

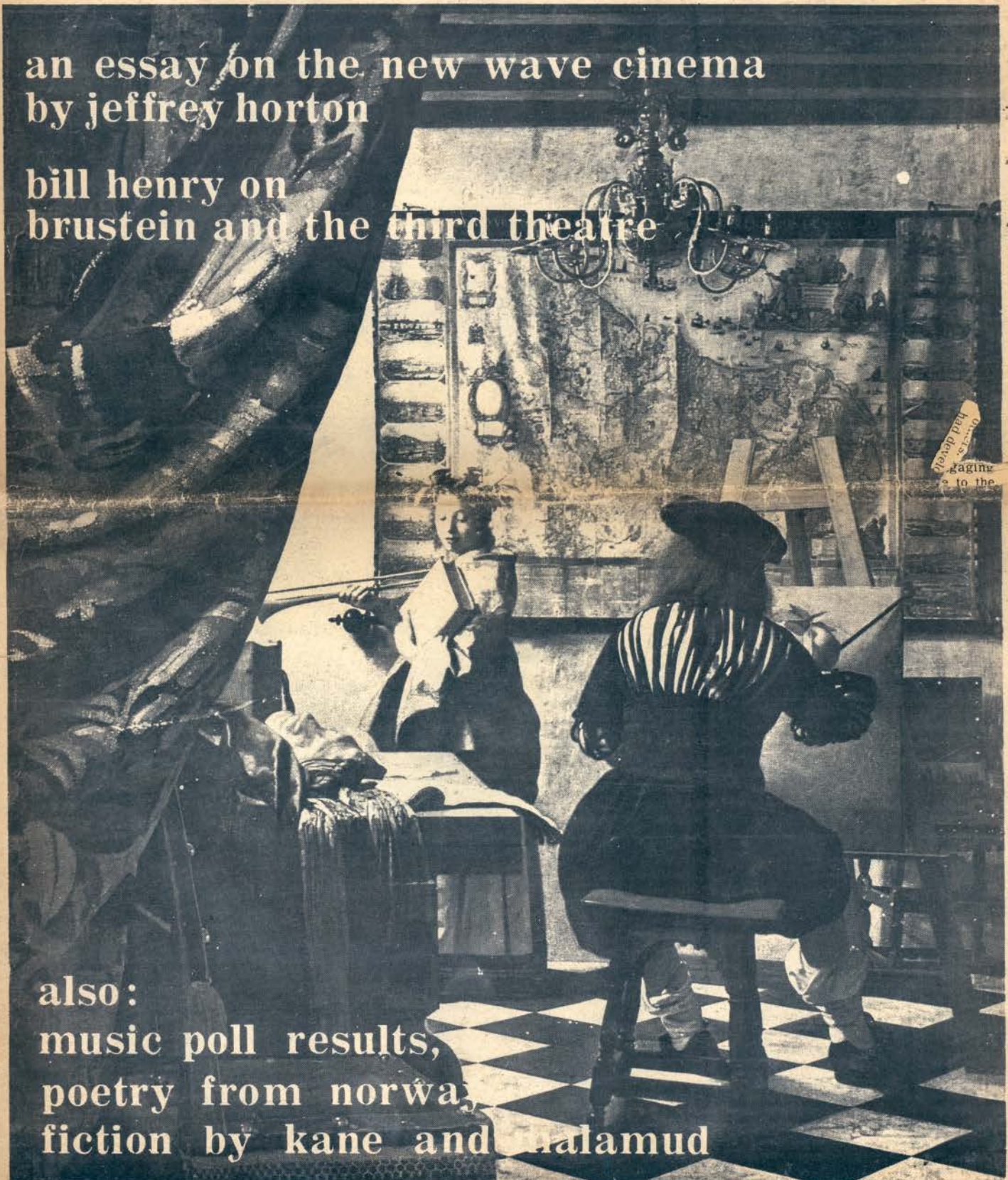
# **Yale Daily News**

Supplement

an essay on the new wave cinema  
by jeffrey horton

bill henry on  
brustein and the third theatre

also:  
music poll results,  
poetry from norway,  
fiction by kane and Malamud



# New Waves and Old:

by Jeffrey Horton

The French New Wave cinema is no longer the enfant terrible of the screen world that it was in the late 1950's and early 60's. At that time, the shock value of such first movies as Chabrol's *Le Beau Serge* (1958), Truffaut's *400 Blows* (1959), Resnais' *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959), and Godard's *Breathless* (1960) was great enough to monopolize discussion in progressive artistic circles everywhere. Intellectuals were relieved to find directors and films which avoided or at least poked fun at American film conventions like Westerns, gangsters, big stars and lavish productions. Students responded to the irreverent and at times even rebellious attitude of the New Wave directors towards established institutions.

As for the mass audience which went to see the Westerns and gangsters, the John Wayne's and Doris Day's of American movies, what did it matter that they ignored the new films? At last there were movies which satisfied the penchant for critical elitism of the international intelligentsia.

The real significance of the New Wave does not lie in particular stylistic or thematic elements, but rather in the whole cultural and artistic context surrounding this movement. The critical foundation for the New Wave was laid by a group of French critics in the 50's. The leader of this group movement was Andre Bazin, and it included future directors Godard, Truffaut, Chabrol, and several others. The films of these directors came after they had developed an aggressive critical theory under the guidance of Bazin, and were thus made with definite theoretical preconceptions. Before the New Wave, on the other hand, film was essentially a commercial art form, especially in America. Audience appeal was the most important consideration, and Hollywood had no use for directors with fancy theories about how movies should be made (Orson Welles is a notable - and qualified - exception.)

The New Wave and its imitators have helped undermine the financial and social structure of the movie industry which provided thousands of films for public consumption from the beginning of silent films until today, and it is this relation between the New Wave and the traditional commercial cinema which constitutes the significance of the New Wave.

## Theoretical Foundations

The theory of Andre Bazin and the other critics of *Cahiers du Cinema* has two important points of emphasis: first, the explicit recognition of commercial American movies as works of art and, more specifically, the citation of certain American directors (Hawks, Hitchcock, Ford, Ray, Mann, etc.) as genuine artists in the traditional sense; and second, the assertion of *mise-en-scene* as more truly cinematic than Eisensteinian montage—which is to say a preference for deep-focus and single-take scenes and camera movement as opposed to juxtaposition of images as discreet units of meaning through editing. Because of this overall emphasis on the director as the creator of a coherent and personally expressive oeuvre, Bazin's theory was called "la politique des auteurs." This theory marks the beginning of self-conscious film criticism, and the films which grew out of it signal the decline of movies as an un-self-conscious popular medium.

*Jeffrey Horton is a senior in Yale College and a veteran filmgoer. This article grew out of a long essay he did for the intensive philosophy major on the cultural and philosophical implications of the film.*

During the height of the commercial cinema movie criticism was largely a matter of simple reviewing—recording one's personal and disconnected reactions to a movie. There was no body of critical theory which a critic could bring to bear on a film. Movies had no history, unlike the other, older arts in which new work is judged as it relates to the overall historical tradition of the art. A critic of Joyce is explicitly aware not only of Homer's *Odyssey* but of the whole history of English literature of which Joyce is a part. Movie reviewers in the dailypapers and popular magazines did not explicitly consider films as works of art located in a historical tradition, and their reactions were generally consonant with popular taste. Older movies were remembered only incidentally, and the overwhelming emphasis was on current productions.

Because of the absence of any self-conscious critical methodology, there was no attempt to deal with the director as the creator of a coherent body of work. The nature of film production—which involves many people besides the director—is such

existence of the film, and not the invisible director. In watching a movie, what is seen and heard is what is most important, and it was only after movies were explicitly designated as art that the director was recognized as an artist and not just another name on the credits. Until the New Wave critics, no attempt was made to evaluate movies in any context larger than that of stars and dramatic genres—which is to say that no one analyzed camera movements, composition, or the other more subtle elements of personal expression in a film.

The fact that these elements were not explicitly discussed does not mean that they did not generate an implicit response from the mass audience and reviewers. The mass audience was remarkably perspicacious in its intuitive recognition of these films which today are hailed as great works of art and analyzed as such. Superior films in the commercial cinema were recognized at the box office rather than in academic quarterlies. There are, of course, inevitable instances of misplaced praise and undeserved neglect, but in retrospect



Claude Chabrol



Francois Truffaut

as to discourage the recognition of the director as the creator of a film. Consequently, the main criteria of public and critical taste were the more apparent elements of the film, such as its stars or its genre—Western, musical comedy, gangster movie, etc.—rather than its director or photographer.

## Changing Perspectives on the Film

This situation is consistent with the position of film as a popular art, in that the physical presence of the stars and the immediate impact of the dramatic situation are what comprise the tangible

the box office has proved to be a more reliable indication of the quality of a film than had been any scholarly periodical.

With the advent of the New Wave, the film critic was separated from the mass audience. Because movies were seen as the personal expression of the director, a new film can only be fully appreciated by someone with an acquaintance with the whole of the director's oeuvre, as well as an awareness of the historical tradition of the film medium. This carries with it an incipient necessity for specialization in order to appreciate film, just as

# French Film and Popular American Cinema

literary critics are set apart from laymen in the appreciation of literature. This distance between critic and artist on the one hand, and the popular audience on the other, is not nearly so great in film as in older arts like poetry, painting and classical music, where the audience is not only small but very homogeneous. The film audience is still representative of a heterogeneous cross section of modern society and that audience still enjoys a large degree of rapport with the artist and critic, but the New Wave definitely marks the beginning of the breakdown of this rapport.

The French were the first to recognize the preeminence of the commercial American cinema in the history of movies. In 1957, Andre Bazin wrote that "the cinema is an art which is both popular and industrial. These conditions, which are necessary to its existence, in no way constitute a collection of hindrances—they rather represent a group of positive and negative circumstances which have to be reckoned with. And this is especially true of the American cinema. What makes Hollywood so much better than anything

structure is the dramatic genre which sustains itself on an independent and proven audience appeal. Westerns, gangster movies, musicals, and the other genres of the American cinema are popular in themselves and therefore assure a certain degree of audience regardless of the realization in any particular film. These genres constitute a limited framework for the director's creative efforts. As Bazin says, "a more spontaneous kind of culture is the principle of American comedy, the Western, and the gangster film. And its influence is here beneficial, for it is this that gives these cinematic genres their vigour and richness, resulting as they do from an artistic evolution that has been in wonderfully close harmony with its public....What is *Stagecoach* if not an ultra-classical Western in which the art of Ford consists simply of raising characters and situations to an absolute degree of perfection." Bazin and the other *Cahiers* critics recognized the significance of the rapport between film creation and audience taste which characterized the American cinema, unlike most American

appreciation of certain directors who made expressive use of the conventions of the popular film. As a consequence of this emphasis on directors, this appreciation often emphasizes *mise-en-scene*—camera movement, frame composition, etc.—at the expense of the dramatic content of the various genres. These plastic elements are outside the realm of the popular reaction to American movies, and the French critics by and large react to these films in a way different from the mass audience.

Despite this recognition of the importance of dramatic conventions, Bazin traces the evolution of the film medium from developments in the plastic arts—especially painting—rather than from dramatic arts like the novel and theatre: "In achieving the aims of baroque art, photography has freed the plastic arts from their obsession with likeness. Painting was forced, as it turned out, to offer us illusion, and this illusion was reckoned sufficient unto art. Photography and the cinema, on the other hand, are discoveries that satisfy, once and for all and in its very essence, our obsession with realism." This emphasis on the plastic elements of film has definite consequences for the particular style of the New Wave films, which emphasize film's plastic qualities at the expense of drama.

The intrinsic realism of the film image is used in the American cinema to present engaging dramatic situations which are attractive to the mass audience because of their distance from everyday experience. The prevalent dramatic genres did not merely provide vicarious excitement for that audience, however, but responded to a profound need for mythic expression and imaginative projections of disparate life-styles, at the same time that they revealed the underlying truth and contradiction of American society.

The two basic and inseparable features of the American cinema are thus, first, the status of film as a commercial art form financially and thus to an extent artistically dependent on audience success, and, second, the dominance of a relatively well articulated group of dramatic genres which provided a link between the personal expression of the director and the taste of the mass audience. Both of these features were recognized by Bazin and the *Cahiers* critics, but their distinctive interpretation of them resulted in a type of film radically different from the American movies which they admired so much.

## New Waves and Old

The basic difference between commercial American movies and the New Wave film lies in their point of origin. Whereas American movies originated in the responses of a mass audience, New Wave films grew out of a self-conscious critical theory and were given only limited popular support. The differences can be further particularized, however. The implication of a commercial cinema in America was the control of business interests over movie production. The director of a commercial movie is far from being a solitary artist, but rather must satisfy many people in the process of making a film. By recognizing the director as the personal author of a film, the New Wave critics, in effect, ignored this commercial structure—or saw it merely as an obstacle to be overcome. Bazin is in this case an exception, and most of the New Wave critics praised any director who could sneak some personal expression into a commercial film.

(continued on page 11)



Andre Bazin



Jean-Luc Godard

else in the world is not only the quality of certain directors, but also the vitality and, in a certain sense, the excellence of a tradition....Although the fruit of free enterprise and capitalism, it is in a way the truest and most realistic cinema of all because it doesn't shrink from depicting even the contradictions of that society." Bazin sees American directors as firmly located in a commercial-financial structure which provides the forms and tools of their expression within that structure.

One of the most significant features of that

intellectuals, who see the popularity and conventions of movies as an obstacle to true artistic expression rather than vehicles for that expression.

Yet, at the same time that they identified a number of American directors as true artists, the French critics were perfectly aware that the bulk of American films were "merely competent" mass entertainment and relied entirely on the conventions used as vehicles for personal expression by the auteur-directors. The French appreciation of American films was primarily an

# Brustein's Third Theatre

By William A. Henry III

Robert Brustein has been called, often by members of his own faculty, "the David Merrick of the avant-grade." The appellation is certainly flippant, and not all of its overtones ring true. Nonetheless the title is apt, and not wholly uncomplimentary. Only Brustein and Richard Schechner among major contemporary critics have had the courage to attempt to produce examples of what they critically advocate on the university or the professional stage. And if one considers quality, either of criticism or of production, then Brustein stands alone in the theater as a man who has turned cogent word into viable deed.

Admittedly, most of the Yale Repertory Company's work has fallen far short of deathless art. And on occasion the action on stage has closely resembled action debunked by Brustein in his witty, pointed New Republic reviews. Moreover, the artistic failings of the school have been compounded by a conflict between the politics of an era concerned with relevance, and the autocracy of a dean dedicated to education and training rather than "the folly of art as a democratic experience."

Too often, however, Brustein has been damned as a producer for the failure of his shows to fulfill aims they never had. The errant dean has been termed arrant as well for abandoning principles he never held. And he has been questioned as a critic for making statements he never wrote. The Yale School of Drama is less than perfect. But in the third and perhaps most crucial year of the Brustein era, the school and company's successes have been many and its shortcomings often inevitable. With the first class of actors, directors and technicians educated wholly A.B. (after Brustein) ready to graduate this June, the time may well have come to begin to balance success against catastrophe, precept against execution, accomplishment against retrogression. And the publication of the dean's own third book, his first volume since his assumption of the Yale post, provides a convenient and accurate means of beginning to assess the success of Brustein the producer in executing the ideas of Brustein the admittedly brilliant critic.

"The Third Theatre" is the title of Brustein's new work. The name is drawn from the book's most controversial and the most seminal essay, a commentary on the directions Brustein believes creative American theatre is taking and the pleasures he draws from the occasional successes of the "Off-Off-Broadway" movement. The essay, like nearly all the other work of the book, is a piece of criticism first published several years previously. It reflects the progress the theatre has made since it was written, as much as it does the progress of the whole prior post-war period. Indeed, Brustein felt it necessary to update the essay's commentary with an introduction, "The Third Theatre Revisited." But the basic delineations of three theatres, and the favor shown the third, are the essential criteria in evaluating Brustein's critical stance and his success in fulfilling it.

*William Henry is a sophomore in Yale College and notorious. As drama critic for the NEWS he has written profusely on the theatre and Robert Brustein.*

*Robert Brustein, the dean of the Drama School and one of the leading critics in America, is the author of several books on the theatre. The title of this article refers to his most recent, **The Third Theatre**, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. later this month. Pre-publication copies, however, may be purchased at the Co-op for \$6.95.*



## the repertory year in review



The first theatre of America, Brustein says, is musical comedy. Certainly the musical is the only truly American dramatic form (particularly since the landmark "Oklahoma!"). It is also, as Brustein so pungently argues, a rather unsatisfying and intensely irrelevant art form, substituting froth for joy and truisms for truth. In a more subtle and more bitter way, the second theatre of America is equally divorced from reality. The plays of Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams and above all Arthur Miller (scathingly reviewed for the failings of "The Price" in "The Unseriousness of Arthur Miller") all "absorb the audience into the author's own personal problems" or "pose old-fashioned social issues in rational, discursive form."

"The purest poetic function of the theatre," Brustein says, is found in the Third Theatre, the so-called New Theatre, which "invents metaphors which can poignantly suggest a nation's nightmares and afflictions." Into this anti-commercial category, more distinguishable by what it is not than by what it is, fall the works of playwrights as varied as Kenneth Cavendar and Jean-Claude van Itallie, Megan Terry and Barbara Garson. The Third Theatre's masterworks, according to Brustein, include "America Hurrah," "Dynamite Tonight" and "Macbird!" Its noble failures are best exemplified by "Hair" and "Viet Rock." In short, the Third Theatre is that which attempts to trace new directions, to see the drama in terms of what it can become, rather than what it has successfully been. Done well, the plays of the Third Theatre can inspire great enthusiasm; that they have inspired Brustein the critic is eminently clear as one reads his book. But, in reviewing the past season at the Yale Repertory Theatre, it is equally clear that they have inspired Brustein the producer. Perhaps the best way to examine both the honesty and the workability of the critical principles Brustein applies is to examine the successes and failures this past year of his own Yale Repertory Company.

### Brustein As Producer

The season was nothing if not diverse. Although its whole focus was "new plays," the schedule managed to include a biting political satire, a polemic new-style realistic drama (run in repertory with a pair of new student plays, one tedious and trite but the other, "The Great Chinese Revolution," a brilliantly written, brilliantly directed and tremendously satisfying piece of work), a clutch of great legends treated with concepts derived from game theatre, a new translation of a Greek classic, and an unclassifiable "pop opera." In the matter of variety alone, the repertory bill represented the malleability of "Third Theatre" approach: any form can be adapted to honest, forward-looking scripts. However, the execution of these diverse plays, both in the writing and in the performance, often left much to be desired.

With an opening show like "God Bless," it is certain the Repertory Company had no place to go but up. The show lacked subtlety, plot development, balance or pace. Only opening night energy got the play off to even a passable start, and it died quickly from there. Alvin Epstein's magnificent, widely praised performance of Brackman, the starring character, and a pair of amiable supporting portrayals by Michael Lombard as Father Whiting and David Spielberg as James Ames, simply could not make up for the prolix and repetitive character of the script, nor

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# Music and the Yale Man



## RESULTS OF A POLL TAKEN ON MUSIC PREFERENCE IN YALE COLLEGE

(The winners in each category are caricatured by David Goldstein and Pat Pinnell.)



- CLASSICAL**
1. Beethoven
  2. Bach
  3. Mozart
  4. Tchaikovsky
  5. Brahms
  6. Wagner
  7. Stravinsky
  8. Chopin
  9. Debussy
  10. Bruckner

- JAZZ**
- Dave Brubeck
  - Coltrane
  - Miles Davis
  - Charles Lyold
  - Oscar Peterson
  - Modern Jazz Quartet
  - Cannonball Adderley
  - Herbie Mann (tie)
  - Al Hirt (tie)
  - Duke Ellington

**CLASS OF 1969**

- ROCK**
- Beatles
  - Blood, Sweat, & Tears
  - Rolling Stones
  - Cream (tie)
  - Doors (tie)
  - Jefferson Airplane
  - Mothers of Invention
  - Jimi Hendrix
  - Byrds (tie)
  - Mamas & Papas

- FOLK**
- Judy Collins (tie)
  - Bob Dylan (tie)
  - Simon & Garfunkel
  - Peter, Paul & Mary
  - Joni Mitchell
  - Jean Baez
  - Donovan
  - Ian & Sylvia
  - Pete Seeger
  - Tim Buckley

- SOUL**
- Aretha Franklin
  - Otis Redding
  - Temptations
  - James Brown
  - Supremes
  - Smokey Robinson, etc.
  - Wilson Pickett (tie)
  - Dionne Warwick
  - Sam & Dave
  - Nina Simone



- CLASSICAL**
1. Beethoven
  2. Bach
  3. Mozart
  4. Brahms
  5. Tchaikovsky
  6. Stravinsky
  7. Wagner
  8. Dvorak
  9. Bartok
  10. Mahler

- JAZZ**
- Dave Brubeck
  - Coltrane
  - Charles Lyold
  - Herbie Mann
  - Miles Davis
  - Ramsey Lewis
  - Theolonius Monk
  - Bill Evans
  - Oscar Peterson (tie)
  - Jimmy Smith (tie)

**CLASS OF 1970**

- ROCK**
- Judy Beatles
  - Rolling Stones
  - Jefferson Airplane
  - Blood, Sweat & Tears
  - Cream
  - Jimi Hendrix
  - Mothers of Invention
  - Doors
  - Byrds
  - Janis Joplin

- FOLK**
- Judy Collins
  - Bob Dylan
  - Peter, Paul & Mary
  - Simon & Garfunkel (tie)
  - Joni Mitchell (tie)
  - Joan Baez
  - Donovan
  - Tom Rush
  - Ian & Sylvia
  - Tim Hardin

- SOUL**
- Aretha Franklin
  - Otis Redding
  - Temptations
  - James Brown
  - Supremes
  - Smokey Robinson, etc.
  - Wilson Pickett
  - Sam & Dave (tie)
  - Ray Charles (tie)
  - Dionne Warwick

**CLASS OF 1971**

- CLASSICAL**
1. Beethoven
  2. Bach
  3. Mozart
  4. Brahms
  5. Tchaikovsky
  6. Stravinsky
  7. Chopin
  8. Wagner
  9. Dvorak
  10. Rachmaninoff

- JAZZ**
- Coltrane
  - Charles Lloyd
  - Dave Brubeck
  - Miles Davis
  - Thelonius Monk
  - Wes Montgomery
  - Ramsey Lewis
  - Stan Getz
  - Cannonball Adderley (tie)
  - Herbie Mann (tie)

- ROCK**
- Beatles
  - Blood, Sweat & Tears
  - Rolling Stones
  - Cream
  - Jefferson Airplane
  - Doors
  - Jimi Hendrix
  - Buffalo Springfield
  - Byrds
  - The Association

- FOLK**
- Judy Collins
  - Bob Dylan
  - Peter, Paul & Mary
  - Simon & Garfunkel
  - Joni Mitchell
  - Donovan
  - Joan Baez
  - Pete Seeger
  - Leonard Cohen
  - Ian & Sylvia

- SOUL**
- Aretha Franklin
  - Otis Redding
  - Temptations
  - James Brown
  - Smokey Robinson etc.
  - Supremes (tie)
  - Four Tops (tie)
  - Wilson Pickett
  - Dionne Warwick
  - Ray Charles



**CLASS OF 1972**

- CLASSICAL**
1. Bach
  2. Beethoven
  3. Mozart
  4. Tchaikovsky
  5. Brahms
  6. Wagner
  7. Chopin
  8. Debussy
  9. Bartok
  10. Stravinsky

- JAZZ**
- Dave Brubeck
  - Coltrane
  - Charles Lloyd
  - Miles Davis
  - Thelonius Monk
  - Stan Getz
  - Herbie Mann
  - Cannonball Adderley
  - Ramsey Lewis (tie)
  - Jimmy Smith (tie)

- ROCK**
- Beatles
  - Cream
  - Blood, Sweat & Tears
  - Rolling Stones
  - Doors
  - Jimi Hendrix (tie)
  - Jefferson Airplane (tie)
  - Young Rascals
  - Byrds (tie)
  - Association (tie)

- FOLK**
- Bob Dylan (tie)
  - Judy Collins (tie)
  - Peter, Paul & Mary
  - Simon & Garfunkel
  - Joni Mitchell
  - Joan Baez
  - Donovan
  - Arlo Guthrie
  - Tom Rush
  - Phil Ochs

- SOUL**
- Aretha Franklin
  - Otis Redding
  - Temptations
  - James Brown
  - Wilson Pickett
  - Four Tops
  - Smokey Robinson, etc.
  - Supremes
  - Dionne Warwick
  - Ray Charles



**YALE COLLEGE TOTALS**

- CLASSICAL**
1. Beethoven 601
  2. Bach 551
  3. Mozart 300
  4. Tchaikovsky 193
  5. Brahms 148
  6. Wagner 105
  7. Stravinsky 103
  8. Chopin 80
  9. Bartok 71
  10. Dvorak 67

- JAZZ**
- Dave Brubeck 322
  - Coltrane 221
  - Charles Lloyd 183
  - Miles Davis 161
  - Herbie Mann 81
  - Thelonius Monk 76
  - Ramsey Lewis 66
  - Stan Getz 64
  - Wes Montgomery 56
  - Cannonball Adderley 51

- ROCK**
- Beatles 977
  - Blood, Sweat & Tears 323
  - Rolling Stones 268
  - Cream 239
  - Jefferson Airplane 188
  - Doors 160
  - Jimi Hendrix 132
  - Byrds 52
  - Mothers of Invention 47
  - Buffalo Springfield 46

- FOLK**
- Judy Collins 619
  - Bob Dylan 550
  - Peter, Paul & Mary 341
  - Simon & Garfunkel 326
  - Joni Mitchell 222
  - Joan Baez 161
  - Donovan 124
  - Tom Rush 52
  - Pete Seeger (tie) 50
  - Ian & Sylvia (tie) 50

- SOUL**
- Aretha Franklin 538
  - Otis Redding 463
  - Temptations 268
  - James Brown 223
  - Wilson Pickett 125
  - Supremes 123
  - Smokey Robinson, etc. 116
  - Four Tops 114
  - Dionne Warwick 62
  - Sam & Dave 54



PEN & INK DRAWING — Garret B. Trudeau

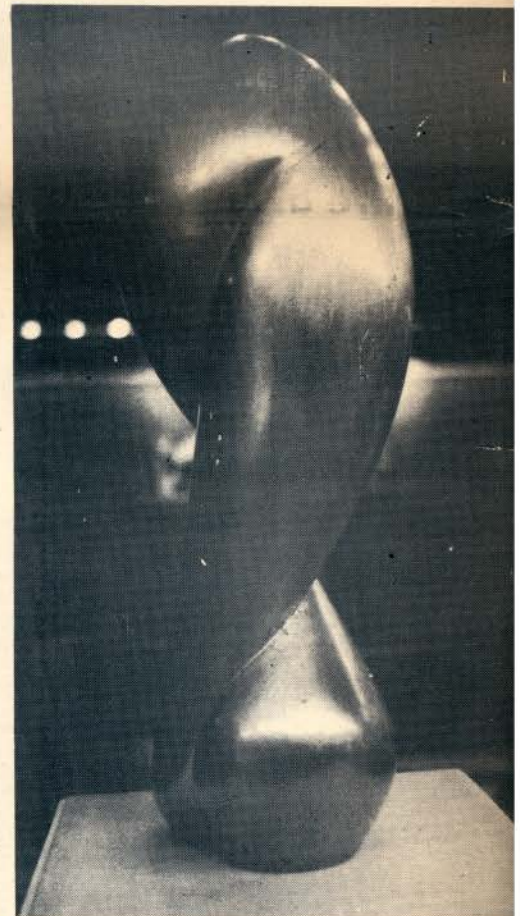


STILL LIFE — Thomas S. Mairs



UNTITLED — Stephen Elston

NUDE — Marty Mugar



SCULPTURE — Buzz Yodell



**SILOUETTES — Jorge Garcia -Rodriguez**

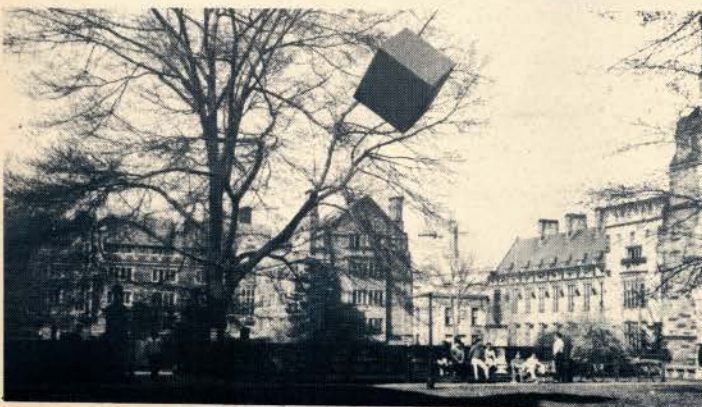


**LANDSCAPE — Thomas Arnold**

***fine arts***

## **The Visual Arts At Yale: A Sampling**

**ENVIRONMENTAL WORK — Richard Smith**



**CINDY — Thomas Reed**

A poetry reading at Yale with Ted Berrigan. He is talking with Mrs. David, an English teacher, looking demure in an orange or peach the light is bad dress with a scarf that tries hard not to be paisley. Jonas is moving chairs and I am helping because I help. Then they all come and he reads his poetry. I listen very hard.

— This, he says, is one of several personal poems from *Many Happy Returns*. He reads about this morning, his wife going to work, desoxyn, Miltown, poems by Wallace Stevens, breakfast, plans for the day,

...And go out at 9 (with Dick)  
to steal books to sell, so we can go  
to see A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

:those were the days, he says, and laughs and continues.

— You have to suffer to be famous, says Jonas, whispering through his shock of blond hair and peering with heavy green eyes. Mrs. David is tapping the leg of her folding chair with her right fingers. Peter is wearing shorts and white sweat socks, Philip is with a girl, and Kim is smoking Gauloises. We all laugh sometimes because we all laugh. Words on a page, tones on the air.

— That is all for now; why don't we take a break? I keep turning Berrigan's face upside down because I like his beard better than his hair. He has small, soft, pudgy fingers dainty? massive forearms and a hulking body. He is beautiful. He is not beautiful. Beauty does not matter, beauty does matter, beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, truth is beauty, God is truth, God is dead. I have a statue of Christ four-and-a-half feet tall in my living room. I am standing alone and people are walking around and drinking beer the soda is gone.

— You see, says Jonas, you have to suffer to be good and you don't want to suffer. Steve Church's head appears before a light, grinning and smiling and wonderfully lit, a glow emanating earthwards from his exalted stomach. — I know you didn't like it, he says to me digesting his words, and I say nothing. Tones on the air. Finally, I say — I'm listening, but Steve knows I don't like it so I don't pursue. Steve passes out more emanated remarks and Jonas follows him across the room listening and learning. I reach for the potato chips and a beer. When Jonas re-appears he is once again busy on how I don't want to suffer, and so I will never reach art beauty fame. I try to qualify his statements but it doesn't work. — You know what I want to do, I say, I want to take a piss.

Albumen drips translucent from my penis and it hurts but this is a strange bathroom so I register no pain, but I am worried that someone else will come in. I do not like this albumen it looks like semen and I know it means something bad with my kidneys so I ignore it and it goes away when I stop. I go to my room.

I remember that Jonas liked some of it and I remember that I liked some of it. No, Steve knows that I don't. — The poem is words; the depth is the writer's brought to the page and yours taken from the page. — I am frightened by the words and I read the phone directory. Bob Ellenberg and Scott Stevens are in the phone directory. They are dead. Words on a page.

I don't know what a sonnet is. I haven't read *The Wasteland*. I don't know what a Juan Gris looks like. I can't recognize Mozart and I don't like the Incredible String Band. I recognize John Lennon and I like Traffic.

We are not like all the rest  
You can see us any day of the week  
Come round sit down  
Take a sniff fall asleep  
Baby you don't have to speak

John Kane is a sophomore and lives in Saybrook College. His story, *references* which appears here, was one of the three which received mention in this year's Peter Wallace Short Story Contest.

I'd like to show you where it's at  
But then it wouldn't really mean a thing  
Nothing is easy baby just please me  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring

If for just one moment  
You could step outside your mind  
And float across the ceiling  
I don't think the folks would mind

— Traffic is a good group. The way you can tell is that other groups are picking up their material: Blood, Sweat, & Tears; Eric Burdon; Kooper & Bloomfield. Karen?

— Yes, Philip? Karen is standing next to the couch (the couch is too short) naked, untangling her savage hair, bending and twisting with the annoyance. — Would you like to have me fix you a sandwich? I saw some stuff left over from dinner. Was I very bloody?

— No, Karen, you were fine. And the towel caught everything so the rug is fine.

I trust you, she says and bends over his body, naked on the rug, kissing his right nipple and biting it a little too. — I'm glad I'm not a virgin, I'm glad I'm free, I'm glad you did it, I trust you and I'm glad.

— I like Traffic you know.

— You want a sandwich?

— No, I'm taking a shower and going to bed. Listen, put on my sister's nightgown, and try to sneak up to bed quietly; I don't want to wake up my parents.

## fiction

## references

by John C. Kane

— When are you leaving? Billowy red flannel paisley slips over her firm breasts and glides across a flat stomach. She is tempting him but she has acne.

— Tomorrow. Go to bed.

Kenneth is upstairs sleeping in Philip's bed. It is a long bed, with a headboard from India. Kenneth has just come out of a mental hospital at an old University in New England for a nervous breakdown, and feels himself liberated and free. He is mooching a night off Philip because they have been close friends since high school. Dripping from a shower in the basement, Philip shoves Kenneth over. Kenneth shivers and opens his eyes.

— Are you going to sleep? he asks. — Yes, says Philip. — That's unfair, says Kenneth, because I am now liberated and free and I want to fulfill all my sublimated wishes with you tonight since I may never see you again.

Philip trembles at the thought of high school sublimations rising to the occasion, but since Karen is ten minutes old, he says Yes, and frees one more friend from the rigors of virginity. In the morning early Kenneth is gone to drive back to New England. Then at eleven Philip wakes up alone and rouses Karen and his sister. His mother and father are downstairs in the kitchen, with English muffins and honey.

"When Mia Farrow first met Dall, he gave her a bit of rock he called 'a tiny piece of the moon.' Shortly thereafter the painter invited the young actress for tea. 'That afternoon,' he remembers, 'I

had received a beautiful box of butterfiles, and I had them on the table when she came in. We had English muffins and honey, and as she talked she took one of the butterflies out of the box, put it on top of the honey and ate it. She finished all twelve butterflies by the end of the meal.'"

The airport is busy with late planes. It is Sunday afternoon and they are all: Mommy Daddy Sister Karen and Philip: drinking coffee in the departure lounge. They are naive and unblushing jokes about marriage. Karen does not laugh because Philip does. Then there are kisses, handshakes, and a tunnel. A steel and shiny wing is lost in a gun muzzle sky dripping on Detroit and he is gone.

Sheepdog  
Standing in the rain  
Bullfrog  
Doing it again

He cannot see the top of the Benjamin Franklin Memorial Bridge from the bus window because of the fog. He puts on his shoes. meow. Peter would like to suffer, so he visits Melinda at Swarthmore. Melinda is blonde and fat and full of bitchiness, but she is sensitive and gave him her virginity once; and Peter is concerned about his masculinity.

— Peter, says Melinda, you are all messed up. You are selfish in all the wrong ways and unselfish in all the wrong ways. Don't accept people's demands so easily, be aggressive, take what you want, don't let people use you, fight back when you're hurt.

— You're right, Melinda, says Peter, I let people use me too much. I will have to become more callous, more demanding.

Melinda rolls on her stomach and grunts assent.

— Melinda, are you going to sleep?

— Yes.

— Won't you please just once place my large and swelling member inside your rosy red-rimmed love grotto?

— Of course not. I'm having a period every three days because of a penicillin reaction and it's too risky.

— But I want to. Want you.

— Think of me.

— No, I will not, I want to take you.

— You're no fun when you're like this. Get out.

Peter leaves because he has suffered enough.

*Some kind of innocence is measured out in miles.  
What makes you think you're something special when you smile?*

Kim has a birthday, but tells no one. Kim is the type who tells no one. But when John finds out by eavesdropping on a phone call between Kim and Marcia (his Israel lover in Boston), John, Dan, Mark, and Ed take Kim to Mory's where they celebrate and get Kim drunk.

— I'm not circumcised, says Kim, and my right index finger doesn't work because I slit a tendon when I was four. Marcia is the only one I can trust. Marcia is a pussy cat, but she is irritated because I'm not circumcised. I hate my Chinese mother and I hate my Chinese father because I will not marry a Chinese girl. Kim cannot stand up, so he is carried to the room where he yells and throws up.

Inscrutable,  
Childlike  
No one understands  
Jacknife  
In your sweaty hands

(Medium long shot. A dining hall at Yale, decadent imitation architecture, irrelevant food. Seated next to a window are Peter and Philip, played by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. and DAVID NIVEN in their respective youths. It is winter but at noon the sun is strong. They are both squinting as the camera pulls in.)

DAVID NIVEN: The lectures on Henry James' life are irrelevant. I don't want all this biographical mish-mosh about his family; why can't he present us with some challenging theories on *The*

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**fiction**

**light show**

by

**Paul Francis Malamud**

of the congregation were young. They had been first in the area to do a show on Christmas Eve. He remembered with pleasure the warmth in the voices of some of the young people as they left church that evening. Now, light services were common, and they were no longer moved.

He sat down. He regretted the decision to use lights that morning. There were no curtains on the great windows, no way to preserve the coloring. The thought of disappointing his congregation made him nauseous.

He walked to the table under the window. There was now a cigarette butt in his cold coffee. The pot was out of water.

"We're ready now." It was Jerry Weise. "Do you want to see us run them?"

"No." Reverend Petrus did not turn around. "I'll wait."

The church was full, but not crowded. There were a few teenagers, fewer than he had hoped, in turtle-necks and frayed army jackets, huddled in the back pews. The rest were old professors and their wives. Jerry Weise signalled V for victory from the balcony, and Reverend Petrus turned unhappily to the psalm book.

They began with two Easter hymns, then prayed silently. The house lights dimmed, and gradually the instruments began to emit thin rays of pink light. The strobe began to turn, sullenly, struggling under the weight of its own mechanism, casting the congregation in slow, uneven succession of light and shadow. On the side walls, forms succeeded one another dimly, within an obscure rectangle of light.

The color died on the floor, before the lectern. The congregation had expected more. Sighing softly, Reverend Petrus returned to his prayer book.

As he searched among the lines, he became aware that a hush had fallen. He looked up. The church was flooded with light. It was white, he noticed, yet rich, with subtle hints of green and yellow in its mass. It played over the pews, casting the astonished faces of the congregation in brilliance, making a gray floor sparkle almost white. He searched for the source. Was it from outside? He could not see the windows. When he looked back at the prayer book, his eyes were blind, and he could not read.

He looked up. The light was gone.

He turned with deliberation to the sermon, but it was some time before he had the voice to speak.

Afterwards, he stood in the drizzle outside, shaking hands. He could see in the eyes of the congregation that they had been moved. They seemed to understand what had happened. He heard a woman mention "light", and strained to

*Paul Francis Malamud is a senior living in Silliman College and one of the first staff members of the New Journal.*

hear what she was saying, but a passing automobile cut off her words.

Slowly, he walked into the church. The boys had already disappeared with their equipment; even the choir had vanished. His footsteps sounded by themselves on the flagstones. He sighed, and walked to the altar. A heating fan was whirring in silence underneath the podium. He absently switched it off.

As he rose, he realized that the church was once again filled with light. It was whiter than before and washed out the crimson of the cushions and the dark blue of the prayer books. He felt touched by its heat.

Standing in the exact center of the church, he tried to focus on the source. Finally, he fixed his eyes on the Eastern window.

There he beheld, emerging once again from the clouds that had hidden it in the darkness all morning, the rising sun.

**From  
SONGS OF AFFIRMATION AND NEGATION  
Composition No. 3,**

**"While listening to Beethoven's 9th,"  
By Lars Andersen**

In confusion,  
Does man dwell in the world.  
It is up to  
Each in his isolation  
To propel himself forth from  
And bring sense  
To the unknown that we  
Dead, near alive,  
Awaken to find ourselves  
In the spirit of sudden discovery ...  
Someday the day may bring forth  
A great noon  
From night's deepest bowel-pit  
Where all things will shine in their  
Natural luminance  
And men may perceive  
With unaided eye  
The miracle that upholds their destiny...  
Until then,  
We must wait,  
In confusion,  
Resolute,  
Forebearing,  
In pursuit of whatever  
Faint glimmer may blossom...  
In confusion,  
Our hearts and bodies  
Add the substance  
That our words  
From our minds articulating  
Need in the creation  
Of salvation.  
Before us  
There will be a world  
Below us,  
Nothingness

The paint on the thick wood furniture had peeled into layers, and was filled with wrinkles. The concrete floor, painted and repainted, had also been peeled like an onion down to its first layer, and stank of stale food. It was cold. Time for one more coffee. He pushed back his chair, which grated across the floor, and took a packet of instant coffee from the cardboard box under the window sill. The coffee spilled over his hands.

Odd, thought Reverend Petrus, that Easter Service still made his hands nervous after fifteen years in the church.

It must be stage fright, he thought.

He sighed. The vestry was stuffy. The one window had been painted shut years ago. He thought of opening the door at the end of the hallway, but was too depressed to move. He took another packet. The coffee was bitter, and he could not find sugar. He quietly cursed the congregation that would not give enough for a decent rug, not to mention a percolator. In the next room, the chilly mouthings of the choir rebound against concrete walls.

Inside the church itself it was cold, but here the woodwork was painted, and there were new dark crimson cushions on the pews. Tangles of black cables intruded into the gray stone aisles like snakes, still glistening from the rain, and bunched into coiled knots at the foot of the organ, where they sprang heads. These were the lights. He counted them. Just a strobe, seven small lekoes with gels in them, and a slide projector. Jerry Weise didn't understand lighting. There were too few lights, and they were too far back. They wouldn't show.

The First Episcopal Church could afford to hire men and equipment from the city. They could not.

"We'll be done setting up in ten minutes, Reverend," said Jerry Weise.

"Good." He walked back to the vestry.

Some had not liked light services. But Cambridge was a cultured community, and many

had to force myself to put it down. There'll be no problem after this.

DAVID NIVEN: You know, the James is so bad.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: Yeah, I don't like him.

DAVID NIVEN: Me either.

(The camera pulls back to include KIM, disguised as a NURSE, who is anyway, selling poppies next to a conveniently placed PALM TREE. STEVE CHURCH, disguised as EZRA POUND, leaps from behind the conveniently concealing TREE, lude singing goddam to winter and dilletantes. MELINDA, disguised as GERTRUDE STEIN, jumps on screen from the right, and carries him off. Quick close-ups of DAVID NIVEN'S and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.'S faces, sedately bemused. A long shot of GERTRUDE STEIN carrying EZRA POUND off into an abrupt sunset. Fade-out, with:)  
GERTRUDE STEIN: ...and I told him Yes, but you are extraordinarily limited...

*Some kind of innocence is measured out in years;*

*You don't know what it's like to listen to your peers.*

They were all here but they've left I think. It is a nice museum. I think I like the inside, but the outside I think is bland. I mistake Picasso for Braque, and Monet for Renoir, but I think I like *Guernica* and *Water Lilies*, and I think I dislike Van Gogh. Julie is mad (although I never mistake her), because I am scrutinizing the art more thoroughly than I am scrutinizing her. She is beautiful, I think, but so is the art, I think. McLuhan, she says, says that painting is a hot medium like film. But film, I say, is a cool medium like *Faces* or *Petulia*. You don't understand, she says. I look at the art very hard, but I don't even think.

*Big man  
Walking in the park  
Wig wam*

*Frightened of the dark  
Some kind of solitude is measured out in you  
You think you know me but you haven't got a clue  
You can talk to me, you can talk to me-e-e  
You can talk to me,  
If you're lonely you can talk to me.*

**references**

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*Ambassadors* itself? It's a good novel, worthy of discussion.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: But after all the psychology I've taken it's fascinating and informative to hear about his life, and contributes immensely to my appreciation of the work. Every sentence has relevance.

DAVID NIVEN: When do we have to have it finished by?

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: Tomorrow, I think.

DAVID NIVEN: I can't read that fast; I'll never get it done.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: I know, it's so long and I've just begun it.

DAVID NIVEN: *Ulysses* will be much easier going. Much more interesting.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: I know. I was reading the Virginia Woolf book last night and I

## poetry

From  
POEMS OF YOUTH AND DISCOVERY

by Lars Andersen

Wander alone into the silent night  
Where the footsteps of a former age  
Can be heard still echoing on distant paths.  
Here there are trees which shelter,  
Bushes which conceal the phantoms of salvation.  
Here too are clear mountain streams  
Where the image of one's hope  
Is mirrored on the water surface.  
But, beware, my friend, the temptress.  
Beware the cave to which she beckons,  
Lovingly, Caressingly, like the seducer that she is.  
There you will find no comfort  
And the image of your soul's poverty  
Shall be revealed to you  
And you shall quiver in its presence,  
As if confronted with an awful dream.  
Beware the cave, my friend,  
For there lies indifferent knowledge  
And the beasts of prey which would devour your spirit.  
Beware the temptress, my friend,  
For in the moment of your lust and greatest pride  
She will shatter all your dreams  
And with her cruel arrow  
Puncture the vehicle of your longing.  
Search instead for hidden vales,  
Green, where nymphs dance and shepherds play  
The melodies which carry sweet contentment.  
Seek out the place where honey flows,  
Where one can drink and bathe in the fragrance  
Of flowers which lull one to sleep and dreaming.  
Seek mild lovers pastime, my friend,  
But beware the wolf whose passion  
Ravishes and destroys, like an internal flame.  
But what? You say you do not fear?  
Neither the darkness of the cave,  
Nor the howling of the wolf,  
Nor the temptress' grinning stare,  
Stops your flow of blood  
Or sends a quiver down your spine.  
Then come with me and I will be your guide  
Through these mysterious and lonely ways.

—Translated from the Norwegian  
by Edvard Olsen

*(Ed. Note — This is the first appearance in English of Andersen's poetry and the first appearance in any language of his poems from his SONGS OF AFFIRMATION AND NEGATION, which the author hopes to complete and publish early in 1970. Mr. Olsen lives in Oslo, is himself a poet, and has traveled extensively in the United States. He is a personal friend of Mr. Anderson and plans to publish an extensive commentary on his works.)*

UNTITLED POEM  
by Alan Wichlei, 1970

I dance in the shadow of a street light through my window:  
I am a vase, a bug, a gun —  
A shadow in a shadow, an abstraction on a wall.

Vibrations of the earth-air dance within my shadows:  
And I breathe and walk, breathe and walk —  
A vessel for the life-fluid life-flow pulse ...

...  
Space  
Time  
Space  
Time  
Space  
Time ...

The limits of my being are its sources,  
As the flesh that is my life becomes my death.

I ACCEPT YOUR GIFT, and will make of it  
My life-flow love-dance —  
Cleanse her wounds with proud tears  
And hurl my newborn star-song through the shadows.  
My chant will throb with its earth-air blood ...

...  
I am the sun  
I am the rain  
I am your seed  
I am your shame ...

Earth and sky will be my lineage,  
And I will take the blood-brine birthmark for my legacy.

I seek you  
While the gift to me is mine to give:  
The shadows of our love-dance will be one —  
The life-fluid life-flow pulse become our child ...

*Earth-sky  
Earth-sky  
Contact yes  
Contact high  
"I will give myself to you without a lease"  
"I will sing your star-song as my own"...*

I have been wandering the shadowy streets alone  
And have discovered your house.  
May I dance before your fire?

## artists

**A Note on the YALE ARTS FESTIVAL**

For the first time in several years, Yale had this year an All-College Arts Festival. Encompassing the visual arts, drama, and literature, the festival ran from April 21 through April 26 in the colleges, with the best works then being sent on to a central exhibit in the A&A building, April 28 through May 3. The idea of a centrally coordinated Festival originated with Joseph S. Wheelwright, who interested Dwight Hall in the project enough to secure a donation of three hundred dollars to be used for prizes in the central exhibit. Each of the college masters was contacted, each nominated a college representative to serve on a central coordinating body. In addition to the standard visual arts, painting, sculpture, and photography, the Festival included a film competition and a literary magazine. On the preceding pages the NEWS reproduces a number of

the works which were included in the A&A exhibit. Some of the artists included comment below.

**THOMAS S. MAIRS:**

A Berkeley College sophomore, Mairs is an Art History major whose favorite artists include Vermeer, Ingres, Degas, Monet, and Richard F. Lack, under whom he studied in Glen Lake, Minnesota. He lists among his accomplishments winning a bridge tournament once, and the appearance of an illustration of his in the Arabic periodical *Al Hayat*. Mairs says of his work, "My painting is an affirmation of the reality of my own perception of things, a part of my own visual experience. You know what it's like to touch something? - I want to translate that into a visual high on natural color." His work tends to the representational and "realistic"; as might be expected from his taste in painters, considerable care is shown for composition and illusionistic technique.

**JOSEPH S. WHEELWRIGHT:**

Coordinator of the 1969 Arts Festival, Wheelwright is a Davenport College junior whose chief interest is in sculpture. An Art major, his tastes run to the more recent; Kramer, Tingueley, Moholy-Nagy, Maillol, Matisse. His art interest dates from childhood. "I skipped around more tearfully boring art galleries, and even smiled through an opera or two to keep up the image of the little aesthete." Since coming to Yale, however, his interest has focussed on sculpture, and he says, "I can never seriously go back to painting. To make a painting is to make a dream; to make a piece of sculpture is to make life. Whereas the flat arts take their audience from one world into another, sculpture shares one space with the viewer, and must be confronted and dealt with the way another human being in that space would have to be dealt with."  
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## brustein

(continued from page 4)

for the foibles of their fellow actors. Clever technical production and the college-audience nature of much of Feiffer's material contributed bits of bearability to the production, but on hot, muggy nights, the audience still left in droves.

Subtlety, too, while a principle Brustein stresses in theory, was a practice the next major production seemed determined to overlook. "Saved," Edward Bond's relentlessly depressing, "Lower Depths"—type drama, stated every argument of its case with a shout when often the evidence deserved only a whisper. In particular, the stoning of a baby, a grotesquerie one simply cannot get an audience to believe, cut off this realistic drama from reality. Nonetheless, I liked "Saved," although I know I hold a minority opinion. Again, some appealing performances, particularly as the romanticized, working-class girl, and David Clennon, who seemed perfectly natural as her decent-chap lover, helped to pull the show through. In addition, the show spotlighted able supporting acting, by Joan Pape as a fiftish housewife played with artistry that by its unobtrusiveness became art, and by Michael Lombard in a low-key, sensitive portrayal of Miss Pape's husband and father to the girl. But attention, both inside and outside the school, went far more to the two student plays, "The Great Chinese Revolution" and "They Told Me That You Came This Way," a well-staged and adequately acted performance of a pseudo-Third Theatre version of the well-made play. The plot, about alienation in "occupied America," was a remake of at least a dozen other shows, and not as good as some of them. Moreover, it was decided to recast Peter Cameron in the speaking role, rather than the nonverbal part he had originally played and for which his style was far better suited. Moreover,

Cameron was straitjacketed by the most awkward dialogue I have heard in some time. "The Great Chinese Revolution," in contrast, was a strikingly original and appealing play on the familiar themes of exploitation of the worker and the evils of capitalist government. In this latter script, all the principles of originality, honesty, non-polemic, non-dogmatic, non-opinionated theatre which Brustein strongly advocates were met in a way more forceful than in any other production originated at the school this year.

### Troubles and Triumphs

After the "Operation Sidewinder" controversy, the Repertory Company was hard-pressed to fill its vacant spot, and only the greatest of good fortune provided Paul Sills' talents at the moment when they were most needed. Sills' delightful "Story Theatre," while really a transplant of work he had done in Chicago, recreated by the company, still was proof that the actors Brustein had assembled were versatile enough to handle the new techniques and varied roles Sills assigned them. In terms of simple technical production and audience appeal, "Story Theatre" was unmatched all year. In terms of non-commerciality, and dramatic rather than political tenor, the production was a smash success. Only in terms of promotion, and consequent low attendance, did the show meet with less than triumph.

Of the fourth play in the bill, "The Bacchae," I must say as little as possible. I was in the cast, and I am all too aware of the flaws of the production. But I must say, if I can adapt a phrase from Brustein, that much of the production seemed to me "jolly up Euripides," rather than an honest attempt at modern idiomatic interpretation of a great play. Praise must go, however, to Kenneth Cavendar's penetrating translation, Santo Loquasto's set, and Alvin Epstein's superb portrayal of Dionysus.

"Greatshot," the last show of the season, is to my mind the best Yale fulfillment of the Third Theatre principles. After a restaging following

opening-night difficulties, the show assumed the proportions and energy it needed to execute its free-wheeling free-form script, its incredibility eclectic and appealing score, and its creative approach to its dramatic sources. In many ways, it seems to me, "Greatshot" represents the successful embodiment of what other shows this season lacked. In the subtlety, variety, and continuity (as opposed to repetition) of its satire, it did what "God Bless" should have done: it kept its audience thinking, and thereby kept them from becoming bored. Unlike "Saved," "Greatshot" succeeded in making its audience feel pain, not by showing them graphic recreations of painful subjects, in the most realistic way possible, but by edging closer and closer to the truth with jokes and imitations and almost-true scenes, until the minds of the audience made their own quantum jumps to guilt. Drawing from "Story Theatre," or more specifically from their own talents that helped form the school's first success of the season, creators Arnold Weinstein and Paul Sills collaborated on "Greatshot" to bring the same sprightly, fluid, excitement to the cast. Above all, "Greatshot" avoided "Bacchae's" pitfall of merely apeing or parodying the classic form and the modern convention, rather than transmuting it. "Greatshot" used the givens of opera, musical comedy, and anti-bourgeois satire with a unified, creative effect, while "Bacchae" has merely thrown in a lot of camp moments to retrieve a failing play.

And if "Greatshot" gives promise of the direction in which the Yale Repertory Company is headed, then Brustein as producer will yet vindicate his critical stance. At this time a year ago, the company was mounting its outrageous "Coriolanus" and hopes were dim for successful theatre here. If "Greatshot" represents the fact that rather than old plays or new plays, the company will next year focus on creative and meaningful ways of doing good plays, then The Third Theatre will come to Yale and join the man who coined its name.

## New Waves

(continued from page 3)

This attitude ignores the fundamental importance of the commercial nature of the American cinema. It has led to a situation in which the New Wave director actually does have control over all the aspects of his film, but at the expense of a mass audience. A film which doesn't cost much needn't reach a large audience, and the freedom gained by New Wave directors is often compensated for by financial limitations. American directors were not necessarily inhibited in their personal expression, but that expression was achieved through the use of conventions—stars and genres—which coincided with public taste. The New Wave films use far fewer conventions, and often when used they are parodied. By explicitly recognizing American conventions as mythic metaphors, modern directors are hard put to use them straightforwardly and enthusiastically the way Americans like Ford, Hawks, Mann, and Minelli did.

Modern directors—including the New Wave—thus have three alternatives: first, the hypocritical use of these conventions; second, parodying those conventions; and third and most difficult, their outright rejection and subsequent creation of new archetypes and conventions. The first alternative is patently dishonest, and is part of the phenomenon of camp.

The major New Wave directors have explored both of the other alternatives. Jean-Paul Belmondo

in *Breathless*, for example, is an explicit (perhaps too explicit) parody of a Bogart-like hero; Godard's *Band of Outsiders* and Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* are both parodies of the American crime film. Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black* is a tribute to the Hitchcock thriller, and his *Jules and Jim* is a lighthearted variation on the conventional romantic melodrama, as are Chabrol's *Les Cousins*, and *Les Biches*. These films seem to recognize the peculiar power of American conventions at the same time as they declare the bankruptcy of those conventions for modern directors.

Of the French directors, Godard and Resnais have been the most persistent in the attempt to forge a new range of film conventions. Although not by any means entirely successful, films like Godard's *La Chinoise* and *Weekend* and Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad* and *La Guerre Est Finie* are efforts to this end. The Italian directors Fellini and Antonioni—who in many respects share the attitudes of the French directors—have more fully attempted a reformulation of film language. Fellini and Antonioni seem to be free of the reliance on parody which weakens many contemporary French films.

This discussion of the New Wave has admittedly been very general and only a nominal attempt has been made to deal with individual films and directors. If the New Wave is to be treated as a coherent movement, however, this generality is necessary because of the differences within the movement. The primary significance of the New Wave for the evolution of the film medium, moreover, is as a unified phenomenon. The New Wave and its sister movements in Britain (Lester, Richardson, Schlessinger, Anderson, etc.) and

America (Nichols, Cassavetes, and, in some respects, the Underground cinema) are manifestations of the breakdown of the one-to-one relation between the mass audience and the commercial artist. That relation was built on an elaborate structure of conventions which served both as expressive tools for the director and as means of access to the work of art for the mass audience.

The breakdown of these conventions has created a certain alienation of the artist and critic from that mass audience, although the corollary consequence is an increased personal freedom for the director. With the New Wave, the unself-conscious commercial cinema was doomed to an increasing polarization between hypocrisy and alienation. One factor of this development is the emergence of television as a mass medium with an even greater audience than the commercial American film.

This progress from enthusiastic popularity to self-conscious abstraction perhaps marks the end of the classical period of the film. To speak of this evolution as either good or bad is, in absolute terms, nonsense. Nevertheless, the disappearance of the compelling commitment and positive values of the commercial American cinema is a development which can only be regarded as unfortunate, especially in light of the radical alienation and startling irrelevance of established elitist arts like painting and poetry. Despite this development, however, movies are still the characteristic art form of this century, and the opportunity still exists to provide models for social aspiration through the film.

Yes, the movies can set you free.

1. Name four hit songs by Nell Sedaka.
2. Who sang "Got along without you before I met you...?"
3. Name the three Chipmunks.
4. Who sang "I Will Follow Him"?
5. Who was the original Lois Lane on television?

## trivia

6. What is the last line of Green Lantern's oath upon recharging his Power Ring?
7. What illustrious comic crusader originally came from the planet Zerm-La?  
What is his real name?
8. Which character in Lil' Abner brought disaster upon everyone he met (for full credit, spelling must be correct)?
9. Name the seven characters on the Howdy Doody Show.

10. From what television series did the expression "Well, I'll be a blue-nosed gopher!" come? Who said it?
11. Who was the last batter Don Larson faced in route to his perfect game in the 1956 World Series? Who was he pinch-hitting for? What was the count on the batter before Larson's historic last pitch?

12. Name the charter members of each of the following groups: a) Legion of Super Heroes — 3, b) the old Avengers — 4, c) Justice Society of America — 5.

13. Who shrank the bottle-city of Kandor?

14. Name the alter egos of each of the following:

- a) Bruce Banner d) Hal Jordan  
b) Walter Lawson e) Ray Palmer  
c) Jay Garrick f) Matt Murdock

15. Name, in order, Elizabeth Taylor's five husbands.

16. Who starred in *The Robe*, and in its sequel, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*—

17. Who narrated "Fractured Fairy Tales"?

18. Who played Zorro on television? Who played Sergeant Garcia?

19. Who starred in each of the following series: a) *Thin Man* — 2, b) *Third Man* — 1, c) *Fury* — 2?

20. Who were the five main characters on *Rin Tin Tin*?

21. Who sponsored Sky King? (Captain Gallant? Sgt. Preston?)

22. Who emceed the \$64,000 Question? To Tell The Truth? About Faces? Concentration?

23. Name Art Linkletter's two long-running television shows.

24. What marionette dog appeared on tv commercials for Nestle's?

25. Who were the three supporting characters on the *Soupy Sales Show*?

26. What famous kiddie-show emcee got his start in vaudeville?

27. Who starred in *Where the Boys Are* — 5?

28. Who was the Range Rider's sidekick?

29. Who starred in *Blue Denim*?

30. Who was the Range Rider's sidekick?

31. What three teams were absorbed into the NFL from the now-defunct All-American Conference?

32. What famous aviator in 1922 made the first night airmail delivery?

What was his route?

33. What are the call letters of the nation's first radio station? Where is it?

34. In what two years did the Boston Celtics fail to win the NBA Championship?

What teams won those years?

35. Name the two Syracuse backs who

have worn No. 44

36. Who was the only six-time winner of the British Open? The only five-time?

37. In what movie was the all-time hit song "White Christmas" introduced?

38. Who starred with Marlene Dietrich in the *Blue Angel*? Who starred with Mae Britt in the remake?

39. Which major league (non-expansion) baseball team has won the fewest pennants in each league?

40. Who said "What a revolting development this is!?" In what role? On what program?

41. Name the villains in each of the following: Rocky and his Friends, Beany'n Cecil, and Crusader Rabbit.
42. Who was the female lead in *I married Joan*? *Father Knows Best*? *Our Miss Brooks*?

43. In what series was one of the characters on alcoholic dog who always lapped up martinis? What was his name? What special distinction did he have out of the ordinary beside his drinking habits?

(Editor's Note: Submit answers to John Peetz at the NEWS office at 202 York St. by Monday, May 19, 1969. Correct answers, winners, and prizes will be announced in the NEWS on May 21. Partial credit will be awarded.)

## The Newspaper As Art

"The NEWSPAPER is the second-hand in the clock of history; and it is not only made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right. The so-called leading article is the chorus to the drama of passing events.

"Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art—for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of the calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs; if anything stirs, they immediately set up a shrill bark.

"Therefore, let us carefully regulate the attention to be paid to this 'trumpet of danger, so that it may not disturb our digestion (sic). Let us recognize that a newspaper is at best but a magnifying-glass, and very often merely a shadow on the wall."

—Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860)

(Ed.—It must be noted, however, that Mr. Schopenhauer was a grumpy old philosopher, hated women also, and was notorious for his pessimism.)

## Some Yale Artists on Their Art

(continued from page 10)



TOM REED  
Self Portrait

### THOMAS J. REED:

Tom Reed, a Berkeley American Studies major in the class of '69, has a strong interest in Renaissance drawing technique, as exemplified by Raphael, da Vinci, and Botticelli. He feels that the form, order, composition, and integration of parts present in Renaissance Art may be carried over into modern society, and thus idealistically maintains a firm hold on his position as 22nd trumpet (out of 22) in the Yale Marching Band. He also co-designed the Berkeley Discotheque, and often contributes to publicizing college social functions.

### GARRET B. TRUDEAU:

"At one point in my life, I used to paint, but that was before it was appropriate for a healthy fourteen year old to want to paint, so I gave it up and applied to Yale. Once at Yale, I signed up for several "how to" courses, and began making up for lost time. As a freshman, I was unfortunately too content to be creative, but when misery and suffering reared their ugly heads in my sophomore year, I felt a closer identification with the role of artist, and soon found myself in a very satisfying graphics bag. The following summer, I was given the opportunity to design six issues of a magazine, seized it, and returned to school the self-appointed graphics guru of the Yale Record. It was the design of the Record which was my primary concern this last year, and most of my energies have been directed towards improving the visual image of the magazine on campus.

"My present work also includes a daily comic strip which perhaps years from now will take on new dimensions of humorous excitement when I learn to draw. Its uniqueness at this time probably rests largely on the device of looking for comedy in each frame of the strip, that is, Bulltales is the four panel smile instead of the last panel laugh.

"In the meantime, I will continue to take art courses so that I can get out of exams and into art school. Where I go from there is largely indeterminate, as I am presently considering the tempting options offered by the military-industrial complex."

### MARTIN G. MUGAR:

"My thing is not color, line, shape, or their relationships, but people and their environment," says Mugar, a Berkeley College art major, class of 1971. He feels that neither New Haven nor Yale are especially stimulating environments in which to paint; because of the calibre of people, the temptation is to talk and intellectualize. The "inevitable bull session" of Yale propaganda fame is sometimes at odds with the essentially individual nature of Art. "I think that too many people get hung up on being relevant and valid instead of just observing the world around them. Eventually those elements which give to a painting its aesthetic qualities will be discovered. They should never be imposed for the sake of relevancy."

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