Qui Nhon and Danang last summer. Officially designated as the C130 Hercules, the Bird is a camouflaged, slightly pot-bellied four engine turboprop transport that regularly shuttles north from Saigon to the sprawling bases, the more modest supply depots, and the tiny isolated jungle camps. Known for its reliability, the GI's have come to regard the Herky Bird as one bit of certainty in an uncertain war.

I had dressed in what I felt was appropriate attire for going out into the field with the boys—old, baggy, khaki-colored slacks, a faded tailored shirt and flat sandals. I had studiously avoided makeup or even removing Saigon's surplus dust from my hair. And so I was astounded on climbing into the cockpit, to what is known as the Ladies' Bench, to find a young woman in a bright summer dress, high heels, and freshly-coiffured hair, with copies of *Glamour* and *Good Housekeeping* on her lap. We might have been taking off for some tropical resort.

She was the secretary to the General at one of the camps. "I've been out here a year," she said, "and I've just extended for the next four months. I like it a lot. The social life is good, there's no danger if you stay close to camp, and the time goes quickly." Then she volunteered: "I'm hoping to get a certain lieutenant colonel to propose by Christmas. It would mean divorcing his wife. If he doesn't, I'll go back to Kansas and get some kind of work there."

Knowing she was based in an area famous for its refugee settlements, I asked her about them. "Refugees?" she said "I haven't seen any refugees."

When I insisted that her province alone was reported to have 76,000 unsettled refugees, she conceded, "Oh, there are some Vietnamese behind barbed wire enclosures down the road from us. Maybe that's them. I'm really not interested in these people. They're so dirty and they won't help you do anything. I can't even find anyone to clean my room who doesn't spit on the floor. And they're so unreliable. The boys don't like them either." And then she concluded with a shrug, "I know I shouldn't talk like this, but I can't help the way I feel. Even the General thinks I'm too hard on the Vietnamese."

The Herky Bird by now had taken off and was flying north along the shoreline of the South China Sea. The co-pilot motioned for me to come forward and look down. Below were some of the most breathtaking beaches in this part of the world. Again there was the uncomfortably relaxed feeling of being on a resort flight. However, the view to the west, where the plains along this narrow strip began to rise into steep mountains, brought me back to the reality of Vietnam. Bomb craters bearing testimony to an aerial bombardment of the day or week before stood out like open wounds on the earth. I began to notice the scattered American

installations, patches of tents and quonset huts, of barbed wire and airstrips, placed so inappropriately in this lush landscape. As we dropped into Nha Trang at nightfall, picking up troops, leaving off supplies, I could feel the isolation of those hot, dusty camps, surrounded by hostile territory, dependent on the Herky Bird for their supplies and connection with the outside world.

One night I found myself dependent on the Herky Bird. I was waiting for the 11 p.m. Herky Bird to deliver me from the Qui Nhon air terminal back to Saigon. I had visited the Danang and Qui Nhon provincial hospitals, most of whose patients were the civilian war-wounded. I had seen children with amputated limbs, and young people with half their faces blown away, and old people with shattered hips and staring eyes; and I had heard stories about how they were sleeping in their beds, or tending their water buffalo or cooking in the kitchens when the shells or mortars unexpectedly hit, catching them in crossfire or just falling like thunderbolts from some angry god. I was almost stupefied with the accumulated heat and stench and sorrow of those over-crowded wards, and now as 11 p.m. approached, I could only hope that the Herky Bird would not be late.

But at 11 p.m. the Herky Bird did not appear. The GI's waiting with me talked casually of crashes—of the big one at Danang, the one at An Khe, of those caused by maintenance problems or short runways, and of the one that killed eight educators a few months before on a mountain near Danang—"bad visibility."

"Don't worry, one Herky Bird or another always comes through, even if not exactly on the nose," said the young corporal in charge of coordinating flights. "In all my times here I've never known a night when the Herky Bird did not show up."

However, when the Herky Bird did not appear at midnight, the corporal, who had been communicating with Saigon by phone, admitted that the scheduled flight had broken down. "But another plane will be leaving there shortly," he promised. "If it makes the usual stop at Nha Trang, it will get here in an hour and a half. But if it continues on to Danang and Hue, as the other should have done, you might have to wait up to four hours." And then he added cheerily, "Still, they just might send a special plane from a nearby base, for we have important cargo that must get to Saigon tonight." Since Qui Nhon was a supply depot, neither I nor the other correspondent stranded there thought to ask what the cargo was.

There was little air in the small, brightly-lit terminal, but some of the soldiers stretched out on the hard benches, their rifles resting like faithful dogs next to their helmets on the floor. Their faces looked young, and un-lived-in as they slept. We sat outside on the benches where there was a slight breeze coming in off the sea, but also mosquitoes. Next to us was a sergeant waiting for a morning flight to take him back to Pleiku in the Central Highlands.

"I would have driven back to Pleiku in the convoy earlier this evening, but Mama-san didn't have my laundry ready," he said—the "san" being GI lingo carried over from the Japanese Occupation and the Korean War. "The road has two bad passes where we usually get shot up a bit, but it might have been worth it to avoid waiting here all night."

My colleague and I were constantly running into the terminal to check on the

latest developments about our plane. But the sergeant from Pleiku sat in a kind of passive vacancy that being shepherd around in large groups eventually gives one. "I never want to see this country again," he muttered. "All the boys feel the same. Any one of them can tell you to the second how much time they have left here."

When I returned from another fruitless foray inside, the sergeant continued as if I hadn't been gone. "We've got to fight this war the way we want, or not at all. I think they should let us bomb with no restrictions. Let's get this war over with or pull out."

The corporal who had joined us for a breath of air agreed. "We got to get those Commies before they take over all of Asia," he declared in his western drawl. "And we got to do it ourselves. The Vietnamese are so dirty and lazy. They don't do anything for themselves. They don't care."

At one in the morning there was still no plane. "I tell you not to worry, there'll be one tonight," the corporal kept insisting. "That cargo has to get to Saigon."

Every half hour or so our hopes would rise. An unannounced Herky Bird would suddenly soar in through the blackness and settle down on the dark field. "That's not yours," the corporal would dismiss us each time. Once, when two of them came in together, we groped our way out on the airstrip to inquire for ourselves.

One was on its way to Bangkok for supplies, the other to the Philippines by way of Japan. It was easier to get out of the country that night than to Saigon.

At 3 a.m. the major in charge of operations appeared. He was infuriated that one of his men, supposed to be on duty, was sleeping peacefully on a rear bench, an electric fan turned gently on his head. "I'll bust his rank tomorrow," the major fumed, as if the sleeping figure were responsible for the Herky Bird's nonappearance. Then the major, composing himself, reassured us amiably about a plane. "I guarantee you one tonight," he said, and added meaningfully, "Our cargo must get out."

By now it was beginning to register on us that our fate was inextricably tied up with the cargo. The corporal smiled knowingly in answer to the question. "It's the most valuable cargo we have," he said.

"Which is?"
"The KIA's."
It amused him that I didn't know what the KIA's were. "The Killed In Actions," he explained. "We got two of them that have to get out tonight. They have to make a special refrigerated plane that comes from California to pick them up in Saigon and take them back to the States."

The corporal was enjoying the situation. "You're lucky," he teased us. "There are only two of them tonight. If there were more than five you wouldn't be allowed on the plane at all. A correspondent flying

with thirty-six last month took a picture of them piled up in their rubber bags. The crew grabbed the film and there was a big fuss in Saigon. Now the orders are that no civilians can fly with more than five KIA's at a time. And no pictures."

"I wouldn't want to fly with even two of them," said the sergeant from Pleiku. "The smell will make you sick."

Again the silence, except for the droning of mosquitoes, as the corporal went about his business in the shed. I couldn't help thinking about those KIA's whose fates were suddenly linked with ours. What had they known of this land and its people, did they know what they had died for, had they been counting their days to go home? A few hours ago they were one of us, now they were inert matter stuffed into rubber bags, secrets to be kept out of sight. The smell I could endure, but the spirits—where were they? Neatly packaged too, or roaming about like angry Asian ghosts, seeking vengeance for having died in a cause that only words can solve? I felt a sense of terror of flying with those spirits through the black night sky.

"We had sixty marines wiped out last week," said the sergeant from Pleiku, whose job it was to fuel the aircraft. "They came in fresh one day and we watched them step on those planes to go up to the demilitarized zone. The next day most of them were flown back to us—KIA's. Boy, that really broke us up."

At 4 a.m. there was still no Herky Bird.

A Negro sergeant, replacing the corporal on duty, urged us not to give up hope. "The KIA's always get out," he said, offering us a cigarette. "I'm getting out too," he added with a smile. "But I'm not going back to the States. I haven't been there in five years. I'm getting my discharge from this army and I'm going to find me a job in Thailand or the Philippines. But they'll never get me back to Vietnam or the States."

At 5 a.m. it fell upon the sergeant to inform us of what we knew was inevitable. "There definitely will not be a plane anymore," he said. "They just phoned that the only one they had to send broke down on takeoff."

Then he continued as if to comfort us, "You know these planes get so much use. Eventually their parts just wear out and there just aren't enough spares to replace them all the time."

I lay down on one of the outside benches to catch a few moment's sleep before dawn. At least the KIA's wouldn't know the Herky Bird had failed them. As for the rest of us, we could cling to the dismal hope that the Herky Bird would surely appear in the hot, merciless sky, gathering up its dead, replacing them with more fresh recruits, and then continuing on its regularly scheduled circuit over South Vietnam.

Faculty and graduate students

As most of you know, *The New Journal* goes to all members of the Yale community; however we are discovering that we go to some members two and even three times.

The problem is this: no master lists were available which provided exact addresses for everybody associated with Yale, so we had to construct our address lists from a variety of sources. Thus, the duplication.

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Closing The Doors in New Haven

By Lawrence Lasker

"If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite."

William Blake

"The man who comes back through the Door in the Wall will never be quite the same as the man who went out."

Aldous Huxley, *The Doors of Perception*

"It's a search, an opening of doors. We're trying to break through to a cleaner, purer realm."

Jim Morrison

"... so I thought, let's get some music, or let's stop this stuff."

Lieutenant James Kelly

During the intermission of one of The Doors' first concerts in the San Francisco area, in the fall of 1966, lead singer Jim Morrison met a pretty girl with long dark hair and a very white face.

They began to talk, and Morrison suggested they find a quiet place away from the stifling crowd of The Matrix. The two discovered a vacant apartment house down the street where they could be alone until the next set of songs. The girl sat quietly and watched Morrison as he paced across the barren floor. He stood at the window looking out at the dark street, without saying a word. Then he turned to her quickly and startled her with the tone of his voice. "We're going to take over." He looked at her almost fiercely. "We're going to take over!" She believed him.

Whether The Doors will "take over" is open to debate; whether New Haven will be the spearhead for the movement is quite another question, and the answer to that is almost surely a flat no. Such, at least, would be the opinion of the New Haven Police Department. On December 9, 1967, officers of that force, after less than an hour of a Doors' concert in the New Haven Arena, suddenly hauled Morrison from the stage, setting off in the process a spontaneous eruption of protest from the 2000 people in the auditorium, and subsequently charged him with indecent and immoral exhibition, breach of peace, and resisting arrest.

The New Haven Arena, often used as a skating rink, is a large, ugly building not far from the Yale campus. For a benefit concert in the Arena on Saturday, December 9, the New Haven College Interfraternity Council topped off a bill of local rock-and-roll groups with The Doors, an import from Southern California that takes its name from *The Doors of Perception*, Aldous Huxley's book about the drug experience. The Doors have produced two million-dollar-selling albums in their two-and-a-half year career; and their single, "Light My Fire," was the top-selling song in 1967 in many areas of the nation, including New Haven. The Doors describe themselves as "erotic politicians." And, says lead singer and songwriter Jim Morrison, who became thoroughly grounded in Antonin Artaud's Theater of Cruelty while a student at UCLA: "We are in transition now. But just wait. We will soon be in theater, real drama. With dancers, singers, and a story plot. That'll be *real* drama."

Their concert at the New Haven Arena turned out to be a drama in its own right, but instead of dancers, there were cops, and the story plot was not exactly the one Morrison would have written. The first incident occurred while the Doors were still backstage, as the crowd outside, mostly junior and senior high school students, was impatiently listening to the two hours of local talent.

Officer Arthur Baker, one of fifteen patrolmen stationed inside the building, received a complaint from one of the on-stage groups that a strange man was in the shower area of their dressing room with a girl. According to Baker, when he went to investigate he found the man and the girl "embracing and so forth." Not knowing that the man was Jim Morrison, Baker ordered him to leave the area. When Morrison resisted ("he used four-letter words"), Baker reached into his pocket, took out a can of MACE, a stinging gas recently developed for convenient riot control, and squirted Morrison in the face.





Officer Baker was joined by Lt. James Kelly, the man in charge of the police detail at the Arena. They were leading the infuriated singer down the hall when the Doors' booking agent, along with organist Ray Manzarek, heard Morrison yelling and went into the hall to see what the trouble was. When they saw the policemen leading Morrison away, the two pleaded with the police to stop the arrest. Manzarek explained to Baker and Kelly that the man in their custody was Jim Morrison, and if they arrested him there was a possibility that the waiting crowd would riot. Morrison was allowed to go into the Doors' dressing room while the booking agent explained to Lt. Kelly that "the man is under an emotional strain. He can either be classified as a genius, or else as a mental patient. He's in a world of his own."

Kelly later recounted what happened next: "I went into their dressing room. Mr. Morrison was sitting down, strumming his guitar. He immediately offered me his hand, and I accepted it. He apologized. He was like a little boy who had stole some candy, very different from before. He was under an emotional strain, he said, and asked me to let the incident go by. He seemed sincere. Since we were there to see no one gets hurt, I decided to forget the whole thing."

A local radio DJ came on stage and seized one of the microphones. "And now, here they are . . . the group you've all been waiting for . . . I am proud to present . . . The Doors!" A burst of applause, girls shrieked. No one appeared. The DJ glanced at his watch while the audience lapsed into silence. He consulted with someone behind the curtain, again approached the mike and requested that the lights be turned down.

"And now, here they are . . . the group you've all been waiting for . . . I am proud to present . . . The Doors!" he repeated with equal gusto. Applause again as Manzarek entered and walked slowly to the organ-bass. Following him were guitarist Krieger and drummer Densmore. Krieger tuned his electric guitar for a few minutes. When he finished the audience fell silent, waiting.

The curtains parted a foot or two. The 2000 people whispered as two eyes peered out from the curtains, then cheered as a thin figured dressed in skin-tight black leather walked very slowly out and stopped behind the drummer. Morrison was smiling like a child. After a minute he walked to the microphone near the edge of the stage.

He threw something into the crowd, then he just stood there staring at the thin spotlight trained on him. He stuck his finger into his mouth, and drew it out slowly, still smiling. He leaned back from the mike and closed his eyes.

Suddenly Morrison lunged forward and screamed the opening words of "Break on Through" and the instruments joined him loudly. "You know the day destroys the night, night divides the day: try to run, try to hide, Break on through to the other side, break on through to the other side!" Morrison strained to heave out the chorus, reeled back and forth, then sprang to the edge of the stage, tottered, spun like a ballet dancer, and stopped abruptly to hypnotize the audience with a long stare. He reminded one of a caged cat: his shoulder-length hair, his mane. And the music was just right, a smooth mixture of blues, hot acid, and something undefinable. Smooth, but not

sterile: like Morrison, it spun, pounded, twisted into itself, then screamed to a sudden silence.

One cop, looking, staring at Morrison, commented to a *Life* reporter, "He's sort of strange, isn't he? I don't like the way he dresses. Whatever happened to the clean-cut guys, like Tony Bennett or Elvis Presley?"

"Break on Through" ended and the longer, more intricate "When the Music's Over" took its place. Sanity had now left, and The Doors had taken its place.

When the music's over,
Turn out the lights.

Well, music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end
Until the end!

And now Morrison began to improvise, as 2000 pairs of eyes fixed on him:

"I'm playing a game, inside my brain, and the name of the game is going insane."

The audience held its breath. "Five in one, one out of five, no one here gets out alive . . . The old get older, but the young get stronger, well it might take a week and it might take longer." The dozen policemen standing below either side of the stage shifted nervously and fixed their eyes on the audience. One fingered his belt.

"They've got the guns, but we've got the numbers. They've got the guns but we've got the numbers!" Morrison crouched, staring at a policeman. "We want the world and we want it . . . now . . . now? . . . NOW!!" he screamed and the organ, bass, guitar, and drums joined in an orgasmic crescendo. The rest of the song was played out and the police began to relax. Then, without warning, Morrison threw the microphone stand off the platform. It clanged to the floor near some photographers crouched at the base of the stage. The police quickly cleared them away.

Then "Alabama Song," written by Kurt Weill, which The Doors have darkened to their own image.

. . . If we don't find the next little girl
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

And before the audience could forget the impact of the words, "Alabama Song" had flowed into "Back Door Man." "I am," sang Morrison, "the back door man. The men don't know, but the little girls understand." With the mike in his hand, he again conversed with the audience.

His remarks were rather sexual. "Open up, baby, spread 'em wide, come on baby, I'm coming inside." He rubbed the mike cord through his crotch, back and forth, back and forth to the music.

The police were motionless. Morrison crouched and hid his face. "Nobody loves me. Nobody loves me . . . But I loves ya. That's my thing, I loves ya, so why don't you come on up here and let me do my thing? It's just you and me, baby, nobody else counts."

A young girl came forward to the edge of the stage. "I love you," she said. The police hesitated, then five of them rushed forward and persuaded the girl to return to her seat. Some of the audience glanced at the police nervously, but the police did not attempt to stop the concert. Morrison pointed at one policeman, laughing. "He loves me. Yeah."

Meanwhile, backstage, Lt. Kelly was receiving complaints from some parents

who did not like what Morrison was saying, but he decided to postpone action. "Let's get some music, or let's stop this stuff," he decided, and he tried to talk to the drummer from behind the curtains. "Oh, no, I can't do a thing with him," Densmore replied, and continued to keep beat.

The next song was the longest; it was also the last. For fifteen minutes, within the framework of "Love Me Two Times," sometimes singing, more often talking, Morrison slowly recounted the shower-room incident when "the Man, you know him, dressed in a pretty little blue uniform with bright brass buttons, yeah, you know who I mean," sprayed him in the eyes with MACE.

"I just have to tell you this," Morrison said. "To get it off my chest." Audience staring, silent. "Here I am with this girl, you know, just a friend of mine, and we're in this dressing room. Only it's actually a shower." Lt. Kelly began to consult with other police officers. Baker, the officer who found Morrison in the dressing room, watched Morrison carefully. Kelly disappeared backstage. Morrison continued his story, while the rest of The Doors kept playing softly. The song ended. Morrison consulted with Manzarek about the next number as the audience shouted out requests.

Suddenly the house lights were turned on. Morrison squinted at the brightness and sat down on the drums, demanding that the lights be turned off. Lt. Kelly appeared from behind the curtains and announced that "the show's over, boys." As he approached the shouting singer and tapped him on the shoulder, Morrison stood, turned to him slowly, still shouting, and then handed him the microphone. Policemen rushed on stage, including Baker, who later explained, "People come to listen to music, not to that stuff. We couldn't let it continue." The police grabbed Morrison as flashbulbs exploded, and they dragged him behind the curtains. More police hustled the other three Doors offstage.

The impact on the audience was immediate. Some rushed screaming to the stage in an attempt to follow Morrison, others broke through the guarded exits backstage where they witnessed several police dragging him down the corridor. "For crying out loud, would you leave my hair alone!" Morrison shouted, trying to kick himself free. "I'm not going to fight." He was forced out the door, led through the dark, muddy parking lot, and placed in a police wagon which took him to the station a few blocks away.

At the Arena, the police used MACE and force to subdue the angered crowd. Several people were arrested for resisting the police, including five or six minors and three reporters. Tim Page, a freelance photographer working for *Life*, tried to photograph some police "roughing up" a boy outside the Arena, but was stopped by what he later said was a slug from one policeman that sent him reeling into the street. As Page and Yvonne Chabrier, another *Life* reporter, tried to explain that they had press passes, Officer Charles LeGrand shouted, "I don't care who you are," and arrested them along with *Village Voice* jazz critic Michael Zwerin. After a thorough search, LeGrand placed them in a paddy wagon, which took them to the police station, where they were locked up in temporary cells. (On January 23, they pleaded not guilty on all three accounts: breach of peace, resisting arrest,

and interfering with an officer.) Outside the police station later on the night of the concert, an estimated 40 youths gathered to protest Morrison's arrest; he was released from his temporary cell early Sunday morning on \$1500 bail.

During the next few days, several rumors about the arrest were circulated by people who could not believe that the charges of indecent and immoral exhibition were authentic. Some suspected that drugs were found on the Doors' equipment backstage. "Well, I heard some talk about heroin being backstage," said Lt. Kelly the next Monday, "but I was unable to find out anything about it." Upon hearing other rumors, Kelly responded, "Look. Anybody can be a Monday-morning quarterback. But at the time, I thought that what I decided to do—to turn the lights on and stop the show—was the best decision."

Trial was set for January 2, and then postponed until January 16, at which time Morrison didn't bother to show up, thus forfeiting \$1500 bail. The reasons Morrison didn't appear were explained in advance by Ray Manzarek, the Doors' organist. "We don't especially want to show up in New Haven, if you know what I mean," Manzarek told an interviewer in Los Angeles in early January. "We wanted to sue, but there are more creative things we want to do with our time, like records and movies and TV shows." If Morrison does cross into Connecticut within the next year, he will be subject to re-arrest for the same charges.

The entire drama of the concert in New Haven continues to remain something of a mystery to The Doors. "The charges are ridiculous," said Manzarek. "I will swear on the gospel that there was no obscenity—maybe some muffled sounds and some screams, which could be construed to be obscene—but I know what Jim's obscenity is like, and he wasn't obscene. But you see, we're singing about the image of darkness. It's okay to sing about the light, airy, bright side, but you have to have an equal balance by the dark side. That's deep down, the darkness, the madness. All the changes that take place in people take place in the dark side. The audience was great, they were digging us. But the police..." He shook his head and then laughed.

Lawrence Lasker, an undergraduate in Yale College, lives in Los Angeles.

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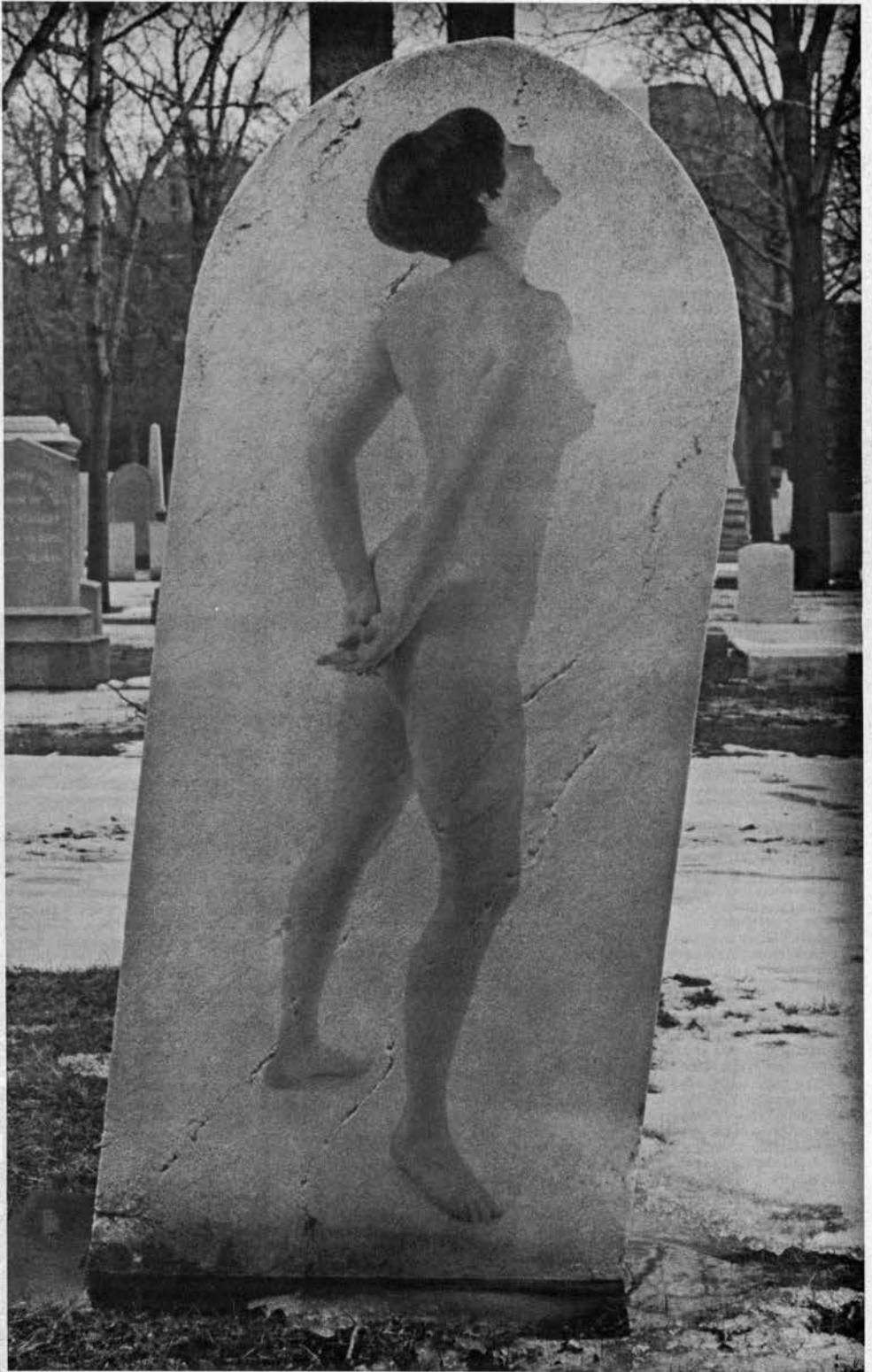


Poetry reading

February 4, 1968

Journal Avenue Congregational Church

7:00 p.m.



Hartspring blows his mind

by Ernest Lockridge

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Hartspring, 34-year-old untenured teacher of college English, unable to finish his dissertation, discovers that he can from his office window look out on the graduate women's dorm and more particularly on two lovelies, Cynthia Potter and Diana Lou Moon, who spend part of the fall semester undressing before his eyes. Hartspring now finds that he must come to terms with voyeurism with no less urgency than his struggles to come to terms with his debts, his complaining but lovely wife, his three children, and that unfinished dissertation.

In the process he tangles with fearsome campus journalist Yoke, who is fashioning a novel out of tape recordings; Hardin, the head of the campus police who's on a permanent campaign against communists and perverts; and a small assortment of other college types.

This Hartspring is the hero of a new novel, *Hartspring Blows His Mind*, by Ernest Lockridge, assistant professor of English at Yale. This is the first novel by Lockridge, who is the son of the author of *Raintree County*.

The excerpt that follows is Chapter 9. In the preceding chapter, Hartspring has just—through the malicious offices of Yoke—met Cynthia Potter:

"I hope to see you again soon, Miss Potter!" I shouted.

"Don't worry, honey!" she shouted back. "You will."

And I did. With a new fury and a new wrinkle, Blondie exposed herself to me. The new wrinkle was Yoke. For while I sat in my office and watched impotently out the window, while the new and fearsome pain in my rectum appeared to grow stronger and stronger, Yoke had scaled the nunnerly wall to Blondie's room, and on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays (the only part of the week men were allowed to invade the crystal palace) in an awesome display of sexual athletics, the pair of them broadcast Yoke's incubistic self-imposition upon the world and Blondie's hatred of men. I mean that seriously about Blondie: never in my life—not even during my forays into Yokohama dives during the Police Action to watch what must have been Lesbians—have I seen a woman display such apocalyptic contempt for the act of love. By her lewdness, she metamorphosed life into death. And as the life-giving seed grew steadily in my own dear Mona's womb, I felt what I feared was cancer filling my rectum with destruction.

All along, now, I've been boring hell out of you whining and complaining about how miserable my life has been. But looking back, I think maybe this was the worst time of all. Poor Hartspring. Dear reader, shed a tear. Winter had settled in good, and it was a raw, miserable winter. Snow plopped from the grim sky, and demonic winds blew it onto every eave, every corner, every windowcrack. When I trembled out into the grisly mornings and futilely attempted to start our ageing Henry J, I was forced to freeze my balls on a thin blanket of snow which the wind had blasted through the windows, settling it over the carseat like radioactive dust. When God grew weary of snow, He brightened His life with freezing rain. The icy glue stuck lids to their garbage cans. Stray dogs huddled in doorways of buildings wheezing out green clouds of breath. Even pigeons grew scarce, as if they had awakened one morning under the eaves and found their feet frozen to the guttering, their beaks paralyzed in mid-coo, the whole gigantic network of their bowels constipated like the coils of a Frigidaire.

And I, brooding above the mystery of my own bowels, stared from my office window across the frozen void at the winsome antics of Cynthia Potter with her Yoke—stared as Danton must have stared in grisly fascination at Madame Guillotine looming now for him—and thought furiously about death.

There they stood one winter evening in mid-December, before Cynthia Potter's lighted window (Brownie's curtains had been drawn now for several days), each with a freshly mixed cocktail in hand, laughing, chatting gaily with Yuletide Spirit, both nude—Blondie bent like a mare, her hair wound in Yoke's free right hand, while Yoke like a stallion skillfully and interminably demonstrated the mechanics of erotic position number five.

And I, too, though more abstractly, considered the mechanics of screwing. What—God forbid!—if it were cancer growing slowly in my rectum, a deadly little chunk of anarchic gristle? I remember when I was very young an aunt on my mother's side who for six months complained of shooting pains in her bowels and constipation before finally submitting to the attention of a doctor—of all people, my father. Who promptly plunked her in the hospital for exploratory surgery. One evening perhaps a week after my poor aunt died and we were finishing a dinner of steak

and lima beans, Pop asked suddenly if Mother or I had any idea what cancer looked like. I guess Pops was a diabolical cuss and, as I later gleaned from my mother's drunken ramblings, a satyromaniac like me before he took to soothing his nerves with morphine. "For heaven's sake, Seymore. Is that anything to ask during dinner?"

"Son, look into that bowl."

I did. Inside were a few leftover limas getting dry and crusty.

"When I cut Aunty open," Doctor Hartspring said, "her guts were chock full of little pieces of gristle that looked just like those lima beans."

"Oh, Seymore, how can you?" Mother rushed from the table crying, and dear old Dad shouted after her:

"Well goddamn it, you've got other sisters I like one hell of a lot better! Clean your plate, son."

Sitting there watching Yoke and Cynthia in conversation, I imagined a whole bean-patch growing down there in me—and what it would be like if I finally went to a doctor, and he cut it out but was forced to close up my rectum and shoot a piece of gut out my abdomen near my prick so I could now and then take a crap! What would I do? "Doc, while you're at it, just cut off my prick." What woman could stand me now? Even my missing teeth would no longer be an enticement. Could my dear Mona bear taking her solace with a man whose intestine protruded from his belly and was fastened together with a little plasticene clamp? How would I go about breaking wind? I could see myself on a bus or subway with the chunk of intestine swelling up under my belt like a helium balloon. Nightmares! And finally exploding and all the windows suddenly looking like your windshield when a semi-trailer passes you on a slushy turnpike. After such an operation, I'd be forced to buy my Yokohama manual and learn all I could about Yoke's fancy-dan tactics. No more rubbing together of warm bellies. No more those firm breasts, those taut nipples swelling against my chest! Those maddening hot looks into each other's eyes. And no more those soft arms pinioning my neck, those deep kisses during the act of love. I'd have to transform myself into a goddamn plumber, a pipefitter. No! Better death! I resolved to keep the whole thing under my tail, so to speak—keep my suspicions from Mona and, most important, from all knifewielding physicians, and, alas, live alone with my terror.

During the last week before my university began its Christmas holiday, I heard noises on the roof of my building right above my office—little scufflings and scrapings. Once while Yoke and Blondie were being particularly vigorous, I heard above me what seemed to be the muted whimper of a rabbit caught in the fangs of a hunter's trap. Even when the wind howled and sleet battered my glass, the noises persisted.

Finally the evening just before vacation, I once again called Holmann away from his typewriter; we donned our coats, and together we made our way gingerly up the frozen fire escape outside Holmann's office window to the roof.

At the rear of Blondie's brightly lit cubbyhole, Yoke had Cynthia Potter smack against the wall in what, for him, was an orthodox position, and Cynthia herself was looking over his shoulder at the window, an extremely bored expression under her teased blond hair.

On the roof near a tall brick chimney,

a shabbily dressed young man stuffed a handkerchief into his coatpocket, lifted his face to the sky, and pretended not to notice that Holmann and I had just caught him with his pants down. Snow was falling, and its glare spotlighted the young man eerily. He wore a stocking cap. Though his coat was bulky and quilted, it appeared obvious that he was a fat boy. Unsnapped boots flapped away from his lower legs, and as Holmann and I approached him he stuck one hand into his coat to fasten his fly.

"Santa Claus is early," I said. "I heard the patter and pawing of his hoofs. Ho ho ho. What are you doing up here?"

"Wise guy or something?" the boy shot back. He was perhaps nineteen. Acne pitted his face. "What the hell business is it of yours?"

Holmann stayed behind. He had just seen Blondie and Yoke for the first time, and I thought he was going to tumble off the roof.

"Are you a student?" I asked.

"I was," he replied sullenly.

"Do you usually climb up on top of roofs during a snowstorm?"

"Look, what is this? The Gestapo? Can't a guy catch a little air if he wants to?"

Yoke must have finished. Blondie, nude, sauntered over to her window and closed the drapes.

"Now you listen to me," I said. "We're having trouble with voyeurists around here. Do you know what that means? Peepers, peeping toms."

"What in heaven's name are you implying?" asked the boy with forced dignity.

"I'm not implying anything. I just want to give you fair warning. The police know what's going on and they're on the lookout. I don't know what you were doing up here and I don't care. All I know is that to some people it might look suspicious. And I think that if you want to keep out of jail you'd better just march down that fire escape and run home the quickest route you know. Go on. Scram."

I could see the boy was about ready to cry. Still he didn't move. He looked into my face a moment, then began in a half-sob, "What's the matter with people anyway? How have I ever hurt them that they should do these things to me? Look at me, Mister. I'm ugly. I've never had a woman in my whole life. I've never even kissed one, and I probably never will as long as I live. But I go into the drugstore and what's the first thing I see? A whole rackful of magazines full of girls who aren't wearing anything. Hundreds and thousands of naked girls, beautiful girls who are willing to take their clothes off just to be photographed, and there's not even one of them for me. Not one. You know what I've heard? There are even beautiful girls who take off their clothes and do it with a man so somebody can make a movie of it. I've got a good-looking pal who says there isn't a girl in the world won't go down with somebody. And then just a week ago, I'm walking along and I look up, and there's two people doing it in the window before they move back into the room. What am I supposed to do? Keep walking?"

"You're breaking my heart," I said.

"I'm leaving," the boy said. "It makes me want to kill myself. I really mean it."

He waddled to the fire escape and soon disappeared beneath the level of the roof.

Holmann had not moved. He stood transfixed looking at the glow from Blondie's closed drapes. Finally he gasped, "I won't be able to sleep for a month."

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Friday, February 2
D. W. Griffith's
THE STRUGGLE (1931)

Griffith's last and perhaps greatest film, dealing with the cataclysmic struggles of an alcoholic. Unavailable for over 30 years.

Yale Film Society

Tuesday, February 6
Josef Von Sternberg's
THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)
Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings

Dietrich plays her most famous role, Lola-Lola the cabaret singer, in this early Sternberg classic of depravity and doom.

Saturday, February 10
Otto Preminger's
ADVISE AND CONSENT (1962)
Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney,
Walter Pidgeon, Peter Lawford, Don Murray

A dispassionate look at a Congressional investigation; an outstanding film by a controversial director.

What am I supposed to do now?"

"Go back to your office," I said, "and pound away at your book. I'm going home."

With the wind, the snow, the freezing cold, I should have been icebound even through my coat. But I wasn't. I was flaming hot with shame—for Yoke and Blondie, for Holmann, for the fat boy, but most of all for my repulsive, disgusting self. Go ahead and die, Hartspring. Turn into a big beanshaped chunk of gristle. It's the best thing by far. For I saw in Yoke a gross, animal stupidity which masqueraded as the diabolical cunning of intelligence. He, who apparently believed he acted with purpose according to some transcendent ideal of art in a vicious universe, who even employed "advanced technology" to gain his ends, had in reality no purpose and no ends beyond the malicious exploitation of the moment. Up there in Blondie's window, forcing the life-giving act to destroy life, Yoke seemed controlled by a madness (hideous in someone so young) which subverted what intelligence he possessed. While I—who seemed passively caught in his trap—was in fact solely responsible for setting that trap and forcing the recalcitrant mechanism until it worked. I was ashamed of Yoke's insanity which he could perhaps not control. But I felt more shame and terror for my self-willed collaboration in it: as if this weird bond revealed the best and worst in us all, a love of creation inseparably coupled with a crazed lust for death.

Santa Claus brought the Hartsprings a meager Christmas. It might have been less meager had the fuel company not stopped delivering oil for nonpayment of bill. One morning shortly before Christmas, I had just awakened and my nerves were transmitting my body's usual morning reflex of sliding across the bed toward Mona and taking a little Creature Comfort—when I discovered that I could not move. I was naked, as usual. As usual, Mona had pulled all the covers off me in her sleep. But for a pleasant change, the temperature in the room must have dropped to thirty degrees. I was frozen stiff. My nerves could not even send blood racing to my prick, and it lay there like Old Dog Tray on his master's grave. At least I could move my eyeballs; for several minutes, without glasses (for the moisture on my eyeballs must have frozen to lenses), I scanned all the spots where paint was flaking from our ceiling—until it dawned on me that I was slowly freezing to death. I tried to holler out. My tongue felt like a dead clam, and my jaws had rusted like the Tin Woodsman's of Oz. But I did manage to croak, "Mo-na."

"Mmmf." Mona grunted. I heard her stirring. I was beyond feeling anything. "Mo-na."

Mona began mumbling. Listening hard, I made out something like, "Hartspring, I need some new dresses. All my old ones are rotting at the armpits. Santa, my children need warm sweaters. All my panties have holes in them. My husband never lets me sleep. We can't afford another baby..."

"Mo . . . na."

"What—? Time'st?"

Her big, warm, lucky body rustled around a few moments beneath the covers. A shadow appeared in my right eye. Then suddenly Mona's sleep-swollen face was hanging directly over mine and she was looking into my eyes. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

I could not be certain, but I thought

one of her hands might be exploring my body for rigor mortis.

"Hartspring! Are you dead?"

I rolled my eyeballs. My jaw would no longer move. Even my vision began to dim, and I knew what it must be like to stare up through the surface of a frozen pond at the sky. Something big seemed to hit me. And as the writers of detective stories used to say, everything went black.

My next sensation was a hundred million little needles pricking me everywhere. My eyes were open. Perhaps they were open all the time, only now I was beginning to see again. I must have moved, because Mona said, "It's about time, damn it. You're like cuddling up against Frosty the Snowman."

Then at last through all the needles I felt Mona's soft, naked body, and I was over the hump, fished like Houdini out of the hole in the ice; I began to warm up fast. Why did King David want those young female bodies flush against him in his old age to keep him warm? If ever it did occur to me to ask, I'll never ask again. And even you, Himmler, with your chaste theories about unthawing frozen soldiers—if only in the interests of science and health, I'll ask the world to forgive you a little. Because in five minutes Mona was breathing hard into my left ear, the blood had once again begun to rush, and Hartspring was still a man.

"Oh oh. The kids!" I cried.

"They're all right," sighed Mona.

"But we've got to see!"

"Please, Hartspring. Don't quit now. . . . Maybe you're not cured yet. . . . The kids are all right. . . . Their room is always cold. . . . They sleep in thermal underwear. . . . They aren't—stupid like you . . . Hartspring."

Later that morning, fully delivered and strutting like Chanticleer in spite of my fears of death, I managed to start our Henry J, piloted it to the fuel company office, and asked for the manager.

"We were just trying to punish you," he said. "You haven't paid your bill for three months."

Ruffling my plumage, I said, "There's nothing immoral about owing money. Debtor's prison was abolished long ago. But there is something sinister and evil about trying, as you have done, to freeze three helpless children to death, not to mention my wife and myself."

"But—"

"You shut off service without so much as a hint to warn us."

"But, sir, you could have checked your gauge."

"When I went into my children's room this morning, they were so cold they couldn't even move." Actually they were in covers up to their ears and warm as toast. "Do you know how cold it was last night? It got down to five above zero. Five above zero! And I've got three kids and we must not have had any heat at all after eight in the evening. I'm a sick man, and my wife is pregnant. Twelve hours without heat before we woke up and discovered what was wrong. Do you realize what can happen to a child when he kicks off his covers and lies there for hours in a room five above zero? He's lucky if he doesn't freeze to death. Well, you're the lucky one. The doctor says they'll live. But he also says I've got a perfect right to sue you for all you're worth, or at least report you to the Better Business Bureau." And on and on.

We finally settled for payment of one back month, and they resumed service

immediately. But only one month took most of our Christmas cash. So Christmas morning around our fir was pretty bleak ("Daddy, why didn't I get my Luger that shoots real caps?" "Daddy, why didn't I get my pelletgun so I can kill starlings?"). And New Year's was bleak, since we had not been invited to any parties and could not have afforded a babysitter anyway. But most bleak of all was the end of vacation and having to return to my office, to my classes, to my showgirls who were back from their warm, cheery homes (I assume even Blondie and Brownie had parents), back with their torturers' whips oiled and ready once again to flay the back of Hartspring, who returned to uninterrupted thoughts of his impending doom.

That is, Blondie was back, and Yoke. And weekends, they resumed flailing away until I sometimes saw, or thought I saw, the whole building vibrating back and forth, up and down. And yet their utter nonchalance! They even began putting their clothes back on in front of me, and for what it's worth, I noticed a pattern: Yoke always puts on his shirt first, before anything else, and the first thing Blondie always put on were her nylons. The pattern never changed. What did begin to change, however, was the relish with which they went about their act. Even before Christmas holidays, I could tell that Blondie was becoming bored by it all; but now even Yoke appeared to be losing taste. It became more and more obvious that they were just trying to get it out of the way. You knew from their faces they were thinking, What a chore! Like the performers I once saw in a stag movie at a friend's bachelor party: we were going wild, but you could tell that for them it was just a job. Once or twice Yoke even resorted to the Old Standby—perhaps because that was the only position left which offered, even remotely, the promise of spice. Toward the end of January, they'd come into the room, take off their clothes, then shrug as if it were just too much, get dressed again, and leave. Finally, they did not even remove their clothes; they sat around, they talked, they drank, and sometimes Yoke would fool with some sort of device—I could not make out precisely what—at the back of the room. One afternoon they even smiled to acknowledge my presence, and waved. Of course I smiled back. But I knew that, having wearied of this phase in his little plot, Yoke would now devise another. I hoped it would be a good one. I was a tired man. I was in pain: my "cancer" not only hurt now, it itched so much I writhed. I wanted something definite to happen.

And Brownie? Well, she was back, too, though not so violently back as her friend. Her curtains were open again. After the vacation, whenever she was in her room she appeared to spend much time lounging in the nude, mooning around, sipping brown book. Her Christmas present from Cointreau, and leaping through a large home? As you know, I had long felt Brownie to be a softer, more gentle spirit than her friend, perhaps motivated not so much by the desire to destroy as by a misdirected desire to please. This impression was strengthened by the contrast between what occurred in the two windows. Early in January while Yoke and Cynthia Potter were still rigorously developing their voluntary muscles, Cynthia's Brownie would at the same time be reclining on the bed, reading, studying, daydreaming, leaping through her brown leather book. A sentimental brown study

herself. She would even look up from time to time and flutter dove-eyes at me, sentimental darling, though when I gestured recognition, she looked away. Was she privy to her friend's antics? I had never seen a man in Brownie's room. For that matter, I no longer saw Blondie there either. If I had at least some acquaintance with the sad soul of Cynthia Potter, the soul of my brown-haired beauty—with the possible exception of Hubert's night on the Green—remained mysterious to me like the contents of her brown book. Sentimental Hartspring! have you no toughmindedness in reserve to save your soul?

Near the end of February when the cold weather was just beginning to abate, I sat in the undergraduate reserve room mugging up notes on Ezra Pound's first Canto so I could teach it with at least the appearance of understanding to my seminar. The room was long and narrow with an enormously high ceiling. Individual stalls jammed side by side, and smoke drifted upward as if from a hundred little chimneys, collecting into a gray cloud fifty feet over our heads and dimming the lights. Down went Ezra Pound into hell all the time vigorously translating the *Odyssey's* Book of the Dead: "peopled cities covered with clse-webbed mist, unpierced ever with glitter of sun-rays," I read, smelling stale wintercoats which everyone had worn into the room and shucked on chairbacks, coats which, like mine, had probably not been drycleaned since the previous April whereupon they were promptly stuffed into mothballs all summer and fall. "Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides of youths and of the old who had borne much; souls stained with recent tears, girls tender . . . I sat to keep off the impetuous impotent dead till I should hear Tiresias." A shade fell across the book before me (believe it or not! Am I responsible for the truth?)—that is, a shadow—and my peripheral vision caught a form, man or woman I could not tell, seating itself beside me. A coat was shucked against the chairback, and now (still without moving my eyes from the page) I undoubtedly identified an ample, sloping pair of female breasts under a tight sweater. "A second time? why? man of ill star," I read, "facing the sunless dead and this joyless region? Stand from the fosse. . . ." Beside me, I heard a startled intake of breath. I looked directly at my neighbor. You guessed it—why kid around?

"You!" I whispered. Brownie and I, three feet apart at the most, sat staring into one another's eyes. Brown eyes she had, of course.

First she hit me with a timid smile—little teeth, but strong and white like Blondie's. Then she blushed. It was a bright, bloody blush. I saw it first when it hit her throat above the sweater's crew-neck, but the blood started against the skin one hell of a lot lower down than that. Her breasts, even her thighs and belly, must have been glowing. And now like those big thermometers you see in animated cartoons, the red caught her chin, cheeks, ears, forehead; and under that long brown hair which reached the small of her back blood must have been bursting through the pores in her scalp. Decency! cried my brain with strange exhilaration as my own thermometer began to blush and swell. She feels shame! A sense of right and wrong! Honor! Goodness! Love! How long had it been since these words had even occurred to me? My prick strained against the shiny

fabric of my pants.

The blush on Brownie's face metamorphosed into terror. "Restroom!" she whispered. The utterance must have been involuntary, a reflex action of her horrified subconscious to tear her away or, like a frightened ostrich, plunge her head in a ditch. Her chair rasped. Staring into my eyes as Venus must have stared through the net into Vulcan's, she rose from the stall. She turned her back on me. She rushed down the narrow aisle as if pursued by a cohort of bogies and out of the room. But she left her coat against the chair's backside. And she left her books.

Momentarily in shock, I looked back at old Ez. "*Venerandam*, in the Cretan's phrase, with the golden crown, Aphrodite, *Cypri munimenta sortita est*, mirthful, *Cyralchi*, with golden girdle and breast bands, thou with dark eyelids bearing the golden bough . . ." Wait the hell did all that Latin mean? I reached for a large mimeographed volume which generally answered that sort of idiot's question—when suddenly on the stall beside me under three volumes of Proust in French, I recognized the big, brown, leather book I had watched Brownie leaping through since the end of the Christmas holidays.

No hesitation. Shoving Proust off its top, I plopped the thing into my lap and spread it apart at the middle. The picture made me gasp. For it was an expensive album of eight-by-ten photographs, superbly in focus, superbly printed on the finest paper, superbly mounted under clear pools of mica, superbly posed. Pictures of whom?

Of Brownie herself. Solo. Perhaps the most macabre object on which I have ever rested my jaded eyeballs, more so even than Yoke's plumbing of Cynthia Potter.

The first picture I saw—indeed, as I discovered, all the pictures—must have been taken in April. Out of focus in the background, two or three trees appeared to be in blossom. Beyond the trees across the whole picture stood one of those ancient stone fences which farmers once made by removing rocks from their land. The ground gloomed in decay: bare earth, scraggly grass, hardy weeds and a few wildflowers illuminated sporadically by mottled, treebroken sunrays, themselves visible in the picture at a right-to-left slant. In the picture's foreground stood an old tombstone rounded at the top. WILLIAM MOON, 1790-1865, HIS WIFE DIANA, 1801-1890, THE BEST IS YET TO BE. Other old stones of the same design but out of focus studded the picture's background. Bent languidly in profile above the tombstone of Mr. and Mrs. Moon, nipples just brushing its lichenized top, right hand stroking its side, staring sentimentally into the lens like a dreamy Victorian belle stood Brownie. Nude. The focus was so good I could make out the down on her thighs. Her os pubis rested against the stone's side. On and on I leafed. All the other pictures, I guessed, had been taken the same day; in some, the sun cast its rays from left to right; in others they struck earth at right angles, and in one superb picture Brownie stood before a tombstone, her upturned face radiant with ecstasy in a direct right-angle beam from the sun, like Virgin Mary pierced by the Divine Afflatus. From the names (Brownie was photographed no less than twenty-five times before as many tombstones), I decided the setting for all these pictures was a family burial ground now in disuse. The most recent death-date I noticed was 1918, perhaps a young victim of the First Great

continued on page 15

"A scandalously old story, but it still hurts."*

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"A funny and provocative commentary on an insanely disordered modern life."*

ERNEST LOCKRIDGE HARTSPRING BLOWS HIS MIND

The main theme (as well as most of the variations) of this carefree fictional fantasy is sex—the sexual obsessions (heterosexual) during the first "thirty-four-odd years" of a young college instructor who finds the posturing of the girls in the dormitory across the courtyard more fascinating than his dissertation on Theodore Dreiser. There he is—father, voyeur, teacher, exhibitionist, war hero, lover, salesman of encyclopedias, madcap comedian, and Prince of Life. Where is he going?

Author Ernest Lockridge completed his Ph.D. in 1963 at Yale University. His first novel is an off-beat piece of brilliance. "Lockridge writes with gusto and intelligence," comments *Publishers' Weekly* "and has come up with a funny and provocative commentary on an insanely disordered modern life."* \$4.95

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continued from back cover

behavior in the area below, ready to summon down explosive judgment when they do. "They cruise around over the Delta like a vigilante posse, holding the power of life or death over Vietnamese villagers living beneath their daily patrols."

When a FAC thinks he has a target he is entitled to call down the appropriate craft armed with the appropriate weapons to eliminate it. What alarms Harvey is the routine, often casual, manner, based on the scantiest evidence, in which some FACs felt themselves authorized to issue death sentences, using a variety of weapons that kill indiscriminately. Harvey, of course, knew that napalm was in use and was aware of its role in the war:

The FAC's list of fireworks is long and deadly. Napalm, or jellied gasoline, comes in aluminum tanks with fuses of white phosphorus. When it hits and ignites, the burning napalm splatters around the area, consuming everything burnable that it strikes. Napalm is considered particularly useful for destroying heavily-dug-in gun emplacements since it deluges a large area with rolling fire, and rushes, burning, down into narrow openings. You might spend a long time and a lot of high-powered bombs trying to get a direct hit on a gun pit that, if you were using napalm, you could wipe out in one pass. Napalm also is said to be effective against troops hiding in caves and tunnels since it suddenly pulls all the oxygen out of the tunnel by its enormous gulp of combustion, and suffocating anyone inside.

The description, however, leaves one with the impression that Incinderjell, as the military now refer to it, is used mainly against military installations. Harvey was appalled to find it being used "routinely" against such "targets" as hooch lines (rows of houses along a road or canal) in suspect areas, on individual houses, and even in rice paddies since the new, improved Incinderjell burns in water. The margin for error in such use is very large but that is the price our army must pay to save American lives. Before the general use of napalm the Vietnamese, like the Algerians, "were learning to live with their war" by digging little bomb shelters under the floors of their houses. With napalm, which can flood or trickle down into the holes, a sanctuary is converted into a family incinerator.

Strangely, however, few people appear to know about other devices equally vicious and even more generally in use:

But the deadliest weapon of all, at least against personnel, were CBUs—cluster bomb units. One type of CBU consisted of a long canister filled with metal balls about the size of softballs. Inside each metal ball were numbers of smaller metal balls or "bomblets." The CBUs were expelled over the target by compressed air. The little bomblets covered a wide swathe in a closely spaced pattern. They look like sparklers going off and were lethal to anybody within their range. Some types were fitted with delayed action fuses and went off later when people have come out thinking the area was safe. If a pilot used CBUs properly he could lawnmower for considerable distances, killing anybody on a path several hundred feet wide and many yards long.

The important phrase in this description is "delayed action fuse": Some clusters can be timed to go off hours and even days after being dropped, so that while the suspect, the cause of the bombing, may be miles away, others who have not left the area, such as children who may be playing there, end up as the victims. It is hard to imagine a military man being able to justify such conduct, although none to my knowledge has been asked to do so. One kind of fragmentation (anti-personnel) bomb, the BLU-36 B, called "guava" bomb because it looks like the fruit, is an improvement. Four guava clusters dumped from one fighter-bomber in one pass over a village can shred an area a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide with more than one million balls or fragments of steel.

CBUs have created a need for drastic new surgical techniques. Because there is neither time nor facilities for X-rays, a CBU victim, if hit in the stomach, is simply slit from the top of the stomach to the bottom and the contents of the stomach emptied out on a table and fingered through for "frags" as a dog is worked over for ticks. When

the sorting is done the entrails are replaced and the stomach sewed back up like a football. This "football scar" has become the true badge of misery in South Vietnam. Harvey has photographs of the process, but they are not in the book: they are unbearable to look at.

There are two tactical applications for these weapons authorized by the Air Force. The first is called "Recon by smoke." If a FAC or the commander of a "Huey Hog" helicopter (a word on these in a moment) finds nothing overtly suspicious, he is entitled to stir up some action by dropping smoke grenades in places where he suspects something might be going on. If people run from the smoke and explosion, the pilot is then entitled to assume he has flushed Charlie and to call in any means of destruction at his disposal. As one FAC explained to Harvey, why would they run if they didn't have guilty consciences?



The second approved tactic is more vicious. It is called "Recon by fire." Under this policy, a FAC, failing to find a positive sign of suspicious activity, is authorized to call in a fighter bomber to cruise down on a hooch line or canal and, at a moment the FAC deems ripe, to drop a canister of CBU. Since the bombs, exploding one after another, move toward the potential victims at the speed of the jet, the effect is called "rolling thunder," and is said to be terrifying. Once again, if the people on the ground take evasive action, the FAC is entitled to assume he has caught out VC. Different evasions call for different measures. If people rush into the houses, the most effective tactical measure is to "barbecue" them with a bath of napalm. If they go out into the paddies, the most effective action is to "hose" them down with fire from mini-guns mounted on Huey Hog helicopters. The minigun is a rotating, multi-barreled machine gun capable of firing 6,000 rounds of 7.62mm (.30 caliber) ammunition in one minute. If the minifire is sustained on a person in a paddy he will be shredded and will actually disintegrate.

The Huey Hog has become increasingly important in South Vietnam. The Hog is a converted transport helicopter which has been remade into a floating firing platform with the fire power of a World War II infantry battalion crammed aboard. Harvey calls it the most vicious single weapon in use, mainly because of its ability to hover over a target.

One would think, or hope, that a weapon with such a large potential for destruction would be used with extreme care, but Harvey was surprised at the freedom each chopper commander enjoyed for individual action. Many Hueys are engaged in rough and ready reconnaissance, free-lance search and destroy missions, and small-scale hedge-hopping operations which are aimed at surprise. Harvey's description of some of the men holding and using this power is revealing:

The American Huey troops at Vinh Long are without doubt the most savage guys I met in Vietnam (and the jolliest!). I was impressed by them. But they scared me. They didn't hurl impersonal thunderbolts from the heights in supersonic jets. They came muttering down to the paddies and hooch lines, fired at close range and saw their opponents disintegrate to bloody rags 40 feet away. They took hits through their plastic windshields and through their rotor blades. They wore flak vests and after a fire fight was won they landed on the battlefield, got out, and counted their VC dead.

continued from page 2

To the Editors:

I enjoyed reading the interview with Arthur Penn in your January 21st issue. It was a perceptive and interesting account that did much to increase my opinion that *Bonnie and Clyde* is a great movie.

At the risk of being accused that I am misinterpreting the film, however, I think I should point out that it might be just as well not to go off the deep end when it comes to Penn's statements: "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. . . . They killed accidentally, and they continued to kill accidentally." It might be noted that:

1. Bonnie and Clyde were wanted for murder in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa. Between April 27, 1932 and May 22, 1934, they were responsible, together or singly, for the murder of at least 12 people.

2. Most of these deaths were anything but accidental. Clyde Barrow gunned down a sheriff and deputy for protesting when he attempted to drink a bottle of whiskey in a music hall.

3. On Easter Sunday, 1934, Texas State Patrolmen E. B. Wheeler and H. D. Murphy spotted a car stopped by the side of the road at night and slowed down to investigate and to offer assistance if necessary. They were machine-gunned off their motorcycles, the flaps of their holsters still

snapped. A farmer who witnessed the incident reported that a small red-haired woman approached the body of one of the fallen officers, turned him over with her foot, and riddled him with three shotgun blasts. Clyde Barrow was identified from his fingerprints on a whiskey bottle at the site.

4. Several days later, in Oklahoma, officers went to the assistance of a car bogged down in the mud. The constable died with a rifle bullet in his chest.

5. When ex-Texas Ranger Frank Hamer sighted down the barrel of his automatic shotgun (only one of the six officers who killed the pair was armed with a machine gun) on May 22, 1934, he was thinking of Bonnie Parker, riddling a dead police officer with a shotgun. (Though he had no regrets about killing two such hardened killers, he was shocked at the carnage the ambush had resulted in.)

It might be noted also, as an afterthought, that when the car was examined after the killing, it was found to contain 15 machine guns, shotguns, rifles, and pistols of various makes and calibers, plus 5000 rounds of ammunition.

Everard Smith
Yale College

To the Editors:

I thought the article by Albert Rothenberg on "More Stately Mansions: Eugene O'Neill at a crossroad" (*New Journal*, Dec. 10, 1967) presented some very suggestive insights into O'Neill's creativity, but I would have wished to see Dr. Rothen-

berg move from his specific case to a general theory relating to creativity. In particular, he might have delved into the necessity of creation on O'Neill's part, how necessary his writing was to his continued existence.

Roger Harris

To the Editors:

It seems to me that *The New Journal* takes every opportunity to attack people of authority in the university and especially the distinguished president of Yale University, Kingman Brewster Jr. The most flagrant example was "Kingman Brewster in television's department of clarification" by Daniel Yergin (Dec. 10, 1967). Mr. Yergin presumed to explain to the Yale community what Mr. Brewster was thinking, but only on marginal evidence. Mr. Brewster carefully distinguished between the abstract principle of how a draft system should operate and the case today, where rabble-rousers like Rev. Coffin seek to make it into an agency of their own protest. Mr. Yergin correctly notes that Mr. Brewster's concern with setting up an abstract principle for the system grows out of a belief that the United States will confront a continuing series of revolutions; but what Mr. Yergin won't admit is that Mr. Brewster is right. Mr. Yergin calls himself a responsible journalist; in the future he should think twice before printing such drivel.

Franklin G. Myers

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To the Editors:

You may tell me that Sterling Memorial Library needs more space, and I would agree. However, it is also a beautiful building and, needless to say, they don't make them that way anymore. How about a little more explanation about their plans; and for God's sakes, let's get those cabinets out of the main entrance.

Tom Morton

To the Editors:

It strikes me, as a recent visitor to Yale, as very strange that there is no really first-rate bookstore in the University environs. Of course, you have your Co-op, which primarily stocks textbooks. But what about the sort of bookstore where one can wander down aisles, read interesting books, and find a decent collection of periodicals. Yale needs such a bookstore. There should be all sorts of periodicals, foreign as well as American, prominently displayed, and it would be well if this store could stay open to midnight and it might even serve coffee. We have several in the area around the University of California at Berkeley; Yale should have at least one.

Jacob Sperber

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FANS: 17-point spread with A9 in the first, D7 in the second, and R5 in the third. B.V.

continued from page 11

War. Most of Brownie's poses were "arty." Some were frankly obscene, as in one where she lay buttockdown on a gravemound holding her breasts to the sky; the camera focussed bellyward between her spread legs.

As I turned these pages I knew I was finally having enough—of this incredible mica-pool of narcissism, of this whole incredible adventure, of my life as I had lived it in chaos all the years since that sunny spring afternoon when I discovered my father dead. Enough! Enough. I would change my office. I would make love only to my dear, sweet Mona. I would rear my sons to be brave and honorable men. I would even consult a doctor about the pain in my ass. For when I turned last of all to the inside front cover of Brownie's chamber of horrors, I knew that I had plunged too far into the deep and bloody fosse of disorder. There like an inscription of doom, written in lavender ink, a gracefully feminine backhand slant, appeared the following dedication of a Christmas gift which apparently had not yet been delivered: "For my beloved Cynthia, my Lady Christabel. 'I shall but love thee better after death.' In dear remembrance of a rapture that could never be. Your passionate slave, Diana Lou Moon."

As I was shutting the book, once again the shadow fell, but with no rush at all I placed the album atop Proust on the stall of Diana Lou Moon. Then I turned in my chair and regarded Diana Lou herself.

I don't know. I think she wanted to cry: she was a sentimental girl. I do not, however, think she minded that I had opened her book and glimpsed her soul. The stalls immediately around us were empty, and I whispered (archsentimentalist, Hart-spring), "I'm sorry about everything, Diana Lou."

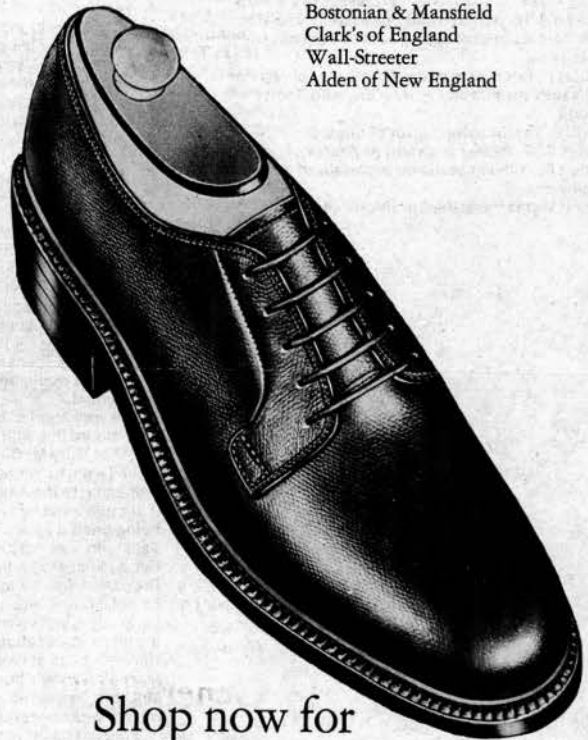
"Oh, I'm so ashamed!" she whispered violently.

She waited behind my chair as I gathered my books, rose, and prepared to leave. When I was ready, she touched my arm. I did not turn. "Be careful," was all she whispered. "Be careful."

I steered past the Siren, through the sea of smoke and dim light and stale smells out into a night full of stars. Artemis loomed huge. A wind had made the world warmer than it had been when I first entered the library. It would not be too many mornings now, in the words of Herrick's hymn, when all the sleeping earth would be turned to flowers. I noticed with a certain reassurance that my tiller, my mainmast, my anchor still shouldered the gale erect and proud.

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Our Air War by Robert Crichton

The reprinting of the following article from **The New York Review of Books** for January 4, 1968, is sponsored by the seventeen members of the Yale faculty and staff whose names appear below. We are all supporters of the Rev. William Coffin in his conscientious resistance to the draft, and many of us have shared in his actions to this end. We found this an exceptionally revealing article on a subject that concerns all Americans. We urge everyone to read it, and consider its implications.

Rev. John Boyles **Presbyterian chaplain**
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Robert Wyman **assistant professor of biology**

In the spring of 1966 a freelance writer named Frank Harvey was invited by Maj. George Weiss, PIO officer for the 7th Air Force in Saigon, to Vietnam to do a "definitive" study of the conduct of the air war. Harvey was reluctant to go; he is fifty-three and the assignment would be arduous and hazardous. But because of his record as a military specialist (Harvey has written some eighty articles on military subjects in the past eighteen years, all of them laudatory, some of them adulatory), Weiss argued that Harvey was "obligated" to go.

At the same time, Edward Muhlfeld, publisher of *Flying*, a well-edited, hawkish aviation magazine, also felt the time was right for such a study, and asked the Air Force officials in the Pentagon to suggest a writer for the job. The Pentagon named Frank Harvey. In spite of Harvey's reluctance, a liaison was arranged between *Flying* and Harvey, with the Pentagon acting as matchmaker. The arrangement was consummated in June of that year when Harvey, at *Flying's* expense, flew to Saigon.

In all Harvey spent fifty-five days in Vietnam. Because of his credentials, he was allowed and encouraged to fly every kind of mission being flown in Vietnam. When he returned to this country, he had sampled everything except a bombing run over North Vietnam and a B-52 raid over South Vietnam. His article, fifty-eight pages long, appeared in the November issue of *Flying*. In December a publisher asked Harvey to expand it to book length (he put back material *Flying* had cut, emphasized material the Pentagon had suggested be de-emphasized) and in July *Air War: Vietnam* was published in a silence which has persisted. This is unfortunate, since the book is the most complete record so far of what our airmen are actually doing to the people of Vietnam; it is extremely revealing, if at times reluctantly so, precisely because of those qualities that made Harvey so acceptable to the Air Force in the first place.

At the outset Harvey intended to do no more than record, as clearly as possible, every aspect of the air war that he had experienced. From the carrier *Constellation* in the South China Sea he wrote Muhlfeld: "I am leaving the political situation strictly alone. My assignment is to tell about the air war—not the reasons for it. And I certainly won't leave until we have spent some time in combat. To leave before that would be to miss the very heart of the excitement."

The very heart of the excitement! It is interesting to compare this with the celebrated opening paragraph of Mary McCarthy's *Vietnam*. "I confess that when I went to Vietnam I was looking for material damaging to the American interest and that I found it, though often by accident or in the process of being briefed by an official." In Harvey's case he decidedly was not looking for damaging material, but, as Miss McCarthy did, he found it, and often in the same way. It is to his credit as a reporter that he put it down, often, it seems, against his will. In a curiously effective way his unwillingness to face the moral implications of what he saw makes Harvey's book at times more shocking even than Mary McCarthy's book. It also makes one wish Miss McCarthy had been able to see a fragment of what Harvey was encouraged to see.

It did not occur to him then that if one is simply recording facts one can also be making a statement, and he was stunned when peace groups and publications began quoting chunks of prose from his article. He was called down to the Pentagon to account for some of the things he had written, and, although he knew that he had reported the truth, he was stricken with feelings of remorse for having let his country down.

The tone of the book is set on the second page:

Dixie Station had a reason. It was simple. A pilot going into combat for the first time is a bit like a swimmer about to dive into an icy lake. He likes to get his big toe wet and then wade around a little before leaping off the high board into the numbing depths. So it was fortunate that young pilots could get their first taste of combat under the direction of a forward air controller over a flat country in bright sunshine where nobody was shooting back with high-powered ack-ack. He learns how it feels to drop bombs on human beings and watch huts go up in a boil of orange flame when his aluminum napalm tanks tumble into them. He gets hardened to pressing the button and cutting people down like little cloth dummies, as they sprint frantically under

him. He gets his sword bloodied for the rougher things to come.

This passage, in Harvey's notes, was originally written as a straight description of the young pilot's "blooding" process. He showed me these notes when I interviewed him before writing this review. The ironic "So it was fortunate" was added later. The paragraph was originally intended to shock, but not in the way it finally does. It was meant to alert the reader to the fact that this was a professional war and that, in a war, the pros learn how to press the firing button. But it is the image of helpless people sprinting frantically beneath the pilot that finally impresses us.

Sartre has written that the ultimate evil is the ability to make abstract that which is concrete. The military have developed this into a habitual approach. Harvey's sin against the military code is not only his stubborn inability to make inhuman that which is human, not just to see targets as people and people as victims, but to feel for them as well. "There was nothing profound about it," Harvey told me. "I just peeked under one blanket too many and saw one too many broken bodies under it. Nothing we were doing was worth this."

While *Air War: Vietnam* is revealing in this fashion, its greater interest lies in its hard factual information. I felt, for example, that I was more than moderately well informed about the actions being taken in Vietnam in our name. I confess I was shaken by how little I knew about the air war, which plays an increasingly major role in the military effort there.

Harvey begins his book with his trip to Saigon, and a visit to the Mekong Delta for a defoliation bombing run that was a part of "Operation Ranch Hand." The motto of defoliating crews was: Only you can prevent forests. At this point, Harvey's book seems to be describing brave men doing a nasty but needed job. But the tone soon begins to change: what begins to disturb Harvey, violating an inbred American sense of fair play, is the terrible one-sidedness of things. If a peasant whose livelihood is being poisoned has the temerity to get a rifle and take a shot at the defoliation plane, the consequences of his rash act will prove to be catastrophic. The accepted procedure at this moment is for a crew member to throw out a smoke grenade in the direction from which he thinks the shot came; within minutes and sometimes seconds an aircraft the size of a Martin B-57 Canberra bomber, "riding shotgun" in the region, will explode onto the scene and saturate the area around the smoke with a fire power no American soldier has ever experienced. It struck Harvey as an excessive application of force. He had not yet reached the point of asking about the innocent people in the area who might be taking the full brunt of it.

"Well, it is a little exaggerated," a flier told him. "We're applying an \$18,000,00 solution to a \$2 problem. But, still, one of the little mothers was firing at us."

Here the peculiar psychology of the American military emerges as something that seems unique in modern warfare. The American soldier has become accustomed to such an overwhelming preponderance of fire power to back him up, especially air power (Harvey estimates it at about 1000 to 1), that he has come to think of it as his right, as an inherent property of being American, as the natural balance of life itself. If the enemy attempts to redress the balance the reaction is often one of shocked surprise: "Why the little sons-of-bitches!" and sometimes absurdly violent. Negroes in the South have an understanding of this kind of reaction. *Flying* chose two adjectives to describe the nature of the air war: vicious and savage. Both are accurate.

The justification for this behavior, which Harvey himself finds it hard to dispute, lies in the words "saving American lives." Any action can be condoned, any excess tolerated, any injustice justified, if it can be made to fit this formula. The excessive valuation placed on American life, over any other life, accounts for the weapons and tactics we feel entitled to use on the people of South Vietnam and, increasingly now, North Vietnam.

The key to the air war in South Vietnam is the Forward Air Controllers. The FACs are, as Harvey terms them, "the death-bringers." They hover over the roads and river banks and paddies of the south in little Cessna O-1E Bird Dog spotter planes and act as all-seeing eyes looking for signs of suspicious

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Each man had his own personal sidearm he carried for mopping up. A Swedish K automatic pistol seemed to be the favorite.

Capt. George O'Grady wears a steel helmet modeled after the old Roman battle helmets. His door gunners were enlisted people and as savage as the drivers. I saw a door gunner who affected deerskin gloves and long gauntlets. One man I met had been mustered out and had gone home to civilian work. He couldn't stand it at home. He re-enlisted and went back for another tour.

One night Harvey's Huey made a pass over the edge of a suspect village. "We emptied a full load of ammo out on the silent darkness and went back to Vinh Long; no one will ever know if we hit anything but we did a lot of shooting." On another afternoon, when Harvey asked a chopper pilot how he did, the man answered in disgust: "Wash out. Got me two VC water buffalo and a pregnant woman."

The reason Harvey finds the chopper crews the "jolliest" is that at least they know whom they are killing. The worst crimes being committed against the people of South Vietnam, however, are being committed by one of the least criticized of all our weapons, the B-52 bombers, once the backbone of General Curtis LeMay's SAC, the key to Dulles's "massive retaliation" policy. Designed to deliver the H-bomb to the Soviet Union, they have this role in Vietnam:

The B-52 crews are old pros. They took on the mission of defending the United States when they could, at any moment, have been ordered to fly deep into Russia against deadly defense of missiles and fighters—a mission from which many of them would not have returned. Now they have a quite different set of orders. To blast or burn large areas of jungle (also, roads, buildings and fields) containing living things, animals and men, some innocent and unaware, without warning. It's not a mission of their choosing. It's just the way the ball happened to bounce. But one can't help but wonder what a man thinks about, after he'd set fire to 50 square miles of jungle from high altitude with a rain of fire bombs, and wakes up in his room in the darkness—and lies awake watching the shadows on the ceiling....



Nothing will live in those fifty square miles. Even a turtle burrowed in the mud at the back of a cave will become only an ash. Used in this fashion the B-52 comes perilously close to a weapon of genocide. According to Harvey and other reporters, our B-52 operations, using 3,000-pound bombs ("instant swimming pool makers" the pilots say) have done as much to create the 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 refugees in South Vietnam as any other American action.

What do these men feel about what they are doing? Their professionalism protects them, Harvey believes, as well as their ability to make abstract the results of their work. Harvey tried to invite a group of B-52 pilots to visit a hospital at Can Tho where the overwhelming majority of patients were women and children with fire and bomb wounds, but they wouldn't go inside. They insisted, in fact, that they almost never hit anyone. When Harvey offered to show them quite a few they did hit, one of them finally said: "Yeah, but we patch 'em up, don't we?" It even made the pilots laugh.

The protection, then, is not to see. One of the most pathetic American statements to come from the war was made by John McCain 3rd, son and grandson of full admirals, after surviving the Forrestal holocaust. "It's a difficult thing to say. But now that I've seen what the bombs and napalm did to the people on our ship, I'm not so sure I want to drop any more of that stuff on North Vietnam." But he was a professional and was shot down doing it several months later.

Harvey's book probably will not open any flier's eyes but it can help to reopen the eyes of Americans who have become somewhat jaded with reports of search-and-destroy missions and the "pacification" of the village of Ben Suc. Although Harvey didn't intend it this way, **Air War: Vietnam** provides new factual ammunition for those who wish to shift the debate about the war from argument about American political and military strategy, an argument that has become repetitive and frozen, to the question whether American actions are morally defensible on any grounds whatever.

There is a legacy of Western thought, rather innocent but still a potent political force, that there are some things that just cannot be done, some actions that cannot be taken in the name of military expediency. Notwithstanding the complexities of our involvements in Vietnam, this moral argument is a quite simple one. One does not pour flaming jellied gasoline on the heads of women and children merely because there may be an enemy in the house or at least in the house next to it. One does not drop anti-personnel fragmentation bombs on undefended villages in the hope of scaring out soldiers, when there is certainty of mutilating people.

There is a moral logic here: if this is the kind of action the government chooses to take, then not only should one withhold support of that action but it becomes one's duty to resist efforts by the government to make one help fight such a war—something a good many people, especially the young, have chosen to do. However, while this argument is effective in shoring up the courage of individuals, it seems to me one that could have a far more powerful political effect than it yet has had. Proponents of the President's policy should not be allowed to hide behind the question of our involvement in Vietnam, for which a case can be made, but should be forced to defend our conduct there, which, on examination, becomes indefensible. For this purpose, facts are necessary; some of these facts are to be found in Harvey's book. More are needed.

A second legacy that most of us share, though it lies dormant in us, is the belief that men somehow are still held accountable for their deeds. It is the thought, after all, which informed Nuremberg. Generals don't make policy (usually), but they formulate and approve military conduct. Sooner or later the military people who have authorized and condoned such tactics as "Recon by fire" should be made to account for these acts before the American people. It is inexcusable that men such as Westmoreland have been able to appear on television programs and at news conferences and have not been forced to account for the kind of tactics and weapons being used on the people of both Vietnams. Simply asking the question, spelling out the terms, would have value. It should prove interesting to hear, especially in the face of a persistent questioner, the defense of cluster-bombing a row of houses in the hope of finding a suspect. Until now one of the reasons for the absence of such questions has been a lack of hard information about just exactly what it is we are doing.

I don't mean to suggest that such information as is documented in the book is going to cause an immediate sense of moral outrage throughout the US. It will not. But if there is hope for this country, it must be that when information of the kind contained in **Air War: Vietnam** is more thoroughly known and understood (although Harvey has made it plain this was not his purpose in writing this book), an increasing number of people will find unacceptable both our presence in Vietnam and the political candidates who support that presence.

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