

Places

RECOLLECTIONS FROM YALE70
WITH PHOTOS OF YALE NOW

Yale70



Places





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PRODUCED BY BEN SLOTZNICK

Places



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Foreword

One of my favorite places on campus was the Beinecke Library. Of course, the Library itself is beautiful: the sun shining through the marble, the glass tower of books as a central core, the sunken sculpture outside in front on the plaza. But what I remember especially enjoying as a graduate student were the leather couches on the second floor: perfect for napping. There was something about the thick cushions on these couches combined with the ‘woosh’ of ambient white noise from the air handling system that made it pretty easy to close one’s eyes, imagine lying on a beach with waves crashing in the background, and drift off to sleep. I think students aren’t really allowed to nap on those couches anymore, but I remember doing so with some frequency and considerable fondness.

Peter Salovey
President of Yale University
Chris Argyris Professor of Psychology



Dedication

When my daughter was a high school senior and interested in architecture, I dragged her to a lecture that Vince Scully was giving. It was vintage Scully on ancient Greece: the breast-shaped mountains, temple columns that leaped up and those that squatted down. Not until I got home that night did it strike me, like lightning. With startling clarity I realized how much those classes had influenced me.

I chose a career as a professional photographer only after Yale. Like all photographers, I had strengths and weaknesses. What I was best at was to convey a sense of aliveness, especially in photos of people. That came directly from what Professor Scully taught, and that's what I realized only decades later.

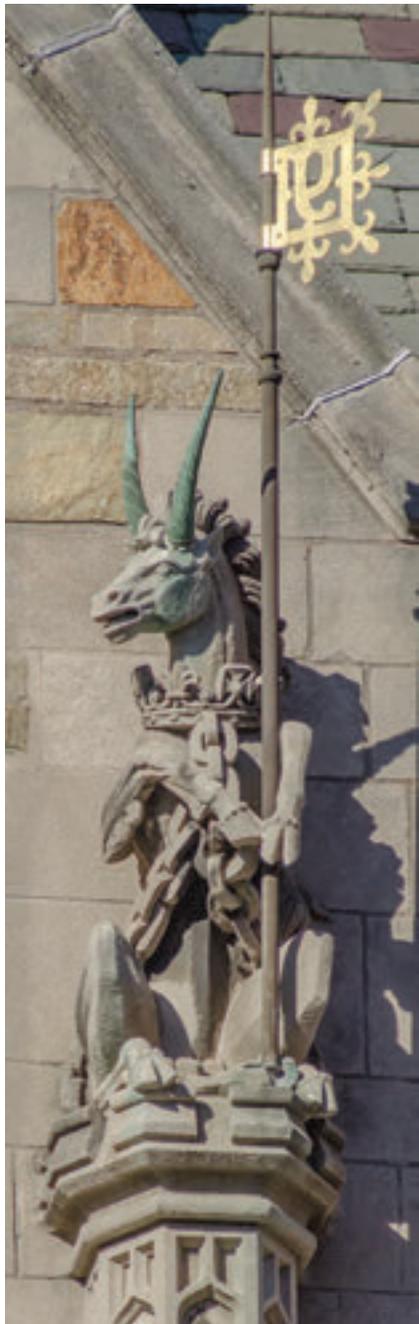
Most of us in the class of 1970 who took his courses were changed by them, but even those who did not were influenced by him. Besides teaching us about the built environment, he gave us a language with which to talk about what we saw. Scully was an icon who deserved his celebrity. When he died, many said that he had taught them to see, but I could always see. What he taught me was to see not just with my eyes but with my heart. That shaped my career and brought great wonders. I am eternally grateful.

When I introduced my daughter to him after the lecture, Professor Scully looked at me and said, "I remember you." He had been the master of Morse College senior year. As the only Morseman on the combined Morse-Stiles tackle football team that year, when he attended a game he rooted personally for me. After that class and for the rest of his life, I stayed in touch with him, visiting him at his home in New Haven, and then by phone after he and his wife Tappy moved to Virginia. He missed teaching terribly, and he missed Yale.

When Yalies got together, I had noticed, sooner or later his name came up. I told him so, and he would always ask, "Why?" We all knew why. It is an honor for the creators of this book to dedicate it to the memory of Professor Vincent J. Scully.

Stuart Cohen, editor





We asked all the members of the class of 1970 we could reach, “What place on the Yale campus do you recall as having special meaning for you? What building, room, courtyard or detail was important enough during your time at Yale that you remember it with special fondness? Where did you live, work, play, study, or hang out that still resonates after all this time?”

Your responses covered the gamut of Yale places: buildings and courtyards as expected but also study dens and places of respite where you went to escape and relax. The most written-about place was Sterling Library, especially the L&B Room, where many of you studied and napped. You climbed into three different college cupolas to watch sunrises and sunsets, and three of you mentioned a specific tree.

One hundred twenty-seven of us responded with a total of one hundred eighty recollections. Thirty-one of them could not be photographed, either because the places no longer exist or because you wrote about events whose location alone would not convey the impact of what happened there. Yale Station is the best example: it is now an ordinary-looking post office with aluminum mailboxes instead of the sequentially numbered brass ones that corresponded to our dormitory room numbers.

This project came about largely through the imagination of Ben Slotznick who enrolled me by talking about the impact of architecture on our college experience. He made the point – correctly – that Professor Scully’s classes had given us the tools with which to respond to the built environment. All we had to do was ask you, our classmates, about the places that mattered during our college years and we’d get eloquent quotes suitable for collecting in a book. We are lucky to have in our class an artist with the talent and generosity of John Boak to organize and design your words and the photos. Thanks also to Step Morris and Stephen Frankel who helped tidy up the text.

The photography took eight or nine shooting trips to New Haven, in different seasons and different conditions. Poking around the campus from all sorts of vantage points was great fun, from below ground in the steam tunnels to the top of Harkness Tower. The aim was to make the feel of each photo match what you wrote about the place.

Access to many of these places was facilitated by the cooperation and encouragement of dozens of Yale staff members all across the campus, especially Jennifer Julier in the alumni office.



★INDICATES THERE IS NO PHOTO FOR THE RECOLLECTION



TERRY JACKSON

Rooftop View

For a different view that not many have seen, climb to the top of the back side of Calhoun (or whatever it is called these days) that looks out on Beinecke, Sterling Library, and Berkeley College. Eddie Wright and I shared what was then an L-shaped double on the sixth floor, and we had access to the tower on the roof. From there you can actually see the miniature castle on the top of the library.



LARRY WASSER

Cross Campus Play

I fondly remember playing touch football on the Cross Campus in front of Sterling Library and between Berkeley College's two courtyards (which were too small for football but perfect for some killer frisbee). Senior year, football was not an option, due to construction of an underground library. I remember a bunch of us going out to climb into the trees on the Cross Campus to save them from being removed by bulldozers prior to the beginning of construction. We eventually were assured that they would be replanted. The construction site was a good source of wood for my fireplace.

CARL EIFLER

Cross Campus

Probably my favorite place at Yale is the Cross Campus in front of Sterling Library. The rectangle of grass, desolate in winter, that comes alive in the spring. A place of relaxation, of casual laughter and bright sunshine. A place where nearly everyone passes through, sometimes sits for a while alone or in groups, and usually smiles a lot. A place we almost lost when the bulldozers showed up to push down the trees for the underground library extension. We sat in front of the bulldozers, and I gained new respect for Yale because we found out that the student voices mattered too.





Walking & Thinking

STUART COHEN

Elm Street 3AM

My sharpest memory of physical Yale is of 3AM one night after I returned something to someone on the other side of the campus. There were no cars and no people. I walked down the middle of normally busy Elm Street, with silent buildings, especially the Gothic colleges, looming up on either side. It was serene, noble and very quiet. The feeling was of being in a place that is as alive as the people who occupy it, now also sleeping in anticipation of another day.



PAUL CERUZZI

New Haven & Northampton Canal

New Haven Railroad had a single-track line that ran through the campus on its way to Northampton, Massachusetts. The line was built on the towpath of the abandoned Farmington Canal, which I believe was constructed to bypass rapids on the Connecticut River above Hartford. By the late 1960s, the rail line was getting very little traffic or may have been abandoned altogether though I recall that the rails were still in place. I used to find walking along the old, overgrown towpath very calming in the midst of the urban noise and congestion of New Haven. I'm told that it is now a very popular rail-trail, although I do not believe that the sections along the Yale Campus were saved. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.



packed public schools I attended. Solitary moments were few.

On those walks back from the chem lab I felt completely alone. And the darkness and cold invited melancholy. The same walk in October or April was often pleasant, with the leaves turning in the fall and the trees green-ing in the spring. In February, it was simply miserable.

But in November – and especially that November, my first away from home – that walk made me think of who I was. Life was not going to be all strawberries and cream. There would be hard moments and doubt, inevitably death would come to people I loved. Ahead were the lights of the Yale campus. Fellowship. Growth. Wins and losses. The future.

BILL HARPER

Walking to Payne Whitney

My class schedule was such during junior and senior years that I often made the walk to Payne Whitney from Prospect along Grove, past the Grove Street Cemetery, the back of Commons and the Law School, curving onto Tower Park-



way at Morse and Stiles. It was a rather drab urban landscape (even the cemetery trees were hidden behind a wall), the kind of landscape that made my thoughts turn inward. It struck me one bitter windy day that I was journeying between youth, learning, knowledge, and hope on one side. On the other side, was, well, the Grove Street Cemetery.

DON DAVIS

Science Hill in November

November, 1966. It would have been about 5PM. Already it was dark and getting cold, and the walk down Science Hill from the chemistry lab seemed long. There were few people around. Those cold, dark late after- noons, and being on my own, made me feel like a small boy before the enormity of the world. How could I make a mark, when I am so small and it is so vast and barren?

I wasn't used to feeling so alone. I had grown up surrounded by family and friends. I had two parents and two siblings, two grand- parents on each side, twenty-two aunts and un- cles and twenty-one first cousins. We all lived in Brooklyn and saw each other frequently. And I had plenty of friends from the Baby-Boom-



PAUL TAYLOR

Walkway Between Morse & Stiles

The jagged walkway between Morse and Stiles is nondescript as you approach it from York Street. But once you mount a series of steps and follow the jog to the right, you come upon a vista that's as surprising as it is majestic – the tower of Payne Whitney, framed perfectly between adobe-like concrete walls of the two colleges. Morse and Stiles look nothing like the rest of Yale. Payne Whitney looks like no other gym in the world. And yet the space exudes harmony. To steal a line that our master of Morse College, Vincent Scully, used about the skyline of Chicago, the buildings “talk to each other.” Fifty years ago, it was my favorite spot on our eclectic campus. Today, it's my favorite lesson for our divided times.

JAY CLASGENS

Gargoyles

The features of the Yale Campus which stand out in memory are the stone carvings of human figures, various creatures and assorted gro- tesques on the corners, capitals and faux but- tresses of the Gothic buildings. The Law School in particular had a rich trove of them. I remem- ber one of a policeman clubbing a criminal, a tribute to the more vigorous, less legalistic enforcement of the law in centuries past.

On Saturday mornings in the fall I would take that weekend's date on a tour of the carvings. They never failed to occupy pleasur- ably the slow time between breakfast and the afternoon's football game.



PETER WANG

Gargoyles

My main “architectural” memory is – gargoyles. I wrote a paper for some class cataloguing all the gargoyles scattered throughout the campus. They were plentiful and imaginative (the Law School had the most), and after I graduated, I made a point of searching out gargoyles in all sorts of cities and places (including NYC). But Yale's collection was the best – and every gargoyle told a story. And if I didn't know the story, I made it up.



TERRY FINN

Walkway between Morse & Stiles

Heading between Stiles and Morse to Payne Whitney for daily basketball practice is a lasting memory. The great bulk of PW loomed as you headed up the stairs to the gym, and the return trip into the heart of the campus had a very different feel. In retrospect, it was a transition from the site of intense outside competition within the context of a team to the warmer, cozier, but often lonelier world of the campus and academic life.



DAVID PERLMAN

Woolsey Rotunda Passage

The Woolsey Hall Rotunda acted as a threshold that separated living from working. On one side were the residential colleges, the Old Campus, Hendrie Hall, the gym, and the Broadway and York Street retail corridor, places where I lived my life and learned primarily from the people I encountered. On the other side were classrooms, labs and most important for me, the Math Department in Leet Oliver, places where academic pursuits dominated, where my mind was stretched, and where great scholars held court. Crossing that threshold several times each day helped ease me into the world I was approaching.



THATCHER SHELLABY

Library Walk

Library Walk, between JE and Branford, remains a special place for me. The solid architectural statement made by these two colleges served as a frame for my frequent walks along the tree-lined great stone walkway. Perhaps this space also symbolized important transitions for me: a change from West Coast to East Coast surroundings, a daily commute from Wright Hall to Pierson College, a compact stage upon which the seasons played their respective roles, the development of a naïve teenager into a young man questioning his place in the world. A location attached to my memory by a sense of belonging, curiosity, enthusiasm and hope.

Favorite Buildings & Places

JOHN APRUZESE

Beinecke Rare Book Library

My favorite place at Yale has always been the Beinecke Rare Book Library. Especially impressive are the translucent marble walls as seen from the interior – both functional and beautiful. Also the massive glass-encased column of books and the rotating exhibits, with “Birds of America” and one or two Gutenberg bibles almost always present.

Beinecke typifies much of what is great about Yale: world-class collections, spectacular architecture, generous alumni support, and openness to the larger community without oppressive security. Whenever I had visitors – parents, friends, other guests – it would be our first stop.



DAVID JOHNSON

Art & Architecture Building

Senior year I enrolled in a course at A&A titled “Architecture for Non-Architects,” taught by James Righter, from whom I learned to see the world with “fresh eyes” and to contemplate the effect of the experience of “space” on the human environment. Rather than multiple classrooms, A&A was comprised almost entirely of multi-level open spaces, which in turn required that students learn and work together as part of a collaborative process. Ah, breathe deeply, take it in – openness, engagement, community.

ANDREW WELTCHEK

A&A Building

Paul Rudolph’s oft-reviled A&A building (where I never had a class) always beckoned me to come in and explore. It was the only building in the world ever to do that for me.

It seemed to open itself to the street in multiple seductive ways. I could hardly ever resist darting inside one entry or another if I was passing by. Once inside, I would find myself in an open expanse or a broad or narrow stairway – and all of it surrounded by this jagged corrugated surface of gray concrete. Whichever way, I would be drawn to the next level or around some corner – in which there might be a copy of a Greek torso sculpture or another stairway to somewhere else – but never a flat surface or a square hallway or room with a top and bottom. It never seemed to look the same twice. I just loved to get lost in it.

BRUCE MILLER

Connecticut Hall

I have always been fascinated by places that evoke memories of great deeds and watershed events. I came from Seattle, a relatively new city where few buildings were more than seventy-five years old, and Colonial-style buildings were rare. One of the reasons I came to Yale was to live where buildings and places instrumental to our colonial past could be experienced firsthand.

Imagine my delight to find such a place a stone's throw away from my freshman room in Welch Hall. My "Introduction to Philosophy" discussion section met on the second floor of Connecticut Hall. One day after classes were finished, as I took a break from reading "Plato's Apology," I noticed a plaque on the wall that said Nathan Hale had resided in this room. How cool was that for a kid from the Pacific Northwest

to sit and study in a Revolutionary War hero's room! Maybe he read "Apology" there as well, though he would have read it in Greek. I tried to imagine how he had lived there: where were his bed, washstand and writing table? Who was his roommate? Looking out the window, I imagined his unobstructed view across College Street to the New Haven Green, since his dorm, then known as New College, along with First Chapel and College House were the only significant buildings on the campus in the early 1770's.

I imagined Connecticut Hall must have always looked as it does today: a colonial style, four-story, gambrel-roofed brick structure with beautifully proportioned sash windows and doors and a row of dormer windows above the steep-pitched lower roof. I later learned that it had gone through numerous changes since Nathan Hale's time, including the addition of

a fourth story with a Federal-style roofline that lasted through the nineteenth century, restoration of the gambrel roof in 1905, and a complete interior renovation shortly before we came to Yale. Even the name had been changed twice. It was alternately loved and hated by students, faculty and architects. More than once it had been slated for demolition, only to be saved by dedicated alumni and historic building preservationists.

I loved Connecticut Hall for its unpretentious elegance, and for its links to the early years of the New Haven campus and to the heroic days of America's past. My interest in history led to my eventually getting a BA in the subject, and to a lifelong love of traveling to historic places and reading about the past. My time spent in Connecticut Hall, and the sense of the continuity of the human story that those hours aroused in me, helped guide me along that path.



BRIAN MCCARTHY

Wrexham Tower, Saybrook College

Wrexham Tower looked up only to Harkness Tower, and I recall rooms only on the top floor. So I felt mostly isolated in my single when writing English papers or poems.

Early one morning I'd just completed a paper and wanted to escape. I crawled through the window and held onto a concrete beam while looking down on Saybrook rooftops, watching the light change as the sun rose. I don't know who was playing the carillon in Harkness Tower (or why at that hour) and couldn't identify the melody, but the bells did start to ring. The song that the bells were playing with fists pounding made me feel more tired, but the sound was relaxing.

As I learned at our 40th reunion, Wrexham Tower is not now a place for people to live in, or even to visit. An exhaust line from the Saybrook kitchen was run under the courtyard and up the Tower. The residential areas there are now gone, except in memory.



BEN SLOTZNICK

Rudolph Building

My favorite architecture is the Rudolph Building, designed by Paul Rudolph, a prime example of Brutalist architecture that always felt warm to me. Stairwells were womblike, even cozy, but opened into large lofty open areas. I loved the many, and always interesting, transitions between varied levels and spaces.



PHIL THORN

Peabody Museum

I was a physics major first, then a math major, and then an early participant in Yale's Five Year B.A. International Program. After returning from a year in Ethiopia, I resumed my study of math, but without much enthusiasm. Then one day I wandered into the Peabody Museum on Whitney Avenue. Inspired by the archeological and cultural richness of the Peabody, impressed by the affability of the anthropology professors, and deeply influenced by my experiences in Ethiopia, I readily changed my major to anthropology. Over the next year and a half, I returned to the Peabody Museum on many occasions and to the life-changing inspiration it provided.



STEVE GREENBERG

Yale Field

I remember the first time I walked onto Yale Field in the spring of my freshman year. Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Ted Williams had all played exhibition games at Yale Field, and Babe had called the playing surface the best he had ever played on. I had been to many of the iconic Major League ballparks – Yankee Stadium, Fenway Park, Wrigley Field – but I still recall how I marveled at the quaint grandstand behind home plate at Yale Field, the bright green grass in the infield, the spacious power alleys and, most of all, the towering old-timey centerfield scoreboard. That ball field became my favorite building on the Yale campus.



STUART COHEN

Ingalls Rink

I like the hockey rink, known as the Yale Whale and designed by architect Eero Saarinen. It's a ridiculous building, with a massive swooping roofline that lifts in the center as if it housed some tall or powerful object. But it's a hockey rink. The only thing inside is the flat ice surface and seating around it. The gesture of the design has no bearing on the function of the building, but it's fun and distinctive. You'd never see such a thing in a place where use dictates design, but at a major university you can get away with such things.

★ DAN BOTTOMS

Connecticut Hall

My first lecture class was in a large (it seemed to me then) room on the ground floor of the venerable Connecticut Hall. I felt intimidated by being surrounded by so many prep school graduates and top-of-their-classes public school graduates. The professor started the session by asking whether anyone knew what trophies David in the Bible was ordered to bring back with him from a battle as the price for marrying the king's daughter.

Having been brought up in a southern Baptist denomination, I was sure I had the answer; but it was a bit bizarre, and, if wrong, would bring on embarrassment. Moreover, there were more young men of Jewish background in the group than I had ever seen; I was certain one of them would offer a response to an Old Testament question. As the silence wore on, I was just about to raise my hand and blurt out, "the foreskins of a thousand Philistines!" but, alas, it was too late. The professor shook his head slightly and announced the answer that I was too timid to say aloud.



STU GARDINER

Morse Dining Hall

When Eero Saarinen designed Morse and Ezra Stiles colleges, he created dining halls like those in the older residential colleges in their spaciousness, comfort, and utility. But as a resident of Morse, its dining hall always seemed lighter and more airy than the others, and conducive to the many pleasant hours I spent there immersed in conversation. Particularly at breakfast and lunch, its multistory window wall flooded the space with daylight, sometimes cheerful and lively, sometimes as gloomy as an identity crisis. The textured concrete walls could make it seem a bit cavelike, but the space had an open feeling combined with enough intimacy and human scale that it was an attractive center of the college's communal life.

★ DOUG YOUNG

The Commons

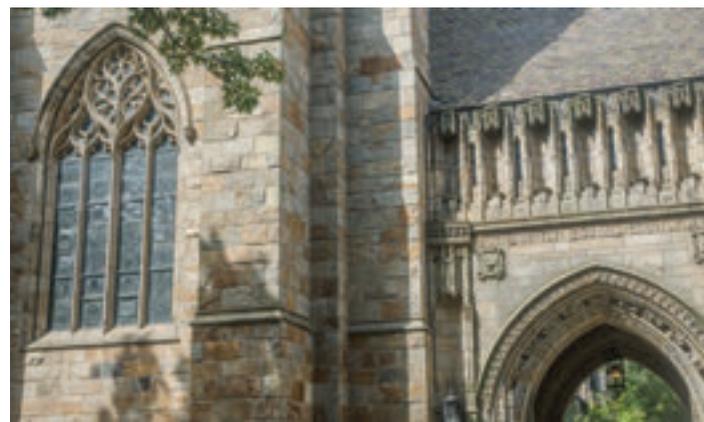
The Commons, especially in the early morning, has always been a draw for me. I arrived at Yale from a West Coast public high school and was a bursary student working the breakfast shift in the Commons several days a week during freshman year. In the stillness of the early morning, the lights of the hall, the vaulted ceiling, and the deeply varnished wood throughout offered a warm welcome as night turned to dawn. Although the Commons was mostly deserted at that hour, it was always brimming with anticipation and opportunity, and — important to a young man far from home — the memories it held of the storied students who went before.



THOMAS WALKER

Gothic

I do love the modern stuff. But my world at Yale was described by the Gothic. Gothic, gothic, gothic. Or the pseudo-Gothic of the 1930's creations of hard-working Italian stone workers. Harkness Tower, JE and Branford, my beautiful senior-year room with its enormous bay window with the leaded panes. My JE room during May Day weekend was used as a brief refuge for Allen Ginsberg to chill out, but I wasn't there at the time. I was in Dwight Hall and had given someone the keys. Gothic without even asking.



PETER SHERAS

Branford Fellows Common Room

The Fellows Common Room in the first Branford courtyard was a place where everything I loved happened. We had meetings of the Branford Council there, planning for May Day activities, a few really great seminars with amazing faculty and the Fellows Cocktail Party every Friday afternoon. In that room I could be a scholar, a radical, an interesting person conversing with other interesting people, or a bartender with a bright future.

Sometimes I would sneak in there and sit in silence alone as I watched the sunlight stream through the old windows and I'd snuggle into the leather couches like a kitten. The world seemed to be all ahead of me then, and I knew that Yale was present in the Fellows Common Room. Sometimes I long to be back there, to smell the leather and the dust, to sit in the darkened room as the sun went down or to seek refuge from a mixer turned ugly. It seemed like home for my soul. It is part of me.

Sacred Spaces

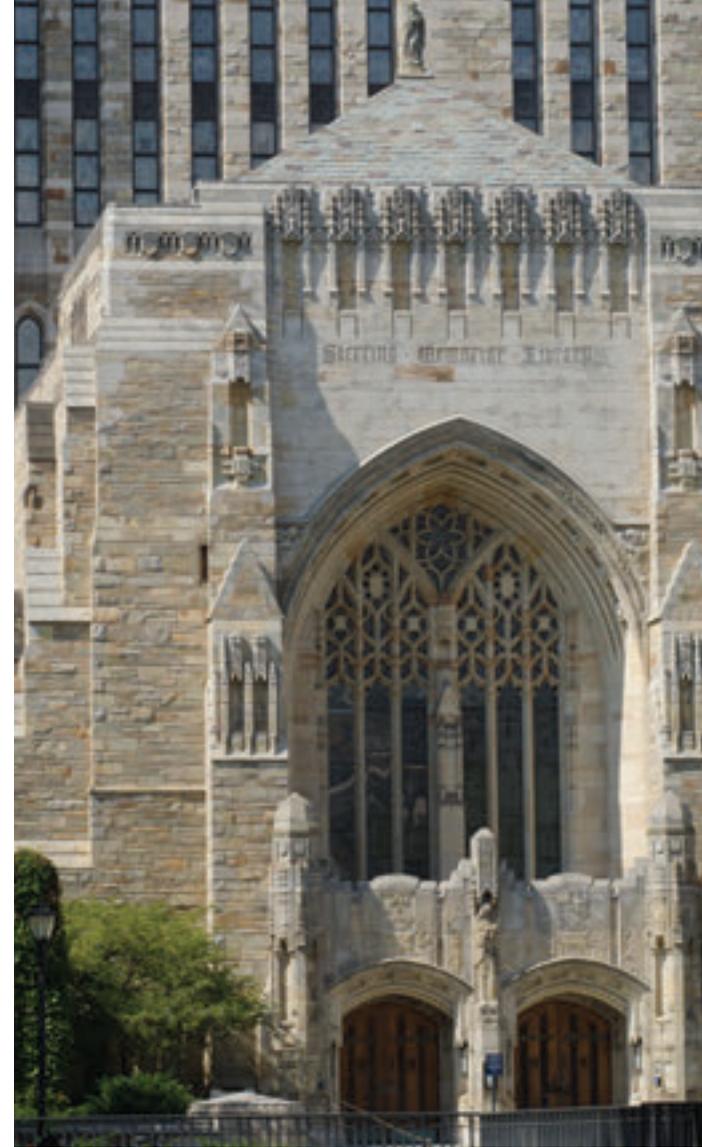


STU GARDINER

Dwight Hall Chapel

Dwight Memorial Chapel, created in 1932 from part of the former college library, is a soaring, inspirational space on a more intimate scale than Battell. I visited Dwight Hall occasionally to volunteer for community service and enjoyed the lovely quiet oasis of the chapel. It was to become far more memorable. One afternoon in September of senior year, the Russian Chorus was rehearsing for its season opener at Woolsey Hall. We ran through the songs, spending most of our time repeating portions that needed work but also singing them in their entirety. While singing one Russian Orthodox hymn, I

had the sense every member of the chorus was so completely and perfectly connected with this song that it could not have been sung better. It was truly awe-inspiring. Immediately afterward I saw other singers looking a bit stunned. This, I said to myself, was a Maslovian peak experience. The spiritual quality of Dwight Chapel doubtless contributed to this extraordinary occasion.



CHARLIE PILLSBURY

Battell Chapel

I spent a lot of time in Battell Chapel. It is and remains a holy space. During our senior year, I was invited to serve as a chapel deacon. One Sunday morning, I brought the offering we had just collected to the altar to be blessed. As I was handing the offering plate to one of the chaplains, I looked down and saw these words on the front of the altar: “In Memoriam, Charles Alfred Pillsbury, Class of 1939”. It took my breath away. I felt like I had wandered into a cemetery and found my name on a gravestone, except with the wrong date. Later, I discovered that this war memorial had been dedicated on Sunday, October 5, 1947, the day I was born.

In 1989, I attended a fiftieth reunion memorial service for the deceased members of the Class of 1939. After the service, I had the opportunity to meet some of my uncle’s friends, two of whom had named sons after my uncle. Some of you may know them: Charles Pillsbury Coggeshall, Class of 1968, and Charles Pillsbury Resor, Class of 1969.

BOB CAMARGO

Sterling Memorial Library

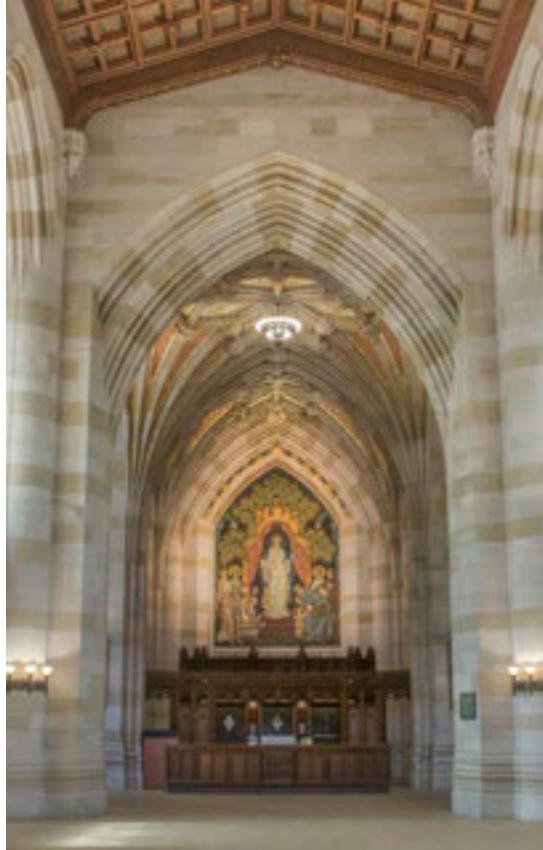
A cathedral, a place of peaceful solitude where great thoughts can be generated, a veritable Notre Dame of New Haven. When I first arrived at Yale, looking at it was like viewing a place of reverence. I had been to a Benedictine Prep School, so “reverence” was a very positive emotion for me. In my Benedictine prep school, the chapel was exotic and young; at Yale it was grand and imposing... a secular cathedral of unique gravitas!



DAN BOTTOMS

Battell Chapel

Although not a regular churchgoer, I sat spellbound listening to sermons delivered by the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr. His voice, diction and manner of speaking added significant force to his messages.



JOSE GIRON

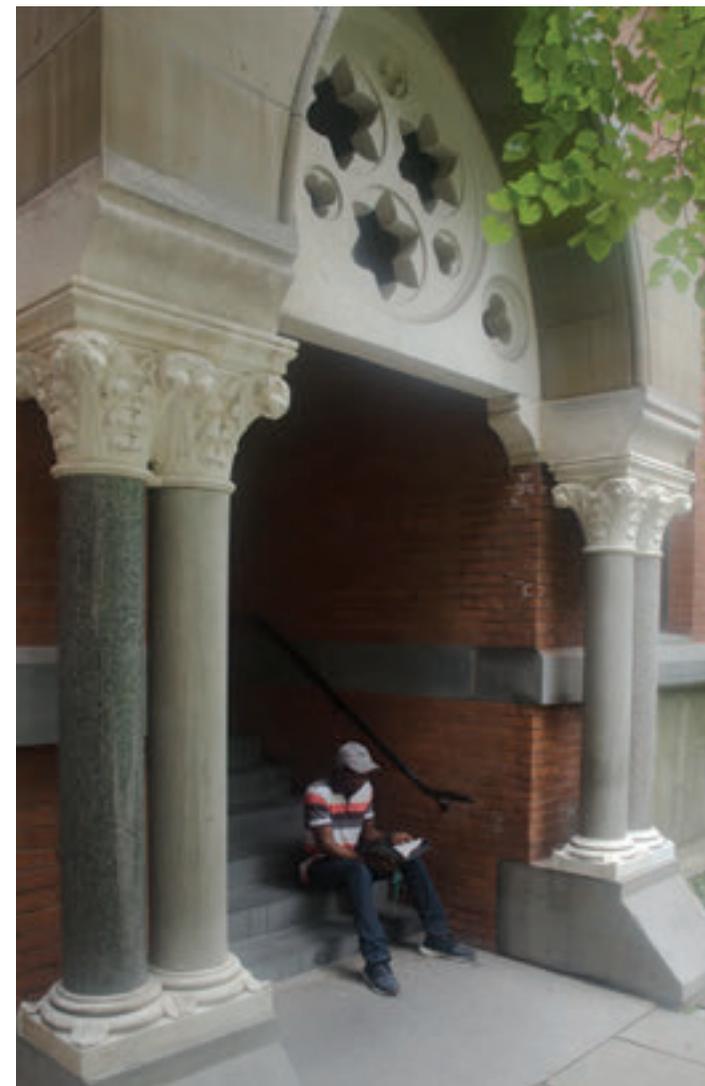
The Sterling Nave

Entering Sterling Library brings memories of going into a temple, a cathedral. The nave celebrates the genius of its architects and lifts my spirit. Ah, what a sight this place, what a flood of memories. Made me feel as if a gift had been placed at my feet.

★ JOEL BARD

Harkness Tower Chapel

The small chapel under Harkness Tower may not be well known. It has always felt to me like an enchanted cave. And a magical one, supporting that enormous weight of the tower above.



TAP TAPLIN

Steps at Farnam Hall

First impressions of the Old Campus as a freshman: we would hang out on the steps and talk. Got to first know many of my classmates right there. One beautiful fall evening President Brewster came strolling by walking Handsome Dan. He stopped to chat for a while. I felt like it was just like home in the Seventh Ward of New Orleans where folks did the exact same thing. Later in my first year at the Law School, I had a job as a freshman counselor and roomed on the Old Campus: Farnam Hall, one floor below my freshman room!



SCOTT SIMPSON

Silliman Dining Hall

Another favorite of mine was the Silliman dining hall. Silliman was the largest of any residential college, which guaranteed lively conversations at all hours. The food was surprisingly good and the desserts were outstanding (the rumor was that the chef had served on Gen. MacArthur's staff). I always felt that the dining hall was the "sixth classroom", and that time spent there was equal to any spent at the library. It was a place that nourished both body and soul.

MARVIN EDWARD KRAKOW

Silliman Dining Hall

A significant part of my learning took place in the Silliman Dining Hall. Ensconced at a long table or a large round one, I often spent more than a couple of hours at a single meal. Friends came and went. I stayed. The discussions were lively, and wide-ranging, from the subject matter of courses I would never have time to take to issues of politics, philosophy, sports, theater, music, and social life. Thirty years later, while taking my daughter on the college tour, I had the pleasure of pointing out the spot where I met her mother: at the entrance to the Dining Hall.



BILL ROSSBACH

Silliman Commons

Coming from a vanilla midwestern suburb, Yale and New Haven were a wonder. Fond memories of many places and spaces: college rooftops, gargoyles, and cupolas, intensely quiet library reading rooms, and the Silliman Commons. The worn, but vibrant Persian carpets, deep leather chairs, and high ceilings struck a deep resonance in me. Anyone who has visited my home has seen how that still resonates.

PHILIP HOWARD

Branford Southern Courtyard

I have vivid memories and fondness for the southern courtyard and arched entrance to Branford College, with the JE entrance across the way. I ran into so many people there, and have fond memories of shooting the breeze with them as we walked to and from class and other activities.





FEN SARTORIUS

Vanderbilt Stairwell

The stairwell at Vanderbilt Hall was a place to run into fellow first-year Yalies, all men of course at that time. We would congregate briefly, share stories and get to appreciate one another, hanging around the 3rd or 4th floor landings. Then we'd withdraw behind closed doors.

RICH LEVIN

Merriment

It started when I joined the donutmen freshman year. After selling donuts I would improvise a little faux Shakespearean tale for those gathered in the Vanderbilt entryway up the staircase. And by our departure, it had moved to the Silliman courtyard, where on one extraordinary spring day in '70 Craig Slutzker and I, and the first flash mob in recorded history, presented a fractured Bard history of dramatic comedy, swords in the hands of Clowns. There was great merriment. Those were the days.

The Silliman Bench

BILL ROSSBACH

Bench Nation

The English teak benches in the Silliman courtyard, where the Bench Nation of poets, writers, artists, mathematicians, physicists, psychologists, and other ne'er-do-wells met nightly to share and debate the great, the mundane, and the whimsical, will always be a part of me and binds us still.



DENNIS MCCLURE

My Bench, 1963-70

On a cold evening in January 1969 I arrived back at Yale from Oklahoma City where I had been discharged from the Army. Offices were closed. My best bet was to ring the doorbell at the Silliman Master's House. Annie Clark opened the door. She and Master Elias Clark had been memorably kind to me during my two and a half years at Yale, 1963 to 1966. She remembered me! "I have no idea what room you will have, Dennis, would you like to stay in the visitors' guest suite tonight?"

In the morning I discovered that the Silliman bench had been liberated. No longer chained to a thick vine, it was in the sunshine in the middle of the courtyard. I sat on it for the first time in three years, looked around and felt safe.

Until two months earlier, I was going to marry a long-term sweetheart, move to New Orleans, and attend LSU-NO. She suddenly broke the engagement. I was devastated

enough without the insult of being in New Orleans without her. I scrambled to get into a college I liked better, but it was too late everywhere except Yale, where it took only one phone call to Dean Palmer. He remembered that I had "withdrawn in good standing," and all I needed to come back was evidence of productive occupation while away. He was an old Navy man, and he proudly accepted my service in Viet Nam. "Can you be here by January twentieth?" "Yes, sir."

In 1963 Silliman freshmen lived in Durfee and ate in Commons, but we were allowed limited meals in the college dining room. I went to Silliman a lot and usually spent time on the bench. It was an escape from freshman life and a place to think about a future life elsewhere. I sat there with the books I wasn't reading. In cold months when the sun was shining I sat there instead of going to class. Nobody else ever sat on the bench.

It was great in 1969 that so many people stopped and chatted, curious to check out the new guy. I didn't know they had been warned that I was from Army Intelligence and was probably a narc. I didn't know I was confirming their suspicions when I kept asking where I could buy some marijuana. Eventually I scored, no one got busted, and I was accepted. By spring 1970 the bench was the center of life for friends in the class of 1970, and I loved having so many sit with me. They didn't know it was my bench.

HOWARD EVERT

Bench City

The Bench, like its occupants, was transient and moved all over the Silliman courtyard for no obvious reason. I recall only one of them there, placed in the middle of the courtyard next to a walk. There was a moment when one of us placed a piece of used carpet under The Bench and mounted a small window on stilts above it, turning Bench City into a basement apartment.



BRUCE PARKER

A Center of Learning

Like many in Silliman, I retain considerable nostalgia for The Bench. I do not remember who articulated the suggestion that most any question was OK and a decline to discuss should be limited to a gentle "No thanks."

I learned as much from the interactive discovery with classmates as I did from formal education. This center of learning was chaotic, weather dependent, inefficient. I believe there was some facilitation of the bench which gave us permission to talk with relative strangers about more ideas than we would raise in the dining hall. It is probably not an accident that Silliman graduates disproportionately populated the Y70 blog a decade ago, and that more than a few of us have teak benches in our yards.

MIRIAM MILLS

Physics, Politics, Music & Art

I entered in the class of '71 but within a few weeks was hanging out mostly with people at Silliman in the class of '70, better known as Bench City. Those folks made me feel like I belonged, more than any time before.

Most were a reflection of Inky Clark's priorities for admission, and many were from public schools from all over the country (including myself from Texas). There I learned more physics than in the classroom, philosophy (and how physics is very much like it), art, politics, music, sex and pot. And those folks have stayed close, which is why I'm officially affiliated with this class. Ask anyone what they were doing during the solar eclipse and most Bench City folks will tell you they were listening to the Beatles' "Here Comes the Sun" blasting from the Silliman cupola. Quite a number of us have identical benches in our own backyards.

Where I Went to Study



PAUL CHAPMAN

Libraries

Having spent quite a bit of time reading history in campus libraries, I have fond memories of Sterling: green leather L&B couches, a fifth-floor carrel with a magnificent view for writing papers, and the manuscript room that housed the nineteenth-century diaries of Yalies who studied in Germany that I studied for my senior thesis. It was a movable feast studying in all the residential colleges, but Georgian Pierson and Gothic JE were like home.

CHUCK CALHOUN

President's Room, Woolsey Hall

One of my earliest quests was to find a place to study with minimal distraction. My room in Bingham was out for obvious reasons. The



small seminar rooms in Connecticut Hall offered some seclusion, but the wooden chairs had a brace that jabbed you in the back, and you never knew when some other guy(s) would come in and disturb your peace. You could go to L&B in Sterling Library, but the room's comfy chairs and heating and ventilation anomalies often induced drowsiness until, inevitably, the bizarre behavior of some fellow denizen jolted you awake.

Toward the end of our first year I discovered the perfect spot. Somehow, while aimlessly exploring Woolsey Hall one day, I came across a place called the President's Room. The door was unlocked and I peeked in. It was hand-

somely appointed and held a substantial conference table surrounded by cushioned chairs that didn't jab you anywhere. I had found my lair. Repairing there several times over the next few weeks, I studied for exams and wrote term papers in splendid solitude, as I brought my freshman year to a close.

As sophomore year began, I was back at the room within a week. But the door was locked; indeed, I never found it unlocked again. I understand that you can now rent the space for events for a hefty fee, but I shall always remember the President's Room as my sumptuous, if momentary, personal scholar's cell.

RANDY HELM

Classics Library

At the top of Phelps Gate, reachable by countless stairs, was the Classics Library. It was designed and equipped with the creature comforts that a scholar of St. Thomas More's day might desire: thick carpets, a corner fireplace, comfortable chairs and tall windows overlooking the New Haven Green on one side and the Old Campus on the other. And, of course, many, many, many books.

In pale blue Oxford Edition dust jackets were the Greeks from Aeschylus to Thucydides. Also the Romans from Cicero to Suetonius. Plus shelves upon shelves of secondary sources: dictionaries, concordances and commentaries. It was an excellent spot to fraternize with fellow archaeology majors and to observe haggard but impressively scholastic graduate students. Whether seated at one of the sun-drenched worktables by the windows, surrounded by monographs, or slumped in a stuffed armchair by the fireplace absorbed in Xenophon's *Anabasis*, this was a perfect place to cram for midterms and finals. And to nap.



WILLIAM IVERS

“My” Office in W. L. Harkness Hall

I loved my desk on the second floor of W. L. Harkness. Huge, like a president’s desk, it was really for the faculty, but I had it for after hours. Its best feature, besides being large, was the long wall of silky black chalk boards behind it. I loved those chalk boards too. They must have been special pieces of slate brought from a long



way because they were perfect. Recently, I finished building out a new condo in Cincinnati and installed a slate purchased from a local school being converted to offices. It is good slate, but not as good as the ones in W. L. Harkness.

I would spend nights from about 8:00PM to 2:00AM studying at my desk. The outside doors were solid oak with sturdy Yale locks, but they were of the type that had a bolt with an angled tongue in the back. A simple coat hanger slid behind with a gentle pull and the door came open. I kept a coat hanger hanging in a tree next to the door. It might still be there.

Sometimes I would need a break and explore the rest of W. L. Harkness. On the third floor I found a faculty lounge, one of those gorgeous Gothic rooms with carved stone and plenty of quarter-sawn oak paneling. I eventually discovered a secret door hidden in the paneling that led to the catering kitchen. I installed quarter-sawn oak in my condo in Cincinnati, and I expect it will last just as long

as the beautiful wood in W. L. Harkness. I also installed a secret door. The fourth floor was actually the attic, but it had been built out to include a “sound room.” The construction caused all the sound to be absorbed, making a very spooky effect when you are all alone exploring the attic at 2AM.

One time I got a visit from a Yale cop who had noticed the lights on after hours. He came to inform me that I had to leave. I explained that I was studying and needed a place that was quiet to spread out. He looked around at the books scattered on the desk and the notes on the chalkboard, nodded his head and walked out. I wish we empowered more people with the authority to use common sense.

For three years I had a private office with a nice desk and great chalkboards overlooking the Cross Campus lawn. I would never have caught up to those prep-school guys without that great place to study.



GEORGE LOWE

Robert Taft Library

The Robert Taft Library, housed in the old Weir Hall (1912) which was later incorporated into JE in 1965: this hideaway of a library was my place of study, contemplation, escape and a not-so-occasional nap. Windows overlooked the old sculpture garden of the Art Gallery. Daydreaming was easy, especially gazing at the seldom used garden in Spring.



JOSHUA SHAPIRO

Beinecke Reading Room

Beinecke Reading Room was underground across from the Claes Oldenberg’s *Lipstick on Caterpillar Tracks*. Gordon Bunshaft’s almost brand-new Beinecke was a jewel box, particularly when it was lit from within through the Vermont marble façade. Beautiful light, blond wood and neutral carpet. Wearing light cotton gloves so as to not get perspiration on the fragile works and endless treasures. Holding a newspaper from pre-revolutionary Philadelphia reporting the ships and cargoes in harbor with their sailing times, the type crisply embossed into the newsprint. Falling into box after box of Paul Strand’s platinum prints, with their nearly infinite gray scale. A tiny Louis XV child’s chair from Gertrude Stein’s apartment, with a Picasso-designed needlepoint-covered seat embroidered by Alice B. Toklas. Regret that I didn’t spend my entire time at Yale there.

T O M N E A G L E

Pierson Library

Pierson’s library was a special place. I always studied for finals there. It was quiet, elegant, and conducive to study. The old-fashioned architecture, the soaring ceiling within the interior of Pierson tower, and the availability of the very top room almost to the top of the tower when I needed some serious study all beckoned, especially in the spring. Often, one of the talented pianists in Pierson would play the piano there. Junior year I remember sweating out integral equations to the tune of Chopin’s *Military Polonaise*.

Even during exam period, Pierson Libe was accessible 24/7. And the Pierson common room had coffee all night long for the seriously worried. The pièce de resistance was one of the lampshades where, if you checked inside the shade, as I did every year, you’d see inscribed, “Winnipeg whore, won’t you come out to-night?”



B I L L B O Y D

Trumbull Library

The Trumbull College library was an oasis of peace and quiet amid the hustle and bustle of Yale, where I could have uninterrupted time to think, read, study and write (I can still vividly remember reading Joyce’s *Ulysses* there, over a three-day period, during sophomore year). It was located above the Trumbull common room leading into the dining hall, with a full wall of windows looking down onto the dining hall. It was a small library, but there are those of us Bullmen in the class of ’70 who loved it.



M A R K F U L F O R D

Branford Courtyard Looking at the Tall Windows of Saybrook Dining Room

This was especially beautiful in spring, when the laurel would blossom. But winter evenings were also beautiful, when the lights of Saybrook dining room shone through.



ALEX GEERTSMA

Saybrook Stone Courtyard

The dark, dreary dankness of New Haven’s winter made Saybrook’s Gothic Stone Courtyard seem so much smaller than it actually was. But April would bring sunlight, warmth and the exhilaration of Wiffle stickball. The courtyard “diamond” would swell with players, and spectators filled the stonewalled patio overlooking the field below. A single was a grounder or liner through the infield; a double, anything hitting above the first-floor row of ornate leaded windows; a homer, above the third row; and triple, anything between.

The generation of “Inky’s Boys” had enlivened the courtyard and its imposing walls with a simple inner-city game.

AKI FLESHLER

Harkness Tower Carillon

Over the course of junior year, I grew accustomed to the regular assault of the Carillon a few feet above my head. At the end of the spring term I negotiated a one-month extension for a term paper on the phenomenology of time. Little did I know my concentration was about to go into the deep freeze to make room for nonstop performances by an international carillonners’ convention. My head is still ringing and I am still working on that paper...



LLEWELLYN MILLER

Berkeley Common Room

In combination with the Berkeley South Court, the Common Room – except for meal time – was usually quiet and intimate even while overlooking a central part of campus including a view of Sterling Library. At the time it had more overstuffed leather furniture. Along with many parts of campus, it struck me as so different from my neighborhood in the Bronx, but what surprised me was how quickly I became accustomed to it.



★ BEN SLOTZNICK

Silliman Attic

My favorite space was the Silliman attic, a place that no longer exists. It was “found space” used as a small theater where I watched, acted in, or designed sets and lighting for more than half a dozen shows. The shape and shadows of steeply pitched roof rafters, massive brick chimneys and cavernous recesses above the eaves taught me much about designing in three dimensions.

MARK WILLIAMS

My Room in Branford

I’d have to say I really loved my room that I shared with two others (three if you include my girlfriend and now wife of forty years!): 900 Branford. It had a working fireplace in a huge living room with a great bay window and window seat that looked out on the main Branford courtyard with its swing. That courtyard was also a favorite place for us, as were the catacombs under Branford – lots of ping pong games, the Branford buttery, the disco, and the room where my band practiced right under the master’s study. Master Trinkhaus had to enact a time limit on practices for his wife’s sake. I’m sure all that has changed a great deal since then. The basement was basically a fallout shelter at the time with some recreation spaces, but it was a lot of fun. There were a lot of other spots – Yale architecture is great anywhere one hangs out – but those have the most meaning for us.





ROBERT SCHECHTER

Davenport Back Courtyard

I remember Davenport College, with its large upper courtyard and its smaller back one. The back courtyard was cozier, perhaps because that was where my windows faced. There was a small television room in the structure between the two courtyards. I only went there occasionally to see Captain Kirk and the rest of the crew of the Enterprise. During that hour, the room was standing room only.

I remember when the Beatles came out with *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. I wasn't particularly into that type of music, but for some reason that record became the rage. People would place their speakers in windows facing outward and play the music loud, as if for the rest of the world. This annoyed me, since it made it hard to read anything or think. I also found it arrogant that these people thought they had the right to decide what everybody else wanted to hear. Recently, I bought a CD of that album. It immediately brings back memories of Davenport and Yale.

ALEX MCNEIL

Trumbull Potty Court

During my sophomore and senior years I lived on the "Potty Court" in Trumbull College. It's one of dozens, if not hundreds, of quirky things that make Yale such a special place. The origin of the name is anything but obscure: high up on the Elm Street end is a carved figure of a man sitting on a ... potty. As far as I know, this was part of the original design, and not some add-on by pranksters. By tradition, each senior class paints it.

It's not a big courtyard, so there's not much room for recreational activities. There were some frisbee games. It was pretty quiet because all the rooms that faced the courtyard were bedrooms. But I do remember hearing a lot of swearing and screaming on the night of the first draft lottery, December 1, 1969.



★ BLAIR BUCK

Calhoun Basement

Calhoun College had a basement space somewhere under the south corner that had a grill and refrigerator in it. Henry Smythe, Potter Stewart, and I, among others, decided to resurrect it our junior year. We cooked burgers and made shakes for hungry residents at night for several weeks, before the thick coat of grease that settled on everyone foolish enough to be in the space while burgers were being grilled got to be intolerable. There was no ventilation, and every surface soon became covered in grease.

After cleanup time was factored in, we made pennies per hour.



JORGE ORTEGA

Berkeley Tunnel

Our second year, we were the four to hold the only dorm room in the tunnel, right across from the Berkeley Disco. If you don't recall the disco we were probably to blame. We gladly shared our bongos and pipes, back then when joy was cheap, when toking still had shame.

The "Pink Worm" was unique. Turn left from our room, an ice cream vending machine purred all night. Further on and turn right, the squash courts with bright lights, turned down

in summer months for storage for the next term's settled haunts.

In junior year, we left the South. Daily we traversed the coolness of the worm for dining and sharing what life was like in the Northern Clime. Years later, the Worm was moved further down underground for more Sterling study room. Some character was lost when murals ate the pinkness of the worm.

A north, a south that did not battle. Except for Bladderball!

★ BILL LITTLEFIELD

947 Saybrook

Senior year, I was encouraged each time I walked into Dave Ryugo's room in Saybrook College, because honesty is encouraging, and so is a sense of humor, albeit a dark one. Opposite the fireplace, above a battered couch, Dave and his roommates had painted one wall of their room with the message "Get Fucked For Your Country." They had surrounded the message with psychedelic colors.

Unhappily, the message is as powerful and appropriate today as it was in 1969–70. Then, thousands of young men from this country were dying or being maimed and wounded in a war that has since been widely recognized as insane. It was perpetrated by old men who were dishonest or dumb or both.

Today young citizens of this country are fighting elsewhere in wars that will one day be recognized as insane. Like the war in Viet Nam, today's wars are the result of the greed, political aspirations, and stupidity of old men who get to stay home.

In a yearbook photo, the message on Dave Ryugo's wall was altered. It read "Get Rocked For Your Country." I felt that was a shame. The original message was powerful for its honesty, its dark humor, its justifiable profanity in the face of a much greater and more deadly obscenity, which was the war itself, and its message of resistance. I was encouraged each time I walked in the door and saw it.

Where I Went to Get Away from It All

★ GEORGE LOWE

TV Room off JE Courtyard

The TV room housed in a small square building off the JE courtyard was the place to gather nightly after dinner to watch Walter Cronkite deliver the sad and bad news from Vietnam and to glimpse a feared slice of our immediate future. At last visit (2010) this little building was used for storage for JE maintenance and gardening crew.

★ ZAK TAYLOR

Squash Court in Calhoun Basement

My “architectural” memory is of the squash court deep in the bowels of what was then called Calhoun College. It had a basketball hoop and many a game of three on three was played there. It was great to have a facility right in the college to blow off steam. Seems we played at least three nights a week. It also led to several lifelong friendships formed “on the playing fields” of Yale.

PHIL MONCHARSH

Entrance to T.D.

For me the most memorable place would be the entranceway to T.D., for whenever I returned and passed through it represented a place of warmth and companionship, of fun and revelry, of excitement and challenge. I was “home”.



JOEL BARD

Branford Rooftop Perch

Junior year, I lived in Branford over the archway closest to York Street by the walkway between Branford and JE. Bob Blank and I had a memorable two-room “suite”, small and wonderfully unique, complete with a fireplace. Our common room, the one you walked into, had a small window that opened onto a sloping slate roof. I would climb out that window, climb over the top of the small peaked roof, and nestle into the crevice formed by the angles in the roof. I loved the architecture of the sloping roof lines, loved the perch, and most especially enjoyed hiding in plain sight. Someone on the Branford/JE walkway would occasionally see me but I was mostly invisible. It was a sweet spot to relax and breathe.





JOHN BOAK

Silliman Cupola

My home during senior year was below the mansard of Silliman's Hillhouse Avenue gateway, looking up Hillhouse toward Science Hill. Inside the room, in a long skinny closet, a steel ladder rose to the drum of the cupola topping the Hillhouse arch tower. Another ladder ascended up the side of the drum into the tall space of the cupola. I installed cross beams and a floor right below the windows. I had a new retreat, one with a vista to the compass points.

The view to the west was the Silliman dining hall, and the dome of Commons/Woolsey. In the distance was East Rock and its monument. When I was very young my grandfather Thomas would take me on hikes from his Livingston Avenue house, crossing the river, and climbing up a steep trail which, at one point on the cliff face, crossed a vertiginous gap opening into the cliff with a tiny metal bridge. My life-long mountain-hiking habit began there.

Looking north was the view up Hillhouse with its elegant houses ending in the tubular bricks of the Kline Bio Tower. To its right was the Peabody, another landmark of my youth: the place where I first met dinosaurs, bought bronze dinosaurs, and marveled at Rudolph F. Zallinger's mural, *The Age of Reptiles*.

Looking east my view was dominated by the United Illuminating Company's plant across the river. It became the subject of various pieces of art I created that year. To the south was the view of the Silliman Courtyard, our grand little spot of urban quiet. The Silliman buildings along Wall Street include another gate tower, where I had lived the previous two years.

I watched many sunsets. As the earth turned away from the sun the clear light of day disassembled into brief and moody color, hastening reflection on my feelings and intimations of the divine.

PETER BEHR

Davenport Cupola

Davenport College was beautiful, albeit different from the other colleges except Pierson. I had the room over the walk-through area between the two courtyards. Back then, a lot of us had keys to the cupola, which had a fantastic view. We got them at the end of junior year from graduating seniors, and passed them on when we were ready to graduate.

BARRY BARANKIN

Sound Room: Yale Theater

When I first got to Yale, I knew no one. The Dramat was my refuge—my people were there and it was a place I felt I belonged. Although I had been and would be an actor, I didn't get cast right away but needed to be there. So I signed up to do sound, and did so for several shows, and for several parties too. I came to love the reel-to-reel equipment and learned the



DAVID WYATT

Davenport Cupola

For three years, I roomed with Barney O'Meara in 1353 Davenport College on the fourth floor, above the beautiful curving stairs to the main wing of the college. If you climbed past our floor you came to a fifth floor and then to an attic with a ladder that led to a trapdoor that opened onto the octagonal cupola. You could see all over New Haven from up there. Barney decided to turn it into a place "where we could take girls." He found two mattresses, cut off the corners, and fitted them into the space. He also piped in some music. It was a really cool space.

As for the girls, I only took one up there, and a day after graduation I married her.

art of manual splicing. The sound room was the first place at Yale that wanted/needed me.

★ GREG ABBOTT

Late Night, Top of Kline Bio Tower

Whenever doubts, worries, and anxieties crept up on me, I would abandon whatever reading room I was in and take a late-night stroll up Science Hill, usually ending at the top floor of Kline Biology Tower, an unparalleled place from which to look at Yale's beautiful campus arrayed before me. Usually unlocked, the building still conveyed the vague sense that I wasn't supposed to be there, so the feeling of breaking some rule was an additional benefit. When I returned to continue reading or just to sleep after these wee hour jaunts, I always felt that the cloud had lifted off my head.



DAVID POPPEL

Trumbull Balcony

Senior year was a year of discoveries, the first being that I could squeeze my desk chair through the window of 1161 Trumbull College onto the narrow balcony that overlooked the corner of York and Elm. I spent a lot of time out there, often alone. The balcony provided a clear view as Liggett’s boarded up its windows and the National Guard marched by in the days leading up to Kent State. There were many more days, a speaker balanced in an open window, when I just soaked up the sun, put finishing touches on my senior paper, or read Charlie Reich’s book of wishful thinking, adrift on that balcony, not much of a rudder yet in hand, comforted being “outside,” but still anchored within the safety of that Gothic harbor.

ROBERT WITKOWSKI

Timothy Dwight Cupola

My favorite place was in the cupola of Timothy Dwight—the one above the entryway. It was my ultimate getaway, where I could watch the night sky, wait for the sunrise, enjoy all of the vistas of the campus and New Haven. I wish I could say I was in a Zen state of mind, but more often than not I was in an altered state. I also wish I could remember just how I got up there. It was my sanctuary.



JOHN VRANESIC

Morse Library

As an adolescent my friends and I would scan a hundred or so *Playboy* magazines, not to read the articles but to gain appreciation of the opposite sex. The Morse library offered a different perspective: *Life* magazines from the first issue on. I remember sitting in one of those most comfortable Eames chairs while flipping through every magazine, observing American and world history develop picture after picture — and, occasionally, reading an article of interest.



DAN BOTTOMS

Dwight Hall

Dwight Hall attracted many activist-minded students. These were almost exclusively amateur agitators applying what they viewed as Christian values to society’s ills. It was great fun! David Warren, later president of Ohio Wesleyan University, drafted me into participation in a summer program for twelve-to-fourteen-year-olds from an inner-city school and a suburban school. It was a pivotal time in my emotional and educational growth as I had never borne responsibility for communicating with young people of that age and from such diverse backgrounds.

Dwight Hall was accessible from the street side as well as from the Old Campus. I believe the building remains much the same, and am sure the organization’s members continue to pursue socially responsible goals.

THOMAS WALKER

Dwight Hall

Dwight Hall, the little gem, sitting by itself, all compact. A little castle, with salons, chapel, offices, and rooms and rooms. I lived in those rooms during the spring of 1970. Meetings nonstop, work on the *Strike News* publication, endless telephoning on the Watts line (provided by the University, no less). A visit to elegant Woodbridge Hall once or twice to see Kingman Brewster in the splendor of the small sitting room on the second floor. Neoclassical. And then back to Gothic Dwight Hall. It was also the refuge from tear gas on May Day weekend: running through the Gothic darkness with lemons and vinegar. We had a meditation room on the second floor with a tape playing the sounds of waves breaking: early high-tech atmosphere for better concentration. I spent all that summer at the Hall running a drop-in center. The high ceilings allowed for coolness in the hot New Haven summer.

new territory, collaborating, playing brilliantly, uncovering moments of truth. These were the seminal days of Brustein's Yale Repertory Theatre company. Ron Liebman in Andre Gregory's extraordinary production of *Endgame*, Stacy Keach and Harris Yulin in *Coriolanus*, Estelle Parsons and Tony Holland in *We Bombed in New Haven*.

I'd lean on that inviting wood barrier between the house and lobby or slip into a back row orchestra or balcony seat for hours watching the professional actors and sometimes famous directors working with Drama school students ... yearning to be with them, which soon I was. Sometimes I'd run over from Morse, slip in during performances, night after night to see how a favorite scene evolved and enriched in performance. I knew the dark corners of the University Theater well as I watched and learned.



RICHIE ZUCKERMAN COX

University Theater

There was magic going on in there, alchemy, adventure ... I'd slip through the side doors of the University Theater and lean on the back warm wood standing room area as inconspicuously as I could. What new creative breakthroughs might I witness that day? And there they were – actors/artists at work, exploring



★ MARC KAHN

Inclusion at the Law School

I no longer recall the name of the hall where I heard him, but I remember being fascinated by a speech made by Allard Lowenstein, who was planning a run for the House of Representatives in my home town. Afterward, I followed him and a group of law school supporters to a private meeting in the Law School, at which

point one of the law students barred me, saying the meeting was by invitation only. Lowenstein heard this and quickly chastised the student, saying we should always include, not exclude, those who wanted to help!

Inclusion is a lesson learned at Yale. Lowenstein won the election and years later asked me to represent him at a Congressional hearing.

TOM LINDEN

New Arrival & the Yale Daily News

My first memory of Yale took place before I set foot on the Old Campus. My childhood friend and soon-to-be fellow member of the Class of '70, Wayne Liebman, and I were on the New York to New Haven train. I was excited as hell and scared shitless as we pulled into New Haven's Union Station. Upon arrival at the Old Campus, Wayne went to Lawrance Hall and I to Bingham.

If Inky Clark had wanted to get me out of my nonexistent comfort zone, mission accom-



plished: two roommates from prep school (what *was* prep school, anyway?) and another roommate whose mission was to expand my consciousness through, how shall I say, pharmaceutical ways. I resisted it all and buried myself in studies. That first semester, Connecticut Hall was my sanctuary, books and papers my ticket to security. I was miserable.

By spring of freshman year, I had overcome my trepidation of failing or being thrown

out. I heeled the *Yale Daily News*. The Britton Hadden Building became my newest sanctuary. The newsroom, wall-papered with front pages of the YDN was home. With the campus and country in turmoil, I threw myself into the YDN as things got weirder, and dare I say, better from there.

★ DOUG BERV

The Bat Cave

Professor Alvin Novick's bat cave in the Kline Biology Tower is vivid in my memory. Eric Fischer and I did research with Professor Novick on the bat sonar system, and my bur-sary job was feeding bats in the "cave," a small room filled with various species of bats hanging from the ceiling. Most of them were not aggressive, and some of them even had distinctive personalities. The other room was lead and fur lined – totally soundproof – with a state-of-the-art Fisher vacuum-tube hi-fi sound system used to record and listen to the bat sounds. On weekends I and selected friends would trek up to Kline, enter the soundproof room, and blast the stereo with the latest music.

★ NEIL BLUMBERG

Top Floor Restaurant of Kline Biology Tower

Pleasant place for lunch with a spectacular view of downtown New Haven and the entire campus. Remember meals here with Professor Dick Goldsby and graduate student Perry Karfunkel, who were key mentors and friends in my early career as a scientist. Always grateful for the truly powerful positive influence of Yale's scientific community on my education and personal growth. I gather this space hasn't been a restaurant for a long time, but it was a lovely place in the 1960s. Felt very special and privileged.

George and Harry's

The two George and Harry's restaurants were two blocks from each other and worlds apart. The Wall Street G&H became known as a pizza place but was the first place I ate their seven layer cake. ("You're smart," the guy at counter said – to anyone ordering anything I guess.) The seven layer cake was the first time I saw that much butter creme in multiple layers anywhere. I remember the seats near the plate glass window in the front that opened to the fall colors surrounding Silliman College. It had the feel of a college eatery.

The Temple Street G&H was where we went for late evening snacks. It was darker, more like a place where New Haven town folk would eat, rather than Yale College students. Both places had counter service. I always had coffee and cake during the daylight hours on Wall Street, and liverwurst sandwiches in the evening on Temple Street.

The Oldest College Daily

For a couple of bright college years I spent a good deal of time in the Briton Hadden Memorial Building, home of the Yale Daily News, where the invigorating process of getting the facts, "speaking" them with clarity and claiming a high ground of opinion went on at the Oldest College Daily. From my seniors I learned the craft of writing a newsworthy and readable story. I probed sources, hammered out copy, glad to type that "30" ending the piece and rewarded if the editor left much of it stand for publication. Many talented Yalies made their way through the halls of Briton Hadden. I am grateful I could associate with such an energized and dedicated group, now bound up always with the memory of that building.

Proud Newsie

I spent much of my non-academic time at the Yale News building on York Street. I happened to be there by myself in the fall of 1967 the day the News reported that fraternities, including our neighbor Deke, had in the spring engaged in lewd hazing. As I was walking up the stairs to the news room, a contingent from frat row, somewhat intoxicated, stood outside the building, pelting it with pebbles and debris. One window was broken. I was never prouder to be a Newsie.

The Yale Daily News

Only at Yale would the perpetually frenetic, coffee-fueled life of a daily newspaper be found



through the arched Gothic doorway of the Briton Hadden Memorial Building, named for Henry Luce's classmate and collaborator at Hotchkiss and Yale. The elegant exterior nonetheless led to a hodgepodge of rundown rooms where the *News* was planned and assembled every night, homework be damned. Freshmen entered as "heelers," intimidated by the giants (two years older) who assigned them stories and edited them more carefully than many assignments for class. Even in retrospect they WERE giants, as shown by their later careers –



Strobe Talbott at *Time*, the State Department, and Brookings; Steve Weisman at the *New York Times*; Dan Yergin, author of *The Prize*; Jacques Leslie at the *Los Angeles Times*; Phil Hersh at all three Chicago papers; Don MacGillis at the *Boston Globe*. They were my mentors more than any professor.

I remember particularly the board room of the *News*, which was a dusty relic by the time our Maoist collective ascended to power and spurned titles and authority. But the walls were still hung with pictures of previous Boards, and the luminaries were many. It was hard to imagine how our scruffy team would reach those heights, but like the memorials to the dead inscribed in the rotunda of Commons, they called us to undertake heroic deeds.

Yale Film Society in 101 Linsly-Chittenden Hall

Of all the places at Yale that I returned to regularly and with purpose over my four years,

one venue on the Old Campus stands out: 101 Linsly-Chittenden Hall. It was a classroom by day but, on three to five nights a week, the dual 16mm projectors in the projection booth at the back thrust out onto the white screen pulled down in front of the blackboard wall the offerings of the Yale Film Society

Stoked with the aspiration to make movies from the age of fourteen, I was thrilled to discover the Film Society and the wealth of cinema classics I came to see at 101 Linsly-Chit. During our first year at Yale, in that overheated room stuffy with tobacco smoke, I saw for the first time movies that transformed my perception of the world, as all real art should: Carl Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, Ernst Lubitsch's *Trouble in Paradise*, Luis Bunuel's *Los Olvidados*, Satyajit Ray's *Devi*.

Perhaps my Linsly-Chit viewing experiences did not affect me as emotionally and profoundly as seeing Charlie Chaplin's *The Kid* at a Sunday matinee in a 1930's movie palace crammed with Bengali children in Kolkata (then Calcutta) where I lived during my year

abroad as a Fellow of Yale's Experimental Five-Year B.A. Program, but two years of Linsly-Chit helped me prepare for it. It also helped me prepare for being taken most unexpectedly under the wing of Satyajit Ray himself, visiting him often in his home and then being allowed to observe the actual making of the film he was preparing.

I returned to the US with new eyes hungry to begin to understand the experience of the fuller and more whole world that India had introduced to me – and returned to Yale for two more years of study and two more years of movies at the Film Society in 101 Linsly-Chit. And during the year after most of the rest of the Class of '70 had graduated, I found myself with one more year at Yale and responsible for the screenings of the Film Society as its Chair.

★ LENNY LEVY

Film Society

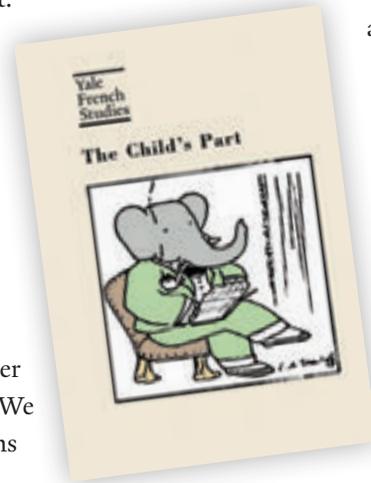
I was in the Yale Film Society along with Peter Friedman, who was its president back then. We used to program and project most of the films there. In addition, my student job was also working as a projectionist for the AV Department so I spent a lot of time in that room and saw a lot of slides and movies. Years later in San Francisco I was at a movie and someone recognized me from my laugh at Linsly-Chit. I don't know if that's good or bad but I guess it was distinctive. I think that room provided my primary education in those days and no doubt led to the fact that I went on to work as a cameraman.

Unfortunately, when I went back there last year to just hunt around with my daughter, the screening room had been dismantled and broken into smaller classrooms. Should have been granted some kind of landmark status.

★ STEVE WAGENSEIL

Yale French Studies office

Not a starving French artist huddled against the cold in a garret apartment underneath the eaves, but a low-budget French major bursary student, toiling away at his part-time job as “Business Manager” (*sic*) of *Yale French Studies*, that well-respected and poorly known publication of the Yale French Department, whose main offices were on the top floor of William L. Harkness Hall. Mine was a small office, perhaps four paces square, with a sloping ceiling



that bracketed the alcove – just big enough for an old wooden desk – and a leaded window that overlooked the roof of Sprague Hall and the School of Music. Shelves on either side carried older editions of *YFS*; others were

kept in dusty, unopened boxes on the floor waiting to be wrapped and shipped to libraries, teachers, and students around the world who sought to reinforce their bibliographies, impress their colleagues, or perhaps even learn something. I held that position for three years, spending an average of eight hours a week there, IIRC. It's a destination of pilgrimage during every quinquennial reunion.

★ PAUL CHAPMAN

A&A Café

My most memorable place at Yale was the small outdoor café on the top of the Art and Architecture building, where I went the night Martin Luther King was killed, watched The Hill

neighborhood burn in the riots that ensued, turned twenty at 3:30 am, and came down having decided to dedicate my career to education, which, as it turned out, was just the right thing for me.

KELIN GERSICK

Married Student Housing

Being married in my senior year at Yale was a strange limbo. Were we still really students, or suddenly just visitors from a distant adult middle-class universe? Either by accident or inspired plan, the undergraduate married housing on Crown Street made it OK. Close to the college (my brownstone had mostly Branford seniors), small enough to be a mini-network of accidental new friends. I remember unlocking the street door and climbing the stairs every day after class, smelling the cooking, hearing husbands and wives talking and laughing behind the apartment doors – still a college kid, but now with a “home,” one foot in each of two worlds.

TONY TOMMASINI

Niche on High Street

Well, this place is architecturally memorable only because of the way my roommate Tom Heller appropriated it, usually at least once a week. There was an all-night café on Chapel Street, and Tom and I, hungry for a snack and a chat,



would take a late-night walk from Branford College down High Street. Just before getting to Chapel we'd pass under this stone archway over High Street connecting the old Art Gallery to Street Hall, and right under it, on

the east side of the street, was this small alcove cut into the brick wall. Tom would climb up, hang from it and become a human gargyle. It was quite impressive. Every time I've seen that alcove since college days it looks like something is missing.



Forbidden Places

RICHARD SMITH

Steam Tunnels

We were a small crew that spent many nights running around under the campus in the steam tunnels. One of us was very good with locks and locksmithing, and he always had a key to get us in. We would raid the butteries at night for orange juice, and sometimes we got into Sterling Library. (I recall the “Room of Chairs,” which had a huge pile of discarded chairs.) It was mainly the thrill of being where we were not supposed to be, and having an alternative geography of the Yale campus.



PER SWEETMAN

Steam Tunnels

Exploring the steam tunnels in the early hours, popping up in the Branford kitchen (mandarin orange slices, anyone?) or Harkness Tower (good sense kept me from playing the carillon).



TIM BATES

Climbing Ingalls Rink

In the summer of 1968, I stayed in New Haven for an urban internship. In the evenings, Dick Woline and I worked on a summer edition of the *Yale Daily News*, to be sent to incoming students. One evening, Dick shared with me that to get away from the world, he liked to climb to the top of the hockey rink and commune with the stars. He asked if I wanted to join him, and even though I was dressed in my only (if cheap) suit, I said let's do it.

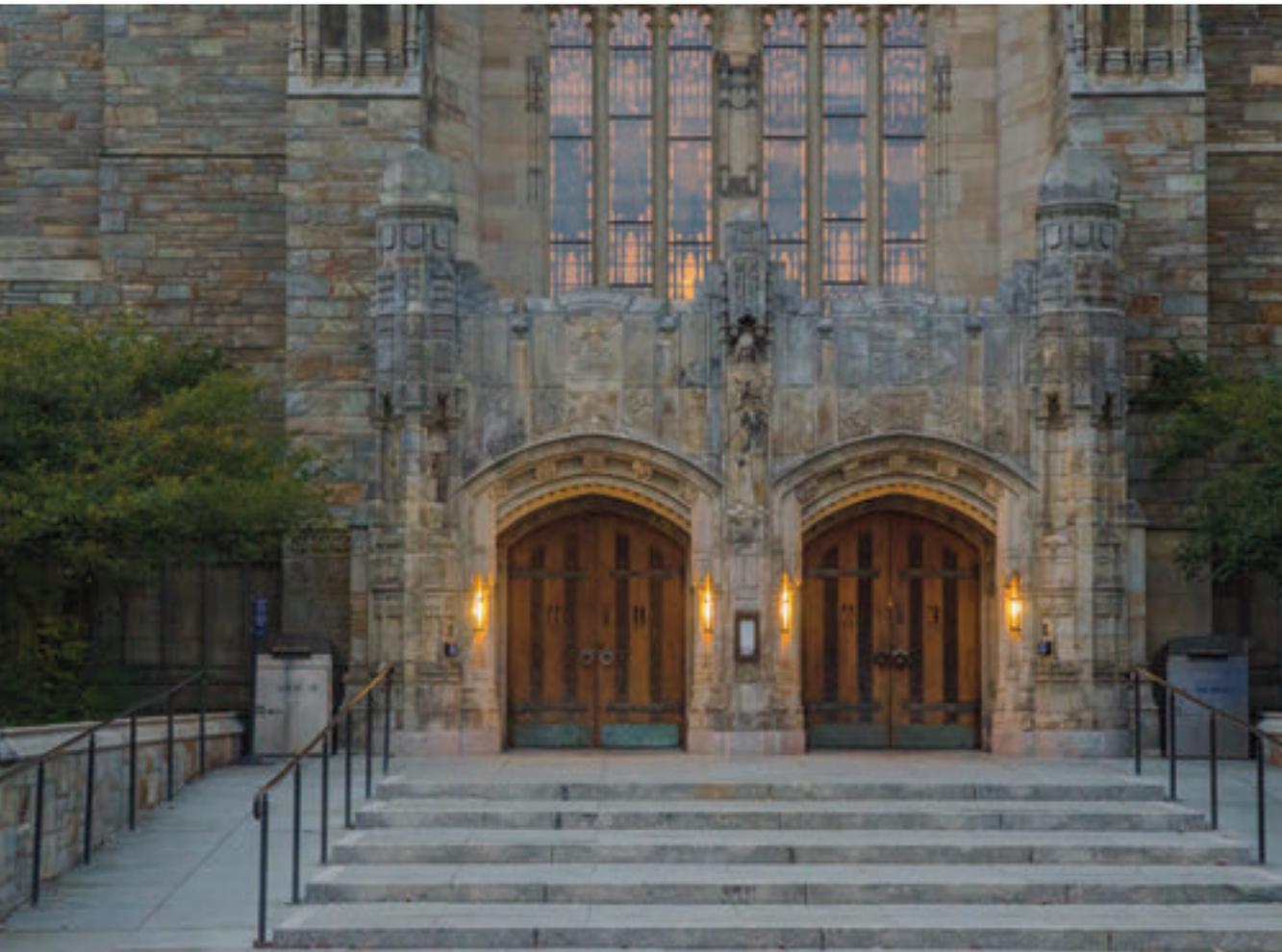
The most difficult step was the first. The rink has curved concrete slabs on the sides of the entrance, and you had to run up the curve and pull yourself onto the roof. From there the crawl to the top was gradual, but the concrete running up the center of the arched roof was very rough. My suit was a goner before we reached the summit. The effort was worth it. I am not sure what the actual height of the Whale is, but it is higher than you think. From the summit, we could see most of Yale, the buildings around the New Haven Green, and into the harbor.

Sterling Library

JOSE GIRON

Sterling Library at Dusk

At dusk, the quadrangle in front of Sterling Library had a kind of magic for me, evoking a feeling of being in a place of wonder. So much around that part of the campus seems to be from a world where the unique can happen.



SCOTT SIMPSON

Reading Alcoves in L&B Room

The reading alcoves in the L&B room at Sterling Library were cozy little chapels where I went to worship the written word. They had wonderful views of the courtyard plus sleep-inducing green leather chairs. Truth be told, I may have napped more than I read at the L&B. Whenever I'm back in New Haven, I always make a pilgrimage to the L&B.



MARK FULFORD

L&B Reading Room in Winter

L&B Reading Room on a February afternoon: the overstuffed leather chairs so inviting.

GORDON CLARK

L&B Alcoves

I was particularly fond of the L&B alcoves overlooking the Sterling courtyard. Both the lovely setting and the comfortable leather chairs helped to take the sting out of studying.

DEFRANCE CLARKE

Reading Room at Sterling Library

In two successive years I was absorbed in a book there when the Whiffenpoofs gathered around the table I was at and burst into song. They were advertising their upcoming concert. To say that I was startled is an understatement. I had no idea they were there. Not even the pitch pipe as a warning.

BRUCE PARKER

Stacks

I do not remember what academic task first took me to the stacks at Sterling Library. I discovered a world of old books. Some had been idle for twenty to eighty years. Some were uninteresting but others had stories of obscure worlds. I found books that had not been checked out for decades. The carrels offered study cubicles with no distraction. I saw so few other students that carrel studying (stack crawling) had an aura of magical exclusivity.



ROBERT SCHECHTER

L&B Room, Sterling Library

I remember going into the main library, that first room on the right with the little rooms lining the wall facing the inner courtyard. Each had a pair of plush chairs upholstered in green leather facing the courtyard. A covered radiator, useful during the snow in winter, was between the chair and the window. I used to like to go there in the evening to study. The trouble was, I often had to read a book in French. It was rather boring, having to stop and look up words frequently in a story that wasn't terribly interesting to begin with. Unfortunately, I almost always got too relaxed and sleepy to accomplish much. However, I felt very collegiate.

DAVID NIX

Studying in the Stacks

I found it hard to study in my room; too many distractions, even when I had a single. But in the dark and quiet of the Sterling stacks I found enough focus to get through papers and readings well enough to manage an average mix of Passes and High Passes. And there was something mystical about taking a break and pulling random volumes off random shelves. I found books that had been in the collection a hundred years or more and had never been checked out—probably hadn't been opened since someone pasted in a still-virgin "Due Date" slip.

I've often felt that I didn't take full advantage of the education Yale offered, but looking back, I can draw a line from those stacks to law school, where I excelled in book work, on to a career in which my greatest strength was research and writing.

BILL HARPER

Stacks in Sterling

The stacks in Sterling Memorial Library were, for me, that "floating spar to men that sink and rise and sink, and rise and sink again." Discovered during the winter of freshman year, they were my favorite place to study. The carrels, strategically placed near windows on the perimeter, became a safe, creative, sometimes productive place where I could step inside myself to escape the noise, tension and occasional chaos that went with being a student in the late '60s. They provided a deep and pervasive sense of both security and stimulation that helped me transcend my own fears and doubts.

STEPHEN MORRIS

Stacks

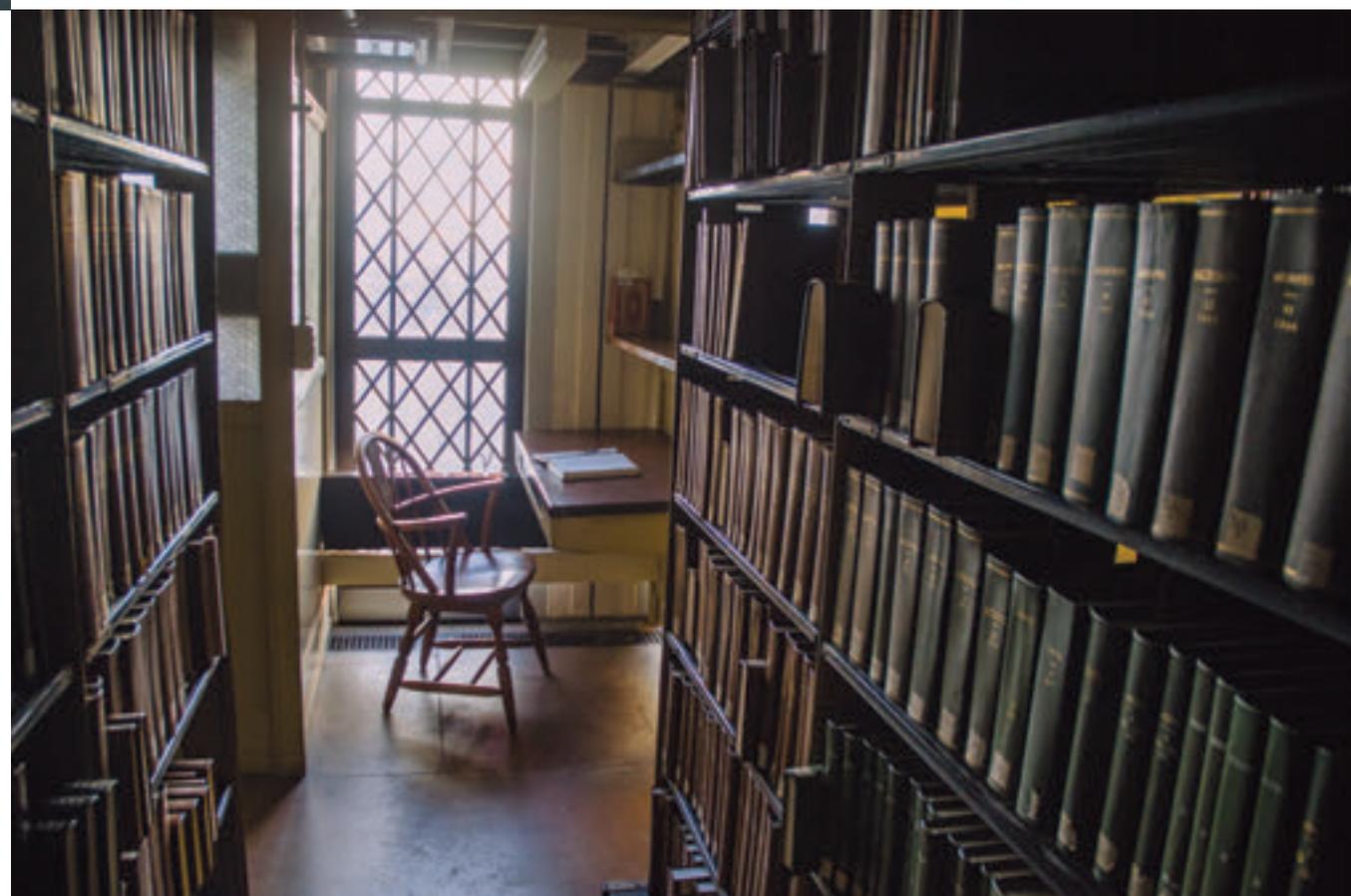
Study space was at a premium during freshman year on the Old Campus. I was highly motivated, not so much to succeed as not to fail. I found my sanctuary high in the stacks of Sterling Library where there were cubby-

holes that were reserved for graduate students, but available for use by the rest of us. Here I could feel like a student-monk, searching for a foothold in the community of scholars amidst stacks of dusty, seemingly ancient tomes.

MARK FULFORD

Stacks in Sterling

Sophomore year I took Al Kernan's two-semester Shakespeare course. Sunday afternoons I would go up into the stacks, find an open desk and settle into a new play, and not come up for air until I'd finished, or nearly finished it. There was no view (as far as I remember), and there was a musty, dusty smell. Periodically I'd hear someone moving around a few rows away but hardly ever actually encounter anyone. It was the right place for a long period of concentration. The more I heard Professor Kernan the better I understood and the more I enjoyed what I was reading.





BILL PECK

Library Intimidation

Sterling Memorial Library was it. The monumental granite, the stained glass, the statuary, the arched entrance more foreboding than welcoming, it represented the accumulated knowledge of the ages, an intimidating mountain, its upper reaches unscalable. I couldn't look it in the face.

From Hungry Charlie's across York Street I tilted the blank wall of my face toward the articulated rear of knowledge, considering procrastination over a beer at base camp in the shadow of that frozen peak. Later I would find a seat in the main hall or in a reading room, or sometimes in the stacks, but now I'll just finish this beer and return to my walnut cubby at Morse and consider things further.

★ DAVID MONK

Library Map Collection's Atlas Room

I worked in the atlas room of the Sterling Memorial Library's Map Collection, cataloging and shelving atlases. It was a room not much bigger than an average living room, with high bookshelves on all sides filled with mostly oversized books, a couple of work tables, and no windows.

The work load was light, so I had time to peruse the collection. The one that stuck with me for its quirky specialization was *A Linguistic Atlas of Texas German*. It noted a regional division among German speakers in Texas between those who used the English word "veranda" and those who used "porch."

The curator of the collection was Alexander Viotor, a distinguished authority in the field. My contact with him was infrequent, as his office was elsewhere, but on my departure, he kindly presented to me a limited-edition reproduction of a rare 1675 map of New England from Yale's collection. I still have it on a wall in our house.

Distinctive Buildings & Walks

RICK BLUM

Kline Biology Tower

In the summer prior to senior year, and continuing through our senior year as my intensive biology major senior project, I was almost living in the Kline Biology Tower.

Much of this time was spent in the lab of Dr. Joe Gall in a small room containing an electron microscope, where I seem to recall searching for physical evidence of gene amplification in the *Xenopus* (frog) oocyte. I doubt that I contributed anything to Dr. Gall's project, but it was very cool to have such a powerful instrument to work with almost daily, and the project probably got me into medical school. Working in his lab also made me extremely fond of the Kline Biology Tower library and, more importantly, its cafeteria. The Kline Biology Tower still stands proudly overlooking the rest of the campus.



MATT EPSTEIN

Proud Payne Whitney

I always loved looking at Payne Whitney Gym. It was nine stories tall, large and stone and proud, with spires going up to the sky. Across Tower Parkway, a multilane street, it seemed quite separated from the campus. The way it stood there let me know it did not care and was comfortable within its own skin. It was not diminished by its location. To the contrary, it was a force to be reckoned with wherever it might be found. I used to think how nice it would be to feel like Payne Whitney, to be that secure and comfortable with myself.



separate bedroom with two beds. I recall with some pride how we made accommodations for female overnight guests without compromising anyone’s dignity. I once hosted for a football weekend a Wheaton girl I had met at a mixer, and as I slept on the couch in the anteroom was awakened at five a.m. by my steady girlfriend (later my first wife) who had hitched an overnight ride from her Virginia college to surprise me. We made an interesting threesome for the weekend.

BOB STEIN

Three Portals

When I think of Yale architecture, I don’t see the neo-Gothic towers reaching toward a mythic past or the Beinecke Library, a totem to an antiseptic future. Instead, I am haunted by the dark portals.

In September 1966 I entered Yale on foot through Phelps Gate, the brownstone portal to the Old Campus. I don’t think I ever passed

ed in Vanderbilt, few members of our class ever passed through the Vanderbilt portal leading almost nowhere. Three years later, and after a major remodel, Vanderbilt Hall became the dormitory for Yale’s first class of freshmen.

And last is the interior plaster archway adjacent to Commons in the Woolsey Rotunda. The marble walls within this portal are adorned with the names of Yale graduates who died during the Civil War, to which were later added the names of alumni who died in the Revolutionary War and in World Wars I and II, wars that seemed so ancient and so irrelevant. In 1966 we entered Yale nearly fifty years after the end of World War I. It’s now fifty years since the height of the Vietnam War. That war, which shaded our four years in New Haven and distracted so many of us, must seem equally ancient and irrelevant to the students passing through that portal today.

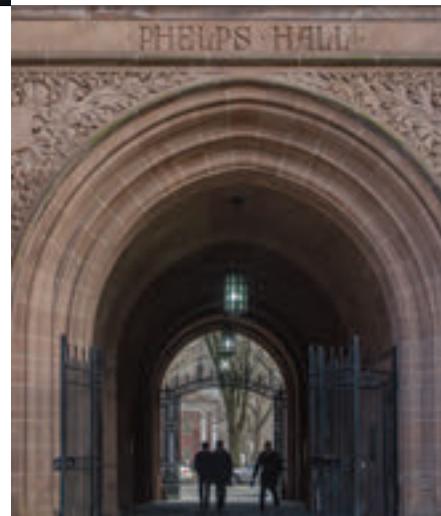


EDMUND ROBINSON

Pueblos by Payne Whitney

When I moved into the austere, Saarinen-designed block of Morse College in the early fall of 1967, it seemed that *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* was playing from every window. I heard one student yell out the window, “My room has thirteen walls and none of them is long enough to put my bed next to.” I quickly became fond of the heating system, which ran hot water under the flagstone floors, so you could pad around barefoot on the coldest days and still be toasty warm. People called Morse and Stiles “Stonehenge” but with their ocher tones they more resembled Southwestern cliff dwellings.

In a way, I envied students who lived in more classical quarters like Pierson, with fireplaces and living rooms. My double in Morse had only an anteroom with built-in desks and a



through that portal again until graduation day.

Another portal – one I spent more time crossing – is the brownstone portal of Vanderbilt Hall, my freshman dormitory. This is a very odd archway. It leads to a semicircular carriageway at Chapel Street, a driveway with two large iron gates that remained locked our entire freshman year. Except for those of us who start-



MARK FULFORD

High Street Fall Walk

The places I loved most at Yale were beautiful at any time of day and season, but I remember most in one season best.

Now, like so much at Yale, High Street is greatly improved, in this case by being closed to traffic. I remember this especially in October, when the trees (dogwoods?) turned red. It was a perfect scale for walking.

JOHN VANSCOYOC

Beinecke Wall

The wonder of the translucent panels and, from the outside, the granite wall guarding the sunken portion, made memorable because of an evening when Charlie Schnelle walked the length of the wall tipsily while being careful not to spill the beer balanced in one hand.



MATT EPSTEIN

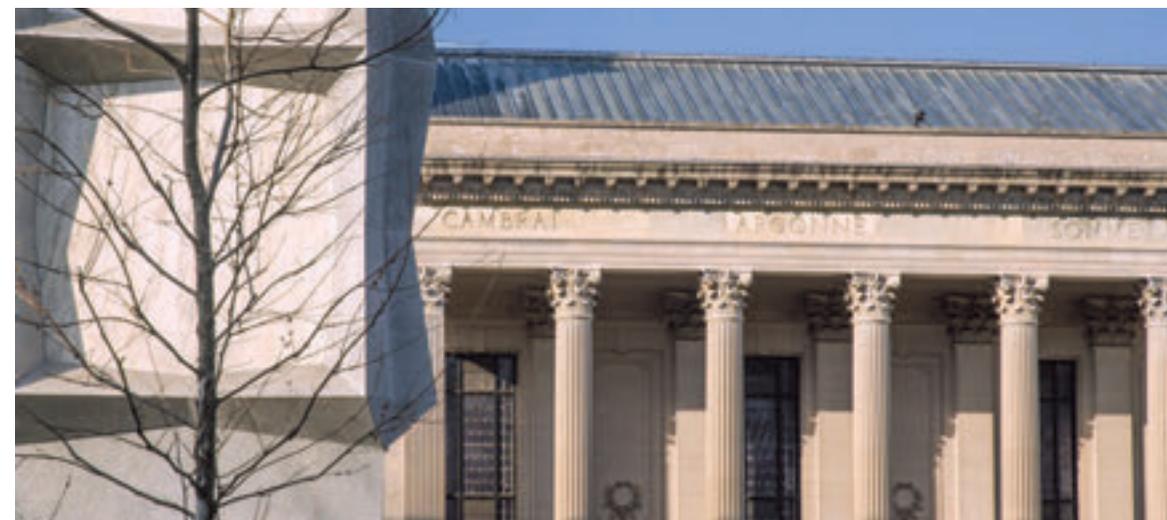
Beinecke Does Not Fit

On the walk from Old Campus to University Commons, where we ate freshman year, we passed through a plaza that was home to the Beinecke Rare Book Library. Almost all of Yale was built many years ago and is very beautiful. Stone buildings look and feel like they could survive forever and provide protection whenever called upon. New buildings, like Morse and Stiles Colleges or Medical Center buildings, are well separated by distance and other parts of New Haven. Beinecke is of modern design, sits right in the middle, and just does not fit. Looking back, I realize it really did bother me every time I saw it. It made me uncomfortable, like there was a violation. I avoided that plaza whenever I could.

SAM MINK

Approaching Commons from Wall Street

I keep coming back to the view of Commons as you approach it from Wall Street, passing Woodbridge Hall. That grand plaza, those columns, those names of World War I battles carved above the columns. It seems to be saying there is history and tradition here and please don't forget it. And then, right next to it, the Beinecke Library looking like a visitor from the future that happened to drop by. I've taken friends and visitors into both Beinecke and Commons because the insides of both are so striking and so grand. The buildings just seemed to give me the message: you're here in a place of impressive excellence, be thankful!



Historic / Memorial



DAVID EZZIO

Nathan Hale

In my junior year in high school, a spry woman of sixty taught U.S. history. She conveyed the drama and the details. The story of Nathan Hale and his famous words particularly struck me. After high school, I joined the army. After the army, I came to Yale. One of my first encounters with its history was the statue of Nathan Hale on the Old Campus. When I brought my kids to Yale in later years to see a football game, we usually made a detour to see that solitary statue.

JERRY GANZFRIED

Phelps: Not Just a Gate, a Gateway

My first visit to Yale began with a campus tour leaving from Phelps Gate. A few steps through the archway—into a different world. At the end of that short passage, the Old Campus

faced directly at Welch. Hale's stoic posture was the first thing I saw from the window every morning, the first thing I saw each time I raced down four well-worn flights of stairs and left the building.

Decades later, a painting on the wall of a colleague's office instantly brought me back to



created a vivid visual and visceral impression of something different. Different from my home. Different, pretty much, from my entire life experience. Palpably different.

A few months later, it *was* my home. Not just Yale. Not just the Old Campus. 138 Welch Hall, in the first entryway abutting Phelps Gate, with windows facing onto the quad. Each day reinforced the striking initial view from that campus tour, now from the vantage point of a fourth-floor overlook.

What a view! What a sense of connection not only to American history, but to extraordinary aspects of American history. In those days, the statue of Nathan Hale, Yale Class of 1774,

1966. Even before noticing the details, I instinctively knew it was the same view that had made such an impression on a skinny seventeen-year old. The artist had captured almost precisely the perspective my old suite shared. The visual memory was indelible. But the emotional response was altered. Now, I was looking at a familiar vista that felt like home. Walking through that gateway had made a difference. I'd discovered my new haven.



CARL EIFLER

Beinecke Plaza

The most impactful place for me was Beinecke Plaza facing the Freshman Commons. Every day when I walked across that plaza, with Beinecke on the left and the massive Commons building in front of me, I would read the names of those seven battlefields engraved in stone across the building facade. That huge monument to the Great War that didn't end all wars after all, and to the lives of all those Yale men whose names were engraved on the walls inside. I had read most of those names many times, thought about their sacrifice and about the lives being wasted in Vietnam. I memorized those battlefield names as a determined tribute to the soldiers on both sides and a lasting recognition of the ignorance of governments.

★ JAMES CONROY

The Lottery of Death

The event/space that pops immediately to mind is the Silliman Buttery, or Butt, in the basement on the east side of the quadrangle. December 1, 1969 – the first Vietnam Draft Lottery – called “The Lottery of Death” on WYBC. The room was packed and overflowing into the hallway. We had Rowan & Martin’s Laugh-In on the TV up on the wall with the sound turned off. A radio was set next to the TV, playing WYBC as the numbers were read off.

I think we all expected to see Fellini walk in at any moment. We were watching Goldie Hawn hop around while the fates were choosing our survival probabilities with numbers being read out on the radio.

Most wrenching, the scene that’s burned into my brain, was a guy I didn’t know crowding into the doorway with arms full of books, saying, “Hey guys, I’ve been at the library, have they called September 14 yet?” We all just stared at him, and the room seemed to go silent in spite of the radio. Somebody close to him kind of whispered “That was number 1, man.” The guy said, “No, I mean it, was it called yet?” Memory at near fifty years is notoriously imperfect, but when several voices joined in and convinced him we weren’t kidding, I remember him dropping his books and weeping against the doorway.



DAVID EZZIO

Memorial in Woolsey Rotunda

As a freshman at Yale, the other ringing memorial was the names of the young men carved on the walls of Woolsey Hall. They made me think of my own good fortune to come unscathed through three years of wartime service. Although I’ve been to France three times since then, I still have on my bucket list to see those killing fields and visit the grave site of a great uncle who had the misfortune to die between the signing of the armistice and its effective date. I believe that admission at Yale should be accompanied by a requirement for some significant community service. More than anything, this requirement would select for and build character.

TERRY JACKSON

War Memorials

Is there anything more magnificent than the War Memorial outside Commons or the names of those who fell in combat inside the entrance to Woolsey Hall? It’s a grim reminder of a different kind of Yalie. How long until political correctness requires that the names of the Confederate soldiers get chiseled off the walls?





DAVID MOLNAR

Woolsey Rotunda

For days I had been checking at SSS to see if the names of Yale's candidates for a Danforth Fellowship had been posted. The Danforth Fellowship is for graduates who want to go on to college teaching, and Yale is limited to three. Finally, on a Saturday afternoon they were posted and Yale had chosen me as one of its candidates. I crossed Grove St. catty-corner and in the rotunda, under the dome, I started weeping uncontrollably from the release of tension. To say I was honored beyond words is an understatement. I didn't receive a Danforth, but the affirmation I received from Yale was worth more to me than money. When people ask what I taught, I say "I didn't teach economics — I changed lives!" That's what happened to me at Yale.

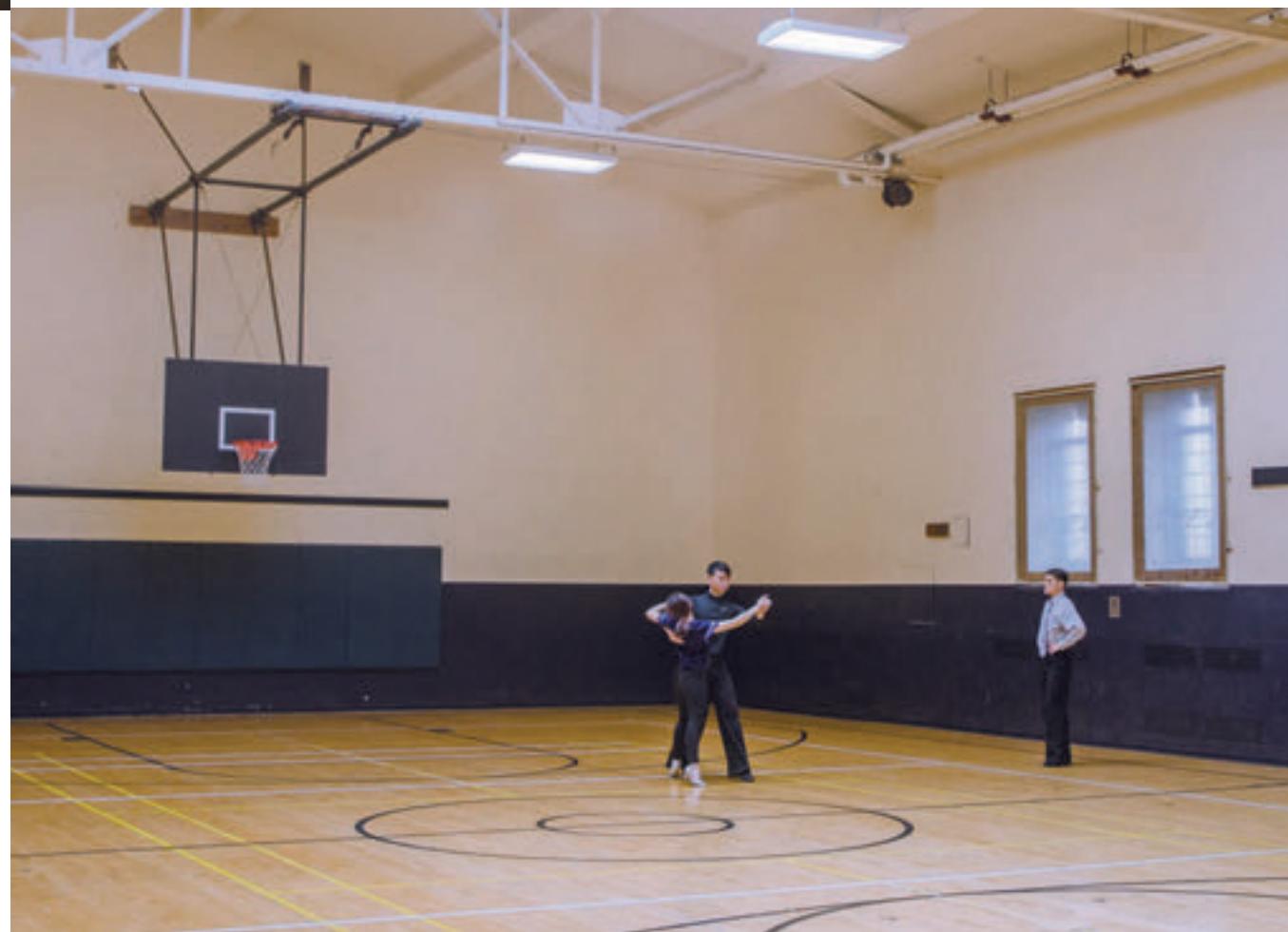
Recreation & Sports

TAP TAPLIN

5th Floor, Payne Whitney Gym

Holy temple of sweat and basketball. Walls were so close that I injured both wrists after being undercut going up for a layup. Lots of trash talk and great competition. Many of the best athletes in the college would show up in their off seasons for pick-up games, shirts versus skins. Again, later in Law School, I would go over after my seminar in "Secured Transactions and Negotiable Instruments" and play with one of my classmates, another son of the South. Bill Clinton was not bad in the post. Back then he knew how to use that bottom to block out.

That 5th floor gym is still a basketball court, but it is rarely used as one. It has found other uses, such as ballroom dance instruction.



J E F F A L M Q U I S T

Coxe Cage

I associate many smells with the athletic fields complex: the boozy air in the portals of Yale Bowl after a game, the smell of Atomic Balm in every locker room, the pungently acrid smell of everyone's kit left to dry after each practice for weeks on end in the tiny steam-heated attic changing room of the Lapham Field House allotted to the Rugby Club.

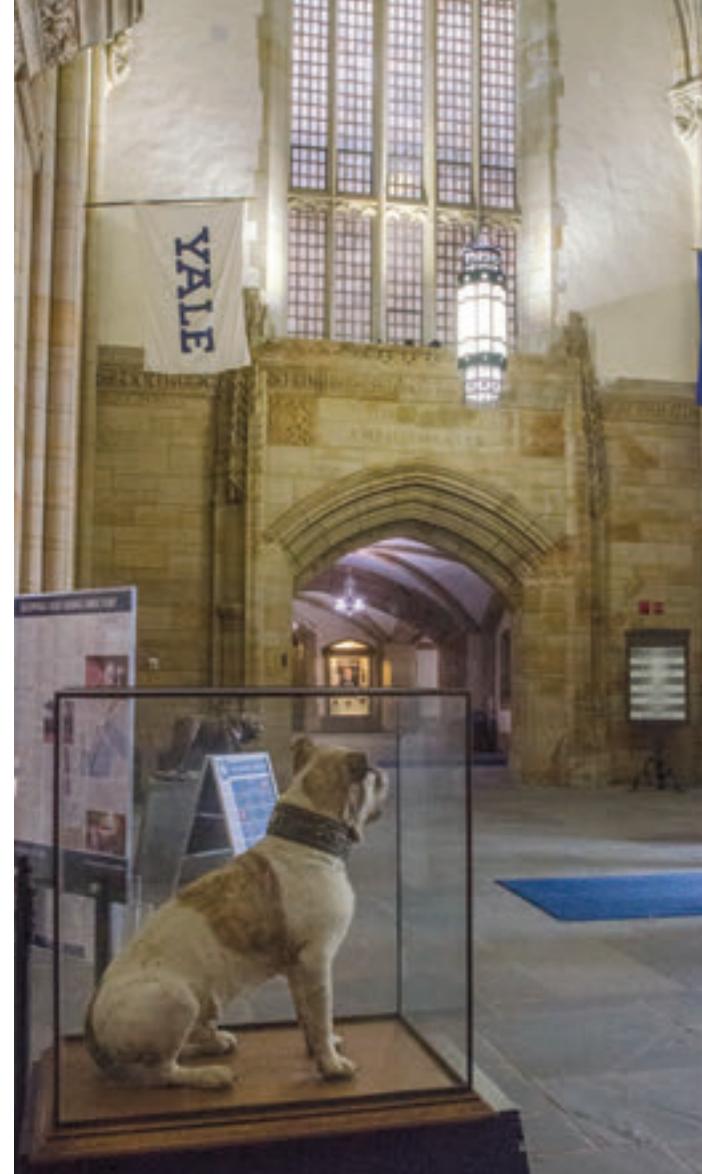
But most salient was my first smell of the wonderfully organic dirt floor of Coxe Cage where we held our early season freshman baseball practices with the new coach, Ken MacKenzie (Yale 1956, Mets 1962). I was the third string catcher from a small high school who found myself catching batting practice thrown by the coach. Just off ten years of reliever duty in the majors, his pitches hopped, sizzled and popped in your mitt. Squatting on the always damp fragrant earth with the beautiful overarching glass in its metal framework enhancing the loftiness of the experience, a teammate swinging away overhead just as challenged by the pitches as I was, I felt incredibly alive and remember that feeling more than fifty years later.

A L A N M A N D L

5th Floor Basketball Court

The Payne Whitney Gym basketball courts were a special place. After class, Andy Szebenyi and I used to go to the gym to play basketball and rejuvenate ourselves for post-dinner studies. From Morse, the gym was a huge presence of a building. There was so much history there to take in.

Since there were usually many people waiting to play five-on-five, when a group of five lost those on the sidelines would shoot free throws to determine the next five. On a bad free throw afternoon, you could do a lot of watching and not much playing. I remember one game when a varsity player, Jim Morgan, was on the opposing 5, and we scrubs found it impossible to guard him. Still, to be in a gym where so many great athletes played and trained gave us a boost and a break from academics.



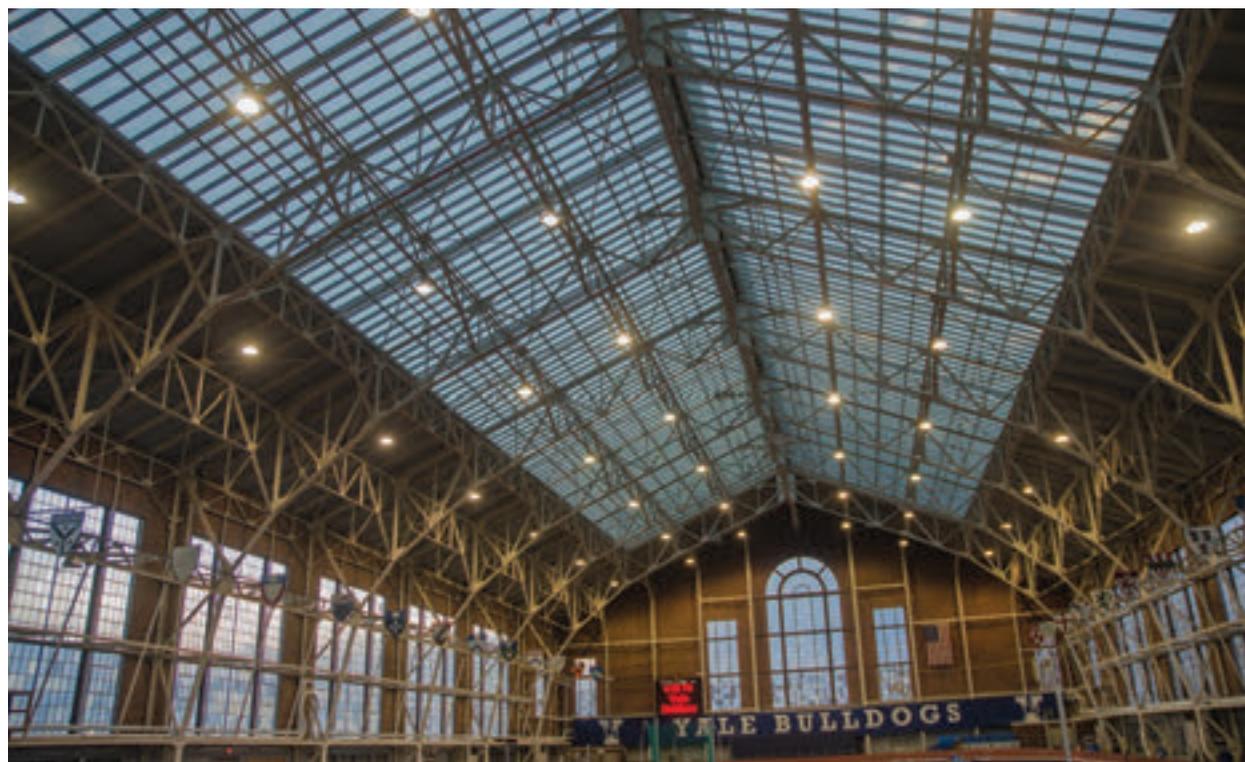
team or the indefatigable swimming teams; winning some and losing some as a member of the wrestling team; and, of course, working out. Whether lifting weights or running up and down the wide smooth stairways or doing laps on the running track high above the competition pool, Payne Whitney Gymnasium was a steady companion helping me maintain sanity throughout my college years.

★ S T E P H E N M O R R I S

Druids of Morse

Morse and Stiles were the “new colleges”. Austere stone walls create a background that is unlike the rest of the traditional Yale campus. Nowhere is this more dramatic than in the dining hall, with its soaring stone surfaces and exposed beams. No wonder the college identity was as “Druids”. Without knowing much about Druids we thought of ourselves as primitive, warlike and heathen. It was in the dining hall that I made my theatrical debut in the Greek tragedy, *Seven Against Thebes* as warrior #7.

Our director, Aly Taygun, a fierce-looking Turk, outfitted us with swords of wooden dowels and shields of automobile hubcaps draped with jangling chains. He taught us some basic dances and had us self-choreograph epic sword fights. It struck those of us in the cast as childlike and silly, and yet, set in the cavernous Morse dining hall, the effect was at once terrifying and mesmerizing. The words became irrelevant, the impact was undeniable.



B U Z Z P O T T S

Payne Whitney Gymnasium

Four years at Yale leave many indelible memories of persons, places and times. Among the places, my favorite was the Payne Whitney Gymnasium. The immense building seemed immutable, frozen in time. Entry lights were low, the ceiling was high and everybody kept their voices down, as if entering a temple. However, here the religion was shaping the body, not the mind.

Certain memories and events stand out: the mandatory freshman 100-meter swim followed by nude posture pictures on a pedestal; watching our undefeated freshman basketball



JOEL BARD

Ingalls Rink

Most of us hockey players loved Ingalls rink, certainly the country's most architecturally significant college hockey rink. Most rink structures are just functional boxes, e.g., Harvard's. My particular fond memory is of standing at center ice and looking up at the swooping arch that supports the "whale-back" roof. I think of that arch as a cousin to Saarinen's St. Louis Gateway Arch, though of course the shapes and dimensions are very different.

★ WILLIAM VOGEL

Tripping

Among my strongest memories of my time at Yale are the times I dropped acid — especially lying on a roof somewhere and watching shooting stars zoom across the sky. Were they real? Does that matter? Related to this was the room one of my "tripping buddies" lived in. He had painted it black — even the ceiling.

TERRY JACKSON

Walter Camp Gate

One special memory for me is always the Walter Camp Gate, the columned entrance to the Bowl. It is a magnificent tribute to what Yale did to invent the game of football, and if you look at the number of schools and institutions that contributed to its construction — which are chiseled into the sides — it is a reminder of the rich history of Yale and Yale football.



PER SWEETMAN

Yale Golf Course

Driving to the Yale Golf Course (and playing of course) in classmate Terry Jones' vintage 3.8 Jag sedan. The contrast between the "Old Yale" embodied by the beauty and serenity of the course, the pleasure of the ride out in Terry's beater classic Jag, and the "New Yale" with frisbee, pot, rock'n'roll, watching for the hot dog man at 2AM, sneaking into the steam tunnels and popping up who knows where are impressions that have lasted.

★ WAYNE LIEBMAN

Look, Up in the Sky!

We called them 'Houn bags, and launched them at night from the balcony of our corner suite in Calhoun, overlooking the Cross Campus. The bags — thin, plastic garment covers from the dry cleaner — were perhaps four feet high, the opening at the bottom about a foot in diameter. We twisted two strands of the thinnest wire we could find into an X, and fastened the corners to the bag's base. Then we melted a clutch of tiny birthday candles together and fused them to the X's center.

There were many failures, of course. We started with a single large candle — too heavy, the flame too small — etc. But one magic night it all worked. Two roommates — Tom Linden and Tim Ramish — held the bag over the edge of the balcony, I lit the candles, and physics happened. The bag inflated and drifted toward Berkeley College, a gossamer jellyfish bobbing majestically skyward.

Disbelief and consternation on the ground.

"What the fuck is that?"

"Oh, my God!"

We'd concealed ourselves from passersby, so the whole effect was of an independent, gravity defying, glowing something. Flying fish? Alien mothership? Who knew? The bags rose and rose, disappearing into the New Haven night. We never found their remains.

We had, in all, six or seven successful launches. Was there a danger of fire? I guess. What did we know? It was said that Sir Isaac Newton floated fire-balloons of tissue paper in his youth, and what was good enough for Sir Isaac was good enough for us. Excelsior! For better or worse, the 'Houn bag inhabits, along with the first eighteen lines of Chaucer's Prologue, an immutable place in my memory, among the first rank of accomplishment at Yale.



T O M W E I L

Rowing on the Housatonic

What resides in happy and agonized memory is the four-mile stretch of the Housatonic River at Derby on which we rowed and raced for four years at Yale. Flowing through a thickly treed valley, with a scattering of houses along the banks, the river was both workplace and retreat, our country classroom and our field of battle. No matter how hard the practices or races, even in the heat of early fall or late spring, even on days when not a breath of air rippled the water's surface, even under a burning sun, the green panorama that rose on both shores provided a soothing setting far removed from the stone walls and leaded windows of our New Haven campus.

The most enchanting moments were the rare days in late fall or early spring when we were surprised by a light snowfall that covered the river with a soft blanket of slushy snow. As the flakes drifted down around us, enveloping us in a shifting mist each time we took a stroke,

the boat, slowed by the slush, would lurch forward a few feet before coming to a stop. And there, cut into the undulating grayish white blanket on which we floated, would be the evenly spaced black holes, four to a side, port and starboard, dug by the blades of our oars.

I have returned frequently to that place on the river for more than fifty years now. It is where the strongest and fondest memories of my time at Yale have taken root.

Plein Air

T O M W E I L

The Lagoon

The "Lagoon" was a thin alley of water bounded by wetland grasses on the way to the Yale Bowl. For several decades it was the fall practice venue for lightweight crews, as well as the practice and race course for intra-college Tyng Cup competition. We usually ran there from Payne Whitney, traversing seemingly unfriendly neighborhoods, retrieved our shells and oars from a weary Quonset hut, tiptoed across a rickety raft, and launched for an hour or two of practice. While most days were a tangle of assaults on one's sensibilities, those occasions when a cooling breeze blew from the cattails, or one heard the croaks and chirps of the wetlands

denizens, or basked in the waning sunlight on the water lent a moment of simple charm to the experience.

In the late 1960s, Juan Trippe, the founder of Pan American Airlines, offered to upgrade the Lagoon into an Olympic standard rowing course, which would have transformed rowing at Yale; but the dream capsized in the face of strong opposition from environmental and neighborhood groups. As conditions deteriorated over the years, the course silted up, and it wasn't long before the Lagoon returned to being the exclusive domain of the winged, webbed, and four-footed creatures who now no longer suffer the slap of oars, the shouts of coxswains, or the intrusion of the long boats into their kingdom.



PHILIP COLEMAN

Courtyard of Morse College

Spring of 1970 and six of us had decided to spend some deep time, sprawled out in the sun. Two large AR speakers had been set up at different windows, and the sound of Moby Grape, early Steve Miller, and the Dead was streaming into the space. It felt like our living room. We were as astonished at the students and faculty passing by, and at a couple of small kids dancing, as they were at us, dressed in hippie casual with many other things on our minds.

MARK FULFORD

Spring in Grove Street Cemetery

When the weather was good during spring reading period I would take the books I needed to read and study (or sometimes doze) in Grove Street Cemetery. Once I took a date there, and I recall it being kind of a failure as an effort to study, and also concerning my other intentions,



which happened a lot—but a good place to read Elizabethan poets. The sounds of the heavy traffic on Grove Street were muffled in the interior of the cemetery.



★ BRYAN DISALVATORE

A Foggy English Garden

It might have been fall, early November. It might have been spring. The leaves were thick, heavy, healthy. I might have been a sophomore. I might have been a junior. It was late; I had returned from Sterling studying. The Silliman courtyard was empty, silent—no music from rooms, no laughter, no movement, not even an opening door, a closing door, nothing but me and a deeply settling fog. I sat on the wooden bench we frequented—the epicenter of what we had dubbed “Bench City.” I placed my books beside me and folded my hands in my lap.

The settling fog settled lower, deeper, thicker and oh, so slowly. A big tree, a wide-spreading tree—it might have been in the northeast corner—had become so mist-surrounded it was near abstraction.

Me, the tree, the fog, the oddly blessed silence. I thought: I’m sitting in an English garden.

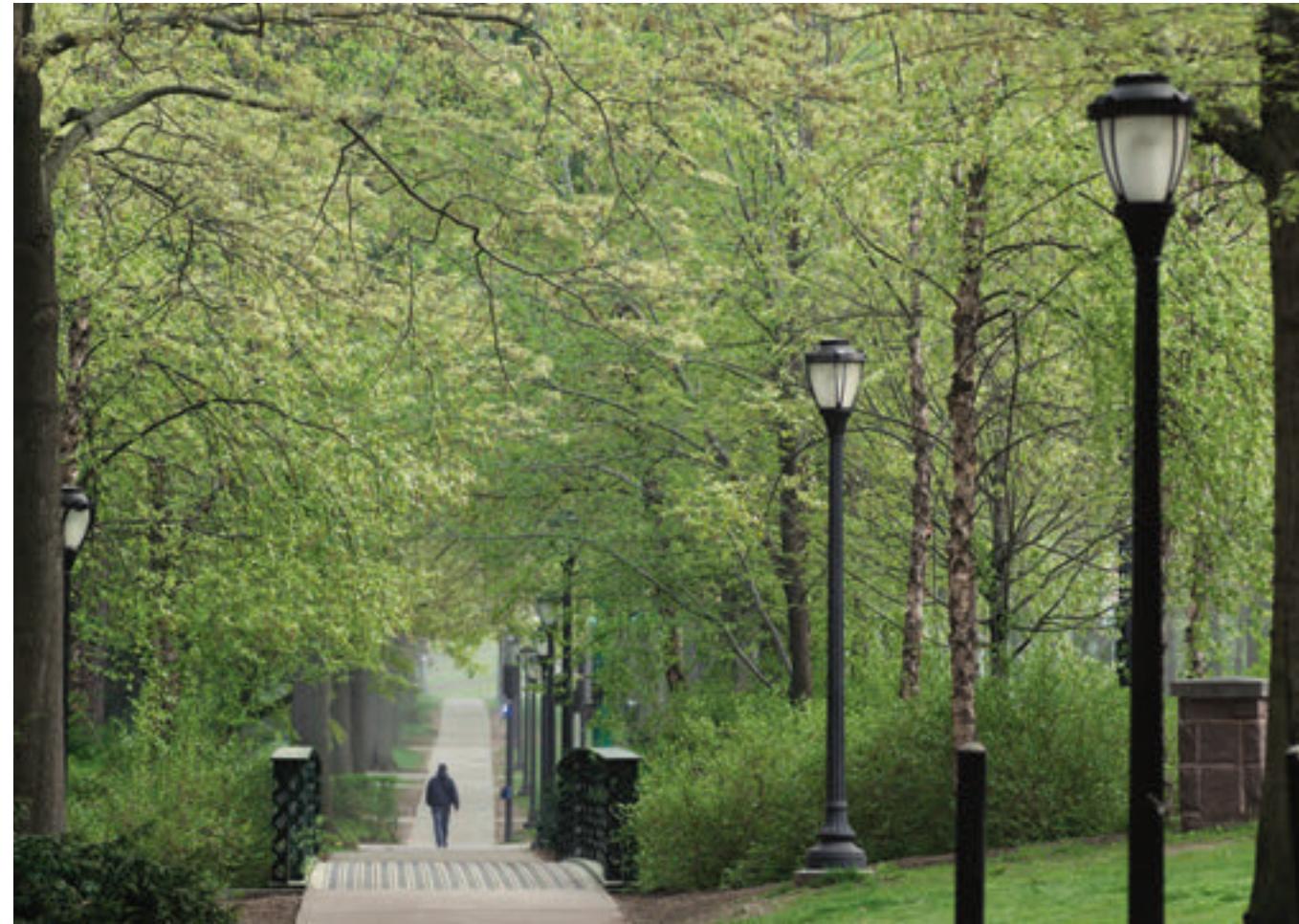
I had never felt, to that moment, so removed from the bleachy suburb in which I grew up, never so delighted with this new world I had come to, never so reposed, and, somehow, worldly and wise and kind-feeling and warmly strange and attached and swirly with delight.

DON KELLEY

Hillhouse Avenue North of Grove

Hillhouse Avenue, first block north of Grove, looking toward Science Hill, on or just before the little bridge over the railroad right-of-way.

I was walking around campus on a lovely May day at a reunion, probably the 20th or 25th. When I reached this spot, suddenly and unexpectedly I felt a tightening in my chest and tears in my eyes. After reassuring myself that I wasn’t suffering a heart attack, I realized I was having a spontaneous emotional reaction to that place, some combination of beauty and loss and remembrance that resonated deep within me. To this day, I have no idea what prompted it—I can’t associate the spot with any specific incident from undergraduate days—but it brought home to me the power of memories and associations, even buried ones, and the degree to which Yale and the campus and my time there are part of who I am in some fundamental way that bypasses my conscious understanding.



★ ROBERT SCHECHTER

Encounter with CIA

During our Freshman year, the Vietnam War was proceeding, and there was a generally anti-government mood. A news story appeared revealing that the CIA was infiltrating certain universities and college institutions.

I looked out across the street from my Farnham Hall room on the Old Campus. There, on the New Haven Green, I saw two young men in college jackets. On the back of each was emblazoned “CIA.” What a great gag jacket, what political satire. I gotta get one of those too.

It was only after a bit of wasted time and effort that I learned these were NOT joke jackets. In fact, those two jacket-wearers were students at the Culinary Institute of America which used to be up Prospect Hill in New Haven. Oooops! Oh well.

PHILIP COLEMAN

*Noguchi Sculpture Garden
and Inside the Beinecke*

There was so little and so much in the Beinecke's marble garden: pyramid, sphere, cube. It was a great place just to stare into. Inside the library was also magic, the walls glowing as the outside melted in. And at the core, the (literal) rarefied atmosphere of the old works themselves.



STUART COHEN

The Night Café

Van Gogh was the artist who opened my eyes to art when I was about ten. Then I came to Yale and discovered *The Night Café* in the Yale Art Gallery. This painting opened a direct, personal relationship with Van Gogh's work that has never ended. I have stared at it countless times: the glowing lamps, the billiard table, and the mysterious man in white inviting you in. I even searched out the spot where that cafe was in Arles, in the south of France. I still visit that painting virtually every time I'm in New Haven. If there is one artwork in the world that feels most like "mine", it is *The Night Café*.

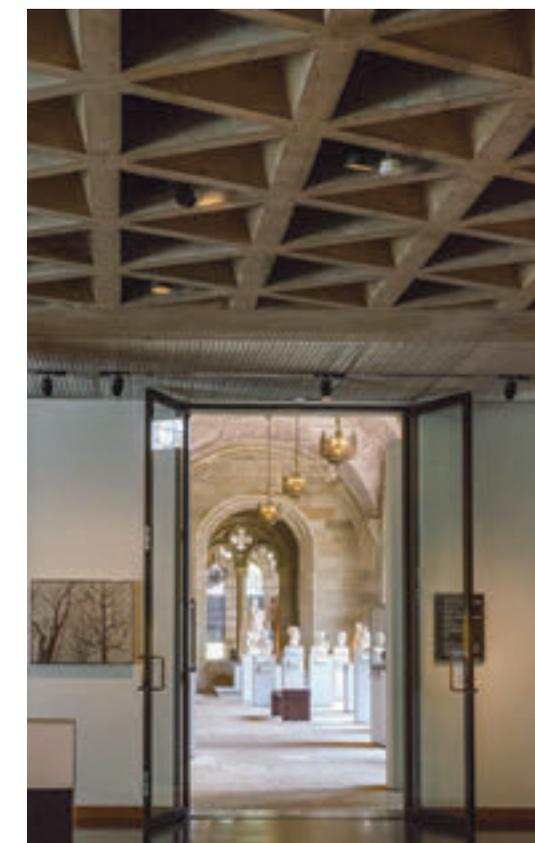
MICHAEL STANTON

Passing through Art Spaces

My bursary job was as a projectionist for the Audio Visual Center. The assignments took me all over campus, from the Medical School to the Law School Auditorium, where I ran the slides for Vincent Scully's famous course. Often the work day began at the AV center in Street Hall

with an assignment to carry equipment and the desired media (35mm slides, glass lantern slides, film clips, and the like) to a classroom for use. In inclement weather I sensibly sought out indoor routes to traverse the campus.

My preferred path to York Street venues



started by going up the stairs in Street Hall to the elegant arched upper-level passage — our campus Rialto Bridge — that spanned High Street below and offered handsome views north toward a variety of Yale landmarks. This bridge gave way to the upper level sculpture room of the Old Art Gallery, where the warm stone finishes, groin-vaulted ceiling, and expansive south windows provided an elegant setting for the art. This space, in turn, merged into the 1953 Kahn Art Gallery, dominated by the honeycombed concrete ceiling that floated overhead, and periodic views through floor-to-ceiling glass north toward the secluded courtyard of Weir Hall. Using Kahn’s elaborate, almost fussy, triangular staircase encased in a concrete cylinder got me back to grade and out into the weather I had skirted. Traversing this marvelous sequence of interior spaces remains a vivid memory of Yale.

B O B N A T H

Lipstick

Lipstick (Ascending) on Caterpillar Tracks, a contemporary sculpture perpetrated by Claes Oldenburg, appeared unannounced one day in 1969 just outside Commons on Beinecke Plaza. I remember the assault of architectural contrasts all in one eyeful: Beinecke Library, Commons, Woodbridge Hall, and the Law School (neo-Gothic or something like that), then suddenly the pleasant shock of *The Lipstick*. The contrast was jarring and delightful, and repeated every day. I remember thinking that if Yale could accommodate styles from more than 1000 years past, and now the simple forms of everyday life, that was somehow educational and worthwhile. Having thought through these profundities, I went on to what was really important—the next meal at Commons.



B E N S L O T Z N I C K

Lipstick in Beinecke Plaza

From the day in 1969 that Claes Oldenburg’s *Lipstick (Ascending) on Caterpillar Tracks* first appeared in Beinecke Plaza it was magnificently outrageous. With its bright red plastic inflatable tip that has since been replaced by a rigid metal one, it was both confrontational and sexy, both feminine and phallic. Like a lightning rod, the *Lipstick* drew angry crowds protesting culture wars and armed conflicts. Protest leaders couldn’t help but jump upon its tank treads to bark revolution through megaphones. Yet—it made one smile during those demonstrations. It’s now in a quieter venue, the Morse courtyard, retired from battle, but also unable to temper the crowd’s passion with its irony.

F. R I C H A R D B O W E N

Tiffany Window in LC 102

Attending class in LC 102 reminded me that Yale was someplace special. Where else would a classroom window be designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany? The window, named *Education*, depicts the Arts, Science, Music, and Religion as muses or angels. It is serious and seriously beautiful. I always return to the room when I am on campus, and I am proud to show it to guests as an example of Yale. And personally, I continue to be haunted with the challenge, a life-long one, to respond to the muses and to be led out of darkness to light.

Caught Up in Music

FRED EDELMAN

Woolsey Hall

One place critical to my Yale experience is Woolsey Hall. I was overwhelmed while sitting in attendance there during the welcoming speech by Kingman Brewster. Like many of us, I wondered what I was doing there. Could I possibly succeed or be accepted? As a member of the Yale Glee Club, I felt the majesty of the hall. I remember concerts surrounded by gorgeous music and architectural beauty.



BOB CAMARGO

Hendrie Hall

Going up the wooden stairs – made uneven by the march of generations – generated thoughts of history, of countless young singers aspiring to be good enough to make the Yale Glee Club, a group of exceptionally talented singers. The pictures of all the classes within the Yale Glee Club room reminded me of that tradition and history. The wooden floors spoke to resonance and mellow harmony; the Glee Club Director portraits, of continuity and inspiration.

JIM WEBER

Hendrie Hall

I can still see the rickety wooden grand staircase in Hendrie Hall as I wound my way upstairs to the Glee Club rooms. The wooden walls in the vastness of the empty rehearsal room, the cramped quarters of the Glee Club office and Fenno Heath's oversize private office. The place

was redolent of nineteenth-century tradition and, yes, with it a certain degree of decay.

Ah, but the resonance of those wooden floors and walls, the acoustically perfect square shape. There was a mystique to the place. The fabulous, floor-length vaulted windows added a cathedral-like dimension. It was an honor to have any reason to be there.

LARRY FRANCIS

Harpichord Recitals in Woolsey

Many of my most vivid memories from Yale are from Woolsey Hall: concerts by Vladimir Horowitz, Duke Ellington, and Maurice Chevalier. But the memories that have stuck with me the most strongly are of Ralph Kirkpatrick's occasional midweek harpsichord recitals, also in Woolsey Hall. No tickets were required, attendance was sparse, the stage was bare, except for Professor Kirkpatrick and his harpsichord, but the music was magnificent – and has stayed with me all these roughly fifty years.



ORRIN PERSKY

Dwight Hall Organ

The Dwight Hall pipe organ was always locked. It was an impressive instrument, with pipes installed along the walls and a console with two keyboards, full bass foot-pedals and tens of “stops” and buttons controlling the sound.

One late evening as I passed through, I noticed—it was open! I sat down and began to play music from Bach to the Beatles and beyond. The glorious sound filled the hall and I was entranced. No one seemed to hear and no one interfered. I began to sing with the organ and even attempted Kol Nidrei, the solemn Yom Kippur prayer. Perhaps a sacrilege—but beautiful. The hours flew by as I was immersed in the music. I had a final exam in the morning, in my music theory class. I thought, better to make music on this magnificent organ than to

study—or rest up—for the exam. I stayed the entire night with the organ. And the exam? I suppose that went all right too.

★ TOM WEIL

Second Shotgun Yale Symphony

Having captained the rifle team at Andover, I was an easy recruit for the Yale team as a freshman, but the pull of crew, St. A’s, NROTC and the books kept me from joining again sophomore year. So it came as a surprise to get a call from the coach, a grad-student music conductor, as that spring’s College Weekend approached.

“Tom, the Symphony will be performing the *1812 Overture* on the Cross Campus Saturday evening, and we need your help.”

“Why me? I don’t play an instrument. I can’t read music, And I might have a date. How can I help?”

“This won’t take long. We only need you for the climax of the piece. You know, when the guns go off. You’ll be second shotgun.”

And so it came to pass that Saturday evening that our firing squad occupied the last rank of seats at the top of the High Street Cross Campus steps with the Yale Symphony in front of us. Twilight enveloped the long lawn, on which hundreds of students and their dates were splayed out on blankets, or each other, while Tchaikovsky’s masterpiece swept over them.

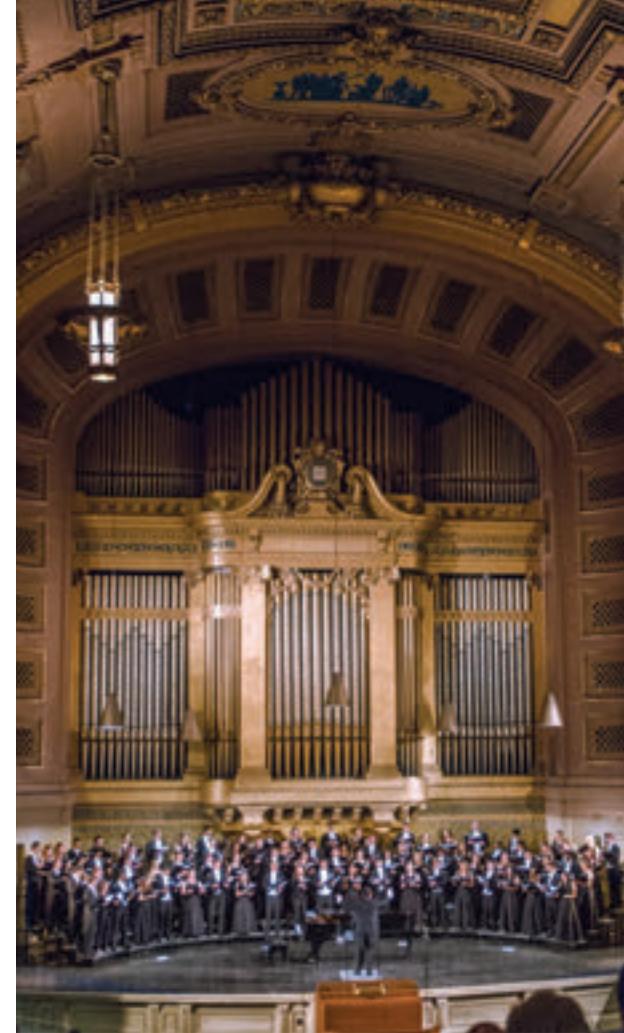
The music built to its thundering heights. The conductor—our coach—motioned to us to rise. We stood up, put shotguns to our shoulders, and, as the percussive cadence sounded around us and Moscow’s bells pealed, began firing our volleys. As the guns went off, whatever heavy artillery son was lacking was more than complemented by the lumiere. The muzzle blasts were impressive in the twilight, and, as flaming bits of shell wadding streamed out over the crowds, the gasps and shrieks that greeted the spectacle guaranteed that this would be an *1812 Overture*—and College Weekend, date or no date—to remember.

JIM WEBER

Singing in Woolsey Hall

Woolsey Hall, with its ornate organ, gilded, coffered ceiling, commodious stage, and ample columnaded audience space remains imbedded in memory. I was as awed by the names engraved in marble in the rotunda honoring the many Yale lives sacrificed in service to our country as I was horrified by the rows of shaky seats in the balconies intimating disaster should the place be filled to capacity. Filled it was, when Horowitz chose Yale as his second venue at the end of a long artistic pause. And filled again for Janice Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company. Hardly disaster; more like triumph, be it old music or new in that grand old hall.

The Yale Glee Club performed at Woolsey several times a year, and it was a thrill each and every time. To sing, in white tie and tails no less, where thousands before me had sung, to conduct the Alma Mater, complete with waving handkerchiefs, at the end of each concert (which was my purview as President of the YGC). I still get tingles down my spine as I recollect those moments.



PAUL GREEN

Woolsey Hall

The Yale Symphony Orchestra rehearsed and performed in Woolsey Hall. I remember John Mauceri conducting us and telling us stories about the great conductors, like Bernstein and Fritz Reiner. John put on very exciting programs there. I remember performing Stravinsky’s *Firebird Suite* with the YSO under his direction, along with *Agon* and one other Stravinsky piece. He called the program “Three Faces of Stravinsky.”

NORM ZAMCHECK

Playing the Harkness Carillon

Sophomore year I was accepted into the Yale Guild of Carillonneurs. The prospect of ascending that gorgeous tower and playing those chimes that rang like cut glass over the campus was pretty intoxicating. One had to learn to play a new type of keyboard: one struck the notes—basically a piano keyboard—with the side of the hand, with “black” and “white” keys at different levels. There were also pedals, which I had trouble reaching, so I basically ignored them.

Even at the time, I was nurturing notions of musical glory. Hence, one evening my composition “Blissfull Fish” rang out over New Haven. It was exhilarating to know that these notes were being carried as far as East Rock and West Rock. Another evening, I played a little song I had written for my mother. What a thrill to hang high above the glorious Gothic mass of Yale, looking down over the Branford and Saybrook complex, and fill it all with music.



A Tree



BRUCE BORCHARDT

A Tree Outside Kline Biology Tower

One night I went up Science Hill. I don't even remember what I'd been doing to keep me up all night. After all these years, the details don't matter. Anyway, it was almost dawn, and I decided to wait for sunrise over East Rock. Whatever had kept me up had made me passive and pensive, and I just sat under the tree and waited for the sun, thinking about something. And then it rose and brought me peace, at least for that day.



FRED KARP

Weeping Birch on Science Hill

Not a building, but a tree: A weeping birch on Science Hill above Kline Tower. I used to climb up and sit in it in the postdawn hours. Could it still be there?

★ CONRAD CUMMINGS

Thank You, Tree

After graduation, halfway through first semester of teaching undergraduate music theory on a Carnegie Teaching Fellowship while taking composition lessons in the School of Music with master teacher Bülent Arel. Still not sure where my life is meant to go. Walking back to Stiles from class in Harkness. Look up at a tree on York Street, a little to the HGS side of the pathway to Stiles. Get sudden realization: you're a composer. You've been one for a few months now. This is what you're meant to do. Thank you, tree.

Old Campus

STUART COHEN

The Old Campus

The Old Campus is a place out of time. Such a large yard, ringed with buildings, all of them over one hundred years old. It's a space designed for things to happen there, so big that almost anything can: walking, playing games, sitting in the sun, or many activities at once. The crisscross of walkways leads you on one path or another but you don't have to stay on them. It feels safe, both a place held together by tradition and a blank canvas on which to create.





JOHN MEININGER

My Freshman Room in Vanderbilt

The thought came to me of a picture of Yale that has been in the back of my head all these years: my freshman-year bedroom and desk in Vanderbilt. I could see the desk (small and close to the bed to the left of the door) holding all that was me transported from Colorado. This modest space was the anchor of that year transitioning to the new world that was Yale. Here it was that I determined to succeed. Here I did much of my reading and most of my writing. From here I gazed out the window on the Old Campus, especially at the ivy on Connecticut Hall.

★ NED KENDRICK

1092 Bingham

During freshman year I roomed with Dana Cobb, Barr Potter and Dan Warren in 1092 Bingham Hall on the second floor. Our common room contained a fireplace that we used a few times and a window seat that I loved. It was behind a bay window with leaded-glass panes and overlooked College Street and the New Haven Green and, off to the right, Chapel Street. I especially liked to sit there late at night when my roommates were asleep and our lights were off. On rainy nights I watched the reflections of the changing traffic lights on the streets. On snowy nights I watched the cars inching forward on the ice. On warm nights I opened the window and listened to the voices of groups gathered on the Green. Sometimes music floated above the leafed-out trees. And once there were the shouts and taunts of two women fighting. I welcomed these brief glimpses of the world outside our comfortable space.

MATT EPSTEIN

Two Vanderbilts

We lived in Vanderbilt Hall our freshman year and I loved the way that building looked and felt. Still, it had a Jekyll and Hyde quality to it. When I entered the Old Campus through Phelps Gate on College Street, I would turn left, pass through Vanderbilt's archway, and come around to the front of the building. It was large, solid, rounded, and comforting. I always felt that it was welcoming and reassuring. On the other hand, when I looked at the same building from Chapel Street, I had to look through a large wrought iron and stone fence. That same building now looked like a prison – cold, heartless, and afraid. I guess it really was both.



JAMES GLICKMAN

Extra Long Bed

One of my earliest memories upon setting foot on campus was seeing our 6-foot 8-inch beds, those long wire-webbed frames on which no sheets and no blankets ever really fit and that everyone called racks. Even my Iowa public school education had informed me racks were medieval torture instruments. Failing the posture test did not improve my jittery conviction that measuring up in the months ahead was going to be brutal. Stretching my legs out in bed that first night where my toes could not find the reassurance of a bottom, Gulliver in Brobdingnag, I had the queasy sense that I was in for a perilous journey.





JOHN MEININGER

The Old Campus

The Old Campus represented Yale for me: in fall with turning leaves, in winter with a white-covered campus, and in spring with new green leaves. From here, I emerged to the powerful voices of my floormates either in the living room or on the landing. From here, I was called to listen to the Doors’ “Light My Fire” for the first time. From here, I talked to my parents every Sunday night. How easily we assimilated into that place because the space was just enough to work.

★ JOSHUA SHAPIRO

Yale Station

Yale Station – The warren of mailboxes below Wright Hall where I lived as a Frosh. Frantic smell of loneliness and anticipated connection in a time when phones were landlines, and phone bills could be a couple of hundred dollars a month.

★ MARK ZANGER

Snow Cathedral

First snow, freshman year, wet snow. Young men go out to throw snowballs at each other. As a New Englander, this is not my first wet snow, and I start rolling snowballs of a size to build with. Someone wants to start a fort. When a wall gets to a certain size, I demonstrate how you can make an arch with snowballs of a certain wetness and size.

A red-haired fellow directed the build of a very decent likeness of the Gothic cathedral at Chartres. The front façade with my arch got a lot of detail, as impressive a work in snow as I have ever seen, with flying buttresses and all the named parts. One spire was taller than the other. Genuine thirteenth-century Gothic architecture among the wannabe Gothic of Yale.

My goal as a Jewish pacifist at the time was more about avoiding snowball fights than getting the flying buttresses right. I think the cathedral was pretty successful at both. The red-haired guy became my roommate the next year.

BRUCE PARKER

Up High in Bingham Hall

Bingham Hall had two impressive architectural features I appreciate and remember. At the top of the tower was a large room that had been an observatory. All the optical equipment had been removed, leaving a domed roof and lots of dirt and trash. Still, it was a remarkable thing to gawk at.

The tower had a single room on the seventh floor, not assigned as no one would have wanted to walk up six flights of stairs. Through the magic of skeleton keys, I could enter this room, which I used intermittently as a refuge, as lodging for my father, as a really quiet workspace. Good view. Long trudge. Antidote to the wonderful chaos of the university. No water, no heat except for what drifted up through three floors. I still like towers.

DAN BOTTOMS

1 Vanderbilt

The old iron gates were open from the street to the courtyard of Vanderbilt Hall. Three other young men and I had been assigned to suite number one, first entryway, first floor. The green Connecticut Limousine car discharged



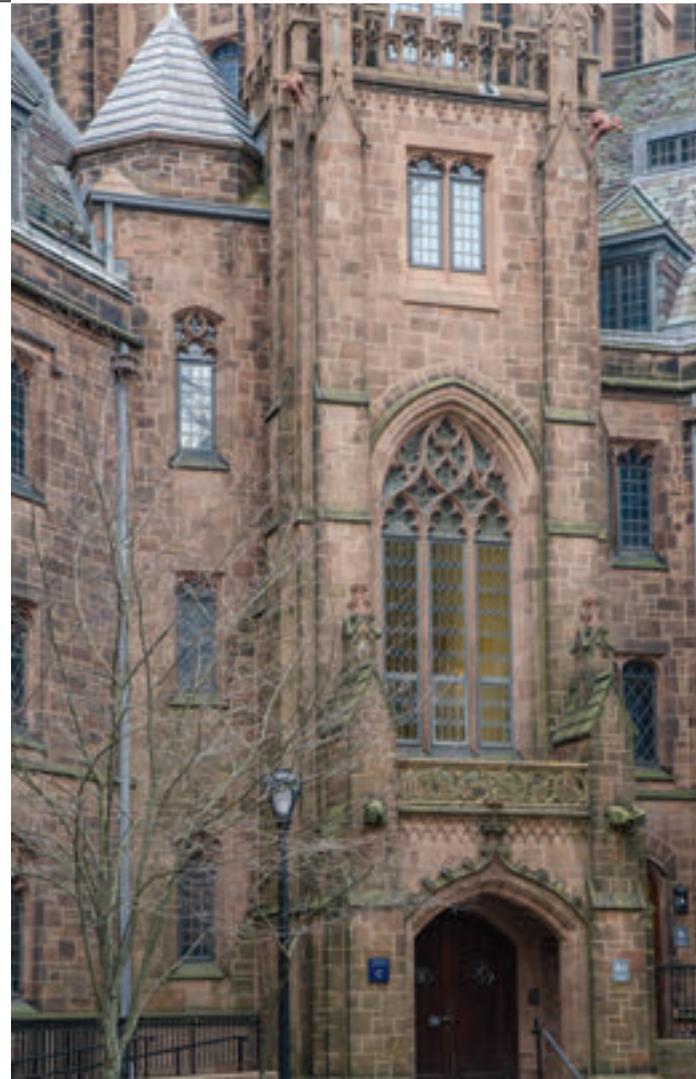
me by the gate. I was awed by the magnificent old building. The three-room suite, paneled in rich woodwork and featuring a large wood-burning fireplace, left me wondering how this Midwestern boy could have moved to the edge of joining the elite.

My roommates salvaged a mounted moose head from the attic of Peabody Museum and brought it to our suite in a taxi. I convinced the custodian to drive a spike into the mortar between the stone blocks of the wall so we could hang the heavy prize.

★ DAN BOTTOMS

Yale Station

The Yale post office was on the lower level of Wright Hall at a corner of the Old Campus. Having the address of “One Yale Station” was a source of delight for my roommates and me. I suspect things are very different now.





J E F F L E W I S

The Old Campus, and Change

On the day of my arrival, I played touch football with a couple of guys from Louisiana. Three and a half years later, as tear gas engulfed downtown New Haven and the campus, I joined Allen Ginsberg in chanting “Om” from the stage on the Old Campus, that we had convinced the University to build during the Black Panther trial protests. What a difference four years made!

P E R S W E E T M A N

Top Floor of Bingham Hall

Watching from the top floor of Bingham Hall while tear gas wafted across the Old Campus, chasing out all but Allen Ginsberg who was onstage chanting “Om” as a line of helmeted troopers advanced on College Street.

C O N R A D C U M M I N G S

A Gently Worn Step

First arrival, never been east of Denver, off the redeye from San Francisco, the first Brooklyn accent I’d ever heard at JFK, and the weirdly pale color of green of the foliage from the window of the Connecticut Limousine. Find the Old Campus, strangely fortress-like. Find Vanderbilt. Enter entryway for #12. Put foot on first step, pull foot back, startled. The step is worn into a gently curving basin from thousands of students’ steps. Oh my God, this place is old. There’s nothing this old in California.



★ D A V I D J E F F E R S O N

Durfee Buttery

In the basement of Durfee Hall on the Old Campus was the Yale Buttery, a hamburger joint I worked in freshman and sophomore years. It sold burgers, fries, soft drinks, milkshakes, and other junk food, such as Hostess cupcakes and pies. The place was little more than a large, dull basement room with a kitchen and sales counter at one end, but it did a thriving business every evening till 11:00.

Working at the Buttery was not exciting, but I had one memorably satisfying experience when I achieved the only “marketing” success I’ve ever had. We sold two sorts of milkshake: “regular,” made with two scoops of ice milk for 50 cents, and “thick,” with five scoops of ice milk for 75 cents. The thick shakes actually cost us less to make since by volume ice milk was cheaper than liquid milk. Hence, we were motivated to get people to buy thick shakes instead of regular. But how do we convince them to do that? An ingenious solution suggested itself: we needn’t change our prices or the proportion of ingredients of the shakes. All we needed was to change the description of the shakes from

“thick” and “regular” to “regular” and “thin.” When a guy ordered a shake we would ask him, “regular or thin?” Very few people would ask for a “thin” shake, and no one would be so obviously cheap as to buy his girlfriend one. Sales of “regular” shakes soared.

I have often wondered whether the marketing professionals for commercial products have it all wrong: instead of selling regular, large, family, and jumbo sizes of laundry detergents, say, they could relabel them as tiny, mini, small, and regular respectively, thereby encouraging people to upgrade their purchases to “regular.” If this ever happens, you heard it here first!

M A R K F U L F O R D

McClellan Hall

McClellan hall, with its bathroom-tile and concrete entryways and steel banisters that felt (to me, anyway) like a prison.



DAVE LARKIN

Hard Stones and Cold Truth

Thick stone slabs formed the steps to Wright Hall where I worked one spring with other students on the Old Campus Reunion cleaning crew. Every day, we would gather at those steps in the still cool morning to await the bosses' instructions.

One morning I arrived a little late, everyone waiting. In the early light, I barely noticed a banana peel on the sidewalk in front of the steps. "Did anyone ever actually slip on one?" I wondered. "Was that even possible?" So, in a fancy of intellectual inquiry and in front of all the waiting Yalies, nonchalantly and as if unaware, I casually strode onto the peel. To my surprise and everyone's amusement, my foot slipped forward out from under me and I flew into the air, then landed on my bottom. We all had a good laugh.

NED KENDRICK

Island of Gothic Order

As I began my freshman year, I was excited and overwhelmed by my new environment. Immersed in my frenzied thoughts, I often looked up at Harkness Tower as I hurried across the Old Campus. In my memory, my upward glances were always in the morning and the sky was always a deep blue. The Tower was an island in the sky of Gothic order and stability that I found reassuring.

F. RICHARD BOWEN

Campus Linchpin

It hit me: "As if Yale isn't intimidating enough!" I stand in the middle of Old Campus for the first time as an eighteen-year-old male and am confronted with a gigantic phallus. Hadn't thought about that before. I had strong images of Yale from photographs taken by the artist Samuel Chamberlain who lived in my town and was somewhat famous for his books which captured the images of New England, including some Ivy campuses. I was familiar with the genteel Gothic ambiance, but right then it was immediate and personal. I reminded myself I was admitted for a reason. They knew I had "the right stuff" whether I knew it or not. And it didn't take long for Harkness to retreat to its rightful place as the lynchpin in the mosaic of residential-colleges, space, and movement.





Harkness Tower

DAVE LARKIN

Inspired

I was working on a cleaning crew with other Yalies on the Old Campus for the reunions one spring. During our lunch break I walked onto the sidewalk on High Street and found myself humming and singing a song. As I sang the end of a verse – “But when I ask you to, you just tell me, that maybe you can. . . doo doo doo doo” – I recognized the song I was humming and singing, I heard bells. Someone was playing Janis Joplin’s song “Move Over” from her Pearl album – on the Harkness Tower Carillon. I stopped humming, stopped walking, looked up, though there was nothing to see but the Tower and I listened to the rest of the inspired performance.



Classmates Who Sent Recollections

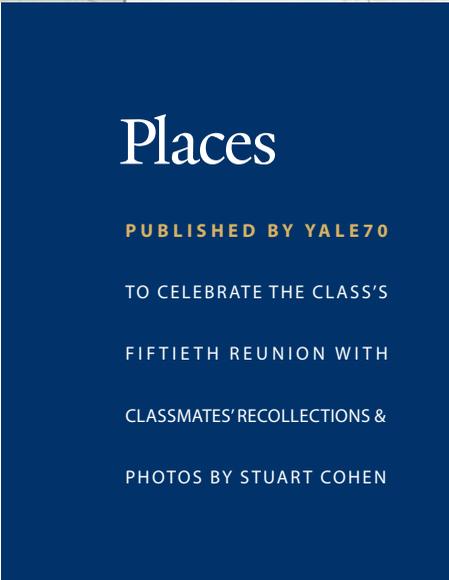
Greg Abbott	Carl M. Eifler	Lenny Levy	Robert Schechter
Jeff Almquist	Matt Epstein	Wayne Liebman	Joshua Shapiro
John Apruzese	Howard Evert	Tom Linden	Thatcher Shellaby
Barry Barankin	David Ezzio	Bill Littlefield	Peter Sheras
Joel Bard	Terry Finn	George Lowe	Scott Simpson
Tim Bates	Aki Fleshler	Alan Mandl	Ben Slotznick
Peter Behr	Larry Francis	Brian McCarthy	Richard Smith
Doug Berv	Mark Fulford	Dennis McClure	Michael Stanton
Rick Blum	Jerry Ganzfried	Alex McNeil	Bob Stein
Neil Blumberg	Stuart Gardiner	John Meininger	Per Sweetman
John Boak	M. Alex Geertsma	Bruce Miller	Tap Taplin
Bruce Borchardt	Kelin Gersick	Llewellyn Miller	Paul Taylor
Dan Bottoms	Jose Giron	Miriam V. Mills	Zak Taylor
F. Richard Bowen	James Glickman	Sam Mink	Phil Thorn
Bill Boyd	Paul Green	David Molnar	Anthony Tommasini
Blair Buck	Steve Greenberg	Phil Moncharsh	John VanScoyoc
Chuck Calhoun	Bill Harper	David Monk	William Vogel
Bob Camargo	Randy Helm	Stephen Morris	John Vranesic
Paul Ceruzzi	Philip Howard	Bob Nath	Steven Wagenseil
Paul Chapman	Bill Ivers	Tom Neagle	Thomas Walker
Gordon Clark	Terry Jackson	David Nix	Peter Wang
DeFrance Clarke	David Jefferson	Jorge Ortega	Larry Wasser
Jay Clasgens	David Johnson	M. Bruce Parker	Jim Weber
Stuart Cohen	Marc Kahn	Bill Peck	Thomas E. Weil
Philip Coleman	Fred Karp	David Perlman	Andrew Weltchek
James Conroy	Don Kelley	Orrin Persky	Mark Williams
Richard Cox	Ned Kendrick	Charles Pillsbury	Robert Witkowski
Conrad Cummings	Marvin Krakow	David Poppel	David Wyatt
Don Davis	Edward Landler	Robert H. (Buzz) Potts	Doug Young
Reid Detchon	David Larkin	Edmund Robinson	Norm Zamcheck
Bryan DiSalvatore	Rich Levin	Bill Rossbach	Mark Zanger
Fred Edelman	Jeff Lewis	Fen Sartorius	

Colophon

This book of recollections was created by the Yale College Class of '70 for their 50th Reunion. The book is set in Yale Design, which was created by Matthew Carter in 2004. It is derived from The late 15th century De Aetna typeface, cut by Francesco Griffo for Aldus Manutius. The book was designed by John Boak.



Yale70



Places

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TO CELEBRATE THE CLASS'S

FIFTIETH REUNION WITH

CLASSMATES' RECOLLECTIONS &

PHOTOS BY STUART COHEN