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Nieman Reports

TO PROMOTE AND ELEVATE THE STANDARDS OF JOURNALISM

5

Special
75th Anniversary
Issue



The Faces of Agnes Wahl Nieman



About the cover:

British artist Jamie Poole (left) based his portrait of Agnes Wahl Nieman on one of only two known images of her—a small engraving from a collage published in *The Milwaukee Journal* in 1916—and on the physical description she provided in her 1891 passport application: light brown hair, bluish-gray eyes, and fair complexion. Using portraits of Mrs. Nieman's mother and father as references, he worked with cut pages from Nieman Reports and from the Foundation's archival material to create this likeness.



About the portrait on page 6:

Alexandra Garcia (left), NF '13, an Emmy Award-winning multimedia journalist with *The Washington Post*, based her acrylic portrait with collage on the photograph of Agnes Wahl Nieman standing with her husband, Lucius Nieman, in the pressroom of *The Milwaukee Journal*. The photograph was likely taken in the mid-1920s when Mrs. Nieman would have been in her late 50s or 60s. Garcia took inspiration from her Fellowship and from the Foundation's archives to present a younger depiction of Mrs. Nieman.

Video and images of the portraits' creation can be seen at <http://nieman.harvard.edu/agnes>.

Nieman Reports

TO PROMOTE AND ELEVATE THE STANDARDS OF JOURNALISM



NIEMAN REPORTS

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The Meaning of

How the Nieman Foundation and Harvard continue to “educate





the Nieman

By Ann Marie Lipinski, Curator

persons deemed specially qualified for journalism”—and why that matters





Lippmann House has opened its doors to the 76th Class of Nieman Fellows, and with them to the future of journalism. To the counterterrorism reporter studying the quantitative social sciences for new tools to mine her urgent beat. To a magazine editor exploring the power of narrative to restore the soul of his country, a former police state.

The Nieman Fellowship is tethered to a conviction that complex times require journalism to produce better journalists and that Harvard can help

To the columnist examining the same technologies upending news delivery to see how they might thwart community gun violence. To 24 Fellows whose individual study plans are overlaid with a unifying inquiry—the now unending investigation of the changing norms of communication.

They come to Harvard in interesting times. An online retail entrepreneur is buying The Washington Post and The New York Times Company is selling The Boston Globe to the owner of the Red Sox. The Justice Department has seized Associated Press phone records in a crackdown on leaks. In the U.S. and abroad, journalists are denouncing journalists for publishing information from government whistleblowers.

We like to think that the world has become especially complicated on our watch, and that is true. But the sunny photograph of the inaugural 1939 Nieman Fellows in this issue belies the truth of their own complex world, one shaped by Adolf Hitler, Enrico Fermi, and Thornton Wilder's "Our Town."

The history of the Nieman Fellowship, and likely its future, is tethered to a conviction that complex times require journalism to produce better journalists and that Harvard can help. University president James B. Conant, overcoming his initial trepidation, regarded the Nieman Fellowship as one of his proud accomplishments. Questions about whether the industry would find value in the Fellowships were answered resoundingly with 312 applications for nine spots in the first year.

The speed with which Nieman became much prized is underscored in a 1939 letter from New York Times managing editor Edwin L. James to Conant, protesting that his hand-selected candidate ("a graduate of a very good college, the son of a doctor and a man I regarded as eminently qualified to become an expert reporter of science news") was twice rejected by Nieman. "I have just looked over the list of those who were successful," he complained, "and, in the cases of at least six, it has got me beat."

The Fellowship's currency, then as now,



Images by Nieman Fellow photojournalists

Far left, “blacks only” train in South Africa, David C. Turnley; left, ballet break, Stan Grossfeld/The Boston Globe via Getty Images. Previous spread, clockwise, from top left: training civil rights activists in Virginia, Howard Sochurek/Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images; Fallujah, Iraq, Kael Alford; mother with son’s fingers at feeding station in Niger, Finbarr O’Reilly/Reuters; attack during anti-busing protest, Boston, Mass., Stanley Forman; Tahrir Square, Cairo, Egypt, © Peter Turnley/Corbis

exceeded prestige. Cleveland Plain Dealer editor Paul Bellamy wrote to Conant of the great need he foresaw for increased authority among reporters. “I think the newspapers of the country have been getting away with murder,” he observed, adding, “Here is where the Harvard fellowships come in.” James himself advised Conant that Nieman could be especially helpful in educating reporters who could “interpret accurately a complicated legal decision, and those who were able efficiently to report science news,” a presaging of some of Nieman’s greatest successes, including the 1957 Fellowship of Times reporter Anthony Lewis, whose law studies helped shape America’s preeminent legal journalist.

Nothing has eclipsed the goal of intellectually fortifying journalists, and Fellows still choose Harvard for the chance to study with its unparalleled faculty. That study is both focused and open to the serendipitous discovery that can alter one’s outlook. But Nieman is now a bigger tent than Conant or Agnes Wahl Nieman likely foresaw. Her mandate to “educate persons deemed specially qualified for journalism” was issued at a time when “journalist” was easy to define, media competition was slim, and business models were simple. Exploding economics and an emerging class of information providers, influencers and technologists have

Lippmann House is now home to the 76th Class of Fellows, and journalism’s future is theirs to better

had tremendous impact on journalism and expanded Nieman’s mission and audience.

Fellowship classes seat reporters and editors from legacy news organizations alongside practitioners from digital startups. Coders and engineers building new communications tools have joined a discussion at Lippmann House once limited to those with a press pass. The Nieman Journalism Lab’s focus on innovation has amassed an international following of journalists and others who value its mission of “pushing to the future of journalism.” Shorter visiting Fellowships (a long forgotten notion from Nieman’s inception) are bringing in journalists and others whose inquiries hold promise for the craft or the industry. Master classes in leadership, writing courses, or conferences about the economics of immigration hone skills for Nieman and other journalists who would benefit. I don’t know that Fellows have ever worked harder.

Much about president Conant’s Harvard has changed and so too Nieman, once restrict-

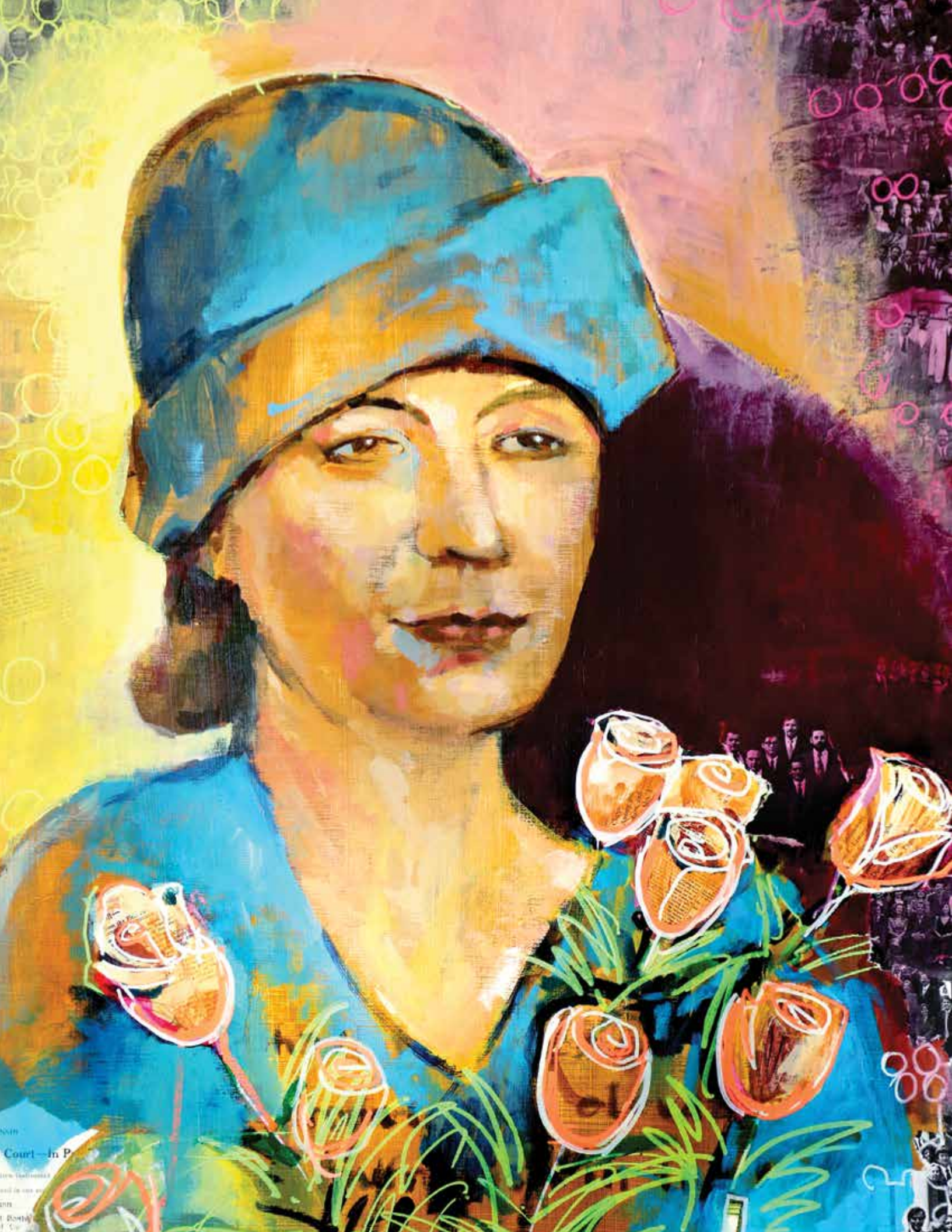
ed to white American men. Fellows could not imagine Nieman without international journalists, who now make up half the class. A fellowship in service of a privileged few is, then as now, insufficient to address the scale of journalism’s challenges.

I was a young investigative reporter in Chicago when Nieman curator Howard Simons passed me on a visit to my newsroom. We spoke briefly and he handed me his business card. “Apply for a Nieman,” he said. I did and he phoned that spring to offer me a place in the Class of 1990.

For three quarters of a century that invitation has endured as one of journalism’s most coveted and these pages are rich with the reasons why: the journalists whose work helped turn the tide in apartheid South Africa; the journalists whose work chronicled America’s civil rights era; the journalists whose eureka Harvard moments changed the course of documentary, political biography, investigative reporting. Lippmann House is now home to the 76th Class of Fellows, and journalism’s future is theirs to better.

The day Simons offered me a Nieman was the last time we spoke. He died that summer after choosing a final fortunate class, too soon for us to thank him for changing our lives, our work.

I thank him here.



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Mother of Invention

The untold story of Agnes Wahl Nieman, her will, and the creation of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard

By Maggie Jones, NF '12

In the 1890s, at a time when many women didn't dare, Agnes Wahl climbed on her bicycle and pedaled along the streets of Milwaukee. The cycling craze had swept the country, and for women it offered more than the thrill of being on two wheels. Women tossed their corsets and layers of petticoats and headed to meetings, jobs, school without being dependent on a horse, a carriage—a man. As Susan B. Anthony said at the time, bicycling had “done more to emancipate women than anything else in the world.”

Pedaling along those same Milwaukee streets was another adventuresome, forward-thinking spirit: Lucius W. Nieman, who went from folding newspapers for the Waukesha Freeman when he was 13 to becoming editor of the newly founded Milwaukee Daily Journal, at age 24.

Agnes and “Lute,” as he was known to friends, may have passed each other on their bikes as he was heading to work—he biked back and forth from his room at the Milwaukee Club—and she was off to a meeting of the French Club, of which she was the president, or one of her many other civic activities. Maybe she waved him down to invite him to the latest opera performance at her house, where Lucius had become a frequent guest in the mid-1890s.

The truth is, we know little about their relationship and the woman without whom there would be no Nieman Foundation. Only two photographs of Agnes, who stood just under 5 feet 4 inches with light brown hair and bluish-gray eyes, are known to exist: One is a photograph of Agnes and Lucius beside a printing

An Unexpected Bequest

Harvard president James B. Conant had never heard of Agnes Wahl Nieman before he got word in 1936 that she had made a major gift to the college. It is not clear why she chose Harvard, but her attorney Edwin S. Mack, who was a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School and an active member of Milwaukee's Harvard Club, may have suggested the bequest.

MILLER, MACK & FAIRCHILD

GEORGE R. MILLER
1885-1931
EDWIN S. MACK
ARTHUR W. FAIRCHILD
J. GILBERT HARGROVE
PAUL R. NEWCOMB
BERT VANDERVELDE
LEON F. FOLEY
FREDERIC SAMMOND
CLAUDE J. HENDRICKS
HERBERT C. HIRSCHBOECK
VERNON SWANSON
ROBERT F. RUSSELL
THEODORE C. BOLLINGER

FIRST WISCONSIN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
MILWAUKEE

February 8th,
1936

Mr. James Bryant Conant,
President, Harvard University,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

My dear Sir:

Agnes Wahl Nieman, widow of Lucius W. Nieman,
died February 5th testate, and by her will left the residue
of her estate, probably over a million dollars, to the
President and Fellows of Harvard College for specified pur-
poses.

The First Wisconsin Trust Company and I, who are
named executors, plan to file the will and apply for probate
on next Monday, and I wish you to be informed of the will
before it is made public. I enclose a copy, and I prefer
you to treat it as confidential until the will is filed.

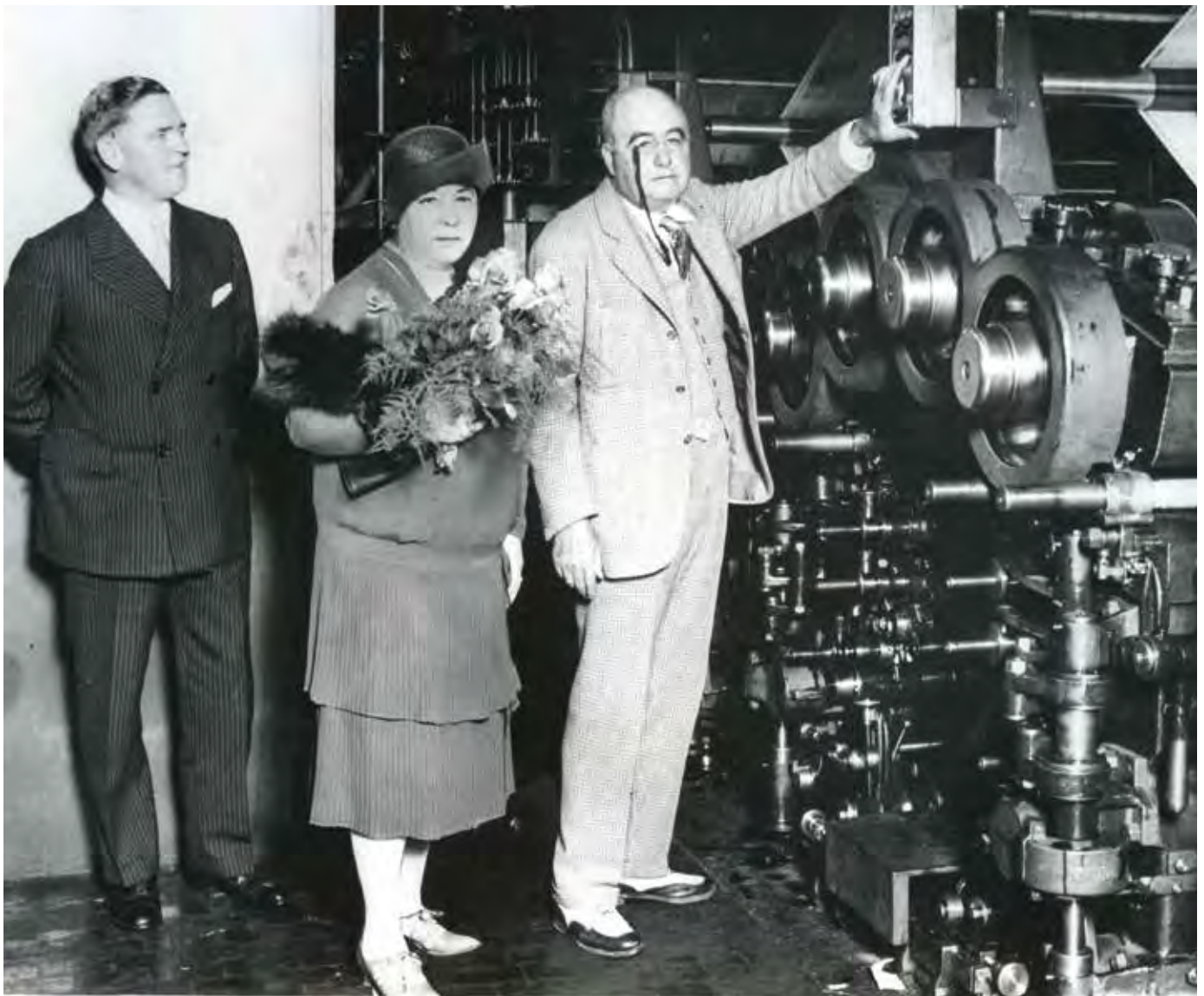
press, probably when she was in her late 50s or 60s; the other is from a collage of photos published in the *Journal* in 1916 under the headline, "Prominent Women of Milwaukee Co-operate for the Success of Great German-Austrian Bazaar." The *Milwaukee Journal* itself includes only shards about her social life, her civic responsibilities, her travels. We don't even know her exact date of birth. Census records from 1870 and 1880 suggest she was born in 1860 or 1861, but a passport application lists her as born "on or about" January 26, 1865. The longest piece of writing about Agnes that has turned up is the front-page obituary that ran in the *Journal* in 1936.

Harvard certainly did not know about the widow of Lucius Nieman when the president, James B. Conant, received a letter from her lawyer announcing that Agnes

had named the university as the principal beneficiary of her estate, in her husband's memory. Conant was not, in fact, enthused about the Milwaukee heiress's desire to educate a bunch of journalists from around the United States at his elite university.

And it almost didn't happen. The idea to leave money to Harvard—which relatives later contested in a heated court battle—arose in the final days of her life. If things had gone just slightly differently in 1936, there would be no Nieman Foundation—not at Harvard, not anywhere.

Agnes Elizabeth Guenther Wahl was born in Chicago, the eldest of three daughters of wealthy German-Americans, groomed with the impeccable manners, easy conversational skills, and passion for



Lucius Nieman, editor of *The Milwaukee Journal*, turns on the paper's new printing press alongside his wife, Agnes, and *Journal* publisher Harry J. Grant. This is the only known photograph of Lucius and Agnes together. The *Journal* moved into its new office in 1924

the arts that suited the balls, garden parties, cotillions and teas her family frequented.

Educated largely by governesses, Agnes spoke three languages and read the classics of German and French literature. Later she studied in Paris with Mathilde Marchesi, a German mezzo-soprano who trained many international opera stars.

Music had been central to the Wahl family for generations. Agnes's grandfather started the Milwaukee Musical Society in 1850, after the family emigrated from Germany. (Both Agnes's mother's and father's families were political liberals and active in German politics before leaving for the U.S.) Her father had a fine tenor voice, while Agnes was an alto and her sister Hedwig, a soprano. Both sisters sang as soloists in Beethoven's Mass in C Major at Easter services, and

Agnes performed in a local production of "The Mikado."

It was a heady time to be a German art lover in Milwaukee. The city was known as the "German Athens of the West" at the turn of the century. Art and music filled local theaters and homes of families like the Wahls. The house was one of the most magnificent along Milwaukee's Gold Coast—a three-story brick and stone Victorian with 20 rooms, a wide entryway, views of Lake Michigan, and walls lined in stamped leather. Throughout were treasures from around the world: wood carvings from Switzerland, a bison head (reputed to be one of the largest in the world), tapestries and other artifacts from Germany, China, Japan, Bohemia, Switzerland.

With its grand rooms, the house was ideal for entertaining. Composer and conductor Walter Damrosch,



Music had been central to the Wahl family for generations ... In her teens, Agnes studied in Paris with Mathilde Marchesi, who trained many international opera stars

[illegible]

who would later conduct the New York Symphony Orchestra, came to town with a German opera company and presented excerpts from a Wagnerian opera at the Wahl home. Painters, sculptors and other artists stopped by for drinks, dinners and conversation. And local groups, like Le Circle Francais, performed monologues, comedy acts, and songs in the house. At dances, the sounds of Clauder's Orchestra, one of the top bands in the city, filled the Wahl ballroom.

Also, like her father, Christian Wahl—a former Chicago city council member and later, most notably, Milwaukee’s “father of the parks,” overseeing the development of Milwaukee’s expansive public grounds—Agnes had a strong civic spirit. She was the financial secretary for the board of the Wisconsin Humane Society, which aided animals, and a volunteer with Milwaukee Children’s Hospital and a local “fresh air” organization that provided rural escapes for impoverished city kids. Those public interests may have, many decades later, influenced her to give much of her estate to an institution where it could make a long-lasting public impact.

the financial means of her parents, with whom she lived, alleviated any rush to become a wife. She was somewhere between 35 and 40 when she married Lucius, many years older than the average age for U.S. women at the time. She may have also gotten cold feet after watching her younger sister's marriage. In 1893, her sister Hedwig married Arthur Cyril Gordon Weld, a musical director (and a columnist at the *Journal*) who had fled Boston for Milwaukee after a broken marriage. Though Agnes's parents were opposed to the marriage, the wedding took place, as did a divorce several years later when Weld abandoned Hedwig, set off for New York, and fell in love with an actress.

If Agnes and Lucius were already a romantic couple at Hedwig's wedding (Agnes was the maid of honor, Lucius a groomsman), they certainly took their time, another seven years, before getting married themselves. Perhaps Lucius was frustrated with the long courtship in 1895 when he, along with other bachelors at the newspaper, wrote small observations on love in *The Milwaukee Journal*: "It is sometimes discouraging but persevere even though you seem to be bumping your head against a stone wall."

But the days of frustration may have ended by 1897, when the society pages bubbled with references to Lucius and Agnes attending intimate lunches at the country club, dinner parties, and other social events throughout the city.

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The Wahls of Milwaukee

Agnes Wahl Nieman was the eldest of three daughters of wealthy German-Americans, Antonie and Christian Wahl. Agnes willed the 1873 portrait of her mother (far left), by Austrian painter Heinrich von Angeli, to the Milwaukee Art Museum. Her father, shown here in an 1895 photograph, was known as Milwaukee's "father of the parks"

aisle ahead of the bride was a group of children, including 4-year-old Cyril Weld, Hedwig's only child, whom Agnes would later come to regard as a son. The newlyweds soon moved into what's known now as The Montgomery House, a Queen Anne home, more modest than her parents' estate and a couple blocks from Lake Michigan, where Agnes always preferred to be.

In the decades after she became Mrs. Nieman, it is unclear how much Agnes kept up with civic organizations. Though she wasn't directly involved in running the paper, she was sometimes her husband's adviser and sounding board.

Lucius joined the Journal with the goal of publishing news free of political bias and yellow journalism. He wanted a paper that, as he put it, "never cared about classes, but about people." In the early months after the Journal launched, 71 people died in a fire at the city's leading hotel, the Newall House. While other newspapers called it an unavoidable tragedy, the Journal said the building was a known "firetrap" and denounced the owners for greed and criminal negligence. Later, when some newspapers supported Wisconsin's Bennett Law, the Journal criticized it for making teaching foreign languages illegal in grade schools. The Journal also waged battles on issues like municipal home-rule, the right of cities to formulate their own local policies. Then, in 1919, the newspaper won its first Pulitzer Prize, for Public Service, for its stance against Germany in World War I, which the committee cited as particularly brave given the

newspaper's pro-German constituency.

Even if Agnes didn't have her hand in major newspaper decisions, she did know a few things about journalism from firsthand experience. In 1895, before she married, she was part of a group of women who persuaded Lucius to turn his paper over to them for a women's charity edition. Agnes was in charge of coverage of Lake Park, albeit a conflict of interest given that her father oversaw the development. The edition was an enormous success, selling enough ads for a 56-page paper, the largest printed in Milwaukee at that time, earning more than \$3,700 for the Milwaukee Welfare Fund.

Years later, Agnes continued to keep her eye on certain aspects of the newspaper. Pity the reporter who misused French or German in the Journal, only to have it corrected by Mrs. Nieman, who knew both languages expertly. And if a street vendor's horse was suffering in the hot sun, Agnes, who cared passionately for animals, did not hesitate to reprimand him. If that didn't lead to immediate action, she called her husband at work. "If we don't do something about this," Lucius would tell his staff, "I can't go home tonight."

Otherwise, Agnes remained committed to the arts, frequenting museums and exhibits and collecting art by both famous and lesser-known artists. She also took up golf, and together she and Lucius won multiple local tournaments.

But the tight-knit Wahl family, to whom she was devoted, had slowly disintegrated in the two decades after she married. The year after her wedding, her father suffered a heart attack in a streetcar near his



In the early '20s, Lucius suffered a stroke and Harry J. Grant, originally the business manager, stepped in to edit the paper



FROM "THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL" BY ROBERT W. WELLS

Lucius W. Nieman, shown at rear, in the office of The Milwaukee Journal circa 1885, three years after he joined the paper. An office boy answered the phone at the front desk and reporters used the office at right

home and was carried into a drugstore, where he died in minutes. Her mother died eight years later. By 1926, both of her sisters were dead.

Agnes's remaining closest blood relative was her nephew, Cyril, Hedwig's only child. He had been a constant presence in Agnes's life. As the only grandchild of Christian Wahl, Cyril was chosen at age 7 to unveil a statue of his grandfather at a 1903 dedication at Lake Park honoring his service. The bronze bust on a red granite base has since been moved to Wahl Park.

Cyril also worked briefly at the Journal, and Agnes encouraged him to return to Milwaukee for a newspaper career. But Cyril had his heart set on acting and lived in Los Angeles and later New York City. Still, he visited Agnes, who provided a monthly allowance and

together with Lucius threw him parties and invited his friends to their home.

Then, in the early 1920s Lucius suffered a stroke. Over the next years he was seldom in the newsroom more than an hour a day. Harry J. Grant, originally hired as the business manager, stepped into his place.

Aside from winter escapes to California or Florida, those final years for Agnes and Lucius were quiet ones. They didn't socialize as much as they once had. Instead, they often took drives around the city to view the parks and the lake. They moved into an apartment on the top floor of the eight-story Knickerbocker Hotel with views of the water and enough room for Agnes's extensive collection of music books and sheet music. In her living room hung a portrait of her mother by



Agnes's childhood home, one of the finest along Milwaukee's Gold Coast, was a 20-room Victorian with views of Lake Michigan. Her parents hosted dances with live music in the ballroom. It burned down in the 1940s

Heinrich von Angeli, one of the finest court painters in Europe. Agnes bequeathed it to the Milwaukee Art Museum, where it currently hangs.

Lucius Nieman died at home on October 1, 1935, after spending the last two years of his life largely confined to their apartment. In the painful weeks afterward, Agnes wondered aloud how other widows carried on.

Then a breath of good news arrived when her nephew Cyril landed his first Broadway role. On October 28 he opened in the play, "Dead End," a story of gangsters in New York City. But two months later, Cyril came down with pneumonia. Agnes left by train in early January with her personal nurse and her close friend, W.W.

Rowland, a longtime member of the Journal staff who Agnes sometimes referred to as "son."

At Lister Hospital in Manhattan, Agnes became Cyril's advocate, overseeing his treatment. She told his doctor to spare no expense in caring for her nephew. Two days later, she was sitting by his bed when Cyril died. He was 39.

Agnes brought her nephew's body back home by train. She planned his funeral, down to the pallbearers, the yellow roses, and the music, including both Agnes and Cyril's favorite, Brahms's lullaby "Wiegenlied," and the traditional hymn of the Wahl household, Mendelssohn's "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath" ("It is Ordained by God's Decree"). Both pieces would also be sung at Agnes's funeral.

(Series of 189)

(FORM FOR NATIVE CITIZEN)

No. 27527

Issued May 18/91

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

STATE OF IllinoisCOUNTY OF Winnebago

I, Agnes E. Stahl, a NATIVE and LOYAL CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, hereby apply to the Department of State, at Washington, for a passport for myself, accompanied by my wife and minor children as follows:
 born at Chicago on the 26th day of January, 1865, and 18 and 18

I solemnly swear that I was born at Chicago in the State of Illinois, on or about the 26th day of January, 1865; that my father is a naturalized citizen of the United States; that I am domiciled in the United States, my permanent residence being at Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin, where I follow the occupation of housewife; that I am about to go abroad temporarily; and that I intend to return to the United States within six months, with the purpose of residing and performing the duties of citizenship therein.

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

Further, I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: So HELP ME GOD.

Sworn to before me this 15th day of May, 1891.Wm. J. McQuinn

Notary Public

DESCRIPTION OF APPLICANT.

Age: 26 years.Stature: 5 feet, 3 3/4 inches. Eng.Forehead: high, narrowEyes: hazel grayNose: straightMouth: averageChin: roundHair: light brownComplexion: fairFace: oval

IDENTIFICATION.

I hereby certify that I know the above-named Agnes E. Stahl, personally, and know her to be a native-born citizen of the United States, and that the facts stated in her affidavit are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(ADDRESS OF WITNESS)

Applicant desires passport sent to following address:

Mr. Christian Stahl
1212 Prospect Avenue
Milwaukee

Two weeks after Cyril's death, Agnes's doctor ordered her to bed. She had suffered from kidney problems, high blood pressure, and edema in her ankles. Now the deaths of the two people she loved the most had weakened her further. "There is nothing to live for," she confided to her nurse.

She was anxious, too, about Cyril's will. No one could find a copy, though she and Cyril had talked about leaving their estates to each other. Given that he had no wife and no children, Cyril's money would pass to two half-sisters he had never known. Meanwhile, the will Agnes created in 1932 left the bulk of her estate to Cyril. She was desperate to rewrite it and retain control over her money.

She talked to her friend Rowland about creating a memorial to Lucius. She also called her lawyer, Edwin S. Mack, who was the trustee of Lucius's estate.

No one but Agnes and Mack knows exactly how those conversations unfolded. But at 4 p.m. on Saturday, February 1, 1936, Mack brought over the new will. Before he arrived, Agnes asked her nurse to bring her reading glasses and straighten her hair. She and Mack spoke for about an hour. When he left, Agnes told her nurse "half my trouble is over." She believed her health would now improve.

That same day, Lucius's niece, Faye McBeath, who had worked at the newspaper since 1916 and to whom Agnes would leave her engagement ring as well as other jewelry and her silverware and gold, spent more than an hour with Agnes, though McBeath said they never talked about the particulars of the new will. The next day, around 10 a.m., Agnes telephoned Rowland, telling him they would read over the will together the next day.

It never happened. Agnes came down with a fever and was diagnosed with pneumonia. On February 5, 1936, four months after she lost her husband and less than a month after Cyril's death, Agnes Wahl Nieman died at 6:20 a.m. In her bedroom stood two urns, which she had adorned with roses days before: One contained the ashes of her husband, the other of her nephew.

A Heart for Adventure

Agnes's precise date of birth is unknown, something that was not uncommon among individuals born during the mid- to late-1800s. Her 1891 passport application, above, states her date of birth as on or about January 26, 1865 and her age as 26. Census records, however, differ on her year of birth; one says 1860, another 1861, and a third 1870. Given the lack of photographs of Agnes, the passport application also provides some of the few details known about her appearance. She stood 5 feet, 3 3/4 inches tall, had bluish-gray eyes, a straight nose, wide mouth, fair complexion, and light brown hair.

Agnes's story, of course, did not end with her death. The will that she changed four days before she died now left the largest portion of her estate to Harvard University "to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States and educate persons deemed specially qualified for journalism." Records from the Harvard treasurer's office indicate that Agnes's gift came in over a number of years and totaled about \$1.4 million.

It wasn't initially clear, however, that Harvard would get that money. Four months after Agnes died, three relatives—two of whom she hadn't seen in years—claimed she was not of "sound mind" and that she was an alcoholic when she signed the will. (Agnes did like a daily gin and grapefruit juice.) There were also

suggestions that Mack, her lawyer, who graduated from Harvard College and Harvard Law School and was actively involved in Milwaukee's Harvard Club, influenced her to give her money to his alma mater.

For seven days in a Milwaukee court (it was one of the largest will contests in local courts at that time) a parade of Agnes's household workers—her chauffeur, two nurses—and various doctors (some of whom had never laid eyes on Agnes) as well as Rowland and Lucius's niece, Faye McBeath, testified about her mental health, her physical ailments, her intentions. Rowland noted she was an unhappy woman after her husband's death. But no one provided compelling evidence that she was an alcoholic, unstable, or not mentally capable of making her own decisions.

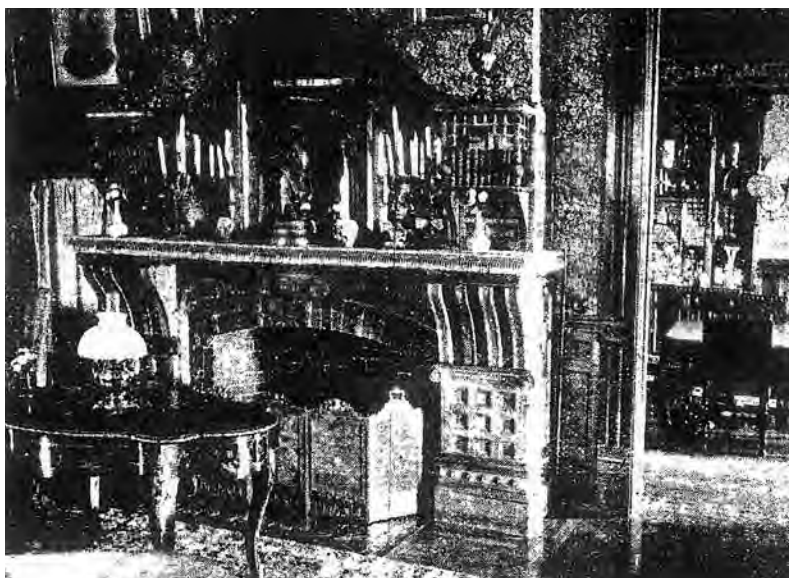
At the conclusion of the trial, the judge said that he believed Agnes's decision to give money to Harvard was, ultimately, her own. He pointed out that Harvard was not the only beneficiary: She had left money to several loved ones and organizations, including to the humane society and the children's hospital, much as she did in her original will. As for Harvard, the judge thought Mack was not guilty. "A lawyer who draws a will for a client," the judge wrote, "is not a mere draftsman ... It is the duty of a lawyer, and I assume that is what he is retained for by the client who expects to make a will, to give the client the benefit of his advice and judgment and if you please, if asked for, suggestions."

So, why Harvard? Agnes's cousin, Otto Falk, suggested a gift to Milwaukee-Downer College, because it was local, or to Marquette University, where Falk was a trustee. But Agnes ruled out Marquette, for being "too Catholic." "The Pope might get a share," she told one of her nurses, which may have been a reference to the increasing power of Polish Catholics in Milwaukee politics.

Agnes also decided against the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where Cyril had been a student, because it was dominated by the La Follettes. Robert La Follette, once the governor of Wisconsin and later a U.S. senator, disliked Lucius after the newspaper's sometimes critical stance of La Follette's politics, including his tax policies, which the paper said showed he represented monopolies rather than "the people."

As for Harvard, there were some guesses. Harry Grant, who ran the Journal after Lucius became ill, spent two years as a student at Harvard. The Journal staff included several Harvard grads. Cyril's father's family had a long history at Harvard, though Agnes disliked Cyril's father, who had abandoned her sister Hedwig. The truth is, aside from Mack's affiliation, there was no obvious reason why she chose Harvard over several other universities.

Meanwhile, Harvard did not exactly welcome the bequest. First, journalists were not an obvious fit for Harvard, in part because many academics viewed them as undereducated tradespeople. Plus, the Great



The Wahl home on Prospect Street in Milwaukee was filled with artifacts from around the world

Depression was still in full swing, and schools were hard-pressed for funds. "The last thing I should have thought of asking Santa Claus to bring was an endowment to 'promote and elevate the standards of journalism,'" Conant later wrote. "Here was a very large sum of money which was tied up in perpetuity by what looked like an impossible directive. How did one go about promoting and elevating the standards of journalism?"

A journalism school was quickly nixed. Conant considered the idea of creating writing programs for journalists and a collection of microfilms of newspapers from around country. But in the end, he relied on the advice of influential columnist and Harvard alum Walter

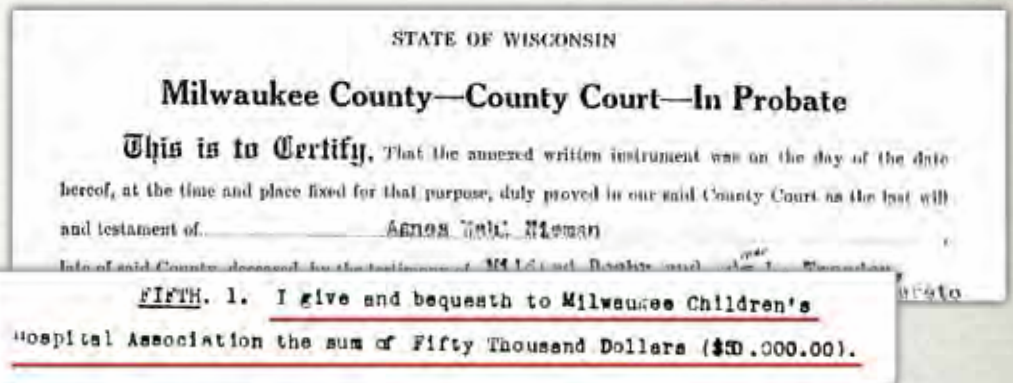


Claiming she was not of "sound mind," three of Agnes's relatives contested the will in which she made her bequest to Harvard

How It All Began

Apart from the bequest to Harvard College, Agnes gave \$50,000 to the Milwaukee Children's Hospital and \$6,000 to the Wisconsin Humane Society. In addition to establishing a \$50,000 trust fund for a cousin, Agnes willed a total of about \$140,000 to nearly 20 other relatives, friends and employees. The gifts ranged in size from \$500 to one of her household employees to \$25,000 for Milwaukee Journal automobile editor W.W. (Brownie) Rowland.

Though she suggested a number of uses for the money, Agnes made it clear that Harvard should have "the broadest discretion" in spending the funds. In addition, she specified that "journalism, as here used, shall be interpreted in a broad sense" and not limited to newspapers and magazines.



SEVENTH. All the rest, residue and remainder of my property and estate, real and personal and wheresoever situated, I give, bequeath and devise to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I request that such gift, bequest and devise be used to constitute a fund to be known as the "Lucius W. Nieman and Agnes Wahl Nieman Fund", which shall be invested and the income thereof used to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States and educate persons deemed specially qualified for journalism, in such manner as the governing authorities of Harvard College from time to time shall deem wise, by the giving of prizes to writers or students or to newspapers or magazines, or by payment for fellowships, scholarships or stipends to undergraduate or graduate students or amateur or professional writers working in journalism or preparing for journalism or deemed specially qualified for work in journalism, or by any other means deemed wise by said governing board of Harvard College, whether similar to or different from the foregoing. The foregoing purposes and methods are stated as an indication of the general purposes I have in mind, but it is my wish and I direct that the governing authorities of Harvard College from time to time shall have the broadest discretion as to the manner of utilization of the income of such fund and that their determination of any question with reference to the same shall be conclusive, and further, that the word "journalism", as here used, shall be interpreted in a broad sense, including, without by this specification limiting its generality, the field of newspapers and magazines of whatsoever nature. I request also that any prizes, stipends, fellowships or scholarships constituted from said fund shall bear the designation "Lucius W. Nieman", in memory of my late husband.

Agnes stipulated that the rest of her estate be given to Harvard College for a "Lucius W. Nieman and Agnes Wahl Nieman Fund." She did not stipulate that the money should only benefit men. That was a decision Harvard made. In a letter to the Nieman Foundation in 1938, Gladys Hobbs, a reporter in Salt Lake City, Utah, criticized the men-only policy as "anything but scientific" and "unworthy of Harvard." She wrote, "The type of reporting I have done is unlimited and my ambition is great, but I am not allowed to apply because I am not a man." It wasn't until the eighth class of Nieman Fellows was named in 1945 that women were admitted. Harvard Medical School began accepting women as students that same year.



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC./COURTESY OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Columnist and Harvard alum Walter Lippmann was crucial to establishing the Fellowship on the Harvard campus, shown here in 1925

Lippmann, among others, who was on the Board of Overseers and who argued that an “in-service fellowship” would create much-needed academic education for journalists. Lippmann then helped persuade the university’s governing board of the plan.

In announcing the Nieman Fellowship in 1938, Conant called it a “dubious experiment.” But over time his skepticism shifted, as the Fellowships became both hugely popular and well reviewed by editors whose reporters had returned from the experience. In his 1970 autobiography, Conant wrote that Agnes Wahl Nieman was an “ideal benefactor” and the Nieman Fellowship “an invention of which I am very proud.”

When her obituary ran on the front page of *The Mil-*

waukee Journal on February 5, 1936, the article stated that Agnes had “spent her entire life in the light cast by two men of outstanding personality”—her father and her husband. But her life and her legacy were far more than that. By leaving her money to Harvard, and allowing the administration to interpret her bequest largely how it wanted, she gave journalism one of its most significant gifts. More than 1,400 journalists (and counting) and their audiences benefit from the light Agnes Wahl Nieman sparked in the final days of her life.

Maggie Jones, NF '12, is a contributing writer for The New York Times Magazine

Present at the Creation

*A brief history
of Nieman Foundation
traditions and fixtures,
from Lippmann House
to the Lab*

H A R V A R D

GARDEN ST.

MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

PEABODY ST.

1946–1963

Holyoke House



44 Holyoke Place
Robert Manning, a
1946 Nieman Fellow,
remembered the Nieman
Foundation office as "a
cluttered two-room suite in
Holyoke House, a Harvard
Square building that was
slated for demolition and
surely deserved it"

2

1963–1970

77 Dunster St.



77 Dunster St.
The Harvard building,
close to the heart of Harvard
Square, is now home to
the Office of International
Education

3

Charles River

DUNSTER ST.

1978–present

Walter Lippmann House



1 Francis Ave.

The new quarters were spacious enough for seminars and dinners, sparing the Foundation the expense of hosting events at the Harvard Faculty Club

5

FRANCIS AVE.

KIRKLAND ST.

1938–1945

University Hall



Harvard Yard

The white granite building was well over 100 years old when the newly established Nieman Foundation set up an office there

1

Harvard Yard

1970–1977

Doeble House



48 Trowbridge St.

Finally, a home of their own. Nieman Fellows were given keys to the house so they had a place to get together on evenings and weekends

4

TROWBRIDGE ST.

A tour of Nieman Foundation homes 1938–2013

5

“You’re a curator”

At a dinner celebrating Louis M. Lyons’s 20th anniversary as curator in 1960, former Harvard president James B. Conant gave a speech about the origins of the term “curator,” the curious title given to the head of the Nieman Foundation

We had an extraordinarily enterprising and far-sighted librarian, the monument to whom is, after all, the Lamont Library. He at once came forward with a very practical suggestion. He said, “After all, there is no clear way you can spend this money [Agnes Wahl Nieman’s bequest to Harvard] within the educational framework. But what you can do is get a first-rate collection of microfilms of current journals and keep this up to date.”

8

The number of curators since the Nieman Foundation was established in 1938

It seemed like a very good suggestion. The Corporation liked it and so we said, “Well, we’ll do that anyway. But perhaps somebody might come up with another idea or two.”

It just happened that at the same time we were wrestling with another problem, the problem of how to implement Mr. [Lucius] Littauer’s generous gift to the Littauer School of Public Administration. In that connection I’d made some inquiries in England about their scheme of in-service fellowships for government officials. And we’d discussed it in the Corporation, and I won’t attempt to reveal the inner workings of the corporate body. But let me put it in a collective sense and say that we came up—the Harvard Corporation—with the idea that it might be



Harvard president Conant suggested the Nieman gift be used to fund fellowships

worth trying on publishers, to see whether they would be interested in helping us support something like an in-service group of fellows, concerned not with public service, but with journalism.

And so then the Corporation said, “Well, try it out on the Boston newspaper people.” I then had the pleasure of entertaining at my house a group of people who were then in



Archibald MacLeish

“There is no clear way you can spend this money [the bequest from Agnes Wahl Nieman] within the educational framework”

charge of the Boston papers, and we tried it out—spelled the idea out then a little more in detail, and finally they said: “Well, we can’t think of anything better to do with the money, except what you

say you are going to do anyway with a good deal of it, make this selection of films. So why not give it a try?” And so we did.

And since we were going to have somebody be responsible for this group of in-service training, these newspaper people on leave of absence—and since he was also—Mr. [Archibald] MacLeish has very conveniently forgotten—also to be responsible for this collection of microfilms ... Of course, what title do you have if you take care of a collection of films? You’re a curator.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES, HUP CONANT, J.B. (43)

RADCLIFFE ARCHIVES



Edwin O. Reischauer, a leader in establishing Japanese studies at Harvard, engages with the Class of 1975

STEVE NORTHUP

1939: DINNERS

“Getting conversation going”

In an interview published in the 1986 book, *“Archibald MacLeish: Reflections,”* the Foundation’s first curator described the origins of the regular Nieman dinners, which eventually evolved into seminars and, ultimately, into Soundings

It was very difficult at the beginning. In fact, my principal task was to persuade the best of Harvard professors, the ones who should have to do with the Nieman Fellows, to accept them as auditors in their courses. By the end of that year, it was such an obvious success that professors were falling all over themselves to lure Niemans to come and sit and listen to them! It was a success largely because of the support of two men who had been

friends of mine for some years on the Harvard faculty: Felix Frankfurter in the Law School and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., the historian, a very admirable gentleman. Both of them were excited about the idea. So was Walter Lippmann.

Anyway, overcoming that initial resistance was one of the problems we had. Another was the invention of some sort of device that would keep these people in relation to each other, because they could teach each other a lot! In fact, that’s the way I have often thought is the way a boy or girl learns most in undergraduate work. So we devised a dinner once a week.

I’m a great believer in dinners. I think dinner’s the best possible way of getting conversation going—and that money was made available by the Foundation to make this possible. And we also made arrangements with a restaurant in Boston. [According to Louis M. Lyons, writing in the Spring 1989 issue of *Nieman Reports*, the restaurant was Joseph’s, on the second floor of the Boston Art Club, just off Copley Square: “Joseph, a gaunt sensitive Alsatian who claimed to have invented his own special version

“Professors were falling over themselves to lure Niemans to come and sit and listen to them”

of vichyssoise, had a large square room back of the public restaurant which he reserved on Thursdays for ‘the professors,’ as he called us.”]

We got a back room. I would invite various types of people to come, usually other journalists who had nothing to do with the Nieman Foundation. Walter Lippmann, first of all, who had a great deal to do with the Nieman Foundation because he was a Harvard man and an adviser on it in the beginning. Then we got members of the faculty who were in the same general field of this guest so that you had a central discussion going and then let the reporters fall into their reportorial habit of nitpicking and questioning and getting their ears pinned back. It was very good for everybody.

“Talk that shouldn’t be missed”



1949 Fellows, from left, Lawrence Weiss, Robert de Roos, Robert Brunn, Peter Lisagor, David Dreiman, and Grady Clay, at a seminar

Writing in the Spring 1989 issue of *Nieman Reports*, Louis M. Lyons, NF '39, explained the weekly seminar series added during his Nieman year

The dinner guests [curator Archibald] MacLeish coaxed to Cambridge that year were distinguished and the talk that year was grand. Walter Lippmann came up. So did Heywood Broun. And so did Paul Y. Anderson, the great investigational reporter of the [St. Louis] *Post-Dispatch*, John Gunther, Alexander Woollcott, William Allen White, Henry Luce, Harold Laski, and Raymond Gram Swing. Besides, Ralph Ingersoll came with a blueprint for a new kind of newspaper to be called PM, and James Morgan of *The Boston Globe* came to describe to us the convention that nominated William Jennings Bryan.

“Seminars proved well organized and incisive”

MacLeish's own conversation was sparkling. He knew most of the guests. He was deft in directing the discussion and bringing everyone into it. There was just one ground rule. Everything was off the record. So the talk was full, free, candid.

When [Harvard president James B.] Conant in the spring had us all around to his house to hear the returns of our year, he asked about the Nieman dinners. Oh, great. But one Fellow remarked that the faculty guests didn't talk much. Another commented that they didn't get much chance. Conant then suggested a second series, to hear from faculty members. So the next season we

started a Tuesday afternoon session over beer and cheese at the Faculty Club and called it a seminar. Each week we would ask one of the faculty to come from 4 to 6 o'clock to talk about some topic in his field.

These two series, the dinners and the seminars, continued as a strong thread of the Nieman program. The dinners, thereafter on alternate weeks, always averaged out at a high level but uneven. The faculty seminars, on the other hand, proved uniformly well organized and incisive, usually searching and in depth. The time of day had something to do with the seminars being more businesslike. The newspaper talk was apt to be more discursive, more rambling, often irrelevant, but always interesting, usually revealing, often exciting. Both in their different ways developed the kind of talk that shouldn't be missed.

“Mastering the craft”

Fiction instructor Anne Bernays and nonfiction instructor Paige Williams, NF '97, recall how the Nieman writing courses got started in 1945 and 1998

Signing on to teach crack journalists how to write is a little like contracting to teach Royal Shakespeare Company members how to act. Don't they already know how?

Beginning in 1945, Theodore Morrison, novelist, poet and professor of creative writing at Harvard from the '30s through the '60s, taught the Fellows how to write better.

Shortly after James C. Thomson Jr. became curator in 1972, his wife, Diana, started a weekly writing class. The freethinking and free talking that went on in her classes made a vivid impression on her students.

In 1989, Nieman Fellows Daniel Biddle and Ann Marie Lipinski, now the curator, took my writing class at Harvard's Extension School. The following year curator Bill Kovach brought me in to teach Niemans. I have been teaching fiction writing at the Foundation ever since. From 1992 to 2011, Rose Moss, a novelist and short story writer, also taught fiction writing at the Foundation. She is a generous, provocative teacher who is adored by her students.

One of my pet theories is that the imagination can be twisted and stretched, like the muscles of your body, and the more you twist and stretch the imagination, the more agile it becomes. This is why I teach via exercises, each one focused on a single aspect of writing, such as dialogue, plot, or the inner lives of characters. I also emphasize being skeptical, looking beneath the surface, questioning the smile, digging out unspoken truths. These skills apply to journalism as well as to fiction.

But in teaching Niemans, especially print journalists, I find my most difficult task is to loosen and toss away the bonds that tie reporters to the facts. “I can't make anything up!” is always the argument. The same talent that makes them excellent reporters keeps



Fiction instructor Rose Moss, second from right, with members of the Class of 2006

102

The number of
Nieman Fellows who
have won a Pulitzer
Prize for journalism
or a book

them from easily writing fiction. There is also often a touch of guilt about pure storytelling. Isn't that what children do? It's a psychological obstacle that needs breaking down. I'm the deprogrammer.

The Nieman narrative program began with a simple question from Robert Vare, NF '97. Wouldn't it be great, he said at the end-of-year meeting on ideas for improving the program, if we offered a seminar on narrative nonfiction?

Vare had come from editorships at The New Yorker and The New York Times Magazine. A number of his classmates, myself included, shared his respect for strong storytelling and supported his idea to add a narrative seminar, supplementing the fiction classes.

The writer Natalie Kusz taught an un-

dergraduate nonfiction course at the time, and a few Niemans took it, but otherwise Harvard offered little then, as now. “It was almost like they didn't recognize that this was just as serious as poetry and fiction and playwriting,” Vare says. “And so if Niemans were going to take the undergraduate course because they felt this desire to test themselves, to have this experience, why not try it within the actual confines of the Nieman program?”

Vare envisioned a workshop that would expand the way journalists write and the way they think about writing, and would incorporate techniques of fiction and storytelling into the regular duties of reporting and research. The workshop continued under curator Bob Giles, who added the Nieman Conference on Narrative Journalism, which ran from 2001 to 2009, and the Narrative Digest website, which morphed into the Foundation's current site for the study and furtherance of narrative journalism, Nieman Storyboard.

In her first year as curator, Ann Marie Lipinski instituted a special end-of-year reading night: a cozy, raucous and occasionally weepy evening during which the narrative and fiction writers share excerpts of their work with the whole Nieman class. It's quickly becoming one of the most memorable nights of the year.



Gov. Deval Patrick urges calm during the hunt for the Boston bombings suspect

1947: NIEMAN REPORTS

“About newspapering”

James Geary, NF '12, editor of Nieman Reports, on the magazine's founding

Due to lingering wartime shortages, the February 1947 premiere issue of Nieman Reports was printed not on sleek magazine stock but on heavy white butcher paper, and because of a proofreading snafu, the articles were full of typos. An inauspicious start perhaps for what is today one of the oldest magazines in the U.S. specifically devoted to journalism.

Nieman Reports began, appropriately enough, at a Nieman reunion, in 1946. One outcome was the Society of Nieman Fellows, which decided to establish Nieman Reports. The editorial board was made up of, among others, Louis M. Lyons, NF '39, A.B. Guthrie Jr., NF '45, Robert Lasch, NF '42, and William J. Miller, NF '41, who also penned the cover story in that first issue: “What's Wrong With the Newspaper Reader.” “The trouble with the American newspaper reader ... is,” Miller, a reporter for Newsweek and the Cleveland Press, wrote, “that he does not like to read anything that forces him to think.”

Miller's lament came at a time when jour-



nalism faced technological disruption—from broadcast media, specifically television. But then, just as now, blaming the consumer was not the solution. Miller's alternative was a kind of analog Kickstarter campaign. In 1947, Miller and several hundred other writers, artists and photographers put up between \$500 and \$1,000 each to found “47: The Magazine of the Year.” Walter Lippmann was one of the owners-contributors. The publication lasted only two years, but for Miller it proved an important point: “Any time a sufficient number of people become really dissatisfied with the daily newspaper they are getting, they can pool their money

Nieman Reports, from the first issue to the most recent

and roll their own.”

That's essentially what the Society of Nieman Fellows did in starting Nieman Reports as “a quarterly about newspapering by newspapermen.” And that's what today's journalism innovators are doing in response to technological disruption. The challenges and opportunities remain very much the same. One other thing that hasn't changed—Nieman Reports' editorial mission, as defined by its founders: “It has no pattern, formula or policy except to seek to serve the purpose of the Nieman Foundation ‘to promote standards of journalism in America.’”



PETER H. HUNSEBERG/COURTESY RADCLIFFE ARCHIVES; SCHLESINGER LIBRARY

On Commencement Day in 1971, women demanded equal access to Harvard

1972: **AFFILIATES**

“*Lucky break*”

Ruth Daniloff, a '74 Nieman affiliate, on the dawn of equal rights for affiliates

When I heard in May of 1973 that my husband, Nicholas Daniloff, had won a Nieman Fellowship, I acknowledged that it would burnish his career. However, I was ungracious enough to grumble about the inconvenience it would cause me. I would have to give up the journalistic job I loved in Washington, D.C., find schools for my two children, obtain housing, and move house. And what for—for him and his career?

One of the hazards of exposing a group of journalists to new ideas is that their marriages sometimes broke up. A mid-career fellowship disrupts well-established family routines. In Cambridge, we wives found ourselves living in less space with less money. It was rumored that in one year seven marriages out of 12 hit the rocks. Husbands (Fellows were still mostly men then) were off taking courses with titles like *The Social Influence of Economic Action* while the wives were struggling to make ends meet

\$500

The babysitting allowance for a Class of 1974 Fellow with children

or having conferences with their children's teachers as to why their children were having trouble in the classroom.

At that time, I was unprepared for the novel ideas introduced into the Nieman program, largely as a result of the women's liberation movement. In 1972, James C. Thomson Jr., one of Harvard's most popular lecturers, became curator. His wife, Diana, was a writer and an ardent feminist. A Thomson mission was to help Nieman families adjust to the new reality of feminism. For me, it was a lucky break.

When a letter arrived from Jim Thomson informing us that wives were welcome to sit in on all classes and that the Nieman Foundation would pick up the babysitting

tab, I quit my job and stopped complaining. Diana Thomson encouraged Fellows and their wives to join her writing classes. Discussions at her house covered the best courses at Harvard and what we thought of women's liberation, virginity and extra-marital affairs. Some of the wives made it clear they were not interested in having their consciousness raised in that manner, preferring more practical information, like names of nursery schools. A few husbands were restive at the idea of such discussions taking place under the Nieman umbrella.

My nine months at Harvard went to my head. I flitted from course to course. I attended lunches, dinners, beer and cheese seminars. I listened to talks about computers and the Fifth Amendment, about sex and the single insect, about daydreaming and stream of consciousness. Processions of politicians and journalists came to discuss the role of the press: Ted Kennedy, Lowell Weicker, I.F. Stone, and on and on.

I reluctantly returned to Washington with reading lists and good intentions. I recalled the comment Henry Adams made about spending four years at Harvard and the rest of his life getting an education. Nine months at Harvard on the coattails of my husband exposed me to a world of ideas. I'm still exploring ... and I didn't get divorced.

“What led you to where you are now?”

Lois Fiore, hired in 1973 as assistant to curator James C. Thomson Jr., recalls the origins of the Sounding

One of the things we told the Fellows—and, I’m sure, still do—is that among the most interesting people you’re going to meet during your Nieman year are each other, so really be sure to spend a lot of time going out for lunch, going out for a cup of coffee, hanging around Lippmann House.

After talking to Fellows from the class of ’74 about this all the first semester, they asked me if there was a way to have it be a more formal kind of setup. Along with what we called “beer and cheeses” back then—B&Cs—they wanted us to also set up a seminar for them to talk to each other. Jim Thomson said, “Great. Let’s do it.” I came up with the name “Soundings” because we wanted to distinguish it from the B&Cs and really make it its own thing. That’s the most formal thing we did about it.

In the beginning, Soundings were focused on professional experience and development. The way we phrased it was: What were the professional elements in your career that led you to where you are now? We really focused on the professional side of things until the early 1980s. By that time, a lot of people who covered the ’60s—the Vietnam War, the antiwar movement, the gay rights movement, civil rights, all of those issues—were becoming Fellows.

One of the first people who really articulated this change was Margot Adler, NF ’82. She started her Sounding by saying, “I know that this is an event, these Soundings, for us to talk about our professional careers. But I grew up as a ‘red diaper baby’” [a term used to describe children of parents believed to have communist sympathies] and she talked about what that phrase meant and the trouble her parents had faced during the red scare of the 1950s. “My life, my whole life, including before I became a journalist, was deeply political because of this red diaper baby era and fear of communism and the McCarthy hearings and all of that.



Katrin Bennhold, NF '13, covers politics and economics from London

BORJA ECHEVARRÍA DE LA GÁNDARA

“Everyone who comes here brings a certain amount of baggage, good and bad. On Tuesday nights ... they open that suitcase to allow us a peek at their unmentionables”

— Rick Bragg, NF '93

My work as a journalist came from a very politically activist point of view.” She was the first one I remember who specifically said, “Because of my activities in the ’60s, I have to talk about my personal life in the Soundings.”

From there, people talked about issues of poverty in their childhoods, difficult family situations, or health issues. Howard Simons didn’t feel it was appropriate for those kinds of personal issues to be topics for Soundings—he felt it made some Fellows uncomfortable—so he removed Soundings from the regular schedule. The Fellows loved them and didn’t want to drop them, so for a while the Soundings were organized by the Fellows and held in their homes. When Howard realized how much the Fellows enjoyed them, he said,

“What’s the big deal? I want to hear them if they’re going to go ahead with them,” and added them back to the calendar.

The format was always the same: a presentation, followed by a question-and-answer session. Cheese and crackers was the usual menu when we started out; in recent years, whoever was giving the Sounding would also be responsible for feeding the group. We also had a policy at the start that it was for Fellows and spouses only. If they wanted to include the staff that was their decision, but then it became standard. Then they asked if they could invite other guests: their family, if they were in town, favorite professors, or others. We wanted the Fellows to do it the way they wanted, and if that was the way they felt more comfortable, we were happy to say yes.

“Room just to hang out”

Kenneth Freed, NF '78, remembers the refurbishment of Lippmann House

When the Class of '78 arrived in Cambridge, the conversion of what had been a decade-long derelict faux Greek Revival pile into Lippmann House was several months behind schedule. As the refurbishment staggered toward completion, a tiny, two-floor space remained untouched. Originally a servant's backdoor entry, the first floor was a Pullman kitchen. Two tiny rooms and the bath were up a very steep stairway. The space was to be incorporated into the whole house, but bad planning and cost overruns had put that off, so there was a place for me, who had arrived at Harvard alone and close to broke. Tenney Lehman,

“Space for seminars, lunches, one or two special dinners”

deputy to curator James C. Thomson Jr., said that if I would paint the place, find some furniture, and sort of provide a hint of security I could stay there for \$75 a month.

So, for a while in the fall of 1977, I personified the Nieman house at 1 Francis Ave. At least, I was its only occupant, the only one of the 15 Fellows with a key, a bed, and free run of the place. When everyone else, including the staff, had to wear hardhats to even be there, I nightly (and sometimes in the day) lighted a smuggled Romeo y Julieta Churchill, poured a generous Glen-

livet, cranked up Pavarotti and Callas on the stereo, and took to my life as a lord in a manse, an often naked one at that. A door on the second floor opened on to what was to become the library, so, in effect, the whole house was mine—ladders, paint, construction debris and the basement liquor cabinet included. It was my self-indulgent paradise, no pajamas necessary.

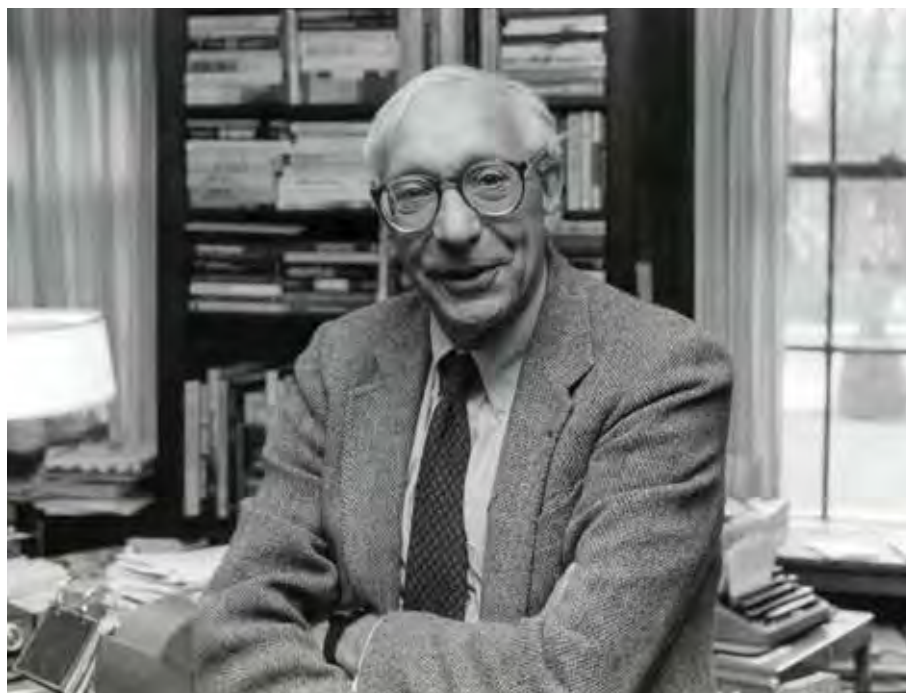
Life began changing just before the Christmas break when the curator's office was completed and Jim moved in. The house opened fully in January of 1978. There was space for seminars, lunches, one or two special dinners and room just to hang out. All in all, a Halls of Ivy experience that brought the class a lot closer, although I had to start wearing pajamas.



The house at 1 Francis Ave. was built in 1836 on what was then known as Professors' Row

CHRISTOPHER MORROW PHOTOGRAPHY

“Oh! The Maltese Falcon”



Howard Simons, NF '59, bird watcher and advocate for Native American journalists

Jonathan Seitz, Nieman Reports researcher/reporter, chronicles the fortunes of the “Santa Clara Hawk”

To a first-time visitor, the statue of a hawk in front of the Nieman Foundation may seem out of place. It is carved from smooth, gray-black stone with a gaze fixed on the pathway into Lippmann House. Perched atop a 2-foot-tall rock, it bears a simple plaque:

*“Santa Clara Hawk”
Doug Hyde
Nez Percé*

Given in Memory of Howard Simons
Curator 1984–1989

Gift of Nieman Class of 1989

In the spring semester of 1989, Nieman curator Howard Simons, NF '59, announced that he had terminal pancreatic cancer. He elected to not take any treatment but insisted on fulfilling his duties as curator, including hosting the Foundation's 50th anniversary celebration. After the May festivities, he and his wife, Tod, traveled

“If only the hawk sculpture really had been ‘the stuff that dreams are made of’”

— Cecilia Alvear, NF '89

to Jacksonville Beach, Florida, where he died on June 13, aged 60.

Simons had long been known as a wise counsel to fellow journalists. In notoriously workaholic Washington, the science writer turned Washington Post managing editor was known to tease colleagues for focusing too single-mindedly on work, though he was relentless in pushing the paper to cover Watergate. His own hobbies ranged from traveling and photography to collecting Indian arrowheads and bird watching.

During his tenure as curator, Simons focused on helping minority journalists, especially Native Americans. He hosted an annual dinner for Native American leaders and mentored aspiring reporters. “Our be-



LISA ABITBOL

“Santa Clara Hawk” by Doug Hyde

loved curator was a bird watcher, and he was also an advocate for Native American journalists,” says Cecilia Alvear, NF '89, a member of his final class. “When we found out he was dying, we thought it would be appropriate to make a gift to the Foundation that would reflect those two interests that were close to his heart.”

The class found a Native American artist, Doug Hyde of the Nez Percé, and talked to him about creating a memorial. They settled on a sculpture called the “Santa Clara Hawk.” Hyde says the statue was modeled on the red-tailed hawks he often saw in the cliffs near Santa Clara Pueblo, New Mexico. Hawks are highly respected in Native American culture. Their feathers are valued as symbols of achievement and authority.

Christopher Lynch, a local architect and friend of Alvear's, installed the Santa Clara Hawk in the back garden at Lippmann House in 1989. During construction of the Knight Seminar Room in 2003, it had to be moved to the front yard. Two years later, during a class photo shoot, staff realized it was missing. Cambridge police investigated the disappearance without success. The Foundation commissioned Hyde to create a replacement. The new hawk has stood sentry in its new location since 2007.

“When we opened the package, Howard looked at it and said, ‘Oh! The Maltese Falcon,’” Alvear wrote of the original gift in a piece for the Foundation's 2007 Annual Report. “If only it really had been ‘the stuff that dreams are made of’—recalling the famous line from that Humphrey Bogart film—our Nieman year would not have ended on such a sad note.”



Lab director Joshua Benton, seated, with staff writers Justin Ellis and Caroline O'Donovan

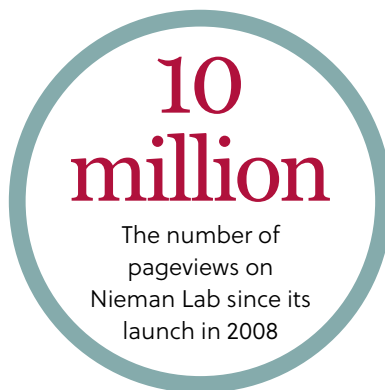
2008: **NIEMAN LAB**

“Journalism innovation”

Joshua Benton, NF '08, recounts the origins of the Nieman Journalism Lab

By the time I applied for a Nieman in 2007, the changes in America's newsrooms were too real to put out of mind. While some argued that the layoffs and cutbacks were just the latest dip in the familiar sine curve of the business cycle, it was clear to many that the Internet was changing the news business permanently. And the business disruptions that started in the United States were spreading to Europe, Latin America, and the rest of the world.

I arrived at Harvard from The Dallas Morning News, where I was a traditional reporter—doing investigations, writing a column, cobbling together foreign assignments where I could. But while I spent my days newspapering, I'd spent the better part of the previous 15 years building on the Web. I'd written my first HTML in 1994



and paid for my beer and pizza in college by building websites.

Unbeknownst to me, curator Bob Giles and the Nieman Foundation had been discussing for some years how to deal with what the Internet hath wrought. As it happens, 2007 was the last great year for the Harvard endowment before the economic downturn—a 23 percent return!—and that meant the Foundation was due a special, one-year-only extra payout and tasked with doing something innovative with it. That something was the ungainly named Nieman Digital Journalism Project, and I was hired in the final month of my Fellowship to lead it. (Yes, I lived the dream of so many Nieman Fellows: coming to Lippmann House and never leaving.)

I started July 1, 2008. By August, we'd changed the name to the Nieman Journalism Lab, and moved into the basement of Lippmann House. Quickly, we became part of the daily habits of journalists. What was initially a one-year experiment became a permanent part of the Nieman Foundation. Over the ensuing five years, we've grown from a staff of one to having funding for five positions, thanks in part to grants from the Knight Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation of New York. One third of our audience is outside the United States, and we're having an influence in newsrooms around the world.

Our mission, when we launched and still today: to report on and research journalism innovation, at every stage of the news, from reporting and production to distribution and discovery to consumption—and how to pay for it all. We believe in the power and value of journalism—but we also believe, fervently, that the Internet is as extraordinary a tool for the spread of knowledge as has ever been invented. We're fundamentally optimistic about where the future will take journalism, even though there'll be pain along the way.

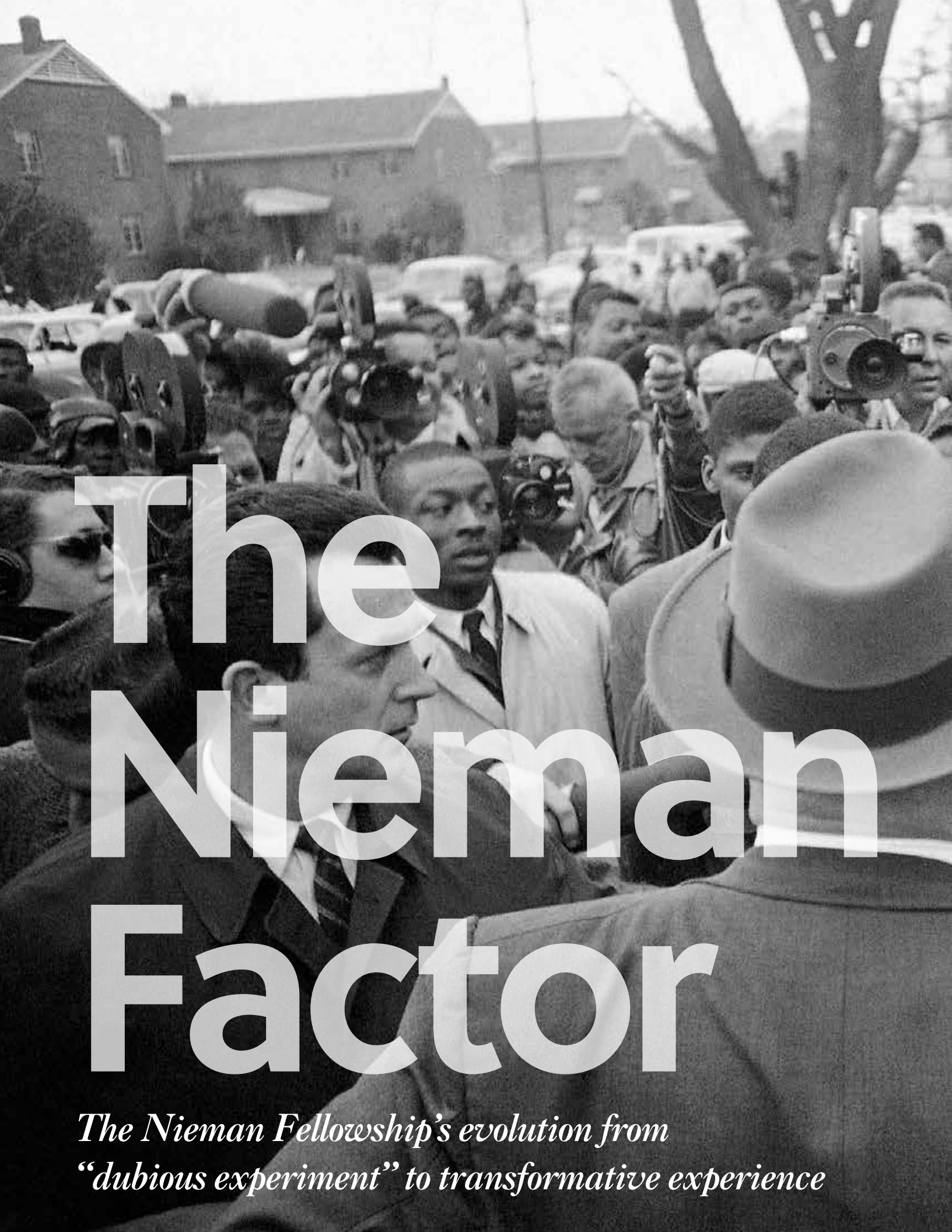
2011: **BIRDBATH**

Petoskey stones



LISA ABITBOL

When curator Bob Giles, NF '66, retired, the 2011 Fellows—his final Nieman class—presented him with a birdbath, now in the front yard at Lippmann House. Giles placed in it 11 Petoskey stones—one to honor each year of his service. A Petoskey stone is a fossilized coral found only in northern Michigan, where Giles has a home.



The Nieman Factor

*The Nieman Fellowship's evolution from
"dubious experiment" to transformative experience*



Wilson Baker, the public safety commissioner in Selma, Alabama, urges a crowd of civil rights demonstrators to turn back in February 1963. The marchers dispersed, but coverage of the confrontation appeared in the next day's New York Times ASSOCIATED PRESS

The world's most famous physicist was, on September 9, 1920, just another press critic: "Like the man in the fairy-tale who turned everything he touched into gold," groused Albert Einstein in a letter to fellow scientist Max Born, "so with me everything turns into a fuss in the newspapers."

His lament was a familiar one: Journalists, more than a few people believed, either trivialized or sensationalized everything they encountered, reducing complex ideas—such as Einstein's startling notion that space and time are relative, not absolute—to clever slogans and snappy headlines. Journalists specialized in titillation. They relished celebrity gossip. They adored the flashy, the shallow. They were distracted by shiny baubles. They had, that is, a Kardashian sensibility, long before the word "Kardashian" had flounced and pouted its way into the lexicon.

Sixteen years after Einstein presumably canceled his subscription, the widow of a Midwestern newspaper

magnate made a curious and inscrutable decision that was to have a profound impact upon the profession of journalism and, through journalism, upon the world. Agnes Wahl Nieman left \$1.4 million—approximately \$23 million in today's dollars—in her will to Harvard University, with the noble-sounding yet murky stipulation that the bequest be used to "promote and elevate the standards of journalism." This gift enabled the creation of the Nieman Foundation.

In the ensuing three-quarters of a century, the Foundation has awarded 1,442 Nieman Fellowships—929 domestic, 513 international—that bring journalists to Harvard for a year of study and reflection, after which they return to their jobs (most of them, anyway) and do things such as win Pulitzer Prizes, craft code, write books, and generally serve as pitchforks to the profession, pushing and challenging their colleagues ever forward. In recent years the Fellowship program has expanded into innovative offshoots such as the Nieman Journalism Lab, the Nieman Watchdog Project, and Nieman Storyboard, the website dedicated to long-form narrative. Since 1947, the Foundation has published Nieman Reports, one of the first periodicals in the country to explore journalistic practices.

Taking Back Our Language

By Bill Kovach, Curator 1989–2000

The shape and content of my decade as curator was determined by unexpected events. Howie Simons's time as curator was cut drastically short by his death. The dissolution of the Soviet Union and the collapse of journalism's economic model determined Nieman needs during my tenure. It had been an article of faith that mid-career journalists knew journalism, but changing times required not only adjusting how we produced and disseminated news, but reminding ourselves what values had to remain in the content of journalism.

With Howie's help, we put together in Prague the first conference between U.S. journalists and those newly freed in Eastern and Central Europe. Vaclav Havel opened the meeting with this reminder of what a



Chris Hedges, NF '99, joined Occupy Wall Street protesters in Manhattan in 2011

Nieman year should be about: The free flow of information "allowed us to take back our language, a language that had been stolen by propagandists to convince us that show trials were 'justice' and that slavery was 'freedom.' Only when the language had been freed could the people begin to have their own honest thoughts about political affairs, about the real state of the world,

and about their place in that world."

The faces of 258 Fellows flash through my mind. With deep regret, I can't acknowledge each of them, but let me run through my decade. Because it was my first class, 1990 sticks out. It was the class that helped shape a Lippmann House curriculum. To meet the needs of Fellows for whom economics was a foreign language, Joe Bower at the Harvard

JOHN MINCHILLO/ASSOCIATED PRESS



MANU BRABO/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Tahrir Square, Cairo, Egypt, June 2013

Business School set up annual workshops. And for environmental reporters, a new job description, there were field trips to the Arnold Arboretum and Woods Hole.

In 1991 there was Native American Tim Giago, who created Indian Country Today, the first independently owned Indian newspaper. In 1992 South African Niemans formed a society to promote and elevate standards, leading Nelson Mandela to direct the African National Congress to ensure that township youth be taught to respect journalists covering unrest. A member of the 1993 class, Gagan Gill, from India, transitioned from journalism to poetry, for which she has won wide acclaim. From the Class of 1994, Stojan Cerovic of Serbia showed newly free journalists what independence meant when he wrote in Vreme, a newsmagazine based in Belgrade, Serbia: “As far as I am concerned, I do not care much for any of the opposition parties, not even for all of them together. I have nothing against the regime, except that

My decade was determined by unexpected events

I consider it responsible for the war, the sanctions, for poverty, theft, crime, and the strangling of the free press.”

Anne Hull, NF '95, shared a 2008 Pulitzer for exposing the mistreatment of veterans at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. Ying Chan of the Class of '96 became the founding dean of a journalism school in Hong Kong. The 1997 class included Pilita Clark, now the lead environmental writer at the Financial Times. From the 1998 class, Christine Chinlund oversees The Boston Globe newsroom with a special focus on Page 1. Chris Hedges, NF '99, produced what The New York Times described as “a call to action” in the first issue of The Occupied Wall Street Journal, a four-page newspaper published by participants in

the 2011 demonstrations in Manhattan. And from the Class of 2000, Benjamin Fernandez Bogado of Paraguay, who has been in and out of jail for reporting critical of his country's leaders, now works internationally, writing, speaking, and teaching on free speech issues.

I spent my final years in newsrooms adjusting to changes to traditional journalism introduced by personal computers, color photographs, and 24-hour cable television news. During my decade as curator, the Internet and the Web changed the fundamental relationship between producers and consumers of news. With the help of Harvard faculty, we introduced changes to course offerings and seminars to help each new class cope with this new reality. It fell to my successor, Bob Giles, to deal systematically with challenges we addressed only episodically. He and his classes confronted a 21st-century journalism those at the opening of the 20th century could never have imagined.



South Vietnamese Marines after a sweep in Cambodia, June 1970

“Journalists dwell in the world of right now. Their basic job is to pin down the present,” says Bill Kovach, curator from 1989 to 2000. “Suddenly they [Nieman Fellows] come to Harvard. They have to think about the long term.”

And they do that thinking in a renowned and exacting intellectual community, a choice of location that initially seemed a bit perverse. When Agnes Wahl Nieman made her wishes known in her will, Harvard had no journalism school, no department of journalism; it still doesn’t. Other fine universities throughout the nation, then and now, have excellent journalism departments. By choosing Harvard as the recipient of her largesse and by designating all journalists as, in effect, her heirs, she may have guessed that she was inviting sarcastic commentary; on some level, perhaps she sensed that her juxtaposition of the world’s foremost university with the messy, irreverent, ragtag world of daily journalism would be catnip to the wags of the day, to the would-be Jon Stewarts. Placing “Harvard” and “journalism” in the same sentence was like putting a top hat on a donkey: Yes, it might provide a touch of elegance, but you’d still have a hard time getting him a seat at the symphony.

The Nieman program is now a global brand, but in the beginning, nobody quite knew how—or even if—it was going to work. James B. Conant, Harvard’s thin-faced, preternaturally nervous president at the time of the bequest, was grateful but skeptical, calling the fellowship idea as it eventually developed a “dubious experiment.”

A Gift Beyond Measure

By Bob Giles, Curator 2000–2011

As I prepared to begin my tour as curator during the summer of 2000, I worked at framing a vision of how the Nieman Foundation might build on its legacy of educating journalists while expanding its global reach and influence in the service of journalism. The state of the news business was strong at that moment, but change was relentless and undeniable, driven by the power of new technologies. I could not have imagined how disruptive the next decade would become for journalism and for the careers of many Nieman Fellows.

What soon became clear was that the Fellows’ activities and new initiatives I was beginning to envision were pushing the limits of our historic home, Walter Lippmann House. My decision to add a seminar room and library was driven by a growing belief that the Nieman program should not be

limited to a small, fortunate group of carefully chosen Fellows who would be privileged to have a year of professional and intellectual growth at a great university. I thought Agnes Wahl Nieman’s mandate to “educate persons deemed specially qualified for journalism” should be shared in meaningful ways with the larger world of journalism through conferences, seminars and workshops. The Knight Center gave Fellows a handsome space for faculty seminars, class meetings, and those unforgettable moments of just being together.

The first major initiative, the Nieman Narrative Writing program, was created in 2001, and became a signature national model for teaching long-form journalism through a conference and, later, an online resource, Nieman Storyboard. The generous gift from Murrey Marder, NF ’50, enabled the Foundation to establish the Web-based Nieman Watchdog Project ded-

icated to helping journalists ask the right questions. By 2005, the mood of Nieman classes began to reflect gloom over the bleak future of newspapers and the Fellows’ own growing anxieties about life after Harvard. We organized a series of discussions that tried to suggest possible roads ahead, but that could not relieve the individual and collective angst among the Fellows.

The Nieman Journalism Lab grew from our commitment to find a voice for the Foundation in the rapidly changing digital news landscape. From an upstart in 2008, the Lab has become an essential resource that serves a huge global audience. Funds came available to support Fellowships in community journalism, global health reporting, arts and culture, and business reporting. The Foundation agreed to administer several journalism prizes, another way, I thought, to link the Nieman brand with journalistic excellence.

He turned to Archibald MacLeish, an acclaimed poet and editor as well as an academic, a man who wore his patrician privilege as comfortably as he did his fedora, to get the thing going. As MacLeish recalled in an interview published in *Nieman Reports* long after his one-year term as curator, many Harvard professors initially were reluctant to let hard-bitten, world-weary journalists into their classes. “Some of them felt, ‘Good God, this man is a reporter, his whole life is spent reporting. I am lecturing on Tennyson and Browning.’”

To a journalist with a chip on his shoulder, a journalist who’d been around the block a few times, the chance to ridicule the lofty pretensions of a Harvard professor just might prove to be irresistible. Journalists who believed “that Harvard was sort of snooty would have the time of their lives putting together a series of pieces ... which might raise hell,” MacLeish said.

It didn’t happen, but when the program first was announced, the apprehension was intense. You could practically see the ivy gripping the walls just a little bit tighter, anticipating the coming storm. And it was, after all, a reasonable concern: Why would a scruffy, pugnacious, tough-talking labor reporter from, say, the *Chicago Daily News*—a wisecracking charmer with a crew-cut and a smirk, a burly rogue whose formal education had ground to a halt after eighth grade—want to spend his time brooding over Tennyson and Browning, *except* to turn around and go home to the mean streets and heap scorn on his effete, unworldly, long-winded professor?

The answer to that question—indeed, the heart of the Nieman Fellowships—lies in MacLeish’s rumination in 1978 that Fellows are transformed into individuals who have “enlarged themselves. They haven’t just pulled in knowledge ... they are bigger than they were.” They’re not disdainful of what they learn; in fact, they eagerly ask for seconds.

What Conant and MacLeish created, with the help of Walter Lippmann, was an echo of the propulsive

Nieman Fellows “haven’t just pulled in knowledge ... they are bigger than they were”

spark of the lyceum movement in America’s nineteenth century: the idea that all enlightenment is valuable, even if its utility to a specific job is not immediately apparent, even if it doesn’t result in a promotion or a pay raise. And the aforementioned labor reporter—his name was Edwin A. Lahey, and he was a member of the fledgling Nieman Class of 1939—was a marvelous writer who possessed an “insistent curiosity” and a “gift for pungent expression,” as Louis M. Lyons, Lahey’s classmate who succeeded MacLeish as curator, delicately described it. Lahey read everything he could get his hands on, inhaled lectures by the likes of Felix Frankfurter and Granville Hicks, argued and listened and learned, and treated his Nieman year as



Geoff Nyarota was often jailed in Zimbabwe

The Foundation offered a safe haven for international journalists whose courageous work placed them in peril. I think of Geoff Nyarota, NF ’04, fleeing Mugabe’s security police; J.S. Tissainayagam, NF ’11, freed from a Sri Lankan prison; Roza Eftekhari, NF ’05, forced to leave Iran; Sonali Samarasinghe,

NF ’10, unable to stay in Sri Lanka after the assassination of her editor husband, and Aboubakr Jamaï, NF ’08, victim of a court judgment in Morocco.

One measure of the year is the impact of Niemanians after they leave Harvard. It is a source of great satisfaction to look back over 11 classes and find such impressive evidence of critical contributions by Fellows to the journalism community and the world of readers, viewers and listeners. I see bylines in major news outlets and courageous reporting from combat zones. I see Nieman names as authors of books and significant magazine pieces. I see Fellows in new leadership roles, as rising influential voices, as entrepreneurs and innovators and as winners of major journalism prizes.

Mark Travis, NF ’03 once described the Nieman year as “a gift beyond measure.” In part, this gift is one of time; time to read, reflect and savor the joys of coming across

yet another Harvard surprise. The nature of the Nieman year is, by any measure, transformative. It shapes each Fellow and each affiliate in their individual pursuit of intellectual enrichment and new horizons. Classes are often surprised by how, over the year, shared experiences and common interests become woven into a Nieman family. The influence of the Soundings is unmistakable, as they bring forth memorable moments of discovery about one another that are held close and will endure for a lifetime.

“The best year of my life” is a common refrain at year’s end. Hugs, tears and words of appreciation don’t fully capture the meaning of this profound experience, but it is the best expressions the Fellows can summon, as they depart with a sense of uncertainty but brimming with ideas and aspirations. For me, the privilege of serving as curator was also a gift beyond measure, 11 times over.

Nieman Foundation Curators 1938–present



**Archibald
MacLeish**

1938 – 1939



**Louis M.
Lyons**

NF '39
1939 – 1964



**Dwight E.
Sargent**

NF '51
1964 – 1972



**James C.
Thomson Jr.**

1972 – 1984



**Howard
Simons**

NF '59
1984 – 1989



**Bill
Kovach**

NF '89
1989 – 2000



**Bob
Giles**

NF '66
2000 – 2011



**Ann Marie
Lipinski**

NF '90
2011 – present

a movable feast, regularly dipping into its riches for the rest of his life.

As diverse as were the backgrounds and interests of the first seven years of Fellowship classes, they were strikingly similar in one crucial respect: All were white men. The group photos from those early years—staged gatherings of middle-aged individuals with shy grins, standing awkwardly in their rumpled suits and oversized topcoats—show it with relentless clarity. The first female Nieman Fellows were Mary Ellen Leary and Charlotte FitzHenry, selected for the Class of 1946. A year later the first African-American Fellow, Fletcher P. Martin, was chosen. These milestones came despite the misgivings of Conant. Pressed by Lyons to include women, the shocked president said, “Why, you serve whiskey at these Nieman dinners, don’t you? Let’s not complicate it. It’s going all right, isn’t it?”

In 1951, the Fellowship pool was expanded once again, this time to include international Fellows. The Nieman program is now regarded as an essential training ground for journalists in places wrenched and energized by

face peril—including the possibility of imprisonment or death—for so doing. After his Fellowship year ended in 1995, reporter and editor Kemal Kurspahic continued to publish *Oslobodjenje*, a Bosnian daily newspaper in Sarajevo, during the bloody siege that ripped his country asunder. Peruvian journalist Gustavo Gorriti, a 1986 Fellow, was undeterred by threats and intimidation as he reported on the connection between government officials and drug traffickers in his homeland. Chronicling the long struggle for racial and economic justice in South Africa has been the task of a succession of international Fellows, including Allister Sparks, Zwelakhe Sisulu, and Joseph Thloloe.

For them and for their colleagues across the globe, the Nieman program has served as more than just a professional sanctuary—important as that is—for those whose determination to tell the truth has angered powerful and entrenched interests. It has been a restorative reminder of aspects of the human condition that transcend language and borders. “Journalism is intimately connected with human beings,” writes J.S. Tissainayagam, a 2011 Fellow from Sri Lanka who spent two years in jail and another six months in safe houses as punishment for reporting on a repressive regime, before arriving in Cambridge. “And, however hardnosed a newshound might be, to go out day after day and document people requires sensitivity and perception into human aspirations, joy and suffering. So offering a platform to journalists to share the vicissitudes in their own lives, in a community of sympathetic souls, is to offer sensitive people a chance to grapple with their own emotions, which, in turn, will nourish their desire to document those of others.”

For Colombian journalist Hollman Morris Rincón, another 2011 Fellow who also knows the look and feel of a prison from inside a cell, his invitation to come to Harvard made his audience reckon anew with his work and its moral seriousness—and influenced fledgling journalists: “On one hand, it was telling the world that my reporting was respected and had credibility. And on the other hand, it showed journalism students that

*“However hardnosed a newshound might be,
[reporting] requires sensitivity”*

political upheaval, in places in which the idea of a free press is still dauntingly new.

Kovach was the freshly minted curator in 1989 when he traveled to Berlin to address journalists in the formerly divided country. “The wall had just come down,” he recalled. “We witnessed the first conference between East and West German journalists. East Germans didn’t know how a free press worked—they were used to government giving them the news. How would they go out and *get* the news?”

International Nieman Fellows often are at the forefront of efforts to maintain a free press in some of the most volatile areas of the world. Many of those journalists



LIONEL CIONNEAU/ASSOCIATED PRESS

East and West Germans celebrate the fall of the Berlin Wall, November 1989

profiling the weak and exposing barbarism through reporting had rewards, such as being chosen for the world's most prestigious fellowship for journalists." He and his family were profoundly changed by their time in Cambridge, he says: "We came back to life."

In the United States, Fellows have taken what they learned at Harvard and returned to their hometowns and helped shape coverage of the landmark events of the twentieth century, from World War II to the Vietnam War to the quest for civil rights legislation to the women's movement—as reporters, yes, but also as editorial writers and commentators. The late Harry S. Ashmore, a 1942 Fellow who hailed from Greenville, South Carolina, won the 1958 Pulitzer Prize for Editorial

Writing for his essays on school integration in Little Rock, Arkansas. The late A.B. Guthrie Jr., a 1945 Fellow, son of a small-town newspaper editor, used his time at Harvard to complete the switch from journalism to fiction-writing; the novel he began during his Nieman year, "The Big Sky" (1947), pioneered a more realistic and environmentally conscious depiction of the American West in popular fiction. His next novel, "The Way West" (1949), won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

So how does it work? How does a year spent taking courses on Tennyson and Browning—or anything else that a university with a breadth and depth as immense as Harvard offers and that a Fellow might be audacious enough to undertake—and reading and thinking and



Sonali Samarasinghe fled Sri Lanka and became a Nieman Fellow after the murder of her husband, also a journalist

attending luncheons and lectures sponsored by the Foundation make a difference professionally and personally?

“There is a sensibility we all share about the experience, but every individual Fellowship is unique,” says Ann Marie Lipinski, Class of 1990, who became curator in 2011 after leading the Chicago Tribune for seven years. “No two fellowships are the same. You ask yourself—what are those things without which I cannot leave Harvard? And you have to be open to serendipity, too.” She compares the Fellowship year to work on an important story: “There is a core search—but what you find along the way can really surprise you.”

Charlotte Bauer, a 1998 Fellow from Johannesburg and

“Deep care over the craft and the industry, and making it better, is a constant thread throughout the past 75 years”

now a freelance writer, describes her Fellowship year as “being drip-fed an intoxicating combination of Gloria Steinem, Boston coffee cake, Amartya Sen, bagels and Noam Chomsky at every Nieman sighting, Sounding and soiree ... My Nieman year woke up that part of my brain sagging under the churn of headlines and deadlines rather than fresh perspectives and sparkling ideas. It made me more confident about taking risks and more attuned to the importance of giving younger colleagues a hand up the ladder.”

For Howard Berkes, also in the Class of 1998 and rural affairs correspondent for NPR, the Fellowship never ends. “For me,” he says, “there was no leaving Cambridge and Lippmann House behind ... Kovach and the Nieman

year are there with me [still]. Pushing me. Challenging me. Providing a grounded center and mission. I always know where I am because of where I’ve been.”

That sense of a perpetual Fellowship is just what Bob Giles, curator from 2000 to 2011, sought to promulgate during his tutelage, he says. “It’s a transformative experience that the Fellows have and it opens up all sorts of horizons for them—from what they learn in Harvard classrooms to the network of associations they build with Harvard faculty. The Nieman family has an extraordinary influence.”

Yet the stately towers of Harvard, for all of their venerable magnificence, cannot block the tornadic insistence of change—and no journalist would want them to. Journalism is ravenous for action, not stasis. As the profession is rocked by the economic instability of news-gathering organizations and by systemic technological change, the Nieman Foundation is finding creative ways to cope—and even flourish.

“We’re wrestling with larger issues now and it does feel urgent,” Lipinski says. “But the concern about the future of journalism goes way back. This generation thinks of it as their unique burden—but deep care over the craft and the industry, and making it better, is a constant thread throughout the past 75 years.”

She points to the addition of short-term Visiting Fellowships—such as the one held by Paul Salopek, just before he embarked on a walking journey dubbed Out of Eden Walk, a seven-year, approximately 21,000-mile journey to trace the spread of human civilization from Africa. And the Foundation recently published its first multimedia e-book, “The Gates of Harvard Yard,” by Blair Kamin of the Class of 2013.

There is a dynamic, evolving quality to the Fellowship—and it was ever thus. “I felt an obligation not only to myself and my work,” muses Lipinski about her time as a Fellow, “but to something larger—and it was instilled in me by that mysterious and exhilarating and inspiring thing called the Nieman year.”

The Fellowship, then, does for a journalist’s world what Einstein’s special theory of relativity did for the world at large: upends it, turning everything upside-down and then right-side-up again—and when it lands, it points toward truth.

In his most famous poem, “Ars Poetica” (1926), the first Nieman curator, Archibald MacLeish, wrote, “A poem should not mean/But be.” Substitute the phrase “Nieman Fellowship” for “poem,” and you get a sense of the protean nature of the program, of the vigor and restlessness simmering within the journalists it brings to Harvard each year, ready to hit that rarified ground running, defined as much by the motion itself as by the destination.

Julia Keller, NF ’98, won the 2005 Pulitzer Prize for Feature Writing. Her new novel, “Bitter River,” was published in September

A large, stylized number '75' is the central graphic. The '7' is a solid maroon triangle with a white outline. The '5' is a teal circle with a white outline. The text 'NIEMAN MOMENTS' is centered within the teal circle.

NIEMAN MOMENTS

*Seventy-five ways Nieman Fellows and the Fellowship
have promoted and elevated the standards of journalism*

*I probably
worked harder
at Harvard than
I ever did in the
field. I pulled
20-hour days
and often fell
asleep in my
clothes (an
experience
remarkably
like foreign
corresponding)*



Paul Salopek and his team in Ethiopia begin day 19 of his Out of Eden Walk

'12

Paul Salopek

A two-time Pulitzer Prize winner who has canoed through rebel-controlled regions of the Congo, Salopek is walking across the world, tracing the path of the first human diaspora out of Africa

I was plodding in tight circles in the Ethiopian desert recently with a satellite phone jammed to my ear. This was a familiar dance. I've worked as a foreign correspondent for years. Pacing the unwired fringes of the

globe while shouting into a handset ("Can you hear me? I'm moving my location. Can you hear me now?") comes naturally.

What was different—profoundly so—were the people on the other end of the line. They weren't editors at U.S. newspapers or magazines. Instead, it was a conference call with my new journalism partners: a loose intellectual posse I'd managed to cobble together during my Nieman Fellowship. It included Liz Dawes Duraisingh, from Project Zero, an independent learning think-tank at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. There



JOHN STANMEYER/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

was Jeff Blossom, a digital cartographer at Harvard's Center for Geographic Analysis. Ethan Zuckerman, the irrepressible director of the MIT Center for Civic Media, was listening in. And so was Patrick Wellever, a talented Web technologist at MIT's Knight Science Journalism Program.

It struck me then, as I squinted across the Rift Valley of Africa, just how truly revolutionary my Nieman had been. It had collapsed the defensive walls that I had raised around myself as a besieged print journalist. It opened up vistas of collaboration that merged for-

eign reportage with mapmaking, reporting with teaching. In an age of unprecedented media upheaval, the Nieman handed me a wonderfully eclectic survival kit.

Now I'm a National Geographic Fellow, walking across the world for seven years as part of a narrative journalism project called the Out of Eden Walk, which is funded by the Knight Foundation. Using deep history as a mirror for current events, I'm following the pathways of the first human diaspora out of Africa to the tip of South America, reporting stories as I go. The goal of this radical exper-

iment in ambulatory journalism is to help sustain international reporting by framing the important global stories of our time as a journey, a shared quest for meaning.

Like other Fellows, I probably worked harder at Harvard than I ever did in the field. I pulled 20-hour days and often fell asleep in my clothes (an experience remarkably like foreign corresponding). But it took a sticky phone call in the scalding dun wastes of the Afar Triangle of Ethiopia to appreciate where—and how incredibly far—those lumpy brick sidewalks of Cambridge would lead me.



The soil in the cotton fields of the South yielded political insights

'62

Gene Roberts

Roberts worked as a reporter in North Carolina before becoming the chief Southern and civil rights correspondent for The New York Times after his Nieman year. He is co-author of Pulitzer winner "The Race Beat: The Press, the Civil Rights Struggle, and the Awakening of a Nation." During his 18 years as executive editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer, the paper won 17 Pulitzers

When I arrived at Harvard in the autumn of 1961 to start my Nieman year, I expected to learn much more than I knew about American history, but was dubious about whether Harvard would have much to offer on the subject I most wanted to cover in my newspaper career—segregation and racial discrimination in the Southern United States.

Nevertheless, I enrolled in Dr. Thomas Pettigrew's social psychology class, the closest thing I could find to a civil rights course at Harvard. Within days, I found myself deep in conversation with his teaching assistant. I told him I had covered the segregationist candidate in an intense gubernatorial campaign in North Carolina against moderate Terry Sanford, who won by a comfortable margin.

He wanted to know if the counties that voted for the segregationist were scattered or fell for the most part in a grouping. Mostly a grouping, I said. He

thought he could tell me which these were by feeding two bits of data into what was then a primitive computer. The data? Soil content and population growth, if any, in the counties' towns. I laughed at his audacity.

A few days later, he brought in a list of counties that had voted heavily segregationist. I didn't laugh. He missed by only one county.

How did he do it? Segregation was most rigid in counties with rich black soil. This was where cotton thrived best and where the planters needed the most slaves. Often African-Americans outnumbered whites in these counties; whites maintained control by restricting or banning black voting and strictly enforcing segregation laws. These counties across the South were collectively known as the Black Belt, not for the black population but the black soil content. The only time black soil would not predict racial attitudes was if a large urban area had grown up in a county and large numbers of "outsiders" had flooded in.

My mind opened wide in ways I never expected. I read Gunnar Myrdal's "An American Dilemma" and W.J. Cash's "The Mind of the South" with new intensity. Later, when I became The New York Times's chief Southern correspondent in the mid-1960s, I put the numbers of several social psychologists in my notebook. I called them frequently.



My mind opened wide in ways I never expected ... I put the numbers of several social psychologists in my notebook. I called them frequently



Race riots rocked Detroit, Michigan in July 1967

I realized that Gordon's tools for quantifying aspects of human behavior could be applied to newsgathering

presumption of familiarity with statistics or computer techniques.”

The instructor was Chad Gordon, who turned out to be young, untenured and eloquent. I still have my notes from that course with his opening sentence, “There are no serious logical breaks between the social sciences and the physical sciences.” We were introduced to an innovative statistical package written by Harvard faculty for the IBM 7090, a large machine with eight tape drives and flashing lights to indicate its many input-output operations. Each student was allocated three minutes worth of that machine’s core memory.

About a third of the way into the semester, I realized that Gordon’s tools for quantifying aspects of human behavior could be applied to newsgathering. I remembered newsroom discussions about attitudes that motivated political participation and our regret that there was no way to measure them. Now, I realized, there was a way. When I coaxed the computer into producing a particularly impressive stack of tables, I carried them to a Nieman social event at Signet House and spread the continuous sheet across the floor.

“Package it and sell it,” said David Hoffman, a classmate from The New York Herald Tribune. I liked that idea, and in the second semester, I audited upper-level courses to gain confidence in both statistics and computing while hanging out with graduate students in the Department of Government.

Back on the job in Washington, I was alone in the Knight bureau when the phone rang. Detroit’s race riot was in its fourth day and the Free Press needed more reporters. Since I was the one who answered the phone, I got to go. When the riot was over, I proposed a scientific survey to measure the attitudes and grievances that caused it. The report was published three weeks later. My new career had begun.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

'67

Philip Meyer

A reporter in the Washington bureau of the Knight newspapers, Meyer arrived at Harvard to learn how to apply social science research to reporting. The result: The invention of precision journalism

Computers were a mysterious and expensive new technology when I prepared my Nieman application in 1966. But politicians were already starting to apply them to the problem

of winning elections. As a Washington correspondent, I needed to understand how that worked. The selection committee liked the idea.

At Harvard, I quickly learned that the graduate seminar I wanted was too advanced for me. My M.A. in political science had been based on old-fashioned qualitative methods. So I joined a group of sophomores in Social Relations 82, a course in research methods with this disclaimer in the catalog: “There is no





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Guthrie's boyhood in Montana inspired his novels of the West

'45

A.B. Guthrie Jr.

Guthrie (1901–1991), who spent 21 years at The Lexington (Ky.) Leader, called the Nieman Fellowship his “big break.” English professor Theodore Morrison helped him write the novel “The Way West,” which won the 1950 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction

I had written of the boy, ‘He was hungry.’ Well, maybe, all right, Morrison said. Sometimes the quickest and flattest way of expression justified itself in context, though it had no appeal to the sense and smacked of authorial intrusion besides. But what if I substituted for that dead declaration of hunger: ‘He thought of the corn dodger and spring greens Ma might be fixing?’ I make Ted sound blunter and more positive than he was, and I have shown only a few, ready grains of his seeding ... All those first weeks with Ted as my tutor were hard. I would go home after a session and torture my brain. What was it he meant? ... I didn’t know then, though I surely learned later, that a teacher can only suggest, can at best reveal some of the tricks by which illusion is wrought. The rest is up to the student, to what there is in him, to his guts and his heart and his head, all working from the meager base camp that the teacher has managed to pitch ... Finally I managed to achieve identity with my characters—which meant that I lost my own for the time. I was at Harvard but wasn’t. I was in the young mountains trapping prime beaver. I was frolicking at rendezvous on the Green. I was peering at distance, watching the dust that might mean buffalo and might mean Indians.



From “The Blue Hen’s Chick” by A.B. Guthrie Jr.

'46

Mary Ellen Leary

One of the first two female Niemans, Leary (1913–2008) covered politics in California for half a century

Learning in the Nieman environment was wider than the campus limits. But the exhilaration of classes exceeded all expectations. The courses were marvelous—especially the theory of government that lay behind what I had experienced in political reporting. I ate it up. It was the last teaching year there for professor [Charles Howard] MacIlwain; his lectures on political theory were a great experience. He would arrive in class with a precarious pyramid of books from which he read appropriate passages, thus illustrating the value of going directly to original sources by reading in English out of Greek and Latin texts. I took a fine course on constitutional law, Professor [Merle] Fainsod’s course on the Soviet revolution, a study of European democracies, and Roscoe Pound’s course “Introduction to the Elements of Common Law” ... The atom bomb was the unsettling big news of those years ... As Niemans we had a front row view of future space explorations. We heard a number of great nuclear scientists who previewed for us the coming space age, including the possibilities for peacetime use of the atom. They gave us a first chapter of what would become debates over the dangers of unleashing the atom.

From “The Nieman Fellowships: Reflections from the First Two Women” by Mary Ellen Leary, Nieman Reports, Summer 1979

'95

Lorie Hearn

To keep pace with the changing economics of newspapers, Hearn turned the San Diego Union-Tribune’s investigative unit she led into a nonprofit

We obsessed over the future of journalism in 1994. It was technology’s fault. E-mail was mainstream, and it even was possible—with time, patience and a dial-up connection—to view the Mona Lisa on the Louvre’s



Mary Ellen Leary, left, works with fellow 1946 Niemanns Leon Svirsky and Charlotte FitzHenry. Their class collaborated on the book, "Your Newspaper: Blueprint for a Better Press"

'70

Larry L. King

King (1929–2012) had a wide range, from "Confessions of a White Racist," nominated for a National Book Award, to the Playboy article that inspired "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas"

I have pretty much revised my thinking on how I will use my year—not digging in pursuit of refinement of my knowledge about the American Past in general, but concentrating in the main on the novel. I am taking several approaches to this, having found three good courses ... on writing and all taking different approaches.

One course is a creative writing offering on the novel and the short-story, taught by an aged New England gentleman of excellent reputation, Theodore Morrison, whose main claim to fame in a public sense is that he taught an ex-Nieman named A.B. Guthrie ("The Big Sky," as you will recall, and others) how to write fiction. Morrison is teaching me something, too: Sometimes I find that I knew, or in some corner of my soul suspected, some of his favorite maxims; it helps, however, to hear them articulated; other of his ideas are entirely new and helpful. He is, in short, putting the abstract "rules" of the novel into words I can grab with my brain, organizing my thinking a bit.



From "Larry L. King: A Writer's Life in Letters, or, Reflections in a Blood-shot Eye," edited by Richard A. Holland

website. My Nieman class anguished over our relevance.

Like many Fellows, I entered Harvard and Lippmann House tired, spent from what felt like half-a-life of deadlines, long hours and cutthroat competition. I intended to reignite the passion and to find answers to big questions that dogged me in the maelstrom of dailies. But the Nieman year gave me a gift that was totally unexpected, a series of conversations, encounters and contemplations that converged to change the course of my career.

The wise counsel of both those who came to visit and those who were in my Nieman class led me slowly to the realization that I had done all I could do with my byline. Horror of horrors, I needed to be an ... editor—the kind of editor I sought out: tough, encouraging, ethical, demanding, a team builder.

I became that editor. My Nieman year energized me through 13 years as a legal affairs editor and then metro editor. It propelled me



through coverage of city scandals, San Diego's near bankruptcy, two massive wildfires, and a corrupt congressman whose behavior helped the newspaper win a Pulitzer Prize. It propelled me through hiring, promoting and building a staff to be proud of and then having to lay them off. It gave me the confidence to leave traditional journalism to be part of the future of journalism. I founded and run inewsource, an investigative journalism nonprofit in San Diego. I still anguish over the future of journalism, but now I'm helping to build it.

'96

Mary Schmich

A columnist at the Chicago Tribune since 1992, Schmich won the 2012 Pulitzer Prize for Commentary. She writes about politics, the personal, and the culture of Chicago

When I left for my Nieman Fellowship in the summer of 1995, several colleagues told me I was nuts. Walk away from a column for that long, they warned, and it won't be there when you come back. My inner heckler said: Good. You're not cut out to be a columnist. I'd been writing a column at the Chicago Tribune for three years by then and felt it had aged me 20. The relentless deadlines, the public exposure, the real-life hecklers. I'd begun to think legit columnists were hardier people than I was. Or they drank a lot more. It was in that frame of mind that I signed up for Robert Coles's class, The Literature of Social Reflection.

Once a week the class was divided into small seminars led by "real" people. The leader of my seminar was Jacqueline Novogratz, who helped guide philanthropy at the Rockefeller Foundation. One afternoon, she invited me for coffee.

Sitting on the patio at Au Bon Pain, Jackie asked what I did at the Tribune. I told her. What an honor, she said, what an opportunity: to write a column, to be a woman who wrote a column, in Chicago.

When she said it, I heard that truth more clearly than I ever had, and so when she asked what I wanted from my Nieman time, I heard myself say something I'd never articulated about the job: "Courage." I meant the courage to express my opinions, and to refrain from an opinion when I didn't have a clear one. The courage to write the column I had in me, even if it wasn't what certain people thought a Metro column in Chicago was supposed to be. It was OK not to be Mike Royko.

Looking back, I think courage is too grand a word. What I meant were the less exalted attributes of confidence and stamina. But whatever it's called, by naming what I needed that day, I began to claim it. I kept it in mind as I studied



MARY SCHMICH

Schmich posts her favorite photos of Chicago on Facebook

*When I went back to my job ...
I carried the word "courage"
with me like a lucky charm*

American history and women's history and poverty, classes that have guided my columns in all the years since.

When I went back to my job, which was still there, after all, I carried the word "courage" with me like a lucky charm, and to this day I'm fortified by the people who during my Nieman year helped me find it.

'64

Morton Mintz

An investigative reporter for The Washington Post, Mintz broke the story of the birth defects associated with thalidomide

I owe to Louis Lyons the marvelous experience of a Nieman year. I was educated; I wrote a book. The book ["The Therapeutic Nightmare"] was mainly about the pharmaceutical industry, the Food and Drug Administration, and

the American Medical Association. When I arrived in Cambridge, I had no thought of doing a book, but once the opportunity arose, Louis in his shy but uniquely warm and wonderful way encouraged me. In a speech he had made in 1958 ... he said that as the role of modern government inescapably grows greater, its functions more complicated, the penetration of these forests of our public affairs becomes



an increasing challenge to the talent, energy, and manpower of the press. He also said that too few reporters take up "the lonely search of the less publicized, more impenetrable corners of the public domain. Their tribe must be increased." By nurturing and motivating Niemans with serious books in them ... he helped greatly to increase that tribe.

From "The Growth of a Reporter," by Morton Mintz, Nieman Reports, Summer 1983

The Des Moines Register



IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME: ONE WOMAN'S STORY

On Sunday, Feb. 25, 1991, The Des Moines Register published the first of five consecutive parts of an emotional, gripping and powerful story. It is the story of a rape, the rape of Nancy Ziegenmeyer, a 22-year-old woman from a small Iowa town.

It is an unusual story for a newspaper to publish. Some of these unusual circumstances — the victim's decision to be identified and to share her feelings throughout her 16-month ordeal, the graphic description of the rape, the inclusion of her as an issue in the reporting of this rape — prompted Geneva Overholser, editor of The Register, to write a column that appeared on the same day as the first installment.

'86

Geneva Overholser

In 1991, *The Des Moines Register's* series about a rape victim won a Pulitzer for Public Service. The subject of the series, Nancy Ziegenmeyer, decided to go public after reading a column in which Overholser questioned the practice of withholding the names of rape victims

My Nieman year gave me the chance to think really hard about exactly what kind of journalist I personally was equipped to be. I realized I had experienced real tugs between my love of the craft and what it stood for and my yearning for fuller recognition of human rights, women's rights in particular. My two passions, for journalism and for feminism, seemed to have been in conflict. Thanks to a year of reflection, to classes in everything from constitutional law to poetry, and to conversations deep into the night with countless thoughtful and questioning people, by the time I left Cambridge I was determined to be true to both those passions.

When Alex Jones [NF '82] from *The New York Times* called to interview me for a story on a court case in Florida raising the issue of naming rape victims, I found myself saying that not naming victims seemed to go against all journalistic conventions. We believe in attaching names to the news. Deciding not to do so in this one case of adult victims raised issues: Were we contributing to the stigma by subscribing to the belief that this topic should remain in a dark corner? Were we infantilizing women?

Alex used a quote reflecting my ambivalence, and the *Times* op-ed page called to ask me to write a piece. I agreed, and we ran the piece in the Register. Thus did Nancy Ziegenmeyer end up calling me. What I think the piece did was exactly what our highest journalistic hopes point us toward doing: It shone a light in a dark corner. It told an important story that was seldom, if ever, fully told. We were able to do it because of the rape victim's courage, the reporter's skill, and my openness to something different from the journalistic convention. That openness, and the commitment to making a difference with it, was born my Nieman year.



'95

Anne Hull

Hull's reporting on the abysmal treatment of soldiers at Walter Reed Army Medical Center caught the attention of Congress and earned her and Washington Post colleague Dana Priest the 2008 Pulitzer Prize for Public Service

Of the many forces and currents the Fellowship awakens within, the first for me was terror. I remember sitting in Bill Kovach's office early on—registering the creakiness of his chair, the graviness and urgency in his voice as he described a journalist's obligation to the public—and wondering if there was still time to apply for a job at Bruegger's Bagels.

It's true for many of us that the Fellowship unmasked all the stuff we didn't know and all the stuff we should have known. Journalism encourages a certain sham-fakery; add the Camembert cheese of a Harvard colloquia and the ruse intensifies. But there is no way in hell you can't be shaken into a terrifying clarity when you're sitting next to a Nieman Fellow who spent two years in a Chinese prison.

I was constantly badgering Bill Kovach with questions about the civil rights movement. The man was there, reporting on the ground. I bought books he happened to mention in passing, carefully highlighting with yellow marker certain passages in "Bearing the Cross" and so on.

The whole time, Kovach is waiting for you to finally understand: You are in the midst of an epoch. Every day is a corruption of justice and faith. It's right in front of you. What are you going to do about it?

This was the most profound lesson of the year, imparted with the vigor and outrage specific to Kovach. Contrary to what was billed as a "mid-career opportunity to study and reflect," the Nieman Fellowship stirred up a restlessness that can go dangerously quiet over time.



'74

Ellen Goodman, Patricia O'Brien

Through her syndicated column, Goodman brought her feminist concerns to newspapers across the nation. O'Brien, a longtime political reporter, drew on her old beat when she started writing novels

Until 1973, it was hard for women to visualize themselves as part of the Nieman program; nearly all the Nieman Fellows were, in fact, fellows. Our class was a breakout year. We had four women, twice as many as had been accepted to any class before. What the two of us had in common was that we had been energized by the women's movement, and we were at the same crossroads in our lives: two single mothers and newspaper reporters fueled to take a professional leap.

Our class began the personal evenings, the Soundings, when the Fellows simply talked to each other with no outside experts. But for the two of us, there was the additional moment—the importance of finding another woman exploring all the professional and personal issues raised by the women's movement and realizing we could break rules and take risks. Pat remembers the night when she was questioning Nieman speaker Izzy Stone about his understanding of sexism. Afterward, Ellen said to Pat, “When you're asking a tough question, you don't have to smile.” It was a revelation. Ellen remembers opening Pat's first book, “The Woman Alone,” and then sharing with her long talks about social change. “You need to write a book, too,” Pat said. And that encouraged Ellen to write her first book, “Turning Points.”

After our Nieman year, we went back to a world that was still chalking up “firsts” for women. Pat was the first woman assigned to the editorial page, learning that “first” can often mean “token.” When she needed a reality check, she called Ellen. Ellen went back to begin her career as a columnist. When she wanted perspective on how to tear down the boundaries between the personal and political, it was Pat she called to ask, “Think this works?” The years passed. The time came when we realized we had shared just about everything in our personal and professional lives except for one thing we did separately—writing. So, one word, one chapter, one rewrite at a time, we wrote “I Know Just What You Mean: The Power of Friendship in Women's Lives.” And we lived to tell the tale.



Ellen Goodman, left, with Patricia O'Brien

COURTESY OF PATRICIA O'BRIEN



Zwelakhe Sisulu, left, with curator Howard Simons

PAM SPAULDING

'85

Mike Pride

For more than 30 years, Pride edited the Concord (N.H.) Monitor

Zwelakhe Sisulu, my 1985 Nieman classmate, and curator Howard Simons changed my life. Zwelakhe, the South African in our class, was the son of Walter Sisulu, who was then in prison on Robben Island with Nelson Mandela. Zwelakhe had been tortured for reporting the news. In his calm, mild way, he told us that his generation would probably have to be sacrificed to end apartheid. Until Zwelakhe shared his story, I took for granted the freedom to edit a newspaper without fear of repercussions from some higher authority.



After the Fellowship, I went back to my job as editor of the Concord (N.H.) Monitor, a 20,000-circulation daily. Like a lot of Niemans, I didn't expect to stay long. As I considered other jobs, Howard's advice was constant: Think about what you have now, and make sure where you're looking is really better.

Well, I never left. I edited the Monitor for 30 years, learning how right Howard had been.

In 1989, Howard had been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and Zwelakhe was again detained in South Africa. Somehow Howard worked his magic to get Zwelakhe a last-minute visa to come to an all-class Nieman reunion. I picked him up at Logan and drove him to Memorial Hall, where a huge banquet was in progress. We walked into the hall and up the aisle toward Howard's table. As it dawned on people that it was Zwelakhe coming in, they stood and clapped. By the time he reached Howard and bent in to hug him, everyone was cheering.

Howard died shortly after the reunion, Zwelakhe last year. Recalling their embrace, I think of a free press, an ideal too easily taken for granted, and community journalism, the endangered cornerstone of democracy.



Native American leader Dennis Banks at Wounded Knee on a South Dakota reservation

I soon found myself ... answering questions about Wounded Knee, the Little Bighorn, poverty on the Indian reservations. I found myself as much of a teacher as a student

'56

H.Y. Sharada Prasad

Prasad (1924–2008), a longtime spokesman for Indira Gandhi and her son Rajiv, was a news editor for The Indian Express in Bombay, India

Our father spoke often of his Nieman days and how the Fellowship gave him a unique opportunity to take on subjects, such as 20th-century Chinese politics. At a talk by New York Governor Thomas Dewey, Prasad was in the front row. Seeing an Indian, he launched into a criticism of Nehru and In-

Tim Giago

Giago founded the Lakota Times (now Indian Country Today), the first independently owned Native American newspaper in the U.S.

I first entered Walter Lippmann House filled with fear and anticipation. But after meeting several of the other Fellows, I relaxed and opened my eyes and ears to my surroundings. I soon discovered that even the American journalists from newspapers like the (New York) Daily News and The Washington Post were curious about Native Americans. The curiosity was even greater among the journalists from foreign countries, and I soon found myself in private sessions answering questions about Wounded Knee, the Little Bighorn, poverty on the Indian reservations. I found myself as much of a teacher as a student.

"Dances with Wolves" came to Harvard Square and I took the entire Class of 1991 to see it. After the movie, several Fellows had tears in their eyes. Some came up to embrace me and to apologize for the things America had done to my people. It was one of the most moving moments of my Nieman year. I left Harvard hoping that some Fellows would return to their newspapers and help educate readers about the people who are "the least understood and the most misunderstood of all Americans," as John F. Kennedy put it. Several did.



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dia's non-aligned foreign policy. Our father, a supporter of Nehru, did not expect such a trenchant attack, and it opened his eyes to what the post-colonial world could expect from the U.S. He admired the openness and enterprise he saw in America. His year at Harvard greatly shaped his understanding of international relations and journalism, and he put it to use as a widely read columnist and the principal speechwriter and press adviser to three Indian prime ministers.

By Prasad's sons, Sanjiva and Ravi Prasad





C.M. STIEGLITZ/ THE NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM AND SUN COURTESY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Planner Robert Moses shaped New York

'66

Robert A. Caro

Caro's interest in understanding Robert Moses took on a new urgency as he sat in an urban planning course at Harvard. The result was "The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York," a landmark in the field of biography

At that time [1965–1966], each house at Harvard gave the Nieman Fellows an office. It was just a little bare room. I had mine in Leverett House. And I would go there at night and read and think. As a reporter, one thing you never have time to do is think. But as a Nieman Fellow, suddenly, what I really had, for the first time, was time to think about what I had been doing at Newsday. And what I concluded was, I didn't really know very much about what I had been doing. I had been writing about politics more and more, investigative stories about political power, getting more and more interested in political power.



I had always been assuming as a reporter what I had assumed as a student: that in a democracy power comes from the ballot box, from being elected, that power resides in elected officials. But I had already realized as a reporter that this man Robert Moses, who had never been elected to anything, had more power than any mayor or governor. And that he, not any elected official, had shaped the city in which I had grown up. And I, who thought I knew so much about political power, realized while I was up here sitting in Leverett House that I had no idea where Robert Moses had gotten the power to do that.

But in thinking about what I wanted to find out, I realized that I really didn't want it to be just a biography of Robert Moses. I didn't want it to be a story of his life. I was interested in his political power—how he got it, how he used it, how he shaped New York with it. That power that had affected so many people, that's what I wanted to write about. That was quite a moment for me in my life. It happened in a little room at Leverett House, and I am grateful to Harvard for giving me the room and giving me the time to think about it.

From a talk Caro delivered at Harvard's Kennedy School in 2003



On the TV screen, a playback of Democratic presidential

'55

Robert Drew

A pioneer of cinéma vérité, Drew in 1960 used portable sound and film equipment he helped develop to produce "Primary." For that documentary, Drew was granted round-the-clock access to presidential candidate John F. Kennedy during a pivotal primary election. Drew continued making films, letting characters in action tell their own stories

My first film was probably about as good as the best reporting films then appearing on television, which weren't so hot, today aren't so hot. It had a basic difficulty, and I didn't know what it was.

So I took a year off. I went to Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship to try to figure out how journalism could work. And I found out something. What I found out was that reporting in television and the reporting I'd



nominee John F. Kennedy's campaign stop in 1960

done were word-logic-based. That is, they were lectures with picture illustrations, or interviews, which is the same thing. Real life never got out of the film, never came through the television set.

We would have to drop word logic and find a dramatic logic in which things really happened. If we could do that, we'd have a whole new basis for a whole new journalism, which is kind of hard to define, but I'll try. It would be a theater without actors. It would be plays without playwrights. It would be reporting with summary and opinion. It would be the ability to look in on people's lives at crucial times, from which you could deduce certain things, and see a kind of truth that can only be gotten by personal experience.

From an interview with Drew included in the DVD set, "The Robert Drew Kennedy Films Collection"



Reporting in television and the reporting I'd done were ... lectures with picture illustrations ... Real life never got out of the film

'13

Hong Qu

A member of the startup team that built YouTube, Qu uses his technical knowledge to develop tools for journalists

My visiting Fellowship at the Nieman Foundation recalibrated my career.

I like to code, to build software for startups that disrupt the media industry. I worked for YouTube in its early days and more recently for news aggregation site Upworthy. But my unapologetic, meandering liberal arts spirit somehow anchored itself to journalism. After seven fruitful years in Silicon Valley, I moved to New York City and enrolled in the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. My friends thought I was crazy. 'Why quit Google to go into a dying industry?'



My Fellowship began with a Sounding by Paula Molina, NF '13, a radio journalist from Chile. She recounted how she had to improvise on live radio after a massive earthquake struck her country in 2010. I was mesmerized by the intensity in her voice during her broadcasts and by the photos she showed of the devastation. Her story validated my goal of creating a social media data-mining tool called Keepr.

I came to Cambridge to collaborate with Nieman Foundation staff and fellows on Keepr, which extracts credible real-time information from raw Twitter feeds. The vision is to design an algorithm that filters thousands of tweets to automatically distill meaningful signals out of noisy chatter. In her Sounding, Paula described how during those first chaotic hours after the earthquake she tried to project a voice of strength and courage to a nation in shock, despite the dearth of information from the field. Starting that night, I put my heart and soul into making Keepr a reliable tool to help reporters make sense of fast-moving news stories.

Keepr got a real-life field test in April during the Boston Marathon bombings. I used the algorithm to follow events as they unfolded, identifying reliable information tweeted by both journalists and eyewitnesses on the scene.

The Fellowship crystallized my vision for my career. I realized that, despite my friends' misgivings, my true passion lies in creatively applying data science to empower journalists to adapt and thrive in the networked society. My personal contribution is to conceive and build tools to analyze big data and incorporate the wisdom of the crowd into newsgathering and storytelling practice.

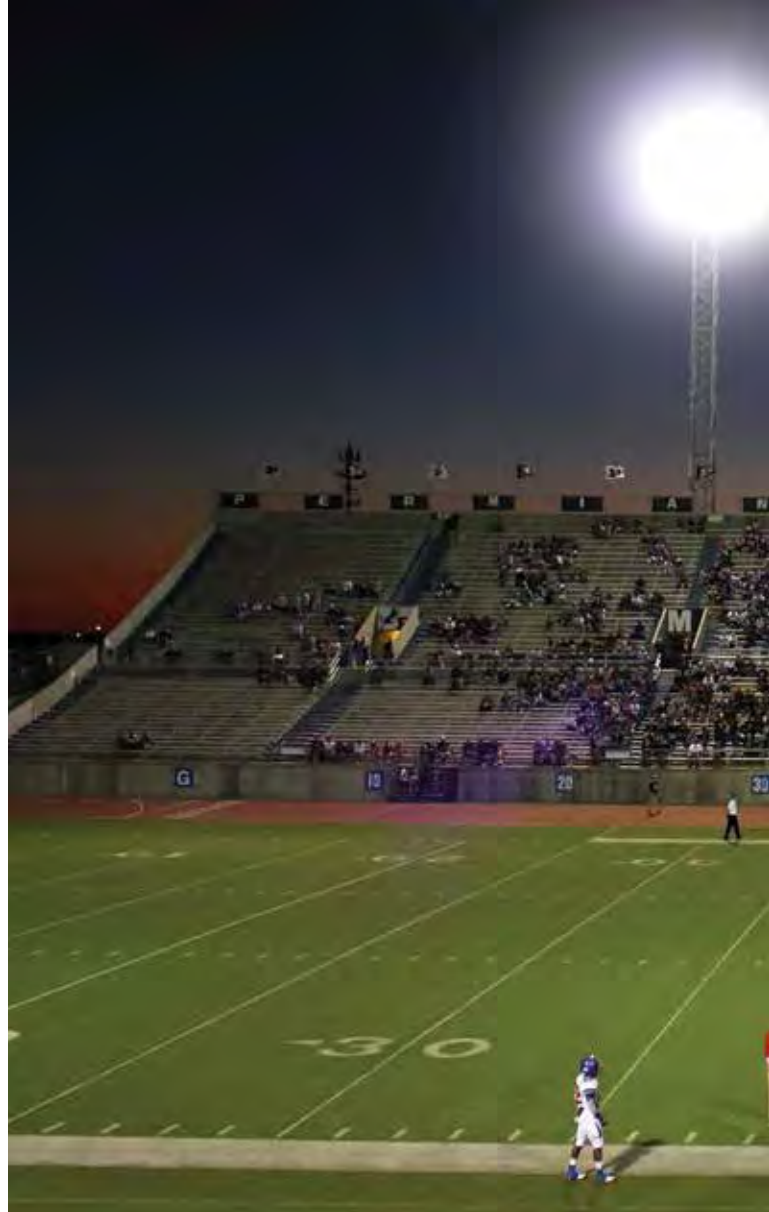
ASSOCIATED PRESS

H.G. "Buzz" Bissinger

Bissinger's narrative nonfiction book "Friday Night Lights: A Town, a Team, and a Dream" inspired an acclaimed show that ran for five seasons on NBC

People say, "Why'd you begin to write books?" The reason I really began to write books is that, after my Nieman year, I felt I owed it to myself to go and do something out of the box. So that's what I did. The last day of the Nieman program I got into a car with a fellow Nieman who lived in Seattle and drove across country with her. We took the Southern route, so we went through a lot of small towns, small places. Main Street was obliterated then. J.C. Penney [had been] there, and that was gone; Sears was gone. We went through Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana and then Texas. You would come upon high school football stadiums, and they were gorgeous. A lot of them had been built in the 1930s and, literally, even if there was a drought they would water the fields and they'd be glistening green. They were painted. They were shrines. They were shrines in these small towns, these isolated places, and I just had the sense that this was where people came. I had read about high school football in Texas, and it just stayed with me. I like sports, but I really thought of this in much more sociological terms: Why do [sports] have the impact that they have and what would it be like, then, to live in that town for a year and simply use the team and the season as the glue to write about all sorts of different things? So the genesis of the idea came literally two weeks after I was done with the Nieman.

From a talk by Bissinger at Lippmann House on May 17, 2012



The genesis of the idea came literally two

Katie King

In 1994, King launched Reuters's first daily multimedia publication, "What on Earth," a joint venture with cable TV company Tele-Communications, Inc.

Twenty years ago when I started my Nieman year, the journalism industry was on the precipice of extraordinary technology-driven change. For my year at Harvard I proposed to study the impact of nascent technologies on traditional news companies. But in the fall of 1993 there weren't, as yet, any Harvard courses specifically targeting "the Internet." Someone recommended I take a course that explored the evolution of electricity industry, the nearest thing to the kind of change we were seeing at the time.

There was much information that became extremely useful in my post-Nieman career. We learned how consumers respond to new technologies and how entrepreneurs pile in to monetize a new

technology, only to fold later as bigger companies consolidate to muscle out others. We reviewed examples of longstanding industries becoming displaced by innovative new technologies. As I watched the digital media industry unfold, I saw the same.



I returned to work in the newly formed Reuters New Media division to focus on developing news products for online publishers. My first job was to develop Reuters' first multimedia newsroom, integrating text, images, video and motion graphics in a daily publication launched in late 1994. I went on to help develop Reuters' global Online Reports, which are still a cornerstone digital news product for Thomson Reuters. The Internet is not the first technological curve ball thrown at the news industry. The insights from an unexpected science course informed my ability to navigate the extraordinary pace of change in journalism today and, more importantly, I feel optimistic about the change, knowing it brings as many opportunities as challenges.



DICK BOURNE

weeks after I was done with the Nieman

The football stadium in Odessa, Texas that "Friday Night Lights" made famous

'88

Rosental Calmon Alves

Alves holds the Knight Chair in International Journalism at the University of Texas at Austin. He arrived in academia after more than a decade as a foreign correspondent

I came to my Nieman year with a promise from my editor that after Madrid, Buenos Aires, Mexico and a second tour in Buenos Aires, I would finally be sent to Washington, D.C. at the end of my Fellowship. My dream at the time was to become a Washington correspondent for *Jornal do Brasil*. I was tired after almost a decade of covering crises, coups, wars and earthquakes in Latin America, so I used my time at Harvard to get ready for Washington.

I studied American politics. My dream of finally having a bureau chief position in the First World came through, but I found it boring. It did not take much time for me to miss covering the crises, coups, wars and earthquakes. I left my heart

in Latin America but found another passion, a surprising one, during my Nieman year.

Andrew Lippman visited our class just a couple of years after co-founding the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Media Lab. I was fascinated by Andy's predictions about the huge impact digital technologies would have on the media industry. In Washington I was always looking for signs of the upcoming revolution, mesmerized by my new laptop computer, Compuserve's online service, the brick-sized cellphones, the Bloomberg terminals, the Lexis-Nexis database, the fax machine.

When I returned to Rio as an editor in 1991, I launched the first Brazilian computer-based, real-time financial news service. In early 1995, I launched the first Brazilian Web edition of a newspaper. I brought that passion back to the U.S. in 1996 when I moved to Austin and started the University of Texas's first course on online journalism, created a global conference on the topic, and became a digital newsroom evangelizer.



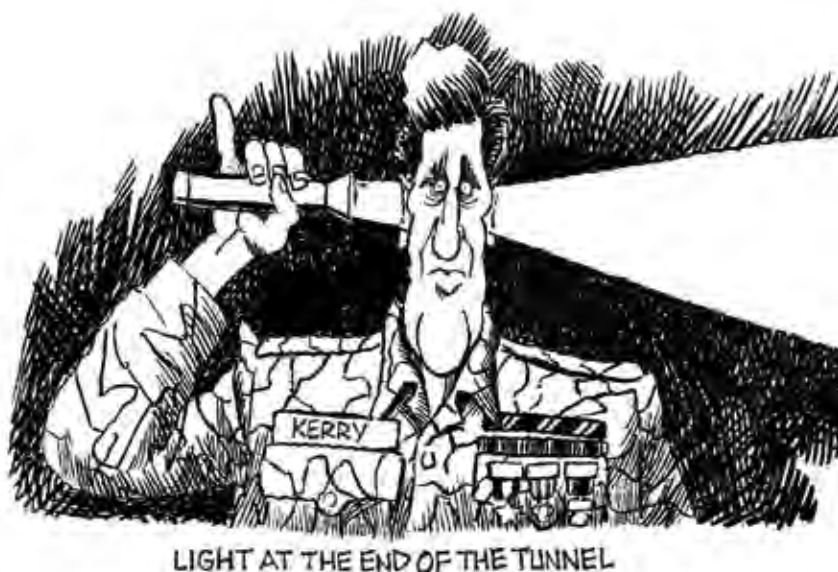
'81

Doug Marlette

Creator of the syndicated "Kudzu" comic strip, Marlette won a Pulitzer for editorial cartoons he drew for *The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer* and *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

When Doug Marlette (1949–2007) returned to Charlotte, North Carolina from his Nieman year, he was eager to talk about all the famous people he'd met—Gloria Steinem, Fred Friendly, Stephen Jay Gould, and John Kenneth Galbraith—and how they'd related to members of his class. He was impressed by his professors at Harvard and appreciated the fact that they, in turn, welcomed the perspectives that the Nieman Fellows brought to Harvard from all over the world.

Doug arrived in Cambridge a Southerner, the first cartoonist to be awarded a Nieman, and unsure of himself, although he



DOUG MARLETTE

would never show it. Discovering that he could match wits with the best allowed him to see himself in a larger way, as a writer and thinker, something beyond a cartoonist, something beyond what people expected. He became unafraid of risk or failure. It turned out that he

had more potential than he ever knew. Not content to merely get better at what he had already mastered, he became a playwright, essayist and novelist.

By Mark F. Ethridge III, NF '86, a colleague of Marlette's at The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer

'68

Jerome Aumante

Founding director of the Journalism Resources Institute at the Rutgers School of Communication and Information, Aumante trains journalists around the world

I arrived at Harvard University in 1967, emotionally and physically exhausted from a summer covering the Detroit civil disturbances and their aftermath as urban affairs writer for *The Detroit News*. My Nieman year deepened my knowledge of urban issues in a disciplined, multidimensional and scholarly way. It broadened my journalism, but was even more invaluable when I joined the faculty of Rutgers University, where I developed a new program in urban communications and community development.

Nieman was the ticket to all the best of Harvard. Daniel Patrick Moynihan invited me to join his Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies; John Kenneth Galbraith found a place for me in his arts and economics seminar, which met one evening a week at his home. I reveled in courses in planning and urban design, race relations, ed-



BEBETO MATTHEWS/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Planning and urban design can serve to enhance the vitality of neighborhoods

Nieman was the ticket to all the best of Harvard ... I reveled in courses in planning and urban design, race relations, education, government and policy at Harvard and MIT

ucation, government and policy at Harvard and MIT. My Nieman colleagues shared a wealth of experience, from the Deep South to South Africa.

Archibald MacLeish, the founding curator of the Nieman program, once told me that the impact of the Nieman Fellows at Harvard was comparable to his spring ritual of hammering tenpenny nails into a board and using it to aerate the soil, which improved lawn growth. The Fellows put air into Harvard. I would add that our year of study, contemplation and exposure to new ideas nurtured our souls, broadened our horizons, and pumped fresh air into journalism, letting it breathe new life.



MARK E. KASIANOWICZ/LEGISLATIVE SERVICE BUREAU

Nieman Fellows with Governor Michael Dukakis at the State House in 1987

'88

Gene Weingarten

One of Weingarten's two Pulitzers for feature writing was for a story about parents who accidentally kill their children by forgetting them in cars. He writes a syndicated humor column for The Washington Post

During the 1987–1988 year, Nieman curator Howard Simons took all of us Fellows to meet a man who was running for president. Michael Dukakis, then governor of Massachusetts, invited us into his office and graciously answered our questions for the better part of an hour.

He was, in a word, magnificent: personable, articulate, never at a loss for an answer. This was still early in the campaign, but his grasp of the issues was encyclopedic. He consulted no notes, but quoted facts and figures effortlessly. When Nieman Fellow Frank del Olmo, a Mexican-American, asked a question about Latino affairs, the governor answered him in flawless Spanish.

After the interview, as we were walking away from the governor's office, Howard asked all of us what we thought of the man. Being asked a question by Howard was always a little intimidating, because Howard always seemed like the oldest and wisest person in the room. He would have given this impression if the

other people in the room were Nelson Mandela, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, and Confucius. Howard tended to analyze situations quickly and succinctly, nimbly cutting through crap to get to basic truths. So usually, when Howard asked a question, we would gather our thoughts carefully before answering. But in this case, most of us were quite instantly voluble.

Dukakis was terrific, we said. Impressive. Commanding. Presidential. We were falling all over each other to find adequate superlatives. Howard heard us all out, then shook his head and said: "Won't win. No sense of humor."

He was, as always, right. Dukakis's campaign became a sad pratfall, largely because the candidate showed himself lacking juice and the sort of inner joy and playfulness that accompanies a formidable sense of humor. These things go hand in hand.

This had created, spontaneously, something that would later become a 1990s cliché: "a teachable moment." It seemed to embody the nature of the Nieman experience, which offered us not just an opportunity to experience new things, but to then blink, stare at a wall, take a sip of surprisingly good white wine, and try to figure out what it all really amounted to.



Amy Ellis Nutt

Nutt, a reporter at The Star-Ledger in Newark, New Jersey, won a Pulitzer for her feature story about the mysterious sinking of a fishing boat

My proposed project for my Nieman year was to steep myself in neuroscience in anticipation of creating a kind of “brain beat” back at my newspaper in Newark, New Jersey. On my arrival in Cambridge my excitement was tempered, however, by the discovery that two of the psychology professors I was hoping to study with were on sabbatical. Scrambling to pick out other courses among the embarrassment of riches that is Harvard’s undergraduate catalog, I turned to my first literary love, poetry.

At that point in my life I viewed poetry as something I read to relax. That perception was radically altered on Monday, October 25, 2004 sometime between 1 and 2 p.m., when the inestimable Helen Vendler’s Poems, Poets, Poetry class met in Emerson Hall. My diary entry for that overcast, blustery day notes Vendler’s lecture was about the poet’s play of language. She spoke first of the universal aspect of human emotions—grief, supplication, joy, despair—and how they were available

to poets in all cultures. “The themes are old,” she said. “What is new is how the poet does it—language, syntax, stanza form. What kind of focus, what a poem does, that’s what’s interesting.” I raised my eyes from my notebook. Vendler was talking craft, and she wasn’t just talking about poets. She was talking about storytellers, about journalists.

The challenge of being a storyteller is to pick the focus and the voice, to find the truth and then the right words to express that truth. It was then I realized that poets and journalists are more similar than I’d imagined. Poets and journalists are both in pursuit of the truth, both hew to clarity and precision, both require selecting and ordering words by being attentive to image, symbol and sense, and both rely on analogy and metaphor to convey meaning. In “The Journey Home,” Edward Abbey writes, “Any good poet ... must begin with the journalistic view of the world; and any journalist worth listening to must be something of a poet, must possess the ability to communicate his sense of love and wonder at what his work discovers.” I’ve felt that sense of wonder and discovery both in reading poetry and in “doing” journalism. I’d just never realized they were one and the same.



Harvard poetry professor Helen Vendler



If we journalists can't articulate the business rationale for journalism, who will?

David Skok

Skok, director of Globalnews.ca, arrived at Harvard to explore ways to make journalism sustainable

The professor slowly walked to the center of the amphitheatre, sat on the edge of the barren desk and looked up at his students. He held his gaze silently for a few, uncomfortable seconds. “What if I told you that you could predict the future?” he asked.

Without waiting for a response from his future MBA graduates, the professor answered his own question: “Financial statements can only give you a snapshot of the recent past, but a theory can predict the future.” That theory is called “disruptive innovation,” and over the course of the next 10 months that Harvard Business School professor, Clayton

M. Christensen, became my mentor, friend and co-author.

The paper we published in the Fall 2012 issue of Nieman Reports, along with a third co-author, James Allworth, provided a lens through which to view the ever-changing state of our craft. I now look at all the disruption taking place as part of the continuing renewal—not the inevitable end—of journalism. But more importantly for me personally, being able to interact and exchange ideas with such a brilliant man gave me the confidence to tackle the profit and loss statements and the “suits” that make up such a core part of how we pay for quality journalism.

Before my Nieman year, I would have cringed at the thought of sitting in a budget meeting. After all, what does that have to do with our feature series on oil spills in Alberta? But after my Nieman year,



STEPHANIE MITCHELL/HARVARD UNIVERSITY NEWS OFFICE

I relish any and all opportunities to make the business case for sustainable journalism. If we journalists can't articulate the business rationale for journalism, who will?



What defines a digital journalist is that you're always connected to something. Whether that means scanning your Twitter feed, checking the real-time metrics on your site, or responding to e-mails at ungodly hours, digital journalists are always "on." Compounding this stream of information is the uncertainty that goes with working in a traditional newsroom in this era. And so, drowning in this flood of information and fiscal pressures, this digital journalist was awarded the gift of a Nieman Fellowship. Above all, my year at Harvard gave me the chance to, in professor Christensen's words, predict what the future of journalism may look like.



KRIS SNIBBLE/HARVARD PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES

Wynton Marsalis illustrates his Harvard talk, "At the Speed of Instinct"

'13

Laura Amico

Amico founded Homicide Watch D.C. to chronicle every murder committed in the nation's capital

I was nearing the end of my Fellowship year this spring when Wynton Marsalis played at Sanders Theatre. Part jazz theory lesson, part concert, the evening was a serendipitously sacred moment for me as Marsalis bridged grief and joy, and he and his bandmates reflected on what it meant to play jazz, as a trumpeter, or a drummer, or an audience member.

"The art of jazz is the mastery of time, thousands of decisions made in an instant for the duration of a song," Marsalis explained. "When we play, there is a supreme cognizance of the present, of the energy in being present, and of the intensity of presenting a collective insight into successive moments of present-ness."

That night, as we grieved and feared and struggled to understand the recent Boston bombings, we were all so present there in the theater. "Sometimes, the expression of grief is such a heavy feeling that only playing will suffice," Marsalis told us. And it struck me that this was a feeling I knew from the newsroom, words I knew from covering every homicide in D.C., from crime to conviction, for two years, that sometimes only writing or photography or videography or programming will suffice.



I wasn't alone. Each one of us Nieman Fellows in the audience that night heard the same sleight of speech: when Marsalis said "jazz," we heard "journalism;" when he said "improvisation," we heard "innovation."

Since that night, I've begun a new branch of work exploring the intersection of jazz and journalism. I've learned that jazz has informed innovation and management theories in many turbulent markets. Those studies offer a framing for new understandings of teamwork, leadership and innovation, and they have helped me see my work, my journalism startup, and my future in new ways.

More than that, they are changing how I see the future of journalism. In our own "turbulent market," jazz, I believe, offers all of us a way forward—to work more closely together and with our audiences, to improvise, innovate and change, to build the journalism industry not just that journalists need, but that our public needs, too.



COURTESY OF SIMEON BOOKER

Simeon Booker, in dark jacket, in the Negro press section at the Emmett Till trial

'51

Simeon Booker

Working for Jet magazine, Booker covered the civil rights movement for 53 years

The Nieman program under Louis M. Lyons was eons ahead of the nation's press when it came to race relations. In 1950, when I became the second black Nieman Fellow, only a couple of dailies in the entire U.S. had ever hired Negro reporters. No retreat into an ivory (or ivy) tower, the Nieman year was replete with roundtables, conferences with professors, cocktail receptions, speakers' dinners, and a whole melange of social mingling among the Fellows, staff and faculty. The lack of any racial tension or segregation—indeed, the ca-

maraderie!—was itself a career-changing moment for me.

On the first night of the Emmett Till trial, in which two white men who admitted kidnapping the 14-year-old black youth were charged with his murder, Clark Porteous, NF '47, a reporter for the Memphis Press-Scimitar and a classmate of the first black Nieman, Fletcher P. Martin, defied Mississippi's segregation laws by visiting with black reporters. He told us that the prosecution had no murder witnesses and no forensic evidence to support a guilty verdict.

That night, a local civil rights leader learned that there were witnesses who were afraid to come forward. A plan was devised to find them, guarantee their safety, and urge them to come

in, but it required someone to notify law enforcement and the prosecution. We agreed that a reliable member of the white press should be asked to act as the go-between, but the civil rights leader trusted only one out of the dozens attending the trial. I agreed with his choice: Clark Porteous.

The following night, Porteous and I followed the sheriff of Leflore County and NAACP field staff on a 70-mile-an-hour manhunt across plantations to bring in the frightened witnesses. Although the trial still ended in acquittal, the murder and everything about it had a galvanizing and enduring impact on the civil rights movement, which in turn changed everything about life in America, including its journalism.

Jack Bass

As a journalist and history professor, Bass has sought to draw attention to the Orangeburg Massacre

Jack Nelson, NF '62, has written in his posthumously published memoir "Scoop" that professor Thomas Pettigrew's course on race relations made him "more aware of the injustice of segregation and racism." I met Pettigrew only once, at a Nieman class event while he was on sabbatical leave. He later encouraged Jack and me to write "The Orangeburg Massacre." That story began on Feb. 6, 1968, on the campus of historically black South Carolina State College, during an evening student protest at Orangeburg's lone, still-segregated bowling alley. The night ended with white highway patrolmen clubbing male and female students with riot batons.

I was Columbia, S.C. bureau chief for The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer and arrived at the scene by 8 a.m. the next morning. The following night, highway patrol gunfire left three students dying and 27 others wounded. One later testified, "The sky lit up like it was daylight."

This tragic event, which took place two years before four young people were killed at Kent State University, remains little known. Nelson, the Los Angeles Times Atlanta bureau chief, wrote the first story detailing that most students were shot from the side or from behind while trying to flee. Nelson and I both covered the later federal criminal trial that exonerated nine patrolmen but fully disclosed the facts. Our book followed in 1970. An updated paperback remains in print. All royalties go to a scholarship fund named for the three students killed. I still attend the annual memorial service and continue to push for the state to conduct its own full investigation and make restitution. It's not too late.



Thomas Sancton

Sancton (1915–2012) wrote about the nascent civil rights movement in the 1940s

The award of a Nieman Fellowship in 1941 was a turning point in my father's life. It sent him to a prestigious university and convinced him that he was sufficiently launched on a career to marry his sweetheart, Seta Alexander, daughter of a prominent family from Jackson, Mississippi. They were married in December 1941 and moved to a little rented apartment off Harvard Square.

At Harvard, my father took courses in Russian literature and Southern history, including Paul Buck's history of Reconstruction. He talked about dinners and lively discussions at the Signet Society, where he once had a heated argument with Robert Frost over the poem "Mending Wall" and the misanthropic implication of the line "Good fences make good neighbors." His Nieman experience was an important landmark in his sense of himself as a serious journalist and writer, someone who could perform at the highest level of his profession.

The Nieman was also instrumental in determining my father's future career path. In early 1942, New Republic editor in chief Bruce Bliven was shopping around for a new managing editor. Professor Buck and Nieman curator Louis M. Lyons recommended Sancton, who was offered and immediately accepted the job. Sancton continued

to cherish his connection with Harvard, even referring to himself on occasion as a "Harvard man" and convincing me, Tom Jr. (Harvard 1971), that the university was a family tradition.

Working for a liberal publication like The New Republic enabled Sancton to write about the subject he was most passionate about: racial justice. Voicing personal convictions that were rooted in his New Orleans childhood (but hardly typical of his fellow Southerners), he attacked segregation and racial inequality in a barrage of incendiary essays and editorials that won him the admiration of the liberal intelligentsia and black leaders like W.E.B. DuBois while provoking the wrath of Southern segregationists. John Rankin, a white supremacist Democrat from Mississippi, even denounced Sancton's articles on the floor of the House of Representatives, a fact that Sancton considered a badge of honor.

Throughout the years, he remained devoted to the Nieman program and managed to steer several younger journalists to Cambridge with enthusiastic letters of recommendation and phone calls to Lyons. Among his Nieman "protégés": Charles A. Ferguson, NF '66, former editor of the New Orleans States-Item, and Philip Johnson, NF '59, former news director for WWL-TV, the local CBS affiliate.

By Tom Sancton Jr., former senior editor and Paris bureau chief for Time



A black man, shot in the stomach during riots in Detroit, Michigan in 1943, is assaulted

ASSOCIATED PRESS



Harvard history professor Frederick Merk was a favorite of Niemans

RADCLIFFE ARCHIVES

'39

Edwin A. Lahey

At the Chicago Daily News, Lahey (1902–1969) used what he learned at Harvard about accounting to investigate an Illinois state auditor; the official landed in prison

The Nieman Fellow who made the largest impact on Harvard that first year was Edwin A. Lahey. It was Lahey's first experience with college but he had larger experience of life than any of us, and his gift for pungent expression had Harvard students and faculty collecting "Laheyisms." As a writer, Lahey had the most individual style of the group. He had color, verve, incisiveness, an earthy touch with reality, an ear for the right word and a sure sense for the heart of the matter. I once asked him to account for this, for he had left school after the eighth grade. He told me that working in a railroad freight house, he had long spells of waiting for something to do and used to read Dickens. Then he amused himself, he said, by trying to write sentences "as long as Dickens's." He must have learned more than length of sentences from Dickens ...



Lahey to the Harvard mind was the prototype of Nieman Fellows. His range of interests was surprising. He shared with me the course in the intellectual history of the Middle Ages. Then he went to a course in accounting. I remonstrated against letting any of his Nieman Year be preempted by accounting. "I'm going to know how to squeeze the water out of a municipal budget," he said. And he did. When the Daily News was investigating the delinquencies of a state auditor in a notorious case, they brought Ed Lahey up from Washington to contribute his expertise in exploring the elaborate diversion of public funds ... Such insistent curiosity is, of course, one of the most valuable qualities for journalism. It equipped Ed Lahey to make the most of his year at Harvard, for a Nieman Fellowship is just what you make of it.

From "Harvard Meets the Press" by Louis M. Lyons in Nieman Reports, Spring 1989

'42

Harry S. Ashmore

As executive editor of The Arkansas Gazette, Ashmore (1916–1998) was a leading voice against segregation

I remember going over to the President's house. It was a very impressive thing for a young man from Greenville, South Carolina, to go to, to have dinner with the president of Harvard University. And he received us, and at the end of the dinner we thanked him very kindly for the great privilege of being in Cambridge, for being exposed to this great university. And he said, "You know it's only three years; you're the third class. But I think maybe you people are doing a great service to Harvard." This shocked us because we didn't think we were. I said, "Well, Mr. President, what are we doing?" "Well," he said, "you are running around this campus asking rude questions. Many members of this faculty haven't had a rude question asked in 25 years, and I think it is very good for Harvard University."



From "Asking Rude Questions" by Harry S. Ashmore in Nieman Reports, September 1960

'04

Pekka Mykkänen

Mykkänen has been a reporter for Helsingin Sanomat since 1995

The story I tell most often is about Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim, a former Finnish president who, as a spy for the Russian military, rode horseback to China during expeditions from 1906–1908. I was especially interested in documenting his story as I had been posted in China before beginning my year as a Fellow. I had already contacted a friend in Finland to get some material that I needed for my research. Then I decided to see if Harvard's libraries had anything on Mannerheim, obviously not expecting too much. The online Hollis catalog found more than 100 results for him, many of them in Finnish. Not only was I within shouting distance of some of the leading scholars on China, I was a mere five-minute bicycle ride away from Mannerheim's China travel diary.



From Nieman Foundation 2007 annual report



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Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger tells a White House news conference in 1972 that “peace is at hand in Vietnam”

'50

Murrey Marder

Washington Post reporter Marder (1919–2013) made his name on the “red beat,” where he was among the first to challenge U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy

The reason I only covered the first trial of [U.S. Senator Joseph] McCarthy was because during the next trial I was going up to Harvard as a Fellow of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard, which is a rare prize to get in journalism. I was delighted to have it because it gave me several things. It gave me the substitute of a great fortune of a college education, at the level of a master's degree. I also had a lot of dealings and learned a lot from the outstanding members of the faculty—who later became major figures in the Kennedy administration—whom I drew on for the rest of my life in journalism, not as cronies, but as valuable sources of information, from whom I remained independent, never treating

them as sources to whom I had any obligation ...

I also met Henry Kissinger. Neither he nor I remember anything that either one of us said at the time, though I do remember an exchange we had later, after he became national security adviser. I had spoken to him for a story, and he called me the next day to say that he was “startled” by what I had written. “Wait a minute,” I said. “Did I misquote you?” He said, “No.” We had no private arrangement at that time, or anything. I said, “I quoted you correctly?” He said, “Oh, you quoted me correctly. I told you my view on the situation.” In the next sentence, however, another senior official source in the administration had said exactly the opposite of what [Kissinger] said. He said, “Why did you do that?” And I said, “That’s called journalism now.”

From an interview with Marder conducted by his nephew, Martin Sokoloski, in March 2012



I also had a lot of dealings and learned a lot from the outstanding members of the faculty ... whom I drew on for the rest of my life in journalism, not as cronies, but as valuable sources of information



PAT JOYCE

The Compaq SLT 386s/20 laptop was released in 1990

Journalism will soon be led entirely by digital natives. And a few of them who are very fortunate will have their lives changed at Lippmann House

'93

Katherine Fulton

As president of Monitor Institute, Fulton works with business and government leaders to find new approaches to social and technological challenges

Shortly after I arrived in Cambridge someone said to me: Go over to the computer center. Get them to show you something called the Internet. I had no idea what that was, of course. But I took the advice, along the way exploring computer bulletin boards, fiber optic networks, digital multimedia, electronic newspapers, and a future that would be much more “user” controlled. Very slowly it dawned on me: Eventually, these new technologies would transform journalism, politics, education, all the things I cared about, and much more. Could journalism adapt? This became the question that shaped my life for years to come.

Bill Kovach and my Nieman class-

mate Francis Pisani shared my mix of worry and hope. Together we put on two major conferences, in the spring of 1994 and again in 1995. Bill gathered journalism's elite, and we introduced them to digital pioneers and their revolutionary tools and ideas. I moved to San Francisco to work with Stewart Brand at a very cool futures think tank and consulting firm and spent the rest of the 1990s helping newspaper companies, television networks, and public broadcasters see the transformation that lay ahead. “News” had a future. But what about journalism and the companies dedicated to it? Twenty years ago, we couldn't have imagined Amazon, much less the news that its founder would buy one of journalism's crown jewels for pocket change. Journalism will soon be led entirely by digital natives. And a few of them who are very fortunate will have their lives changed at Lippmann House.



'71 James D. Squires

The former Chicago Tribune editor's 1993 book “Read All About It!” raised an early alarm about the corporate takeover of U.S. newspapers

Like many other young Southern journalists, my passion was writing. The Nieman Fellowship temporarily freed me from what had been up to that point a frantic struggle to feed my young family on a Nashville Tennessean reporter's salary. Now, I even had leisure time to spend writing short stories.



My best friend in the class was the more worldly and accomplished Jack Schwartz, erudite book editor of *Newsday* and dead ringer for actor Gene Wilder, with a wit to match. Lugging his own libation, Schwartz spent many hours in my apartment entertaining my 3-year-old daughter, editing and improving my fiction. Somehow my manuscript made it to a Boston fiction editor, who offered me a several thousand-dollar advance. Jack and I celebrated with champagne until it ran out and then with whatever was available. By then Jack, who had drunk himself into a state of total candor, told me that despite all of his earlier praise, the stories were not good enough to publish. The stories are OK, Jack said, but OK is never good enough. From that day to this, OK has never been satisfactory. Everything I have ever done could have and should have been better. The manuscript was recovered and stored in a cheap briefcase for 20 years. In 1994, after much reworking, Random House published it as “The Secrets of the Hopewell Box,” a tale of Southern political history that became a regional best seller. Last year Vanderbilt University republished my best writing ever in paperback and e-book, and it is selling well again, earning money for the university library—all due to a Nieman moment inflicted on me by a wonderful Fellow whom my daughter called “Mr. Sports” and never forgot. And neither have I.

William J. Lederer

Lederer (1912–2010), best known for co-authoring “The Ugly American,” arrived at Harvard a career Naval officer and public relations specialist

I mentioned to sociology professor [Samuel A.] Stouffer that USA propaganda methods were extremely successful for home consumption, but absolute flops for international persuasion. How could I track this down? He suggested that perhaps I should study the methods which already have been successful—and steered me on to the organization of the Roman Catholic Church. Professor [of government] Carl J. Friedrich showed me how to find current examples of where American propaganda had broken down. Psychology professor [Gordon W.] Allport indicated other source material.

It seemed to me, at first, that I was getting the brush-off. But after submerging myself in Widener Library for a couple of weeks, information began



Encouraging skilled labor to join the Navy

busting all over the place like a Kansas tornado. There was more material on propaganda techniques than I could ever assimilate in one year. I learned that the professors were teachers, not fact storehouses, and that their methods

worked if the student had a serious interest.

Later—when I knew more about my subject—the profs began giving me long hours. They discussed my theories with me and instructed me how to appraise their validity. As the word got around that I was studying (instead of just talking), people began bringing papers they had written or suggesting others who had experiences pertinent to informational strategy. During the last six months, I made an intensive study of Catholic, Russian and Nazi propaganda methods. It would require two more years and a couple of translators to do a scholarly job. I found that the Catholics, Russians and Nazis operated with the same basic technique. Using it as a measuring stick, I appraised Navy public relations for one month. I found it ineffective. Between the professors and Widener, the knowledge is up here. But you have to shake it out for yourself.

From Lederer's 1951 end-of-Fellowship report to the Nieman Foundation



ROBERT MUCHLEY/COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Harro Albrecht

A medical writer and editor for the German weekly Die Zeit, Albrecht was one of the Nieman Foundation's first Global Health Fellows

In 2007 I was in Gulu, in northern Uganda, an area where 80 percent of the population lives in camps for internally displaced people, nearly 20 percent of the children die before the age of five, and thousands of other children have been abducted by local rebels. The trip was part of my Nieman Fellowship in Global Health Reporting. After three months of seeing sick and desperate people, I wanted to share these experiences with someone, but I thought my friends and colleagues at home probably wouldn't understand the challenges faced by a traveling reporter. So I sent out a group e-mail to my fellow Niemans. Within a few hours I received 10 replies from all over the world. The messages rekindled the special spirit I felt during my Nieman year. The responses also reminded me of our shared objectives: Fight shallow journalism, dig deeper, investigate harder.

From the Nieman Foundation's 2007 annual report



A girl in Uganda peels cassava plants outside her family's hut

EUAN DENHOLM/ASSOCIATED PRESS

The responses also reminded me of our shared objectives: Fight shallow journalism, dig deeper, investigate harder



GARY KNIGHT/VII

The border fence between Mexico, left, and the United States, right, stops in areas where the terrain is especially harsh and dangerous to cross

'10

Gary Knight

A photojournalist, Knight has covered conflicts throughout the world. He is a co-founder of VII Photo Agency and the Angkor Photo Workshops

I arrived at Harvard after spending 20 years photographing people at very close proximity in the act of war or violence in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Middle East for weekly newsmagazines. By the mid 2000s, I felt I had become engaged in what I saw as a hierarchical, proscribed and increasingly ignoble form of journalism. I am grateful for the opportunities I had, but I wanted to step off the

carousel and change my relationship with the world—and with journalism and the media.

I felt constrained by the orthodoxy of the media and the practice of the craft as I had experienced it. I knew I wanted to remain at large and engaged as a storyteller with the parts of the world I care deeply about, but I wanted to change the process and the outcomes. I couldn't work within the same constraints. I had no idea what I would find at Harvard and while I sought nothing specific I was hoping to find something that would at least help me begin to reshape what would come next.

There were three courses I took that changed every-



Larry Tye

After covering medicine, the environment, and sports at The Boston Globe, Tye now writes books and runs a fellowship program that trains journalists covering health care

It was the moment every Nieman dreads. My Cinderella year was nearly done, and while my job at The Boston Globe was infinitely better than any charwoman's, it also was the same daily journalism I'd been doing for nearly 15 years. So I did what we did well—had a cocktail party and tried to think only big and upbeat thoughts.

Thankfully, this particular party was hosted by our inspired creative writing instructor, novelist Anne Bernays, and her brilliant biographer husband, Justin Kaplan. The conversation turned to books, and Justin commented that if Edward L. Bernays wasn't his father-in-law, he'd write the biography of the so-called "father of public relations."

The next morning, I was sitting in the library of Eddie Bernays's rambling white Victorian not far from the Charles River, listening to the 102-year-old tell stories about his Uncle Sigmund Freud, his buddies Thomas Alva Edison and Calvin Coolidge, and, most of all, Eddie himself.

He told how he had engineered the overthrow of Guatemala's leftist government, promoted cigarettes he suspected were deadly at the same time that he was promoting national health insurance, and remade bacon and eggs into the all-American breakfast.

Two years later, I had written his biography, "The Father of



Edward L. Bernays, at 91

Spin." Fifteen years after that, I have written a biography of Superman and am finishing one on Robert Kennedy.

I am still a journalist, but thanks to my Nieman year and that moment at Anne and Justin's cocktail party I am doing what for me is an exciting, longer form of it, along with running my own modest fellowship program, now in its 12th year, for medical journalists. Neither would have been likely without a Nieman year of new thinking about the world and new (and forever) friends who helped me reimagine where I fit in.

Eddie Bernays told how he had engineered the overthrow of Guatemala's leftist government, promoted cigarettes he suspected were deadly ... and remade bacon and eggs into the all-American breakfast

thing. Constance Hale's narrative writing course at the Nieman Foundation gave me the courage to experiment with the wonder of writing. Anne McGhee's life drawing class at the Graduate School of Design, courtesy of the Loeb Foundation, helped me leave the violence behind and see without a camera. And perhaps most of all, professor John Stilgoe's Studies of the Built North American Environment helped me see beauty, significance and nuance in what were hitherto the most unremarkable places. I saw magic in the unspectacular. He helped me re-embrace the possibilities of imagery and visual narratives and look for things I would never have looked for before.

When I left Harvard, I picked up a camera for the first

time in a year and went to Arizona and photographed a story on immigration using the built environment—the landscape—as the sole character in the story, an unthinkable idea before I met professor Stilgoe. My journalism now includes writing, drawing and a photography inspired by finding magic in the ordinary. It is neither hierarchical nor proscribed. And I founded with Sherman Teichman of the Institute for Global Leadership at Tufts University something called the Program for Narrative & Documentary Practice, which encourages students to rethink the possibilities of nonfiction storytelling. The Nieman year was one of the most transformative of my life.

Hedrick Smith

A member of the team that won a Pulitzer for reporting on the Pentagon Papers, Smith has had a major presence on PBS with his Frontline investigations

As a reporter given the priceless opportunity to pursue a career as a foreign correspondent for The New York Times, it bothered me greatly that we American journalists often ventured abroad with the skimpiest knowledge of the countries and cultures we were about to cover. We were quick and agile and developed good sources, but quite often we simply failed to penetrate and translate these foreign countries and peoples to our readers, especially when so many of our attitudes and journalistic prisms were shaped by the Cold War.

To me, Moscow was the big challenge. I had not wanted to go there as unprepared as I had gone to Saigon and Cairo, given a few weeks of Berlitz Arabic and gulping down important books like Bernard Fall's "Two Vietnams." And so to me, a Nieman year of studying Russian, having a chance to read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, to sit in a seminar with professor Merle Fainsod applying the Kremlinological analysis from his book "How Russia Is Ruled" and hearing professor Adam Ulam explain Soviet foreign policy from Lenin to Kossygin were crucial to my desire to get beyond the stereotypes and barriers of the Cold War.

The Nieman year opened doors of understanding, avenues of cultural entree and, most importantly, a way to speak directly to



Russians without the filter of a translator. With that launching pad, once I got to Moscow, I could not only have stories to tell but I knew they were authentic because I heard them personally. No Soviet censor could cut me out. No translator could bowdlerize the street gossip of Moscow babushkas. And when I met Boris Pasternak's son Zhenya or Osip Mandelshtam's widow, Nadezhda, I knew enough of the lives and writings of Pasternak and Mandelshtam to engage their unbelievably courageous and intelligent families in a rich dialogue.

Because of the depth of its offerings, the Nieman experience altered my reporting in the most fundamental way. It gave me crucial tools to see, to grasp, to report and to write with depth and engagement on a topic of immense importance and interest to Americans.



Christ the Savior Cathedral in Moscow

MISHA JAPARDIZE/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Through [Harvard professor Merle] Fainsod I learned that seemingly small facts can be clues to large truths ... I became an editor, always on the lookout for the larger stories buried among the routine facts

John S. Carroll

After covering the Vietnam War, Carroll was editor of The Baltimore Sun, the Lexington (Ky.) Herald-Leader, and the Los Angeles Times, the latter of which won 13 Pulitzers during Carroll's five years as editor

The first evening of my Nieman year I found myself, drink in hand, facing a man whose name tag identified him as Merle Fainsod, a professor who taught a well-regarded course about the Soviet Union. Being new to Harvard and largely ignorant of the Soviet Union, I was a bit intimidated, but to my surprise he seemed interested in me. I ended up taking his course.

Fainsod was known for his work with millions of Soviet documents captured when the Germans overran the city of



Smolensk during World War II. Most of them were routine memoranda. With patience and scholarship, Fainsod made himself the master of the Smolensk Archive, thereby deriving a deep understanding of how the Soviet regime actually worked. His book, "How Russia Is Ruled," was the text for his course.

Up to that point, I'd been knocking out stories as fast as I could and then rushing off to the next one. Having just returned from Vietnam and the Middle East, I was planning to continue as a foreign correspondent and thought the Soviet Union course would be helpful. It was, but not in the way I expected. Through Fainsod I learned that seemingly small facts can be clues to large truths. I never had another foreign assignment. I became an editor, always on the lookout for the larger stories buried among the routine facts, partial to stories that were backed by previously under-examined troves of documents. Fainsod's scholarship helped me see broader horizons as a journalist.



Hayes and art director George Lois created some of the magazine's most striking covers

'59

Harold Hayes

When Hayes (1926–1989) arrived at Harvard, he was locked in a battle with Clay Felker for the editorship of Esquire. A few years later, Hayes triumphed and was named editor in chief, where he reigned for nearly a decade, publishing some of the era's most memorable writing, including Gay Talese and Tom Wolfe

He was sick of the fighting at the magazine and, besides, he needed more education to handle the kind of material he and the others were trying to get into Esquire. He had been educating himself in the ways of New York intellectual culture, reading magazines like *Commentary* and *Partisan Review*; both Felker and Hayes thought the editors of the smaller cultural magazines were setting examples a magazine like Esquire could follow.

But Hayes knew he had a lot to learn. He had been an indifferent student at Wake Forest. He would warn students when he spoke there that the world outside the college was a competitive world in which, he told students, “winners usually win at your expense. Someone else’s victory means your failure.”

Harvard was Hayes’s bid for remedial education. Writing on his behalf to the curator of the [Nieman Foundation], Arnold Gingrich confessed to mixed feelings. Of all his editors Hayes would benefit most from the year at Harvard—an observation that could be read several ways. But Hayes was also the editor Esquire could least do without. Hayes was becoming, in Gingrich’s mind, the “pitch pipe” in the Esquire choir.

As he wrote later in his memoir, “Hayes seemed

Hayes knew he had a lot to learn. He had been an indifferent student at Wake Forest ... Harvard was Hayes’s bid for remedial education

to have a keen weather eye for the mood changes that were beginning to develop across the country, and particularly among the young, in the late 1950s, and he was good at working up features that appealed to this spreading sense of skepticism, disbelief, and disenchantment.” Hayes used the words “brash” and “irreverent,” Gingrich observed, in an effort to “salt up the magazine’s personality, give it a difference of posture that would set it smartly apart.”

Still, Gingrich agreed to let him go, and Hayes became the first magazine editor to get the fellowship. Gingrich not only gave him a nine-month leave of absence but also made up the difference between the modest Harvard stipend and his salary at Esquire.

Eager to begin, Hayes wrote to the registrar in June asking for reading lists for the courses he hoped to take, among them Paul Tillich’s *Religion and Society* and John Kenneth Galbraith’s *Social Theory of Modern Enterprise*. Once in Cambridge, he tried to sample as many courses in American intellectual history as he could fit in, just sitting in on some and actually doing the assignments in others, studying under Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Crane Brinton, H. Stuart Hughes, and Oscar Handlin.

Yet Hayes’s courses in intellectual history encouraged him to think grandly—to spin off big ideas for writers, to play the role of sociologist and map the culture. Harvard gave him, too, a better feel for the changes American culture had gone through over time.

From “It Wasn’t Pretty, Folks, But Didn’t We Have Fun? Surviving the ’60s with Esquire’s Harold Hayes” by Carol Polsgrove





A beach near Cape Town, South Africa, in 1982

UNITED NATIONS PHOTO

'88

Tony Heard

Heard, an opponent of government press restrictions, was fired in 1987 after 16 years as editor of South Africa's Cape Times

My Nieman stint was a godsend in a career with enough brushes with power for comfort, including arrest under security laws over a full-page illegal interview with African National Congress leader Oliver Tambo in 1985. I reveled in the experience. My daughter Janet's visit in October of 1987 was a chance to show her this place of enduring excellence. It included seeing living depictions of the Pilgrim families' arrivals to join, in time, with indigenous locals and subsequent immigrants in building a great, self-correcting democracy. This was inspiring for South Africans who had respect for that most priceless of things, free expression. My time spent at Lippmann House gave me inspiration and direction to pursue my journalism despite setbacks. Preeminently, it provided me time for reflection and planning to turn out a few years later "The Cape of Storms," which covered my experiences reporting and editing during the unjust apartheid era in South Africa, from the 1950s to 1980s.



'10

Janet Heard

After her Nieman year, Janet Heard joined the Cape Times as assistant editor, head of news

I visited my father, Tony Heard, at Harvard in 1987. About to start my first job as a reporter, I shared in his notes about journalistic excellence, freedom of speech and justice. More than 20 years later, my dad came to visit me during my Nieman. We were invited for sundowners at the home of the chief justice of Massachusetts, Margaret Marshall, and her Pulitzer Prize-winning husband, Anthony Lewis, NF '57. We sipped bubbly and downed local seafood. Marshall, a former South African anti-apartheid student activist, offered great insights about transformational justice issues. Lewis spoke eloquently about his golden years as a New York Times columnist.



I feel privileged to have met Marshall and Lewis. These two unassuming human rights figures embody the values both my father and I associate with the Nieman year: the pursuit of journalistic excellence, freedom of speech, and justice. I returned to South Africa energized, taking up a new role as head of news at the Cape Times, where I am even more resolved to make the most of journalistic privilege—speaking truth to power.

'97

Josef Tucek

After his Nieman year, Tucek returned to work at Mlada fronta Dnes in Prague, creating the paper's first science section

The Nieman Fellowship changed me in so many ways; it's hard to tell it all. I learned how my colleagues work, in the U.S. as well as in many other countries. It was both revealing and relieving to talk, for example, to [Mathatha Tsedu] the Fellow from South Africa. We had both grown up under dictatorships, both grown up with censorship. It was breathtaking to comprehend all the different solutions creative people find to overcome or fight censorship. I got an international perspective on just about everything, and I continue to apply it to every subject that crosses my desk. I came home excited and fueled by the strong belief that even though the world, and particularly science, is a complex and difficult creature, it can be explained.

From an interview with Stefanie Friedhoff, NF '01, in 2004



Residents of Prague in 1968 turned out against the Soviet-led invasion of their country

LIBOR HALSKY/ASSOCIATED PRESS/CTK

The thing that scared me most during my Cambridge year was the fact that I had accepted injustice and discrimination as “part and parcel of our traditional way of life.” After my year, the things I had accepted made me angry

'76

Percy Qoboza

*After his return to South Africa, Qoboza (1938–1988) was detained and held for five months. The South African government shut down two black newspapers he edited, *The World* and *The Post**

The thing that scared me most during my Cambridge year was the fact that I had accepted injustice and discrimination as “part and parcel of our traditional way of life.” After my year, the things I had accepted made me angry. It is because of this that the character

of my newspaper has changed tremendously. We are an angry newspaper. For this reason we have made some formidable enemies, and my own personal life is not worth a cent ... But I see my role and the role of those people who share my views as articulating, without fear or favor, the aspirations of our people. It is a very hard thing to do.

*From “In Memoriam: Percy Qoboza” by Dennis Pather, NF '88, in *Nieman Reports*, Spring 1988*



Gustavo Gorriti

For his reporting on the Peruvian government, Gorriti was forced into exile. He didn't fare much better in Panama, where he angered the government with more reporting on corruption

As a willingly overworked journalist covering, among other things, the Shining Path insurgency for *Caretas* magazine, Peru's newsweekly, I arrived in Cambridge looking forward to nine deadline-free months. I thought I would write a book about the insurgency, so brought a trunkful of documents. In one of my first conversations with him, Howard Simons persuaded me not to do work on the book. "Use Harvard," he said. "You'll have the chance to write the book later, but you won't have a second Nieman year." He was, of course, right, and I just plunged into the intellectual plenty that the Nieman Fellowship offered.



I went back to Peru with my trunkful of unopened documents, to what was a chaotic, traumatized country. Within days, I was covering the bloody government suppression of prison riots organized by Shining Path inmates, in which about 250 prisoners were killed. I remember feeling the brutal contrast between life around 1 Francis Ave. and the lethal irrationality I was now witnessing. At the same time, though, I felt that however much I missed the Nieman experience, it had strengthened my vision and resolve about what thorough, uncompromising journalism meant for my then wounded country. That vision and resolve helped me navigate some difficult times, unfailingly bringing to mind the Nieman Fellowship and our admirable curator and de facto rabbi, Howard Simons.



A portrait of Peru's president is recovered from the rubble after a Shining Path

The Nieman experience ... strengthened my vision and resolve about what thorough,

Victor K. McElheny

A veteran author of books and articles about science and technology, McElheny worked at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a research center with ties to several Nobel Prize winners, before arriving at MIT

My Nieman year was a stunning combination of contact with leading newsmakers, including [U.S. Attorney General] Bobby Kennedy reviewing the Cuban Missile Crisis, and the

intense competition of first-class fellow professionals. The meaning of a career in journalism was raised to a new level. In frequent conversations with Louis and [his wife] Tottie Lyons, I learned how a very special program of professional energizing could be made to work in practice and how it could be integral to a university's intellectual mission.

So in 1981, when the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) approached me to start a program for science journalists



modeled on the Nieman Fellowship, I knew exactly what to do.

At MIT in the 1980s, as at Harvard in the 1930s, the aim was to tap the resources of a great university to reinforce the knowledge, skills, reflectiveness, confidence and ambition of newspeople determined to deliver facts straight to the public, to educate the real rulers in a democracy. My Nieman experience gave me crucial encouragement in enlisting science journalists from across the world to spend a year at MIT, colliding with each other and with MIT's



attack on a government building in 1982

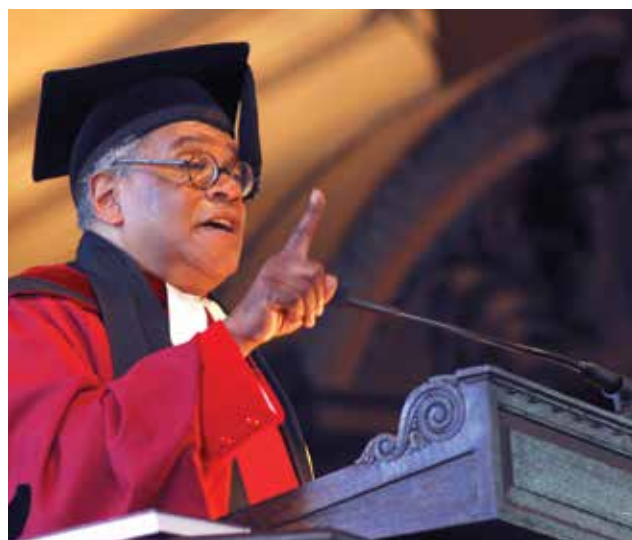
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uncompromising journalism meant

amazing faculty (and many at Harvard, too) to sharpen their ability to translate into popular terms the science that shapes so much of our existence. As happens with Nieman, MIT Knight Science Journalism Fellows solidify their commitment to a very difficult line of work and set themselves on a steeper upward path.

In the complex, science-shaped world of today, science reporting is more important than ever. I hope Nieman celebrating their 75th anniversary will take pride in their daughter at MIT.

The meaning of a career in journalism was raised to a new level ... I learned how a very special program of professional energizing could ... be integral to a university's intellectual mission



Harvard minister the Rev. Peter J. Gomes

FRED FELD/HARVARD NEWS OFFICE

'96

Patricia S. Guthrie

Guthrie, a freelance journalist based in Seattle, found inspiration in the voice of the Rev. Peter J. Gomes

I don't remember the exact words on the sign, only that the title of the sermon sounded hopeful. Hopeful and a touch of humor—two things I needed as I began my adventure at Harvard. My brother and father had died within months of one another in 1995. I got the call to tell me that I was a Nieman finalist on the day my brother died. I saw the sign on a Friday, one of those beautiful late September days in Harvard Yard, leaves crunching under my feet as I passed Memorial Church. I ended up back at the brick and white church two days later. The sound of organ pipes jolted me to the fact that I was attending a church service for the first time in years. Why? I had no idea. Until a soothing baritone voice sounded from the front and a short, stout bespectacled man I could barely see took his place behind the pulpit.



Oh, how I heard him—his New England cadence, his exacting phrases, his unusual mix of historical references, humorous remarks, and his oft-irreverent asides about the most revered of institutions he held so dear—Harvard. I knew immediately that my first encounter with the Rev. Peter J. Gomes was not to be my last. He became an important aspect of my life as a Nieman Fellow. I was enthralled with the man and his many identities—black, gay, Yankee, Republican, Baptist. Gomes hugged, he laughed, he greeted each member of his congregation with such joy as they exited the church. He helped me believe again. Becoming a part of a church community also served me well in Atlanta, where I moved in 1997 to cover health for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution. Many of my stories led me to congregations that were providing health screenings and leading the charge against high death rates of prostate and breast cancers among African-American men and women.

Adapted from "In a Time of Need, a Friend Indeed" by Patricia S. Guthrie, Nieman Reports, Spring 2011



Panama General Manuel Antonio Noriega in 1988

JOHN HOPPER/ASSOCIATED PRESS

'96

Daniel Ulanovsky

Ulanovsky was inspired by his Nieman year to foster journalism that is intensely personal

I had a good job with one of the most widely read Spanish-language newspapers in the world, Clarín, in Argentina. But I felt uncomfortable about publishing information that did not translate into real communication with readers. We talked about what was happening, not about what was happening to us. Though journalism supposedly reflects the world in all its complexity and, sometimes, obscurity, I felt I was only able to engage determined spheres—politics, economic trends, social movements. There is more to convey, I thought, though I was not sure how. During my time as a Fellow, I found markers that helped me pursue an answer.



I enrolled in a course given by psychiatrist Arthur Kleinman on the anthropology of pain. The class addressed topics like what is painful and how discomfort is experienced in different cultures. It was a revelation to break out of the logic of mass journalism and venture into the workings of the individual. I was similarly startled by the revolution brought on by Rose Moss's class in creative writing, where I learned to heighten the psychological sensibility of a story.

After the Fellowship, I came back to Buenos Aires and one afternoon it hit me: Why isn't there a journalism of private life that deals with daily experience? Three years later, I launched *Latido* (Heartbeat), a monthly magazine of first-person journalism in which the narrator has actually experienced what he or she is reporting. A journalist with a drinking problem, for instance, speaks of the complexity of addiction. A journalism of personal space began to take shape.

Two years ago, I returned to Clarín to lead a project around whether the mass media can—and should—generate spaces for communication through “intimate worlds,” which is also the name of a weekly section that embodies a journalism of lived experience. We don't speak of the effects of torture on nameless people incarcerated during Argentina's last military dictatorship; we hear from a woman who was “disappeared.” We reflect reality through how it operates in specific experience. There was something of all this at work that year at Harvard. Sometimes we don't know where we are going until we get there.

'86

I. Roberto Eisenmann Jr.

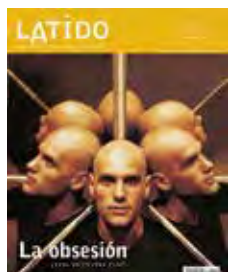
As co-founder, publisher and editor of Panama's independent newspaper La Prensa, I. Roberto Eisenmann Jr. faced physical and economic danger under the regimes of Omar Torrijos and Manuel Antonio Noriega. After his Nieman year, he had to remain in the States until the U.S. military captured Noriega in 1990

Being the editor and publisher of *La Prensa* during those years was a really horrible situation. There were daily threats on my life. The newspaper was attacked several times. But the Nieman Fellowship was like an intellectual Disney World. I took political science classes, poetry classes, the whole gamut. I might have even overworked myself; I was just so excited with everyone I was listening to.



Howard Simons introduced me to the people at PBS, and the first major television program in which I was a voice for the opposition was PBS's “NewsHour.” In 1986 Seymour Hersh, whom I met during my Nieman year, did the first major story for *The New York Times* on Noriega's drug running. That was the beginning of the end, though it took about another year to get the State Department and the U.S. government detached from Noriega.

Through all of this, besides being our curator, Howard was a great friend, helping me all the way. We were battling a cruel dictatorship, which was supported by the U.S. at the time. Having a voice in the U.S. helped the opposition, and I had acquired that voice only because I was a Nieman. When I returned to Panama, my work was to rebuild a destroyed newspaper.



Latido, a magazine of first-person journalism

After the Fellowship, I came back to Buenos Aires and one afternoon it hit me: Why isn't there a journalism of private life that deals with daily experience?

'89

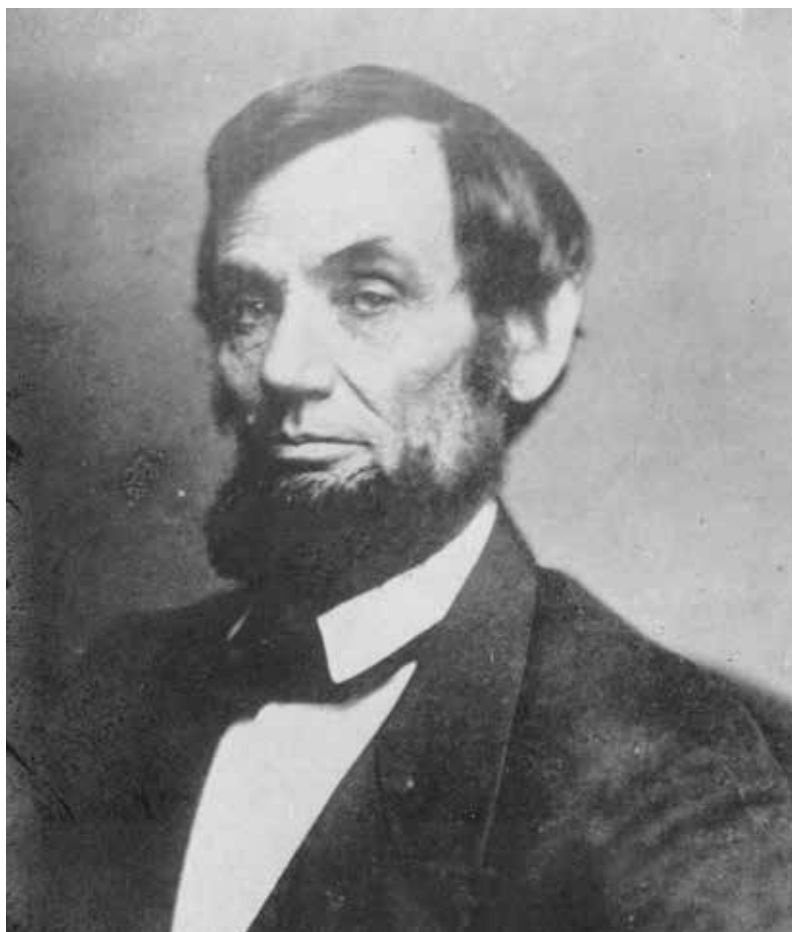
Dorothy Wickenden

Executive editor of The New Yorker since 1996, Wickenden wrote "Nothing Daunted," the tale of her grandmother and a friend who left lives of privilege in 1916 to teach the children of homesteaders

Would you have enjoyed having dinner with Abraham Lincoln?" In 1989, David Herbert Donald was working on his biography of Abraham Lincoln and teaching a graduate seminar on Lincoln and the Civil War. I was a student in the course. There were about eight of us, and he sparked our fascination with Lincoln's strategic genius and repeated political defeat, his fierce ambition, his sense of humor, and his melancholia. I couldn't imagine anyone answering "no." But professor Donald posited that the dinner would not have been a rousing evening. We were startled, especially because he'd always

refused to disclose his opinions about Lincoln. It must have been a way to provoke a livelier discussion.

He gave us a list of topics for our final paper—subjects he was exploring in his research. I picked "Lincoln and Race," and wrote about Lincoln's relationship with Frederick Douglass. He urged me to publish it, which I later did, in *The Wilson Quarterly*. I didn't suspect that almost 25 years later, I'd be engrossed in my own project about the Civil War, and still be thinking about that question—even while editing pieces about President Obama, another fan of the 16th president. Donald's magnificent "Lincoln" was published in 1995; the biography, marked with Post-its, is in my study. He wrote in his preface that the book "seeks to explain rather than to judge." It's not a bad motto for historians—or journalists, for that matter. I wish I could have dinner with him.



MATHEW B. BRADY/COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

A graduate seminar in 1989 on Abraham Lincoln still inspires Wickenden



HITOSHI FUGO

Atsuko Chiba, 1986

'68

Atsuko Chiba

A financial reporter at a time when that was a rare beat for a woman in Japan, Chiba (1940–1987) shocked the nation with her frank columns about her battle with breast cancer

Atsuko Chiba was already an exception of exceptions in Tokyo before she headed for Harvard—a female newspaper reporter for the economics section of Tokyo Shimbun in the 1960s, when Japanese media were still very reluctant to hire women.

The year she spent as a Nieman Fellow changed her life. Bloomberg chief content officer Norman Pearlstine, who hired Atsuko as a stringer for The Wall Street Journal when he was the paper's Tokyo bureau chief in the early 1970s, remembers Atsuko saying that her Nieman experience gave her the confidence to work for and write about foreigners as well as Japanese. Soon after returning to Japan, Atsuko formed her own company to write reports for foreign financial institutions while writing business stories for foreign publications. She also had the confidence to write about her breast cancer, describing the challenges she faced at a time when talking openly about cancer was taboo. When Atsuko passed away, friends and readers added to her own bequest to the Nieman Foundation to establish the Atsuko Chiba Fellowship.

By Mutsuko Murakama, Tokyo-based journalist and member of the advisory board of the Atsuko Chiba Foundation

'08

Raul Peñaranda

The former editor in chief of the Bolivian daily Página Siete, Peñaranda is a fierce proponent of press freedom. To produce a series called "Journey to the Heart of Bolivia," he sent reporters and photographers to towns so small that they don't appear on maps

During my Fellowship year, my curator Bob Giles spoke about the responsibility of reporters to ask tough questions of powerful people. That statement reminded me of what I had long believed about journalism and was fundamental to my decision to launch the Página Siete newspaper after my Fellowship ended.

Since its founding in 2010, Página Siete has been an outspoken, independent voice at a time when President Evo Morales's government confronts a shrinking opposition and controls, directly or indirectly, a growing number of media outlets. Our independence and our ability to ask tough questions have never been as important. We recently investigated the Bolivian govern-

ment's payment, in advance, of more than \$25 million to the Chinese company General Marine Business for the construction of 16 riverboats and two tugboats. The ships were never delivered, and as a result



'83

When I returned to action in the newsroom ... I came back with a renewed commitment to aggressively covering public affairs in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and the nation

William Marimow

Marimow, in his second stint as editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer, received the Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting in 1985 for his stories about the Philadelphia Police Department K-9 unit. After his exposé revealed that city police dogs had attacked more than 350 people, an investigation was ordered and more than a dozen officers were removed from the unit

Seated in the last row of a cavernous lecture hall in the Pound Building, wearing my red and black lumber jacket and green corduroys, I listened intently as Anthony Lewis, NF '57, New York Times columnist and Law School professor, spoke eloquently about the



MANUEL SEOANE/ PÁGINA SIETE

of our investigation the government officials responsible for the purchase were arrested for breach of duty and signing contracts prejudicial to public funds. In another story, we uncovered how 54 students were improperly admitted to the National Police University. The police chief, who

is appointed by the president, was removed from office and is facing trial.

From Bob Giles's simple statement and my renewed sense of purpose during my Fellowship came a powerful idea: To practice the kind of journalism that strengthens Bolivian democracy.

Tumi Chucua lagoon, from "Journey to the Heart of Bolivia" in *Página Siete*

historic First Amendment case of *New York Times Company v. Sullivan*.

United States Supreme Court Justice William Brennan's majority opinion, he told us, began with these words: "We are required in this case to determine ..." "We are required." The case before the court, Lewis explained to us, was so critically important to the foundation of a democracy that Brennan wanted to emphasize the court's obligation to address the issues that underscored the core purpose of freedom of speech and the press in the United States. As Brennan wrote in his majority opinion, citizens have a responsibility in a democracy to carefully dissect the actions of their elected officials: "It is as much the duty of the citizen critic of government to criticize



as it is for the public official to administer."

Reading Brennan's majestic opinion, buttressed by Lewis's discussion of its historic backdrop (the fight for civil rights in the South, the antagonism of Southern law enforcement and courts for newspapers like *The New York Times* that tried to cover the movement with accuracy and fairness, and the Times's precarious financial condition while the court battle raged), hammered home to me more strongly than ever why our work as journalists was at the epicenter of democratic government.

When I returned to action in the newsroom of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in June 1983, I came back with a renewed commitment to aggressively covering public affairs in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and the nation. Lewis's class helped me pursue investigative

'10

Beth Macy

Macy has spent most of her career at The Roanoke (Va.) Times

Working in one region for one medium-sized newspaper for almost 25 years, it's hard to enumerate the many ways that the Nieman expanded my world. I approached a series I undertook shortly after the Fellowship's end—on the aftereffects of globalization on nearby furniture factory towns—with a much deeper scope. I called the world's best thinkers on small-town revitalization, race and economics. I forged collaborations with two nonprofits and worked with a freelance photographer, neither of which was standard newspaper practice, just as it wasn't common for a reporter from Roanoke, Virginia to investigate firsthand the Asian factories where all the jobs had moved. The result was a newspaper series that turned into my first book, "Factory Man," to be published next year. The Nieman helped me create a portrait that is ultimately fairer, truer and way more complicated than I originally envisioned.



work about government with grit, determination and resourcefulness. The first major investigative project I embarked on involved allegations that a small group of Philadelphia police K-9 officers were ordering their dogs to attack innocent and unarmed men and women, a series that led to major changes in the regulations governing the use of police dogs in the city.

Equally important, the class helped me exercise greater sensitivity, thoughtfulness and restraint when I was writing about people who were leading private lives and were not looking for the publicity afforded by the *Inquirer's* big spotlight. Now, three decades later, as an editor, I am still applying the indelible lessons I learned seated in the last row of Tony Lewis's lecture hall.

'68

Michael J. and Pippa Green

'99

Pippa Green has been the political editor at the South Africa Broadcasting Corp. and the Sunday Independent

When my father, Michael Green, became a Nieman Fellow in 1967, it was the first opportunity he'd had to attend university. At 17, he started work as a reporter at The Argus, the afternoon newspaper in Cape Town. We had come from Bloemfontein, South Africa at the height of the apartheid era. "Harvard opened your eyes to so many experiences," my father told me—John Kenneth Galbraith's lectures, Walter Jackson Bate's series on Samuel Johnson, and music classes that my dad, an accomplished pianist, loved. For my father, coming from a society as closed as South Africa, Harvard made a difference. It allowed him, in his new job as a deputy editor in Durban, to see new possibilities. He was arrested and charged under the censorship laws in 1974, simply for reporting on a rally celebrating Mozambican independence.



Three decades later, I came to Harvard from a different country. We were four years into our first democratic government. I arrived in Cambridge giddy from an intensive round of interviews with Nelson Mandela to mark his 80th birthday. I did a course on chamber music, although unlike my father I could barely play the scales on the piano, and I also listened to Galbraith, who came to address a Nieman seminar. His thoughts on development opened my eyes to the fact that South Africa was not unique in either its problems or its promise.

That September, Harvard conferred on Mandela an honorary doctorate, and I was asked to sit on the platform. Mandela recognized me and, as the ceremony ended, asked me why I was there. I told him I was on the Nieman Fellowship. "Haa-vaad," he said, and chuckled. "You will be too important to come and see me when you get back." In one generation of Niemans, our world had changed. Mandela had been a prisoner when my father was here; now he was President. The Nieman made us more humble, more aware of what we didn't know, and of the responsibilities to practice journalism with a sense of being part of a much wider world.



Out of Town News in Harvard Square couldn't compete with the Web

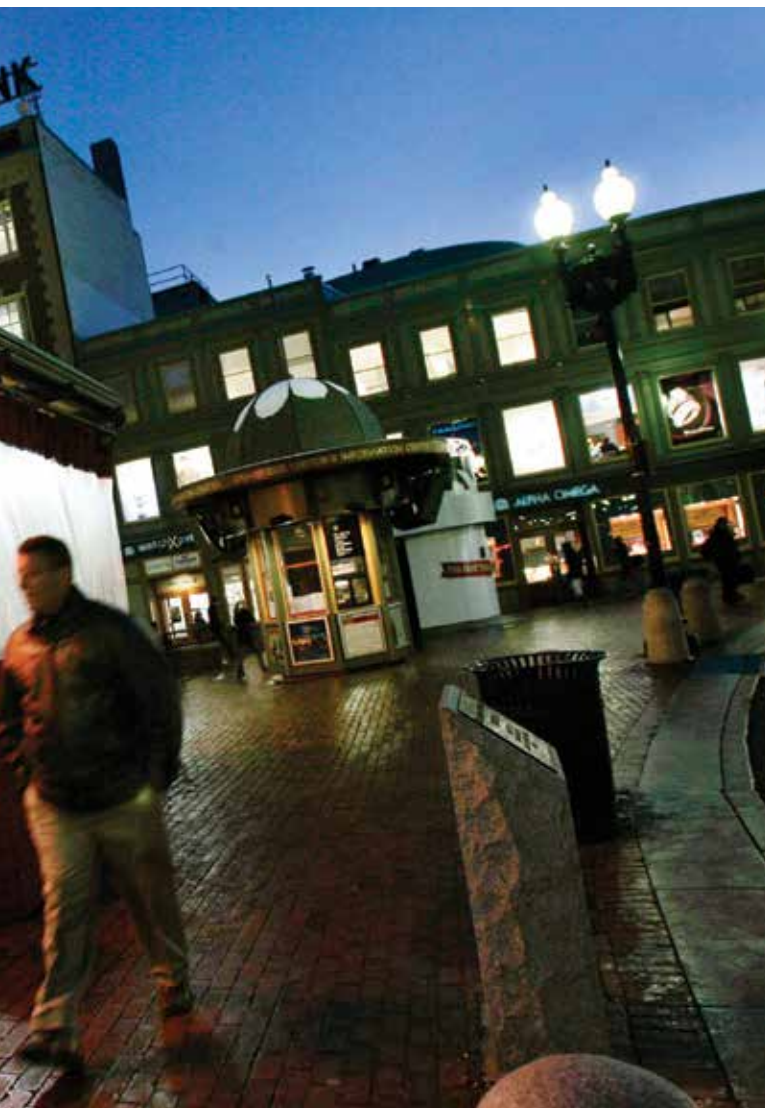
'92

Tom Regan

After his Nieman year, Regan helped The Christian Science Monitor develop its online presence and he spent two years as executive director of the Online News Association

It was fall 1991, and Canada was experiencing yet another one of its seemingly never-ending political crises around the question of Quebec staying in Canada or sauntering off to start a new nation. I was desperate for news from Canada while at Harvard. My mother had given me a radio to listen to the CBC's shortwave service. Yet I longed for print, being a print journalist, and for crisp issues of The Globe and Mail or The (Montreal) Gazette, anything that would give me more background.

But Out of Town News seldom carried Canadian papers and what copies did arrive were invariably two or three weeks out of date. And so, after yet another one of these fruitless searches, I stood in the middle of Harvard Square thinking to myself, "Damn, I wish there was some way I could just read newspapers on my computer." I talked to



ELISE AMENDOLA/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Bill Kovach about my idea. He was a bit skeptical, but he encouraged me to see if there was a way to make it work once I got back home. That summer I returned to Halifax and one day, while talking to my sister, a government student at St. Mary's University in Halifax, I heard the word that would truly change my life: the Internet. A week or two later, the first commercial ISP in Canada opened in an office right behind my newspaper building.

That summer of 1992, I convinced two of my fellow columnists to get Internet accounts and start listservs that featured our columns. We put our listserv addresses at the bottom of our columns in the print paper and invited readers to debate our pieces online. About a year later, I found four very tall, very thin, very pale computer geeks who agreed to teach me how to write HTML and convinced my boss to let me try to put the paper "online." Some think the Internet "killed" print, but it wasn't the Internet that hurt print; it was news organizations hanging on to outdated financial and distribution models. These problems are finding answers. And however audiences get the news, it's still the content that really matters.



'56

Richard and John Harwood

John Harwood is chief Washington correspondent of CNBC and a political writer for The New York Times

'90

My small Nieman moments began long before I set foot in Cambridge in late summer of 1989. I had been conceived during the Nieman of my father, Richard Harwood (1925–2001), NF '56. As a child I used to wonder where that black wooden armchair with the "VE-RI-TAS" logo came from ... Later, I'd thumb through the issues of Nieman Reports that showed up in the mail from time to time. In college, I read the notes Dad had typed at night and saved in a binder, from the lectures on America's westward expansion he heard from Frederick Merk, who had studied under Frederick Jackson Turner and was in the final year of more than three decades teaching history at Harvard.



But, as it should be, my big Nieman moment came during my own Fellowship year. Specifically, it came in January 1990 when I walked into William James Hall, just a block from Lippmann House, to listen to the great Harvard psychologist Jerome Kagan. Our first daughter had been born in October, and I decided to try his seminar on the early development of children. He was breathtakingly wise and literate—mesmerizing, actually.

For the next few months, professor Kagan ranged through history and philosophy and neurological science to puncture common assumptions about the relative roles of nature and nurture. And he gave me a gift that I've kept opening ever since: a reminder from another discipline of the need to consider every angle in assessing truth. That is, remember not just the context in which an event takes place, but the nature of the evidence that's available or is not, and the nature of the inquiry yielding that evidence. He stamped upon my brain the value of a deeper and richer search for understanding. It has never left me.

I've tried to bring that quality to my coverage of politics and government. On 9/11, when the attacks had disabled The Wall Street Journal headquarters in New York and we were directing the news report from the Washington bureau, I called him when I was asked to contribute to a story about the effects of that terrible day on the nation's psyche. He offered invaluable perspective on the sorts of effects that would last, and those that would not. Our coverage that day won a Pulitzer for the entire WSJ staff.

My Nieman year contained thousands of wonderful moments. But if there had been nothing but my 90 minutes each week with Jerome Kagan, that would have been enough.

María Cristina Caballero

Twice in her life, Caballero found at Harvard a safe haven from threats of violence, first as a Nieman Fellow and later as a fellow at the Kennedy School

I was selected as a Nieman Fellow after spending more than a decade doing investigative journalism in Colombia, exposing cases of corruption and abuse, and after about two years researching the infiltration of drug money into presidential campaigns. My articles were the first to reveal the millions of dollars Colombian President Ernesto Samper's campaign received from the Cali drug cartel. I often received death threats but continued investigating and writing in the hope of generating some positive change.

Having the opportunity to be at Harvard for a year, I thought about what I could do to help Colombia. I helped organize a conference that brought together Harvard professors as well as Colombian intellectuals and high-ranking officials. With the support of then Harvard Kennedy School dean Joseph Nye, Law School professor Philip Heymann, the David Rockefeller Center for Latin American Studies, and others at Harvard, we hosted "Law and Democracy in Colombia" at the Harvard Law School. Some 350 people attended, including envoys from the White House, observers from the United Nations, and a number of international foundations and institutions dedicated to human rights, political reform, and conflict resolution. The conference was the springboard for the Colombian Colloquium, a network of students, mainly from Harvard and MIT, many of whom have traveled to Colombia to teach, work, and find solutions to the country's social and economic problems. On returning to Colombia in 1997, my Fellowship experience prompted me to focus on more deeply analyzing the four-decade-long conflict, interviewing leaders of the main factions and exploring ways out of the war.

By coincidence, the very same day I arrived, an awful massacre was committed in the remote town of Mapiripán. I traveled to the region, found evidence that some military officials had collaborated with paramili-



Colombian paramilitary leader Carlos Castaño surprised the world when in 1997 he announced

taries to commit the atrocities, and that paramilitary leader Carlos Castaño had been behind the "operations." Five months later, I managed to get an exclusive interview with Castaño, the most-wanted man in Colombia, in which he made a startling revelation: He was ready for peace talks.

When I told Castaño about the conference at Harvard, he was impressed to know that this "important university" was discussing Colombia's problems. He sent a special envoy to deliver to me a document that

included his peace proposal. A few months later, with the support of the International Red Cross and the National Commission on Conciliation, we published "Peace on the Table," which revealed the peace proposals of all the parties—guerrilla groups, paramilitaries and the government—involved in the conflict. Comparing the proposals, we identified a number of areas of apparent common ground. Subsequent administrations have preferred to negotiate with individual factions rather than seek a comprehen-



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that he was ready for peace talks

sive agreement, but the hope of civilians trapped in the conflict is that it will soon come to an end.

The Nieman year gave me not only time to reflect on my country's troubles but also provided me with a broader international perspective. Partly thanks to the success of the Colombia conference, I was invited to return to Harvard, once again at a time when my life was in danger. The Nieman experience opened doors to new opportunities—for me and my country.

My Fellowship experience prompted me to focus on ... exploring ways out of the war

'76

János Horvát

Having launched and operated a number of cable television channels in Hungary, Horvát was named the nation's ambassador to Cuba in 2006

In 1975, Paul Ipper, the New York correspondent for Hungarian Public Television, told me about an interesting person he had met: James C. Thomson Jr., curator of a journalism fellowship at Harvard who was interested in having a journalist from Eastern Europe in the program. I had never heard of the Nieman Foundation, but I sent in my application, which included my interview with Fidel Castro, conducted over a ping pong match at Lake Balaton, Hungary. That September I found myself in Cambridge as the first Fellow from behind the Iron Curtain. My classmates promptly nicknamed me "Mr. Why?" because I was always asking questions: How do I open a bank account? How do I apply for a telephone line? But my biggest question was: Which courses to select?



Jim wanted me to discover the eccentricities of this brave new world. A month in, he took me out for dinner. He was wise, human, warm and open-minded. When it came to my classes, he said, "Your course is here—the United States, its life, its television, its press. That is the most useful way for you to use this Fellowship. Ask your questions, travel a lot, and open your eyes and ears!"

So I did. Everything I learned during the year I used later in my job as a reporter with Hungarian Television. That summer, I came back to the U.S. to cover the Democratic National Convention in New York City, becoming the first Hungarian correspondent to cover a U.S. political convention. One of my Nieman classmates, Peter Behr of The Washington Post, even assisted with interviewing candidates and pollsters. In 1989, a turbulent year of transition, I was appointed director of Hungarian Television Channel 2 and charged with leading it into a new era of democracy in Hungary. We began showing news every hour and developed a late-night program called "Napzárta" ("Deadline of the Day"), which was modeled on "Nightline" and became the first television program where all political parties could participate in a live discussion. In 2006, I was asked to serve my country as ambassador to Cuba. During my four years there, whenever Cuban scholars or participants in cultural exchange programs would ask what to do in my country, I gave the same advice I had once received: "Your course will be Hungary. Ask your questions, travel a lot, and open your eyes and ears!"

'66

Robert C. and Dori Maynard

'93

Following a career as a newspaper reporter, Dori Maynard took the helm of the Robert C. Maynard Institute for Journalism Education. Founded by her father (1937–1993), it has trained thousands of journalists of color

My father was so eager to begin his life as a journalist; he left high school at 16 to become a freelancer. His Nieman year was the academic experience that validated his intellectual acumen. It became his university and his fraternity. He became its evangelist. To this day, I run into people who tell me my father pushed them, coached them, or helped select them to be Niemans.



Harvard was where he studied music, art history, urban politics and economics. It was where he met Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee. In a piece in the Post after my dad's death and later in his biography, Bradlee described their first meeting: "He stood out in the crowd. Not only because he was black ... but because he was confrontational, argumentative, mean and skeptical, verging on the obnoxious. Much of my ninety minutes with the Niemans was spent arguing with Maynard."

Many of my father's friends disputed that account, arguing it was uncharacteristic of the charming, charismatic man they knew. No one disputes the results of that meeting, though. Bradlee hired my father, and my father used much of his grounding in economics and urban politics to cover the urban unrest sweeping the nation in the late 1960s and '70s. It was that grounding that helped him understand the promise of Oakland, California when he moved out there, first to be the editor of the Oakland Tribune and then the owner.

He passed that love of urban politics and policy on to me as we walked through cities, once from Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn to the Village in Manhattan, him talking the entire way about the pressures, policies and politics that shaped each neighborhood. Years later, when I became a Nieman, my father, who had chafed at the male-only composition of classes during his time, reveled in the fact that we were the first father/daughter Niemans.

I came from the Detroit Free Press and focused on politics and poverty, fascinated by the gap between the people who made and discussed policy and the people in Detroit who lived with poverty. When I visited for Christmas, my father told me about his latest project, Fault Lines, a tool to help journalists identify and examine the perceptual gaps shaped by race, class, gender, generation and geography. It was a project perfectly suited to frame the remainder of my Nieman year, as I continued to explore the ways in which policymakers are divorced from the people they purport to serve. That continues to frame the work I do to this day.

It was also a project that gave us the opportunity to work together and share our respective Nieman experiences in the



Robert C. Maynard, former editor and owner of the Oakland Tribune

only way we could. For by then, too ill to travel, my father was unable to visit during my Fellowship year. But on one of the waning days of his life, he sat in his hospital bed looking at our Nieman certificates, framed side by side.

THE MAYNARD INSTITUTE

Howard Berkes

For the last 10 of his 30 years at NPR, Berkes has been a rural affairs correspondent. He also is a veteran Olympics reporter, careening downhill on a luge sled and investigating bribery and corruption

Our very last official Nieman task was an assignment from the curator. Bill Kovach asked us to take the sum total of our experience and consider how we'd take our Nieman year into the future. We were required to write down specific goals, and I stared at a blank yellow legal pad.



I thought about Kovach himself and the journalistic example he provided. I remembered conversations about the journalistic mission—holding the powerful accountable and digging beneath the surface. And I went back a decade to the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary. The most indelible image while reporting the Games was the shimmering chandeliers in the public restrooms at the official International Olympic Committee (IOC) hotel. In stark contrast, Olympic athletes were housed in spartan cinder block dorms. Juan Antonio Samaranch, the IOC president at the time, liked to be referred to as “excellency,” giving credence to the notion that the IOC was a kingdom searching for a country every couple of years.

Ten years later, as I stared at the yellow legal pad in Lippmann House, I wrote something like this: Dig into the inequities and



International Olympic Committee leader Juan Antonio Samaranch

FABRICE COFFRINI/ASSOCIATED PRESS

royal nature of the Olympics. And by the end of the year, I had followed the Kovach path, helping to expose illicit gifts, cash payments, and free vacations for IOC members, courtesy of the committee that sought the 2002 Olympics for Salt Lake City. A federal criminal investigation followed along with congressional hearings. Samaranch was not permitted to sneak past reporters for a congressional hearing; like everyone else, he was forced to use the public entrance, empty his pockets into a plastic tray and walk through a metal detector. Despite the distance from Lippmann House, the despairing look on the face of his “excellency” symbolized the fulfillment of my Nieman year.

Bill Kovach asked us to take the sum total of our experience and consider how we'd take our Nieman year into the future

Alice Bonner

Bonner was a reporter and editor at The Washington Post, a newsroom recruiter for Gannett, and has taught journalism at several universities

My reporting career had barely begun when Bob Maynard, NF '66, suggested I should someday pursue a Nieman Fellowship. He introduced himself to me soon after I became a copy aide at The Washington Post in 1970. I was a shy college junior; he was a star national correspondent, having covered the era's social upheavals. He was the first person to endorse my yearning for a news career. Soon, he became my friend and mentor, in a newsroom where females

were few, minorities were rare, and no professional was both.

In 1971, I became Howard University's first journalism graduate and Maynard left the Post on sabbatical, settling in northern California to write a book. Less than a year later, he shortened his sabbatical, shelved his manuscript, and returned east to direct Columbia University's Summer Program for Minority Journalists, with Earl Caldwell of The New York Times. I was their first recruit. We were not entering journalism just for jobs, Maynard emphasized. Our goal was to make a difference through the profession toward building a more perfect America.

For more than 30 years—at the Post, at



Gannett as a newsroom recruiter, and at the Freedom Forum as journalism education director—I strove to perpetuate Maynard's vision. Maynard's story consumed my doctoral research as a Freedom Forum Fellow at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where I wrote a history of press integration centered on his contributions. In many ways, Bob Maynard's Nieman experience never ended; it continued through his distinguished, eloquent championing of newsroom diversity and through the Robert C. Maynard Institute for Journalism Education, an institution that launched a thousand careers and inspired many more. Certainly, my Nieman year and later decades of work supporting newsroom careers owed much to his influence and investment.



For de Lama, the smorgasbord of classes at Harvard included one about the life of Michelangelo, who painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel

'92

George de Lama

During 30 years at the Chicago Tribune, de Lama opened three bureaus in Latin America and rose through the ranks from reporter to foreign correspondent to managing editor for news

Looking back on my Nieman year, I see a kaleidoscope of memorable moments, vivid visual images coming together and dissolving, then taking shape again. The warm flush of anticipation at our gala opening reception bleeds into our rapid-fire introductions to the other Fellows, the hair-raising stories of unspeakable courage under fire of our colleagues from Colombia, Liberia and other troubled lands. Memories of class Soundings morph seamlessly into the twice-weekly sessions with our celebrity visitors. Then the usual Nieman smorgasbord of classes: from military history to comparative religion, international negotiation to Chinese society, history of jazz to the life of Michelangelo and Roman art and culture.



They blur together now, but one moment ties together all the rest: a conversation over a sandwich with Bill Kovach.

Bill took each fellow to lunch during the course of the year, and I remember mine clearly. He spoke candidly about his career, the state of the business, his view of the future. We talked about our common origins as the sons of immigrants, our mothers' passion for education. We discovered we shared an eternal debt to the Boys and Girls Clubs of America, which provided both of us a second home growing up, worlds and decades apart, in Tennessee and Chicago.

At one point, Bill remarked approvingly that I seemed to be using my Nieman year to follow my interests in many different directions. That would all be helpful later, he said. All of it

I've dealt professionally with virtually every subject I studied at Harvard, and so many more. Everything is connected

would come into play someday, even if I couldn't see it then. Afterwards, a vague feeling that had been building inside me came into focus: Everything is connected. Everything I had been learning and thinking about all year, however specialized, was in some way an interconnected part of how the world works. To see the whole clearly, I really needed to understand the hidden interplay among those parts.

It seems obvious now, even banal, perhaps. But before then, I came to realize, I had approached most of my story subjects in a fairly straightforward, compartmentalized way—topic by topic, as if each stood alone. As a reporter and correspondent, I had tried to frame my stories contextually and enrich them with telling detail. Yet I hadn't opened my mind, not really, to the powerful possibilities inherent in stepping back and taking a wider view to connect the dots, especially the ones not readily visible on the horizon.

From that moment, this core realization went on to inform my work as a writer and editor. Later it helped guide my transition to the worlds of international development and more recently, digital media and online education. At one time or another since my Nieman year, I've dealt professionally with virtually every subject I studied at Harvard, and so many more. Everything is connected, much more than I imagined. For me, that is a precious gift from my year in Cambridge, and from Bill Kovach.

Kabral Blay-Amihere

Having edited a number of publications in Ghana and led journalist organizations, Blay-Amihere is now chairman of the National Media Commission of Ghana

My last job before arriving in Cambridge in 1990 was editing *The Independent*, a four-page newspaper that earned the wrath of Ghana's military government after only three issues. Newspaper licensing laws were re-introduced, sending the paper I founded into limbo until 1992 when the law was repealed.

Our year included many award-winning journalists from internationally acclaimed media, such as *The Washington Post*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal* and *The Jerusalem Post*. As we shared experiences through the Soundings, our colleagues from the West came to appreciate the sacrifices made by journalists from the Third World—Tony Eluemunor from Nigeria, Nanise Fifita from Tonga and Joseph Latakomo from South Africa—and to respect our modest



contributions to the struggle for democracy in our respective countries.

It was at Lippmann House that I first started using a computer, and the Nieman set me on the path of writing books: "Tears for a Continent," a diary of my American experience, in 1994 and, most

recently, "Praises: A Celebration of Life." My Nieman year made me, as editor of *The Independent*, president of the Ghana Journalists Association and the West African Journalists Association, a better journalist and person with a broader vision and commitment to press freedom.



In Accra, Ghana, presidential election results are posted on a scoreboard

DAVID GUTTENFELDER/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Greg Brock

The senior editor for standards at The New York Times, Brock was front-page news editor at The Washington Post before arriving at the Times in 1995

My Nieman class gathered for the first time as a group on an August afternoon in 1993, under the trees at Lippmann House. We were there to introduce ourselves, one by one. Initially, I hung in the background. I had arrived intimidated, and became more so the longer the introductions went on. But as the 12 international Fellows began their introductions, I moved closer and closer until I was near the front of the group. My "World Tour"—as our class T-shirts would later proclaim—had begun.

Having grown up in the backwoods of



Mississippi, I was—predictably—fascinated by every detail of the international Fellows' lives. It was a given that I could not pronounce or even spell many of their names; worse, I had never even visited 10 of their 12 home countries. One international Fellow particularly caught my attention: Nana Kofi Coomson, who ran an opposition paper in Ghana. And even though his introduction was brief, it reminded me of how lucky—yet unappreciative—we Americans were that we had a free press. Listening to Kofi's struggles made me feel, all of a sudden, like a make-believe journalist.

Weeks later, word came that the government had ransacked Kofi's office. He had always been careful not to let his picture be published, so the government did it for him. A mug shot stolen from his files was printed in a state-run paper under the banner headline "Coomson Unmasked." Not long after he returned

to Ghana from the fellowship, he was arrested. He was later released, but arrested again. Ultimately he was freed after a number of court rulings—and after lobbying by Bill Kovach and our class and others. As of June 2013, Kofi was the publisher and chief executive officer of *The Ghanaian Chronicle*, which he had edited for many years.

I remember the moment that Kofi's story made me realize what I had always taken for granted: The great thing isn't merely that we Americans have a free press; it is that we are guaranteed the right to improve upon and expand the one we do have.

I have not seen Kofi in almost 20 years, but I have never forgotten that every one of those days he and his fellow journalists have continued to fight for that right. To this day, I use his story whenever I speak to college students about the all-important but underappreciated connection between democracy and a free press.

Margaret Engel

Executive director of the Alicia Patterson Foundation, Engel has reported for The Washington Post and The Des Moines Register

The setting was a Nieman seminar; the speaker one of Harvard's most eminent full professors. With unusual frankness, he turned confessional. "I never feel that I'm part of the real Harvard," he told our astonished group. "It's always someone else—the real achievers—who make Harvard prominent." Those words helped change my journalistic life. For a 26-year-old reporter from The Des Moines Register, to hear this prestigious professor confess to the fraud syndrome was

eye-opening. It was the first in a cascade of revelations during my Nieman year that stripped prestige of its power. The twice-weekly dinners at the Institute of Politics also helped demystify the mighty, giving this reporter the courage to write for the readers rather than the rulers. Taking first-year Harvard Law classes and participating in grand rounds at Harvard Medical School was liberating. The first-ever intercession class on women and the law, taught by Martha Field, also clued me in to the injustice that was and is codified in so many of our legal pillars. After that, defending federal and state laws never was automatic for me. This was the unexpected bonus of my Nieman year—reducing the intimidation factor of the established, the prominent, and the rich. It paid off in my choice of stories: worker safety, patient health, and investigating miscreants at all levels. The Nieman year put me on a path of independent thinking, clearing away titles and honorifics to see what's behind the curtain.



U.S. Senator Jesse Helms was a divisive force in North Carolina

BOB JORDAN/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Ed Williams

After being hired for his first reporting job by W. Hodding Carter III, NF '66, Williams spent 25 of his 35 years at The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer as editor of the editorial page

I came to Harvard in 1972 as a 30-year-old reporter from Mississippi whose newspaper experience amounted to five years at two small but excellent dailies, The Clarksdale Press Register and the (Greenville) Delta Democrat-Times. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do next.

Though I enjoyed reporting, my greatest delight had come when I was editor of the student daily at the University of Mississippi in the turbulent era following the school's court-ordered integration. I wrote editorials that spoke strongly on challenges facing my community, and I saw the value of newspapers as a forum for presenting unpopular as well as popular views.

The Nieman program required Fellows to do all the work in one course per semester. I chose Tom Pettigrew's course on race relations. My term paper topic was the Nieman relationship with South Africa. After World War II, the Nieman program began accepting foreign journalists financed by various foundations. In 1960, the program welcomed its first South African. The Fellowship alternated between the English and the Afrikaans press, but when

black journalists sought to become Fellows, the South African government would grant them only exit visas. To come to Harvard would mean lifelong exile, and the heartbreak that entails. This wasn't the fault of white South African journalists or the U.S.-South Africa Leader Exchange Program, which funded the fellowship. They pushed the government to change that policy, to no avail. In my paper for Pettigrew's class, I concluded the Nieman program's relationship with South Africa amounted to a tacit acceptance of apartheid. If the program could not accept black Fellows on the same basis as whites, I argued, it should terminate its relationship with South Africa. In time the policy changed, and so did South Africa.

That experience set my course in journalism. Soon after my Nieman year, I asked my friend and mentor Reese Cleghorn how to get into editorial writing. Come join me at The Charlotte Observer, he said. I did. A few years later, I succeeded him as editor of the editorial pages. Over the years, I butted heads with Jesse Helms, contributed columns and editorials to two Observer projects that won Pulitzer Prizes for Public Service, and debated the important issues of my time. It was the right career for me, and the Nieman year helped me find it.



'47

Fletcher P. Martin

The first black journalist to receive a Nieman Fellowship, Martin (1916–2005) was a World War II correspondent. As city editor of the Louisville Defender in the 1940s, he advocated for desegregation in state parks. During a stint at the Chicago Sun-Times after his Nieman year, he covered civil rights and introduced the city to the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

“Inestimable” describes the impact the Nieman Fellowship had on my father’s career and life. The jump from Louisville Community College to Harvard University was a mega-leap in terms of how he saw himself and life. The Fellowship offered a door through which he could pass into another world of possibilities. He and I would talk often about the courses he

had taken and the professors he met, especially Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., who would invite the Fellows over to his house on Sunday mornings for private conversations. Given the social times in the United States prior to Harvard’s invitation, an African-American journalist’s chances of entering into the world of the national press were slim. But armed with the most prestigious journalism fellowship on the planet, he appeared on the radar.

He certainly felt the burden of being the first black journalist to be accepted into the program. He also felt the relief of being accepted by his classmates as an equal. While his studies at Harvard were critical to the way he developed intellectually, the experience with his Fellows was even more critical to his career. To him, here were men of great intelligence who

were themselves a study. He studied them and they him—iron sharpening iron. They became for him a confirmation that he could do anything his abilities would allow. The Chicago Sun-Times, partially a result of the Fellowship, was a place where men of like talent to those of the Class of 1947 were to be found. My father was at home with the Sun-Times.

My father said that he was influenced by being a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, so in a sense, he’s living on through me. In fact, he named me after the Fellowship. The burial jacket he wore had an emblem sewn onto the right pocket. It said “veritas.”

By Peter Nieman Martin, Sr., a minister and English-language instructor in Indianapolis



He certainly felt the burden of being the first black journalist to be accepted into the program. He also felt the relief of being accepted by his classmates

'01

Sunday Dare

As editor of The News magazine during a brutal regime in the 1990s, Dare risked his life to report on corruption and other problems in Nigeria

During my Nieman year, I studied the intersection between the media and government policy—how the media can best understand policy and, in turn, report it more appropriately to the public. I also wanted to learn more about how the media can interrogate policies and policymakers to ensure they serve the public interest. The understanding I gained informed my interest in another area of study: writing and public speaking.

This combination of a better grasp of public policy with enhanced storytelling abilities sharpened my mind and my writing skills in profound ways. On my return to Nigeria, I held a number of training sessions across newsrooms to teach journalists the importance of writing effectively and knowledgeably. I wrote a book documenting my years as a “guerrilla journalist,” when my colleagues and I had to work underground because of threats from our country’s military dictatorship. In the book, I laid out policy issues, examined the



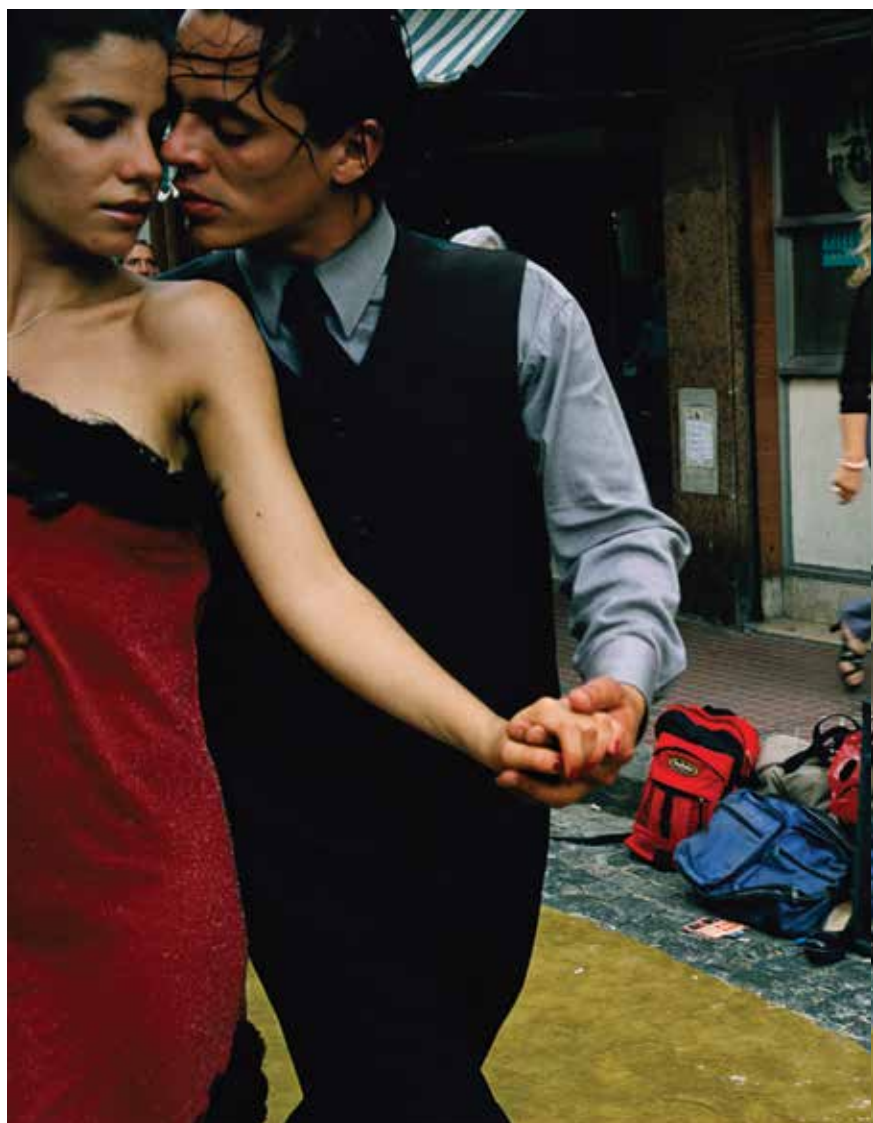
Corruption in the Nigerian government frequently makes headlines

media and democratic governance, and offered potential solutions to Nigeria’s many problems. I began to write more analysis and opinion pieces on public policy issues, and my speeches took on greater depth and clarity. I also mentored a group of young journalists who have since gone on to become newsroom leaders. So my Fellowship has had an impact in my country that goes far beyond the personal and professional enrichment I experienced at Harvard.



SUNDAY ALAMBA/ASSOCIATED PRESS

*It's not what
Harvard gives
you; it's what
Harvard takes
away from you ...
One has to get down
from one's high horse.
There are so many
extraordinary people,
brilliant people*



Street show in San Telmo, Buenos Aires, Argentina

'11

Pablo Corral Vega

A photojournalist whose work has appeared in National Geographic and The New York Times Magazine, Vega is founder and director of www.nuestramirada.org, the largest network of Latin American photojournalists. He lives in Ecuador

I remember my summer afternoons in Bob and Nancy Giles's shady Cambridge garden. A small sign at the entrance welcomed visitors with the words of Dorothy Frances Gurney: "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." After my Nieman year came to a close, friends left, one by one, and the festive nights together with fellow Fellows felt like a

long-ago figment of the imagination. Yet the warmth lingers on, the sensation that the world is a veritable explosion of sweetness.

In the summer, one sheds all extra clothing, casting off one's belongings to the point of near-nakedness—without memory, without dreams, without knowledge. Just a glass of cold lemonade, the feeling of sweat on the skin, a novel for the simple pleasure of distraction, the perfect mathematics of Bach melodies, the breeze and its welcome but almost imperceptible tumult. I could have never imagined that the woman I loved, reading next to me in that garden, would die a year and a half later. She propelled me to go to Harvard. She taught me that tenderness is a fleeting

opportunity and the only true power.

To accumulate experiences, facts, knowledge. When I arrived at Harvard, I came anxious and ambitious. I intended to stuff myself with learning, to fulfill my endless curiosity, my fascination with thinking. I took classes in neuroscience, mythology, the philosophy of art, politics, architecture, the phenomenology of religion. I immersed myself in the MIT Media Lab with all its delirious visions of the future.

In that garden, in that summer, I only wanted silence. I could not listen to one more lecture or explore one more philosophical abstraction. I was saturated, overcome, tired of me, me,





PABLO CORRAL VEGA

me. I wanted to spin fascinating yarns, to know, to say ... We journalists love our soapbox, this urge to be heard by everyone at all cost, to measure our value in terms of followers and impact. I had spent the last 10 years worrying about publishing my photographs in the most prestigious magazines in the world. Is this what I wanted to do with the rest of my life?

It's not what Harvard gives you; it's what Harvard takes away from you. I'm just starting to understand this. At Harvard, one has to get down from one's high horse. There are so many extraordinary people, brilliant people. And just about every single one of them has a passion, a relentless passion for what they do.

How did my Nieman year change me? Now I dedicate my energy to promoting Latin American photography, to organizing the largest photojournalism contest in the region, POY Latam. My latest project is to photograph wild gardens, rather than those created by man. I needed something simple, close to my soul. After one has shed all the clothing, all the accessories, only the simple beat of life is left, only the wind, the sweat, the shadow of that leafy tree.

Those summer afternoons in Cambridge seem so distant. Life has swept everything away in a whirlwind. But in spite of my grief I give thanks for the summer air that entered my lungs, for that explosion of joy and friendship that was my Nieman year.

'96

Ying Chan

Founding director of the Journalism and Media Studies Centre at the University of Hong Kong, Chan has reported from New York for the Daily News and NBC News as well as Chinese-language dailies

The hot tip arrived in early summer of 1996, in the dwindling days of my Nieman year. An editor friend in Hong Kong called to say he needed help in learning more about Mark Middleton, who had recently visited Taiwan. It had something to do with the funding of Bill Clinton's re-election campaign.



I logged into LexisNexis on the Harvard library system. I soon learned that Middleton was from Clinton's political base of Little Rock, Arkansas and had served as an aide to Thomas McLarty, Clinton's then chief of staff. He had also worked briefly as a special aide in the White House before moving on to become the president's fundraising chief in the South. Such was the power of the early Internet. Back at my paper, the (New York) Daily News, reporters still worked on Atex, an editorial system with no Internet access. But at a suite for resident scholars in stately Lowell House by the Charles, I could connect with friends and strangers from around the world with my modest Compaq laptop.

When my Nieman year began, the Web browser Mosaic had just been launched. I plunged with my classmates into the lectures and seminars on the promises and challenges of digital life. In June, I spent a week in the basement of Lippmann House teaching myself HTML.

I also pursued that tip about Middleton, conducting research on Harvard's vast databases. In October, I published an investigative report in a Hong Kong newsweekly alleging illegal campaign donation offers to the Clinton campaign by the Kuomintang, then Taiwan's ruling party. A party chief named in the article sued my co-author and me in Taiwan for criminal libel. Using my newly acquired Web skills, I created a website to fight the suit. I went to Taiwan to stand trial in April 1997; we won the case, both in the lower court and on appeal. The Liu Tai-ying v. Yuen Ying Chan decision has become the Sullivan standard of Taiwan, which states that reporters can cite "good intent" to defend their work. While criminal libel has stayed on Taiwan's law books, few, if any, suits have been brought under the statute since.



DAVID GOLDMAN/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Anthony Lewis (1927–2013) transformed coverage of the Supreme Court, making complex legal issues accessible

'57

Anthony and David Lewis

'94

David Lewis was the first CNN employee to receive a Nieman and has worked throughout the broadcast news business. His father, Anthony Lewis, who died in March of this year, was a New York Times columnist and two-time Pulitzer winner. Both were Harvard undergrads

I didn't tell my father that I was applying for a Nieman. I guess I wanted it to be a surprise if I was accepted, and I'm sure I wanted it all to go away if I didn't get that early-morning acceptance call from Bill Kovach. Being in the same line of work as an overachieving parent produces many such idiotic behaviors.



Our careers couldn't have been more different. Scotty Reston of The New York Times "sent" my father to do the Nieman. I had to persuade CNN to let me apply. He worked at the Times for 50 years while I've hopped all over the TV news world. He spent his Nieman year ensconced at the Law School while I dove into subjects like Conflict Resolution and Criminal Law, took piano lessons, and an undergrad acting class. He left Cambridge and went straight to cover the Supreme Court. When I told my boss I was coming back, his response was: "Great! We really need you on O.J."

I think the whole Nieman year was a "moment" for my dad. The announcement of the new Fellows made clear the mission he was on. It said he would "study law with special reference to the Supreme Court." He fell in love with the law

and found a direction for a journalism career that would focus so much on the rules humanity either lives by or chooses to ignore: the law, human rights, issues of simple right and wrong. If there was a single moment, perhaps it was writing a Law Review article that later showed up in the footnotes of a decision by Justice William Brennan.

I had many moments as I jumped around campus. One was in Father J. Bryan Hehir's Divinity School class, The Use of Force. Most of the students were diplomats or military officers, and I was struck to see them trying to put their very lives in context by learning from a priest/professor. Ron Heifetz's leadership class at the Kennedy School was a brutal and valuable learning experience that culminated in him pulling me in front of the class and making me "sing" with him.

Another musical memory I'd rather forget is a couple of classmates and I getting booed offstage in Nashville after attempting to sing Patsy Cline's "Crazy."

A far better recollection is the time a cute coed asked me after the acting class what my major was. Of course, the greatest moments were with classmates and with Kovach and knowing that I'd been admitted to the adult fraternity of Niemans.

But come to think of it, the most significant Nieman moment for me actually happened during my father's year. The first line of my application essay was: "I was conceived during my father's Nieman year." Now *that* was a moment.



NIEMAN NOTES

1939–2014

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER SR. The Harvard professor of history (pictured with the classes of 1943, 1946 and 1947) helped convince president James B. Conant to keep the fellowship program open during World War II and later pushed him to accept women into the program

1939



First row: Osburn Zuber, Edwin W. Fuller Jr., Edwin Lahey, Archibald MacLeish (Curator), Herbert Lyons Jr., Frank Hopkins. Second row: Arthur Wild (Director of Harvard Public Relations), Irving Dilliard, John Clark, Edwin Paxton, Louis Lyons.

1940



First row: Edward Allen, Weldon James, Carroll Kilpatrick. Second row: Edward Wyatt, Glenn Nixon, William Vogel, Louis Lyons (Curator). Third row: Arthur Wild (Director of Harvard Public Relations), Steven Spencer, Stephen Fitzgerald, Volta Torrey, Oscar Buttedahl. Not pictured: W. Hodding Carter Jr., William B. Dickinson Jr.

1941



First row: Nathan Caldwell, Alexander Kendrick, George Chaplin, William Pinkerton, Lowell Limpus, Harry Montgomery, John Crider. Second row: Ralph Werner, Boyd Simmons, Vance Johnson, Harry Davis, Arthur Eggleston, William Miller. Third row: Louis Lyons (Curator), Jerome Greene (Harvard Corporation), Arthur Wild (Director of Harvard Public Relations). Not pictured: Charles Edmundson, Fred Vanderschmidt.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'My pet ruts'

I am certain of only one thing: I am less certain of anything than I was a year ago. Confusing and disturbing as this sensation may be, I do not think it is bad. In the course of only a few years, an editorial writer unwittingly gets into certain ruts. This year has given me an opportunity to take a look at some of my pet ruts. Perhaps I will be less inclined to get back into them in the future.

PAUL EVANS

NF '47

1942

FIRST MAGAZINE STAFFER: Donald Burke (photo editor, Life) went on to serve as a foreign correspondent for the magazine



First row: Victor O. Jones, Stanley Allen, James Colvin, Sanford Cooper, Henning Heldt. Second row: Kenneth Stewart, Donald Burke, Robert Dickson, Neil Davis, Robert Lasch. Third row: Edward Miller, Harry Ashmore, Louis Lyons (Curator), Jerome Greene (Harvard Corporation), Donald Grant. Not pictured: Thomas Sancton, Everett Holles.

1943

SPLIT FELLOWSHIP: Frank Kelly (reporter, Associated Press) left mid-year to serve in the U.S. Army during World War II. He completed his fellowship in 1946



First row: Thomas H. Griffith Jr., Fred Neal, Ernest Hill, Edward Donohoe, Robert Okin, John Day, Kenneth McCormick, Erwin Kieckhefer. Second row: James P. Etheridge Jr., Oren Stephens, Arthur Musgrave, Frank Kelly, William Townes, Millard Browne. Third row: Robert Elliott, James Daniel, Louis Lyons (Curator), Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr.

GEORGE POLK The CBS reporter was selected as a Fellow in the Class of 1949, but was killed covering the civil war in Greece. The Polk Awards, given annually for excellence in broadcast journalism, are named in his honor

1944



First row: Leigh White, Charles Jennings, Theodore Andrica, Paul Hughes. Second row: Fred Maguire, Robert Lasseter, Lawrence Fernsworth, Arthur Wild (Director of Harvard Public Relations). Third row: John Shively, Louis Lyons (Curator), Herbert Yahraes Jr., John Terry, Jacob Qualey.

1947

FIRST AFRICAN-AMERICAN: Fletcher P. Martin (city editor, Louisville (Ky.) Defender) was Louisville's first accredited correspondent in World War II



First row: Francis Locke, Stephen Fischer, William H. McDougall Jr., Jack Foisie, Frank Carey. Second row: Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr., Richard Lauterbach, Jay Odell, Gilbert W. Stewart Jr., Louis Lyons (Curator), Henry Hornsby, Robert Miller, Paul Evans, Ernest Linford, Clark Porteous, Fletcher P. Martin.

1945



First row: Edward Edstrom, Robert Bordner, Kendall Foss, A.B. Guthrie Jr. Second row: Houston Waring, Nathan Robertson, Louis Lyons (Curator), William H. Clark. Third row: David Botter, Benjamin Holstrom, Charles Wagner.

1948



First row: Louis Lyons (Curator). Second row: Rebecca Gross, Lois Sager. Third row: Robert Glasgow, Lester Grant, Walter Rundle, Charles Gilmore. Fourth row: Walter Waggoner, Justin G. McCarthy Jr., George Weller, Robert Shaplen, Carl Larsen.

FIRST WOMEN: Mary Ellen Leary (political reporter, San Francisco News) covered California politics for more than 50 years and Charlotte FitzHenry (reporter, Associated Press) was the first Nieman Fellow to study at MIT

1946



First row: Ben Yablonky, Robert Manning, Mary Ellen Leary, Cary Robertson, James Batal, Louis Lyons (Curator), Charlotte FitzHenry, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr. Second row: Arthur Hepner, Leon Svirsky, Richard Stockwell, Frank Hewlett.

1949



First row: David Dreiman, Aldric Revell, Delbert Willis, Peter Lisagor, Tillman Durdin. Second row: Elmer L. Holland Jr., Robert de Roos, Grady Clay, Robert Brunn. Third row: Christopher Rand, Lawrence Weiss, Alan Barth. Fourth row: David Bailey (University Administrator), Louis Lyons (Curator), William Pinkerton (Nieman Fellow 1941, faculty committee).

"BALLAD OF WILLIAM WORTHY" In 1961, William Worthy, NF '57, had his passport seized by the U.S. State Department for traveling to China. His fight with the government inspired Phil Ochs to record "Ballad of William Worthy" for his 1964 debut album "All the News that's Fit to Sing"

1950



First row: Richard Wallace, Robert Fleming, Melvin Wax, William German. Second row: Max Hall, Hays Gorey, William Stucky, Murrey Marder. Third row: Donald Gonzales, Clark Mollenhoff, Louis Lyons (Curator), John Hulteng, John McCormally.

FUTURE NIEMAN CURATOR, 1964–1972: Dwight Sargent (chief editorial writer, Portland (Maine) Press Herald) doubled the Foundation's endowment during his tenure

1951



Back row: William Lederer, Dwight Sargent, Roy Fisher, Hugh Morris, Dana Schmidt, Sylvan Meyer, Angus Thuermer, Malcolm Bauer, Hoke Norris, Simeon Booker, Bob Eddy, Wellington Wales, Edwin Guthman. Center: Louis Lyons (Curator).

FIRST NON-AMERICANS: Herbert Kane (chief reporter, Christchurch Press, New Zealand), E.W. Tipping (chief of staff, Melbourne Herald, Australia), Shane MacKay (legislative bureau chief, Winnipeg Free Press, Canada)

1952



Seated: Kevin Wallace, Lawrence Nakatsuka, Herbert Kane, Robert Brown, Robert Crandall, William F. Freehoff Jr., John O. Davies Jr., E.W. Tipping, Alfred Ivey, Shane MacKay, John Steele, Robert Martin. Standing: John Harrison, Joseph Givando, Charles Molony, Louis Lyons (Curator).

1953



Seated: Melvin Mencher, William Steif, Robert Frazier, Robert Nielsen, Ross Sayers, Keyes Beech, Arthur Barschdorf, William Gordon, Calvin Mayne, John Flower, Robert Lee, Kenneth Wilson, Donald Janson. Standing: Beverley Britton, John Strohmeyer, Louis Lyons (Curator), Watson Sims.

1954



Seated: Robert Hoyt, Henry Trewitt, Hazel Holly, Wayne Whitt, Douglas Leiterman, Garth Mead, Lionel Hudson, Charles Eberhardt, Barry Brown, Donald Zylstra. Standing: Alvin Davis, Robert Bergenheim, Robert Farrell, Louis Lyons (Curator), Richard Dudman. Not pictured: Harold M. Schmeck Jr.

1955



Seated: Fred Flowers, Louis Lyons (Curator), Carlton Johnson, Piers Anderton. Standing: Mort Stern, Robert Drew, Albert Kraus, William French, Henry Tanner, Ian Cross, Thomas Karsell, William Woestendiek, Selig Harrison, Archibald J. Parsons Jr., Guy Munger. Not pictured: Henry Shapiro, Samuel Zagoria.

"A TIME TO DIE" After inmates took over New York's Attica prison in 1971, they asked New York Times Washington bureau chief Tom Wicker, NF '58, to monitor their negotiations with officials. He wrote about the experience in "A Time to Die," published in 1975

1956



Seated: Hisashi Maeda, Donald J. Sterling Jr., Louis Lyons (Curator), Sharada Prasad. Standing: Robert Healy, Desmond Stone, Robert Hansen, Julius Duscha, Edgar F. Seney Jr., Ronald Plater, Pat Whealen, John Dougherty, Edward Hale Jr., Harry Press, Richard Mooney, Don Marsh, Richard Harwood.

1957



First row: Hale Champion, Gunupati Reddy, Denis Warner, Manzur Siddiqi, Kazuo Kuroda. Second row: Burnell Heinecke, Dietrich Schulz, John Cornwell, Anthony Lewis, Frederick Pillsbury, Hans Hansen, Harold Liston, Robert Campbell, Louis Lyons (Curator), Marvin Wall, Frederick Rovekamp. Third row: John Obert, William Worthy, L.M. Wright. Not pictured: Andreas DeRhoda.

LIFELONG FRIENDS: Anthony Lewis, NF '57 (Washington correspondent, *The New York Times*), and Stanley Karnow, NF '58 (Paris correspondent, *Time*), met as Harvard undergraduates working on the *Crimson*

1958



First row: Juan Saez, Hiroshi Ishihara, Mary Handy, Louis Lyons (Curator), Piyal Wickramasinghe, David Lawson. Second row: John Armstrong, John Lindsay, Dean Breilis, Wesley Sullivan, Tom Wicker, Peter Kumpa, Stanley Karnow, John Pearce, William F. McIlwain Jr. Not pictured: John Fentress, John Marshall.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'A shotgun or a rifle'

The problem which I faced (and which I suppose every Nieman Fellow has had to face) was whether to go hunting with a shotgun or a rifle, whether to fire a broadside and aim for general knowledge or concentrate on a single area of study. The rifle has done much to play a historic role in providing food and protection for Southern pioneers. But the shotgun has done more for Southern family life. I aimed at the larger target. In looking back on my year at Harvard I am not sorry.

JOHN SEIGENTHALER

NF '59

1959



Seated: Evans Clinchy, Wilfred Rodgers, Louis Lyons (Curator), Daphne Whittam, Perry Morgan. Standing: T.V. Parasuram, Bruce Grant, Mitchel Levitas, Wallace Turner, John Seigenthaler, Patrick Kelly, Harold Hayes, Norman Cherniss, Philip Johnson, Maurice Jones. Not pictured: Howard Simons.

1960

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER: Howard Sochurek (*Life*) was a pioneer in computer-assisted imaging



First row: Dominic Bonafede, Satoshi Otani, Shan Shen, Louis Lyons (Curator), Robert Plumb, Veetikad Eswaran, Reg Murphy. Second row: William Lambert, Edmund J. Rooney Jr., Neil V. McNeil, John Burby, John Samson, Ralph Otwell, Thomas Dearmore, Peter Braestrup, Howard Sochurek.

"THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS" Larry L. King, NF '70, was nominated for a Tony Award for writing the hit musical, which was based on his 1974 Playboy article

FIRST SOUTH AFRICANS: Lewis Nkosi, black staff writer at Drum, and Aubrey Sussens, white assistant editor of the Rand Daily Mail, were the first of 59 Fellows from South Africa

1961



First row: Aubrey Sussens, Robert Toth, Peter Goldman, Chanchal Sarkar, Thomas Joyce, Robert Clark, J. Thomas Pugh, Louis Lyons (Curator), Joseph Loftus, Lowell Brandle, Donald Brazier. Second row: John Pomfret, Andrew Secrest, John Herbers, Robert Smith. Not pictured: Robert McCary, Lewis Nkosi, Michinobu Shirakawa, Francis Wong.

CANADIAN FELLOWSHIPS: After former Toronto Star president Martin Wise Goodman died in 1981, his family established a trust in his name that has sponsored 22 Canadian Fellows since 1984

1962



First row: K.R. Malkani, Te-Cheng Chiang, Louis Lyons (Curator), Eugene Roberts, Ian Menzies, Sebastian Kleu. Second row: John Hughes, Henry Raymont, Murray Seeger, Jack Nelson, John O. Emmerich Jr., Peter Binzen. Third row: David Kraslow, Martin Wise Goodman, James Mathis, John Hamilton. Not pictured: Yukio Ichinose.

1963



First row: Francois Sully, Daniel Berger, Louis Lyons (Curator), Saul Friedman, Chiu-Yin Pun. Second row: Paul Kidd, Allister Sparks, Yong-koo Kim, Shelby Scates, Gene Graham, Patrick Owens. Third row: Victor McElheny, Bruce Galphin, Bernard Nossiter, William Eaton, John Kole. Not pictured: Nguyen Thai.

1964



First row: Woon-Yin Pang, Roy Reed, Wayne Kelley, Dan Wakefield, Guy Lamarche, Louis Lyons (Curator). Second row: Chirabha Onruang, Clarence Jones. Third row: P.N. Krishnaswami, Robert Korengold. Fourth row: Robert Steyn, James McCartney, David Mazie, Morton Mintz, Thomas Ross, Jerrold Schecter.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'Reportorial pushiness'

Be enterprising in locating and using the institutional and human resources of Harvard.

Do not be afraid to exercise your natural reportorial pushiness. When you find a professor who has knowledge you want, corner him and make him teach it to you. You won't be alone.

The better graduate students use the same technique.

PHILIP MEYER

NF '67

1965



First row: Kyoichi Morinaga, Kwon-sang Park, Dwight Sargent (Curator), Nathaniel Nakasa, Smith Hempstone Jr. Second row: Ronald Ostrow, James Doyle, Alexander Maldonado, David Baumfield, John Corry. Third row: Shankar Sarda, Arthur W. Geiselman Jr., Donald Kendall, Ray Jenkins, Timothy Creery. Not pictured: Darius Homayoun.

SECOND GENERATION W. Hodding Carter III, NF '66, is the son of W. Hodding Carter Jr., NF '40. They were both editors and publishers of the family-owned Delta Democrat-Times in Greenville, Mississippi. Since 1966, there have been four other second-generation Nieman Fellows

FUTURE NIEMAN CURATOR, 2000–2011: Robert Giles (editorial writer, Akron Beacon Journal) later served as editor of The Detroit News and wrote "Newsroom Management: A Guide to Theory and Practice"

1966



First row: Donald Jackson, James F. Montgomery, Howard K. Spergel, Ralph Hancox, Dev Prasad Kumar, Robert H. Metz, Rodolfo T. Reyes, Michio Shimizu, Tertius Myburgh, Dwight Sargent (Curator). Second row: Charles Ferguson, David E. Corbett, Jack Bass, Robert Giles, W. Hodding Carter III, Se-Hyung Cho, Robert C. Maynard, Wayne Woodlief, David Miller. Not pictured: Robert A. Caro.

1967



First row: Crispulo J. Icban Jr., Hiranmay Karlekar, Bang-hyun Lim, Alvin Shuster, Walter Meek, Satoshi Ogawa, Dwight Sargent (Curator). Second row: L. Dewey James Jr., Dana Bullen II, Zawwar Hasan, Joseph Mohbat, Anthony Day, Richard Stewart, Ken Clawson. Third row: Louis Louw, James Whelan, Remer Tyson, David Hoffman, Philip Meyer, William Woo.

1968



First row: Floyd McKay, Edmund Lambeth, Atsuko Chiba, Philip Hager, Jae-hee Nam, Eduardo Lachica, Lewis Chester, Catherine Mackin, Dwight Sargent (Curator). Second row: Thomas Blinkhorn, H. Brandt Ayers, Allan Demaree, Gene Miller, Jerome Aumente, Jacob Landau. Third row: James Ayres, Michael Green, Thomas Sloan, Gerald Grant.

1969



First row: Dwight Sargent (Curator), Pedronio Ramos, Richard Longworth, Gisela Bolte, Jonathan Yardley, J. Anthony Lukas. Second row: Michael McGrady, O-Kie Kwon, Robert Levey, John Zakarian, Paul J. Hemphill Jr., Harald Pakendorf. Third row: Marvin Allison, George E. Amick Jr., Paul Houston, Henry Bradsher, Yoshihiko Muramatsu. Not pictured: Joseph Strickland.

1970



First row: Dwight Sargent (Curator), Louis Banks, Eugene Goltz, Robert Nelson, James Standard, Hong-bin Yim. Second row: Barlow Herget, Larry King, Henri Van Aal, Clifford Terry, John Ryan, Carl Cobb, Austin Scott. Third row: Hedrick Smith, William Montalbano, Joseph Zelnik, Wallace Terry II.

1971



First row: Dwight Sargent (Curator), Hyuck-in Lew, James Ahearn, Josephine Thomas, Theunissen Vosloo, Richard Pothier, Gerry LaFollette, Jerome Kelly. Second row: Eddie Monteclaro, Itsuo Sakane, Jerome Watson, Frederick Garretson, John Pekkanen, Michael Kirkhorn, Ronald Walker, Daniel Rapoport, James Squires, Jack Schwartz.

YOICHI FUNABASHI, NF '76 The Asahi Shimbun reporter later became editor in chief of that newspaper, Japan's second-largest. In 2011 he served as chairman of the Rebuild Japan Initiative Foundation, which launched an independent investigation of the accident at the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant

1972


First row: Benjamin Defensor, W. Jefferson Morgan, Syed Huq, M. Lee Winfrey, Carol Liston, Stewart Carlyle, Eugene Risher, John Kifner. Second row: Dwight Sargent (Curator), Mike Flanagan, Bobby Lancaster, Robert Deitz, Dong-ik Kim, Gerald Meyer, R. Gregory Nokes. Not pictured: John Carroll, David Greenway.

PROFESSOR TURNED CURATOR (1972–1984): History professor James C. Thomson Jr.'s most influential piece of writing was "How Could Vietnam Happen?," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1968

1973


First row: Wayne Greenhaw, Jin-hyun Kim, Alfred Ries, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Jose Macaspac Jr., Luther West, Edward Norton. Second row: J. Michael Ritchey, James Jackson, Peter Jay, Edwin Williams, Michael McGovern, Carl Sims, William Stockton, Bob Wyrick, Kevin Buckley.

1974


First row: Ted Doman, Shirley Christian, Jung-suk Lee, Ellen Goodman, Whitney Gould, Nicholas Daniloff, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Hollie West, Patricia O'Brien, Paul Bichara, Ron Gollobin, Morton Kondracke, E. Philip Hudgins. Second row: Gregor W. Pinney, Ned Cline, Steve Northup.

1975


Seated: Andrew Drysdale, Teru Nakamura, Gloria Lubkin, John Corr. Standing: John Maclean, Michael Ruby, Joseph Whitaker, David Hawpe, Eugene Pell, Dee Wedemeyer, Frank Swoboda, Gunther Vogel, Thomas Dolan, Elaine Shannon, Olusegun Osoba, James Scudder, Yong-tae Kim, Sheryl Fitzgerald, Curtis Matthews Jr., John Grimond, Ranjan Gupta, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator). Not pictured: Wendy Moonan.

FIRST FELLOW FROM A COMMUNIST COUNTRY:

János Horvát (reporter, Hungarian Public Television, Budapest) went on to become Hungary's ambassador to Cuba

1976


First row: János Horvát, Robert Gillette, Percy Qoboza, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Lester Sloan, Robert Fiess. Second row: Arnold Markowitz, Peter Behr, Ron Javers, Cornelia Carrier, Foster Davis, Maggie Scarf, Jim Henderson, Günter Haaf. Third row: Dale Burk, Ray White, James Rubin, Eugene Carlson, David McNeely, Yoichi Funabashi.

1977


First row: Rodney Decker, Kathryn Johnson, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Dolores Katz, Jamil Mroue. Second row: Melvin Goo, Jose Antonio Martinez-Soler, Jack White, M.G.G. Pillai, Robert Azzi. Third row: Hennie van Deventer, Alfred Larkin, William Wheatley, Barbara Reynolds, Cassandra Tate. Fourth row: John Painter, Zvi Dor-Ner, Tony Castro. Not pictured: Paul Solman.

BACK-TO-BACK PULITZERS: Boston Herald-American photographer Stanley Forman, NF '80, won the Pulitzer Prize for Spot News Photography in 1976 and 1977. Boston Globe photographer Stan Grossfeld, NF '92, also won consecutive Pulitzer Prizes, for Spot News Photography in 1984 and Feature Photography in 1985. They are the only photographers to win in consecutive years

1978



First row: Arun Chacko, Alan Ehrenhalt, Richard Nichols, Kenneth Freed. Second row: Satoshi Yoshida, Alice Bonner, James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Frederic Barnes, Daniel Schechter, Obed Kunene. Third row: William Henson, Karol Szyndzielorz, Molly Sinclair, Bruce Locklin, David DeJean, Frank Sutherland.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'Practice speaking up'

If you're usually the first and the loudest to speak in group settings, practice listening for a change and do not underestimate the depth of your quieter Fellows. If you're more accustomed to being seen and not heard, practice speaking up. Be rude if necessary to get across your valuable opinions. If you're a woman, introduce yourself early to the guest speaker or be prepared to be mistaken for an uppity Nieman spouse when you raise your hand.

ALICE BONNER

NF '78

1979



First row: William Gildea, Hanns Victor Lewis, Graeme Beaton, Katherine Harting, Michael McDowell, Michael McIvor, Royston Wright, Donald Woods, Sabam Siagian. Second row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Sidney Cassese, Lawrence Walsh, Nancy Day, Margaret Engel, Tomas Dillen. Third row: John Huff, Peggy Simpson, John Mojapelo, Robert Porterfield, Dominique Ferry, Frank Van Riper. Not pictured: V.K. Chin.

1980



First row: Judith Nicol, Atsushi Kuse, Aggrey Klaaste. Second row: Michael Kirk, Jan Collins Stucker, Robert Timberg. Third row: Jim Boyd, Annelies Furtmayr-Schuh, Judith Stoia, Jonathan Larsen. Fourth row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Bistra Lankova, Acel Moore, Lynda McDonnell. Fifth row: Stanley Forman, William Grant, Paul Lieberman, Daniel Passent. Not pictured: Suthichai Yoon, Everett Dennis.

1981

FIRST EDITORIAL CARTOONIST: Doug Marlette (The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer) created the syndicated comic strip "Kudzu" and wrote two novels



First row: Donald McNeill, David Lamb, Carlos Aguilar, Laurel Shackelford, Rose Economou, Masayuki Ikeda, Mustafa Gürsel. Second row: Nancy C. Warnecke, James Stewart, Fleur de Villiers, Peter Almond. Third row: Frank Adams, Gerald Boyd, Daniel Samper, Zhao Jinglun. Fourth row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Michael Hill, Robert Cox, Howard Shapiro, Doug Marlette.

1982

FUTURE DIRECTOR of Harvard's Joan Shorenstein Center on the Press, Politics and Public Policy: Alex S. Jones (editor, The Greeneville (Tenn.) Sun) co-authored books about The New York Times and the Bingham media dynasty



First row: Christopher Bogan, Anita Harris, Alex S. Jones. Second row: Margot Adler, Judy Rosenfield, Johanna Neuman, Ameen Akhalwaya, Fay Smulevitz Joyce. Third row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Peter Brown, Ramindar Singh, Gerald Jordan. Fourth row: Claude Van Engeland, Steve Oney, Ram Loevy, Piero Benetazzo, Edward Walsh. Not pictured: Ake Ortmark.

1983



First row: Charles Sherman, Salomon de Swardt, Huntly Collins, Callie Crossley. Second row: Zou Dezheng, Eric Best, Sonja Hillgren, Karl Idsvoog. Third row: Gilbert Gaul, David Himmelstein, Daniel Brewster, Bernd Kuhn, William Marimow. Fourth row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Bruce Stannard, Eli Reed, Guy Gugliotta, Andrzej Wroblewski, Nigel Wade.

FIRST NATIVE AMERICAN FELLOW: Conroy Chino (investigative reporter, KOAT-TV, Albuquerque, N.M.) served as secretary of labor under New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson from 2002 to 2006

1984



First row: Conroy Chino, Wendy Ross, Nina Bernstein, Alice Kao. Second row: D'Vera Cohn, M.R. Montgomery, Jane Daugherty. Third row: Nancy Webb, Jacqueline Thomas. Fourth row: James C. Thomson Jr. (Curator), Bert Lindler, Jan Jarboe Russell, Derrick Jackson, Bruce Butterfield. Fifth row: Nicholas Valery, Ghislaine Ottenheimer, Paul Knox, Dalia Shehori, Ivor Wilkins.

ZWELAKHE SISULU: After his Fellowship, the South African founded the anti-apartheid newspaper New Nation. In 1986, the government detained him for two years

1985



First row: Zwelakhe Sisulu, Ching-Chang Hsiao, Carol Rissman, Joel Kaplan, Joe Oglesby, Lucinda Fleson, Vicente Verdu, Mike Pride, Jerelyn Eddings. Second row: Philip Hilts, Margaret Finucane, Pamela Spaulding, Douglas Stanglin, Howard Simons (Curator). Third row: Gregory Weston, Deborah Johnson, Edwin Chen, Bernard Edinger, Sharon Crosbie, Samuel Rachlin.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'Power-mad junior editors'

Probably my best course at Harvard was 'Leadership and the Mobilization of Small Group Resources,' taught by Kennedy School professor Ronald Heifetz. I took it because I wanted to learn how to stop getting creamed by power-mad junior editors and get to do real work with less hassle. Ask me in a year, but I think I learned that.

JANE DAUGHERTY

NF '84

1986



First row: Gustavo Gorriti, Micha Bar-Am, Mary Lou Finlay, H.G. Bissinger. Second row: Carmen Fields, Howard Simons (Curator), Paul Sheehan. Third row: David Sylvester, Nadarajah Kanagaratnam, Geneva Overholser. Fourth row: Barry Shlachter, Frank Sotomayor, Lynn Emmerman-Lumley, Mark Ethridge III. Fifth row: I. Roberto Eisenmann Jr., Athelia Knight, Laura Parker, Madeleine Blais, Yvonne van der Heijden. Sixth row: Stan Tiner, Richard Steyn.

1987



First row: Albert May, Michael Meyers, Susan Dentzer, Marites Vitug, Charles Alston, Michael Davis. Second row: Martha Matzke, Howard Simons (Curator), Douglas Cumming. Third row: Linda Wilson, Valerie Hyman, Ira Rosen, Songpol Kaopatuntip, Fernando Lima, Nancy Lee. Fourth row: Andries van Heerden, Malgorzata Niezabitowska, Jamie Lamb, Maha Samara, Sabine Rollberg, Charles Powers.

1987 PULITZER PRIZE FOR INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING Three Nieman—Daniel Biddle, NF '90; H. G. "Buzz" Bissinger, NF '86; and Fredric Tulskey, NF '89—won for their Philadelphia Inquirer series "Disorder in the Court"

1988



First row: Frank del Olmo, Eugene Robinson, Lindsay Miller, Dale Maharidge, Agnes Bragadottir, Gene Weingarten. Second row: William Dietrich, John McCormack, William Sutton, Rosental Alves, Eileen McNamara, Howard Simons (Curator), Robert Hitt III. Third row: Michele McDonald, Eduardo Ulibarri, Dennis Pather. Fourth row: Elinor Brecher, Rigoberto Tiglaio, Juan Manuel Santos, Emily O'Reilly, Mitsuko Shimomura. Not pictured: Anthony Heard.

FUTURE CURATOR, 1989–2000: Bill Kovach (editor, *The Atlanta Journal* and *The Atlanta Constitution*) organized the Committee of Concerned Journalists and is the co-author of "The Elements of Journalism"

1989



First row: Jonathan Ferguson, Bill Kovach, Rod Nordland, Joseph Thlooe, Catherine Gicheru. Second row: Patrick Dougherty, Rosnah Majid, Jim Tharpe. Third row: Dorothy Wickenden, Michael Connor, Liu Binyan, Irene Virag, Constance Casey, Martha Trevino, Sunil Sethi, Cynthia Tucker, Fredric Tulskey. Fourth row: David Jeyaraj, Howard Simons (Curator), Cecilia Alvear. Back row: Julio Godoy, Norman Robinson, Peter Richmond. Not pictured: Moeletsi Mbeki.

FUTURE CURATOR, 2011–PRESENT: Ann Marie Lipinski (reporter, *Chicago Tribune*) was a member of the team that won the 1988 Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting and served as editor of the *Tribune* from 2001 to 2008

1990



First row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Yossi Melman, Monica Flores, Juan Tamayo. Second row: Kyu-chul Choi, Wu Guoguang, Goenawan Mohamad. Third row: Mary Jordan, Ann Marie Lipinski, Kazutami Yamazaki. Fourth row: Paolo Valentino, Carla Robbins, George Rodrigue, Dianne Solis, Brian Pottinger, Dave Denison. Fifth row: Daniel Biddle, Vladimir Voina, Thomas Morgan III, Dick Reavis. Sixth row: John Harwood, J. Brett Alexander.

1991



First row: Jennifer Lewington, Luis Moreno, Maria Dunin-Wasowicz, Nanise Fifita, Betty Bayé, Barbara Ross. Second row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Katherine Skiba, Marcia Greene, Dale Mezzacappa, Tony Eluemunor, Ana Puga, Rui Araujo. Third row: Raj Chengappa, Kevin Noblet, John Carlson. Fourth row: Joseph Latakogomo, Tim Giago. Fifth row: Fernando Cano, Vladimir Vessenski, Kabral Blay-Amihere, Charles Shepard, Joel Greenberg.

1992



First row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Isaac Bantu, Carmel Rickard, Tom Witosky, Francisco Santos. Second row: Deborah Amos, Dai Qing, Seth Effron. Third row: Melissa Ludtke, Maria Jimena Duzan, Shin Sung-soon. Fourth row: Marcus Brauchli, Marilyn Milloy, Elizabeth Leland, Charles Onyango-Obbo, Nancy Wright, Jan Strnad. Fifth row: George de Lama, Stan Grossfeld, Mark Seibel, Raymundo Riva Palacio, Tom Regan, Manoel Francisco Brito, Masaru Honda, Martin Gehlen, Michael Ruane.

1993



First row: Dieudonne Mangui-Mbeh Pigui, Bill Kovach (Curator), Barbara Gutierrez, Terry Tang. Second row: Nguyen Quang Dy, Gagan Gill, Sopon Ongkara, Lamis Andoni, Dori Maynard, Lucia Annunziata, Michael Skoler. Third row: Heidi Evans, Olive Talley, Arben Kallamata, Yevgenia Albats, Sam Hurst. Fourth row: Andrew Tolán, Katherine Fulton, Matthew Zencey, Joseph Hall, Francis Pisani, Rick Bragg, Gregory Roberts, Tim du Plessis.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

‘Free time together’

The Fellows should also be encouraged to spend more of their free time together. I think one of the things that made the bond between members of this group so strong was the fact that they spent a lot of their free time together.

BARNEY MTHOMBOTH

NF '94

STOJAN CEROVIC: One of Serbia's most respected journalists, Cerovic founded the newsweekly Vreme ("Time") in 1990



First row: Nana Kofi Coomson. Second row: Barney Mthombothi, Bill Kovach (Curator), Terry Gilbert, Lorie Conway, Katie King, Jin-sook Lee, Majeda El-Batsh, Greg Brock, Alan Ota, Carlos Pauletti. Third row: Frank Gibney Jr., Melanie Sill, Sam Fulwood III, Dan Stets, Maria Henson, Ratih Hardjono, Christina Lamb, Paulo Anunciação. Fourth row: Atsushi Yamada, Jaroslav Veis, Stojan Cerovic, Larry Tye, Jerry Kammer, David Lewis.

1994

1995



Front row: Mana Koshio, Bradley L. Goldstein, Lisa A. Getter, Bill Kovach (Curator). Second row: Mervat Diab, Leslie H. Dreyfous, Barbara Fölscher, Chemi Che-Mponda Kadete. Third row: Kemal Kurspahic, Tsang Tak Sing, Barbara Cieszewaka, Chris Bowman, Paul Stoop, Janet H. Wilson, Lorie Hearn, Paul Carvalho, George Abraham, Wu Xiaoyong. Fourth row: Michael Riley, Peter J. Eng, András Vágvölgyi, Lou Ureneck, Marilyn Geewax, Kathryn Kross, Karl Schoenberger, Anne Hull, Mark A. Carter.

1996



First row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Mary Schmich, Regina Zappa, Ying Chan. Second row: Jacques Rivard, Jenny Lo, Ann Woolner. Third row: Gwen Lister, Laura Eggertson, Alice Pifer, Wojciech Mazowiecki. Fourth row: Jonathan Ferziger, Francois Marot, Sheryl McCarthy, Jae-hong Kim, David Marcus, Daniel Ulanovsky, Juntao Wang, Hisayoshi Miyatake, Kevin Davie. Fifth row: Joseph Williams, Patricia Guthrie, Tim Golden, David Bank, Elliot Diringier, Tom Ashbrook.

1997



First row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Mathatha Tsedu, Terri Lichstein, Deborah Seward. Second row: Robert Blau, Lori Cohen, Marjorie Valbrun, Dragan Cicic. Third row: Felicia R. Lee, Maria Cristina Caballero, Bonnie Lafave, Verónica López. Fourth row: Suwendrini Kakuchi, Richard Read, Myra Ming, Pilita Clark, Mark Jaffe, Laura King, Paige Williams, Cho Gab-je, Robert Vare, Josef Tucek.

1998

NIEMAN TWINS: David Turnley (Detroit Free Press), NF '98, and Peter Turnley (Newsweek), NF '01, are both photojournalists



First row: Cara DeVito, Hui Yin, Joseph Hallinan, Françoise Lazare, Bill Kovach (Curator). Second row: Tatiana Repkova, Kathryn Strachan, Marcelo Leite, Carlos Puig, Christine Chinlund, Xiaoping Chen. Third row: David Welna, Bryan Rich, Seda Pouprianskaia, Julia Keller, Phillip Martin. Fourth row: Nam Chin Heo, Howard Berkes, Charlotte Bauer, Philip Cunningham, Uri Berliner, James Meek, David Turnley, Joseph Rodriguez.

SULAIMAN AL-HATTLAN, NF '01 The only Fellow from Saudi Arabia is one of the country's most respected columnists. He was the editor in chief of Forbes Arabia, and was named CEO of the Arab Strategy Forum in 2008

1999



First row: Masaru Soma, Suzanne Sataline, Fannie Flono, Pippa Green, Lily Gallili, Gonzalo Quijandria, Beatriz Terrazas. Second row: Bill Kovach (Curator), Dan Stoica, Sun Yu, Susan E. Reed, John F. Kelly, Rhee Beyoung-gyu, Sandra King, Michael D. McAlpin. Third row: Bill Graves, Martin E. Holguin, Steven Rubin, Ilka Piepgras, Chris Hedges, Mary Williams Walsh, Dimitri Mitropoulos. Fourth row: Frans Rønnow, Christopher Marquis. Not pictured: Malou Mangahas.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

'Unburdened by... hormones'

Niemans have a privileged position at Harvard. You're not technically a student, which is liberating. Unburdened by worries about grades or hormones or job interviews, you can concentrate on your material. You can ask the impertinent question, open the classroom window and let in the Real World. Then you can invite the professor to continue the conversation over lunch at the faculty club.

CHRISTOPHER MARQUIS

NF '99

2000



First row: Jerry Zremski, Rakesh Kalshian, Tatsuya Inose, Andreas Harsono. Second row: Lori Olszewski, Bill Krueger, Mojgan Jalali, Michael Paul Williams, Jim Morrill, Dennis Cruywagen, Deborah Schoch, Mark Chavunduka. Third row: Laura Lynch, Carol Eisenberg, Kwang-chool Lee, Aytul Gurtas, Thrity Umrigar, Mary Kay Magistad, Bill Kovach (Curator). Fourth row: Stephen Smith, David Molpus, Benjamin Fernandez Bogado, Ragip Duran, Patrick J. McDonnell. Not pictured: Nikola Djuric.

2001



First row: Senad Pecanin, Kelli S. Hewett, Ron Stodghill, Ken Armstrong, Bob Giles (Curator). Second row: Sayuri Daimon, Stefanie Friedhoff, Paula Fray, Kirstin Downey Grimsley, Nuri Vallbona, Ignacio Gomez, Ana Lourdes Cardenas. Third row: Anil Padmanabhan, Sulaiman Al-Hattlan, Dong-kwan Lee, Don Aucoin, Jingcao Hu, Sunday Dare, Helena Smith. Fourth row: Mark Pothier, Consuelo Saavedra, Linda Robinson. Fifth row: J.R. Moehring, Andrew Sussman, Peter Turnley, Anne Fitzgerald.

2002

FIRST JOURNALIST FROM AN ONLINE-ONLY PUBLICATION: Lisa Stone (Women.com) is CEO of BlogHer network, which she co-founded



First row: Yuan Feng, Dejan Anastasijevic, Genevieve Abdo, Matthew Belis, Agnes Nindorera, Michel Marriott, Roberta Baskin, James Trengrove, Lisa Stone, Kavi Chongkittavorn, Bob Giles (Curator). Second row: Giannina Segnini, Geraldo Samor, Matthew Schofield, Zoran Popovic, Waziri Adio, Rami Khouri, Paule Robitaille, Barbara Serrano, Tim Sullivan, Jeffrey Fleishman, David J. Lynch, David B. Green, Mary Claude Foster, Jabulani Sikhakhane, Michele McLellan, Owais Aslam Ali.

2003

GEOFFREY NYAROTA: The former editor of Zimbabwe's Daily News fled his country after President Robert Mugabe ordered his arrest, and joined the class mid-year



First row: Mark Travis, Raviv Drucker, Nirupama Subramanian, Bob Giles (Curator), Ana Alejandra Leglisse, Radka Betcheva, Ann M. Simmons, John Geddes. Second row: Frank Langfitt, Louise Stigsgaard Nissen, Russell Mills, Dina Fernandez, David Dahl, Natalie Pawelski, Bryan Monroe, In-yong Rhee, Liz Chandler, Geoffrey Nyarota. Third row: Susan Smith Richardson, Juhong Chen, Amy Driscoll, Kate Phillips, Ronnie Ramos, Andrew Martin, Kevin Cullen, Sue Valentine, Shyaka Kanuma.

FILM CREDITS Susan Orlean, NF '04, is the only Nieman alum to have been portrayed by three-time Oscar winner Meryl Streep—in the 2002 film “Adaptation.” Julia Child, a friend of the Foundation and frequent visitor while she lived in the neighborhood, was also played by Streep in 2009’s “Julie & Julia”

2004



First row: Mauricio Lloreda, Endy Bayuni, Thierry Cruvellier, Pekka Mykkanen, David Stern. Second row: Masha Gessen, Lizeka Mda, Laura Meckler, Jodi Rave, Erin Hoover Barnett, Kirsty Milne, Carol Bradley, Carina Novarese, Susan Orlean. Third row: Jie Lin, Bob Giles (Curator), Ju-Don Marshall Roberts. Fourth row: Geoffrey Nyarota, Christian Rioux, Declan Okpalaek, Erik Eckholm, Santiago Lyon, Doug Struck, Don Schanche Jr., Indira Lakshmanan, Alan Cullison.

2005



First row: Joe O'Connor, Rusudan Tsereteli, Roza Eftekhari, Ana Cristina Enriquez, Bob Giles (Curator), Patricia Danaher, Richard Chacon, Chris Waddle, Elizabeth Rubin, Joshua Hammer. Second row: Absar Alam, Thepchai Yong, Louise Kiernan, Cheryl Carpenter, Young-jin Kang, Amy Goldstein, Sergio Kalili, Molly Bingham, Henry J.J. Jeffreys, Alma Guillermprieto, Ines Pohl, Amy Ellis Nutt, Ceri Thomas, Maggie Mulvihill, Edward Gargan, Laurence Bagot.

2006



First row: Bill Schiller, Yaping Jiang, Claudia Antunes, Cathy Grimes, Taghreed El Khodary, Bob Giles (Curator), Mary C. Curtis, Beena Sarwar, Kim Cloete, Alice Tatah, Altin Raxhimi. Second row: Nancy San Martin-Raedle, Mary Ann Jolley, Takashi Oshima, Chris Cobler, Guillermo Franco, David Heath, Jonathan Palfreman, Margie Kriz, Jeb Sharp, Brent Walth, Jacob Levenson. Not pictured: Zippi Brand Frank, Charles Sennott.

2007



First row: Juanita Leon, Evelyn Hernández, Renee Ferguson, Eliza Griswold, Yuyu Dong, Bob Giles (Curator), Gina Acosta, Alagi Yorro Jallow, Andrea McCarren, James Scott. Second row: Cameron McWhirter, Jungho Yoon, Patsy Nakell, Kate Peters, Tini Tran, Christopher Cousins, Rose Luqui Luwei, Anja Niedringhaus, Mauricio Herrera Ulloa, Gail Smith. Third row: Tangeni Amupadhi, Claudio Sanchez, Damakant Jayshi, Ian Johnson, Aboubakr Jamai, Kondwani Munthali, Craig Welch, Dexter Filkins, David Kohn. Not pictured: Harro Albrecht.

FELLOW TO FELLOW

‘Water from a fire hose’

Definition of a Nieman moment: having to pick just one out of the four things you really want to do at a given hour. The first semester is a lot like trying to drink water from a fire hose. By the second semester, you’ll learn to find the quieter pools of still water as well.

CHRISTINE GORMAN

NF '08

GALBRAITH AND NIEMAN: Kate Galbraith, NF '08, is the granddaughter of Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, a longtime friend and mentor to Nieman Fellows

2008



First row: Siew Ying Leu, Jenifer McKim, Gaiutra Bahadur, Mary Newsom, James Causey, Bob Giles (Curator), Christine Gorman, Fernando Rodrigues, Olivera Perkins, Abdul Razzaq al-Saiedi. Second row: James Baxter, Joan Martelli, Simon Wilson, Holly Williams, Dean Miller, Ayelet Bechar, Andrew Meldrum, Dan Vergano, Alicia Anstead, Andres Cavalier. Third row: Ran An, Kate Galbraith, Stuart Watson, Andrew Quinn, Melanie Gosling, Joshua Benton, Jing Zhao (Michael Anti), Raul Penaranda, Walter Ray Watson. Not pictured: Iason Athanasiadis.

INTERNATIONAL PULITZER Dexter Filkins, NF '07, Abdul Waheed Wafa, NF '11, Carlotta Gall, NF '12, Pir Zubair Shah, NF '12, and Sangar Rahimi, NF '14, were all part of The New York Times team that won the 2009 Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting for their coverage of Afghanistan and Pakistan

2009



First row: Margarita Martinez, Alfredo Corchado, Graciela Mochkofsky, Sapient Dakhshukaeva, Ronke Olawale, Jae Hyun Choi, Kalpana Jain, Bob Giles (Curator), Dorothy Parvaz, Julie Reynolds, Thabo Leshilo, Fatima Tlisova, Ernie Suggs. Second row: Nathalie Villard, Hannah Allam, Mónica Almeida, Chris Vognar, Haili Cao, Andrea Simakis, Kael Alford, Scheherezade Faramarzi, Peter Wolodarski, Carla Broyles, Ching-Ching Ni, Margie Mason, Guy Raz, Andrei Zolotov Jr., Rosita Boland, Tommy Tomlinson. Not pictured: David Jackson.

2010



First row: Ibrahim Barzaq, Joana Gorjão Henriques, Hopewell Rugoho-Chin'ono, Audra Ang, Alejandra Matus, Bob Giles (Curator), Marcela Valdes, Jana Juginovic, Alissa Quart, Jeff Howe, Martha Bebinger. Second row: Lisa Mullins, Monica Campbell, Liz Mineo, Shankar Vedantam, Maria Balinska, Boris Muñoz, Sonali Samarasinghe, Beth Macy, Anita Snow, Janet Heard, Gary Knight, James Reynolds. Not pictured: Kevin Sites.

LA PRENSA: Fernando Berguido, NF '11, was editor of La Prensa, the independent Panamanian newspaper founded by I. Roberto Eisenmann Jr., NF '86

2011



First row: Philippa Thomas, Florence Martin-Kessler, Fernando Berguido, Annmarie Timmins, Bob Giles (Curator), Darcy Frey, Anna Gorman, Pablo Corral Vega, Joshua Prager. Second row: Kevin Doyle, Tony Bartelme, Loch Adamson, Abdul Waheed Wafa, Stefan Candea, Deb Price, Michael Fitzgerald, Gwen Thompkins, Helen Branswell. Third row: Maxim Trudolyubov, Hollman Morris Rincón, J.S. Tissainayagam, Siu Fun Hui, Nazila Fathi, Rob Rose, Antigone Barton, Jennifer Eccleston.

2012



First row: Jonathan Blakley, Carlotta Gall, Jeff Young, Samiha Shafy, Carlos Eduardo Huertas, Raquel Rutledge, David Skok, Kristen Lombardi. Second row: Pir Zubair Shah, Megan O'Grady, James Geary, Tyler Bridges, David Joyner, Anna Griffin, Adam Tanner. Third row: Samuel Loewenberg, Maggie Jones, Akiko Sugaya, Dina Kraft, Claudia Méndez Arriaza, Ann Marie Lipinski (Curator), Wu Nan, Rema Nagarajan, Fred Khumalo, John Nery. Not pictured: Paul Salopek.

FIRST NIEMAN-BERKMAN FELLOWS: Borja Echevarría de la Gándara (editor, El País) and Laura Amico (founder, Homicide Watch, DC) had a joint fellowship with Harvard's Berkman Center for Internet & Society

2013

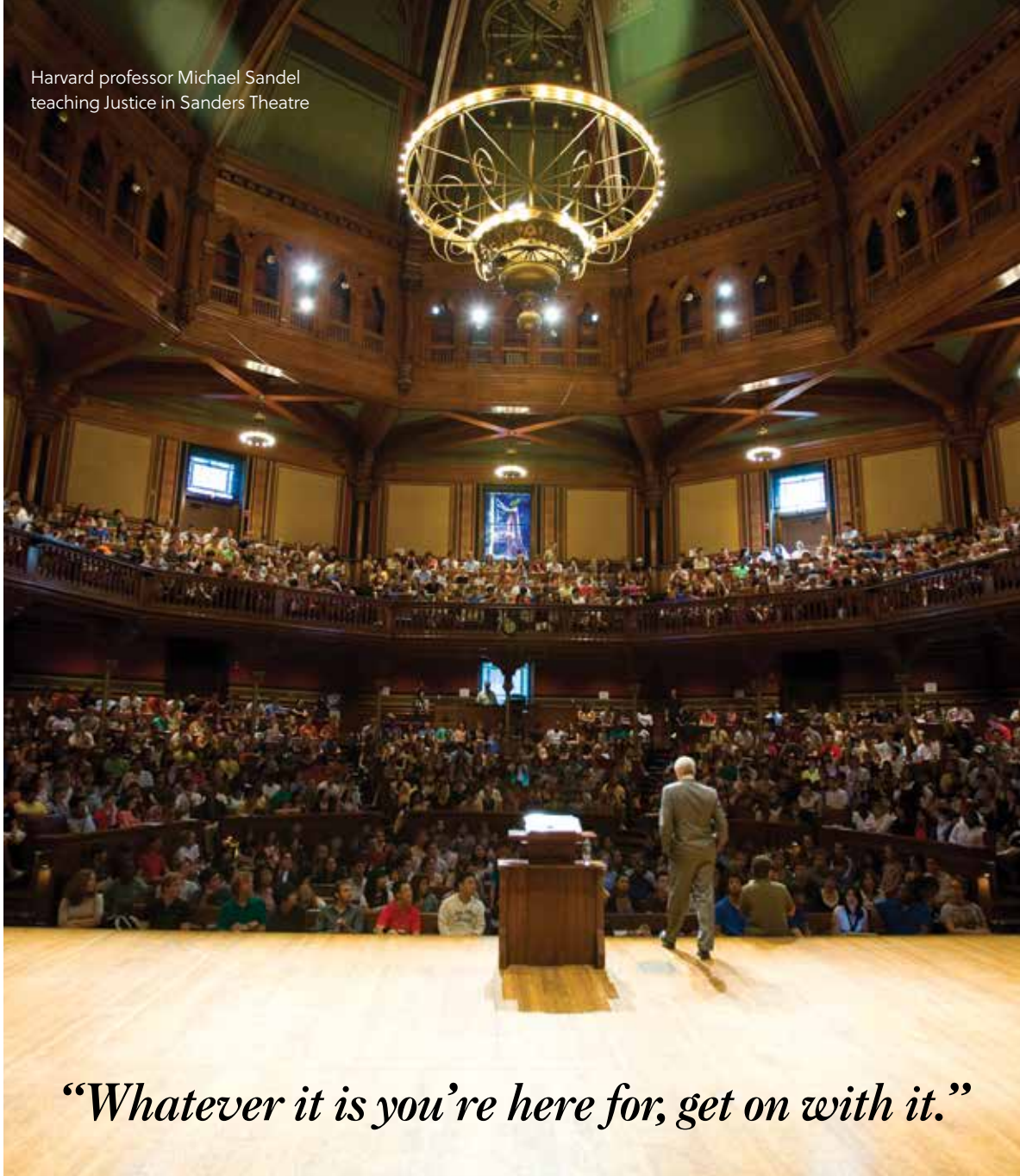


First row: Betsy O'Donovan, Borja Echevarría de la Gándara, Blair Kamin, Alexandra Garcia, Souad Mekhennet, Mary Beth Sheridan, Chris Arnold, Laura Amico, Karim Ben Khelifa. Second row: Chong-ae Lee, Paula Molina, Jin Deng, Beauregard Tromp, Ann Marie Lipinski (Curator), Katrin Bennhold, Ludovic Blecher, Jennifer B. McDonald, Jeneen Interlandi, David Abel. Third row: Finbarr O'Reilly, Yaakov Katz, Brett Anderson, Jane Spencer, San Truong, Laura Wides-Muñoz. Not pictured: Hong Qu.

2014



First row: Rachel Emma Silverman, Uri Blau, Tyler Cabot, Tammerlin Drummond, Alison MacAdam, Flavia Krause-Jackson, Issac J. Bailey, Susie Banikarim, Ameto Akpe, Jeffrey R. Young, Sangar Rahimi. Second row: Yang Xiao, Tim Rogers, Wendell Steavenson, Greg Marinovich, Maria Lourdes Cabaero, Alexandru-Cristian Lupşa, Hasit Shah, Ann Marie Lipinski (Curator), Dina Temple-Raston, Laura-Julie Perreault, Sandra Rodríguez Nieto, Leslie Hook, Ravi Nessman, Anna Fifield. Not pictured: Daniel Eilemberg, Kate Smith.



JUSTIN IDE/HARVARD NEWS OFFICE

“Whatever it is you’re here for, get on with it.”

5 I can’t tell you how my drawing class in the monastery on Memorial Drive or James Wood’s close reading of English novelist Henry Green or Diana Eck’s lecture on Gandhi and satyagraha improved my reporting in Rwanda and Chad and Congo, but I know it did. My work in the years immediately after my Fellowship was different. My mind was freer, my perceptions sharper, my sense of purpose heightened. The effect was profound.

I remember the end of the final lecture in John Parker’s Shakespeare course in the fall of 2005. It was December 20th. A dear friend of mine would die far too young a few days later. We were studying “The Tempest.” John was making the argument that one of the great benefits of attending theater is identifying with the characters,

watching the spectacle as if you had a stake in the outcome, putting yourself in others’ shoes, in this case Prospero’s as he feels his mortality acutely.

Then, suddenly, John paused and looked out at his audience of mostly undergraduates. “Look at you,” he said. “You’re beautiful. What is this miniscule interlude that is your life? Shakespeare would say it’s a play!”

It was an electric moment. John was leaving Harvard. It was his last lecture. His message was clear: You get your time on stage. Use it well. He said a bit more, about Prospero contemplating oblivion, and then he closed his books and walked off the stage himself, without looking back, without saying goodbye.

It’s a good Nieman message, too: Whatever it is you’re here for, get on with it.

Jeb Sharp, NF ‘06



A Nieman lasts a year ~ a Nieman lasts a lifetime

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