



'The Columnist' by David Auburn

HALBERSTAM: He doesn't know the country, he breezes over here for a week, he stays with Lodge at the embassy, he gets his army car and driver, Harkins puts a helicopter at his disposal, he gets whatever he wants . . . Meanwhile, the rest of us are killing ourselves here worked to death, living in hovels, earning crap, eating crap, and taking literally endless shit back home for trying to tell a sliver of a fraction of the truth about this fucked-up place, and he saunters in with his pressed suits and his cigarette holder and his phony fucking Andover WASP Harvard accent, and his connections . . . and somehow manages to notice, during an exclusive two-day interview that the rest of us would give our eyeteeth for, that the fucking head of the country, the guy we're fighting and dying for, Our Man in Vietnam --- who, by the way, you two have been cheerfully pimping from the get-go --- he notices that this man is not only a corrupt and incompetent and hopeless loser and dope, as the rest of us have been saying for months if not years, but also, by the way, actually insane --- He notice this . . . and then blames . . . the press! We did it! It's all our fault!