

NIEMAN REPORTS

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Freed Without Freedom

It is said that an artist has one vision, a preacher one sermon, a songwriter one tune, and a poet one rhyme, and that no matter the craft, all creativity is a variation on the initial accomplishment. Our editorial experience bears this out. However we begin this page, whether by writing about opera, advertisements in *The Wall Street Journal*, Turkish folk songs, or Swiss legends, almost always we end by decrying suppression of the

press. In past issues we have taken to task the government in South Africa, the Philippines, Turkey, and the United States, but each censure is merely the hint of a ripple on the troubled, global waters of media control.

Again we devote this space to South Africa, but this time with a difference: the words themselves originate in that country. The seeds for their journey, however, were planted in 1982 in Cambridge by the Nieman Fellows that year, when they voted to give the Louis M. Lyons Award for "conscience and integrity in journalism" to South African journalist Joseph Thloloe. Banned from working as a journalist by his government, Thloloe is the first newsperson outside the United States to receive the Lyons Award.

Nieman Fellow Ameen Akhalwaya ('82), political reporter on leave from the



LEN KUMALA/*The Sowetan*

Joe Thloloe, second from left, celebrates his freedom with fellow Sowetan staff members. At left is Thami Mazwai, who was released last August after serving an 18-month sentence for refusing to give evidence in a security trial.

Rand Daily Mail for his sabbatical year at Harvard University, accepted the award on behalf of his absent colleague. At the end of his Nieman year, when Akhalwaya returned to Johannesburg, Thloloe had been detained and was in jail, so Ameen held on to the hand-lettered, framed certificate for safekeeping until the day when he could personally convey it to the true owner.

One January morning in 1984, Ameen telephoned us; his excitement bounced along the wire. "Tomorrow Joe Thloloe is to be released — I will meet him and give him his award!"

Thloloe's release came after three years of enforced silence and after he had served more than 12 months of a two-and-one-half year sentence for possessing a banned booklet. He was banned originally in January 1981, along with three other members of a black journalists

union, and while still banned, he was detained in June 1982 and held for five months in solitary confinement before being brought to court.

Now back at his desk at *The Sowetan*, Thloloe wrote a piece for his newspaper soon after he was freed from prison. His comments on the experience, first printed in this country by *CPJ Update*, the newsletter of the Committee to Protect Journalists, appear below.

—T.B.K.L.

It is a little painful, but oh, the relief of getting the gag yanked off my face. Relief and a flood of thoughts: backwards, forwards, a jumble, forwards, backwards, a whirl. . . .

The night of January 27-28, 1981. There is a violent knock at the door of my home in Pimville. It must be the security police. I know. These knocks have punctuated my life since I was a teenager. What is it this time?

They were delivering a banning order — the sticking plaster that was to seal my lips for 36 months.

Somewhere, some faceless people had held a trial in which I was accused, in my absence, and they had found me guilty, and two white young men in my living room were delivering a copy of the judgment.

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Cover photograph: Foot traffic on a bridge above the Buriganga River near Dhaka, Bangladesh. Photograph by Derrick Zane Jackson (NF '84) and Michelle Diane Holmes.

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BANGLADESH

Derrick Zane Jackson and Michelle Diane Holmes

"Bangladesh: Visit Before Tourists Come."
In truth, any sense of tourism is in its infancy.

The traffic of trucks, oxen, rickshaws, and moped taxis kicked up a suffocating vortex of dust and exhaust in Old Dhaka, Bangladesh. Cars honked mercilessly as, up ahead, two hauling trucks collided and became locked on each other's bumpers. A rickshaw, with a passenger holding onto a 20-foot pipe, nearly rammed into the right windshield of our car, while from a nearby truck, a trembling cargo of clay pots threatened to avalanche onto our hood. Our car, carrying us and our friend, coughed its way south down Liquat Avenue toward the Buriganga River.

Tighter and tighter the noose of calamity grew. The streets, centuries old and lined with the spires of mosques, narrowed until only one vehicle or animal could pass at a time. The traffic was instantly replaced by a crush of people that nearly brought us to a standstill. The faces of men and women pressed on our car windows. Their eyeballs seared through ours. "You're going to the *Rocket*! You're taking the *Rocket*!" they shouted as men started thumping on our car roof.

When we finally arrived at the river dock, ten hands simultaneously grabbed for each car door handle. A cacophony of voices competed for the right to carry our bags. Ten boys hurled themselves against the car. The moment our driver opened the trunk door, a score of hands plunged into the compartment. We thought we could bring order by taking our carrying bags and hoisting them over our shoulders. Such a feeble thought! Little children sneaked up underneath our armpits, grabbed the bags and brought them down onto their heads. "One taka! One taka!" they cried out.

The momentum of the crowd propelled us past fruit vendors, comic book hawkers, and trinket sellers. Its power forced us through the turnstiles like so much paste out of a tube. Then suddenly, the noise ceased. The faces were gone, and we were aboard a steamer said to be the fastest transport boat in the country. Nicknamed the *Rocket*, it would take us on a 24-hour ride down the rivers of Bangladesh.

It was sunset. Scores of boats glided over the glassine water of the Buriganga. The silent silhouettes of men standing 30 feet atop their vessels and steering with 40-foot oars left us



Derrick Jackson, Nieman Fellow '84, is a sports reporter with *Newsday*, Long Island, New York. Michelle Diane Holmes is a physician-in-residence at the Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, New York. The husband-and-wife team traveled to Bangladesh in January.



dazed. All the ships' bows seemed pointed upward to heaven. Then many of the vessels retreated up a canal, leaving the river to the darkness.

Except for that fleeting moment of quiet, our three weeks in Bangladesh were spent surrounded by an unyielding surge of life that forced comparisons and contrasts from our lips every waking moment. We had taken this trip because of Michelle's deep friendship with Fauzia Ahmed, a Bengali who works for the United Nations Development Programme. She was a classmate of Michelle's at the Harvard School of Public Health. Sent by her middle-class parents to be educated in a suburban New York City high school and at Harvard University, Fauzia's nationalistic feelings moved her to return to her home country, a decision counter to the brain drain of educated Bengalis to England, the Middle East, and America.

"I know I could have stayed in the United States and been very comfortable," said Fauzia, who has a sister in London. "And I might come back if I find I'm not making a difference. But in my heart and my soul, my stomach, I think God told me to come back. If I didn't try, I think I would always have this deep sense of guilt and selfishness. Society here does not accept women very easily in decision-making roles. It is hard to conform and retain my Western sense of women's liberation. But I had to try."

What Fauzia came home to and what we visited is a land where the modern Bangladesh Biman's DC-10 aircraft has no more pride than the tattered straw work boats that perhaps only Allah's blessing holds together. The poetry of 1913 Nobel Peace Prize winner Rabindranath Tagore and the melody of the harmonium box made no more music than the bells rung by rickshaw drivers at jammed street corners. The fuss over cricket matches played by middle-class youths in fancy white sweaters on huge expanses of urban park land was no more intense than the huffs of breath from barefoot children playing badminton. With only the remains of shirts guarding their chests in the chill of the night, the children often played with racquets made of jagged tin can lids attached to sticks.

In the same moment, one could tense up watching the harsh march of armed militia on patrol; a man could be pulled off the street by a complete stranger, a man who wanted to do nothing more than invite the foreign visitor to a cup of tea. On one occasion, a man invited Derrick upstairs to his office. At the snap of his fingers, he put his entire crew of six roach exterminators on display. Another time, a man led Derrick by the hand into his hut in the middle of a slum. He said he was an art teacher. As proof, a rainbow of origami hung from the ceiling.

By day, the markets clang with the clamor of tin pots. By afternoon, buses, pockmarked to the point of appearing to have



been hit by heavy artillery, roar down the avenues with men hanging outside the door. By evening, one is blown back several feet by the force of the crowd emerging from the latest Bengali movie. By night, the growing quiet allows one to hear the low hum of seamsters sewing new clothes in the open air. Near midnight, one can make out for the first time an odd storefront where a lonely man sits surrounded by 5,000 empty bottles. In this country, Islam and alcohol generally don't mix in public. Yet most of the bottles bore the labels of Johnnie Walker Black, Almaden, Ballantine and Beefeaters. In a nation that knows nothing of Tupperware, the scavenged bottles were being sold as containers for water and cooking oil.

Bangladesh is a nation in which self-declared president H. M. Erghad, on television and in the newspapers, exhorts the people daily to support democracy. The newspapers report an encouraging sign — a town where 3,323 persons filed nomination papers for 774 elected posts. But one wonders about the future of "democracy" in a country whose 12½-year history, since independence from Pakistan, has seen two presidents assassinated, floods which have killed thousands and left hundreds of thousands homeless, fuel shortages which force the poor to burn cow dung cakes, and appalling corruption in the distribution of food.

As people languish in the countryside, Erghad and the government scurry around the globe in search of more aid. In

February, the government attempted to curry the favor of the United States by ousting the Russian Embassy. We read in the pro-government newspaper of negotiations with the United States for a U.S. or U.S.-supported naval base in the Bay of Bengal.

Though Bangladesh has only four hours of television on weeknights, most of the "world news" is whatever Ronald Reagan said in the U.S. It should also be noted that in those scant four hours, Bengalis also learn about the United States through watching *Dallas*, *Dynasty* and *Diff'rent Strokes*.

Relations are strained between Bangladesh and its large neighbor, India. While Erghad courts the West, India's best friend of late has been the Soviet Union. Early in the year, India began building a barbed-wire fence to run the distance of the snaking 1,200 miles of the Indo-Bengali border. The two nations argue over a dam which may keep the bulk of water of the Ganges River within India.

One of our most lingering memories comes from a night we drove in the country near Sylet. Bare bulbs flickered weakly in huts. Kerosene lanterns swayed underneath moving rickshaws, dying, then struggling back to life. The ghostly blue flames of leaking natural gas danced along the ground. Then against the blackness loomed an army base. Its fluorescent outdoor lights blazed a blinding white, so bright that every detail of the fresh earthen buildings was illuminated. One need not



look any farther to see where modernization had come first to Bangladesh.

There are now 93 million people in Bangladesh. The nation has received more than \$12 billion of food aid since its independence from Pakistan in 1971, the world's largest recipient of such assistance. It nonetheless remains one of the three poorest nations on earth. The average annual salary per capita is the equivalent of 100 U.S. dollars. At least 60 percent of the rural population is landless, and the number is increasing. Malnutrition affects at least 60 percent of all the people and perhaps as much as 80 percent. In the book *Needless Hunger: Voices from a Bangladesh Village* (Betsy Hartmann, author) and in information available at the United Nations Development Programme in Dhaka, the nation's capital, it is estimated that because of corruption in the distribution of aid, only 30 percent of the foodstuffs ever get to those who need them. The other 70 percent is raked off the top by the military, civil service and the middle and upper classes, which at most make up only 20 percent of the population.

Bangladesh is a nation where change hardly seems imminent. More people still die from diseases such as diarrhea and cholera than from anything else. The literacy rate is anywhere from 20-27 percent and is much lower for females. In the rural areas, where 94 percent of the people of Bangladesh live, most children quit school by their early teenage years to work on

the farm or in the home. They seek work in a country where — with an official announced unemployment rate of 30 percent — even the top economics graduates at Dhaka University often can find no job better than running a “mom and pop” store.

It is a nation most soberly seen at the riverside. One evening we watched people drink, bathe and swim in the river water in Khulna, an industrial city in the far southwest. Nearby, from a row of houses on stilts, human feces dropped through latrine holes and traveled downstream. We asked Fauzia if the people knew how such practices could spread disease through the river.

“Some do, some don’t,” Fauzia said. “And really, none of them would want to think about it, anyway. The river is the source of everything to them. It is their only place of escape from work. It is the place they wash. It is where people meet. It is where they work. I think if they really knew what the river did to them, it would destroy something in their spirit. When they get river diseases, they just take it as something that normally happens, like a cold. To them, the river is not sickness. It is life.”

No matter what, there is life. Plenty of it. No knowledge of pain, no set of dire statistics can exhaust the infinite wellspring of strength that doggedly nourishes the Bengali spirit.

By the roadside we saw countless women, each with a

mallet, patiently pounding oven-baked bricks into gravel for roads. (Bangladesh's 55,598 square miles of land — the size of Wisconsin — is almost totally under agriculture and has no stones.) This they do for perhaps five taka a day, the equivalent of 20 U.S. cents.

We passed fields where thousands of hired hands were hoisting massive bales of jute up on their heads and bags of newly dried rice over their shoulders. We were passed by endless flotillas on the rivers, and saw huge wooden ships sharing the water with hundreds of tiny entrepreneurial dinghies, carrying fish, bricks, bamboo, logs, pots, pans, bicycles, rice, jute, silk, oranges, and in one case, a man with his motorcycle. The early morning light illuminated scores of women washing clothes by slamming them on the rocks with a deadening thunder.

Back on land, in Romna Park in Chaka, dozens of children scurried about, hunched close to the ground, zig-zagging among blooming hyacinths, poinsettias, and cosmos. Their frighteningly skinny arms swept freshly fallen leaves into huge burlap bags. When they were finished, they disappeared into the streets, laughing, singing, and playing tag, despite dragging loads taller and wider than they. In the night, their parents would use the leaves for fuel to cook their food. The scene is repeated in different ways throughout Dhaka, as the poor rummage through trash. They extract cardboard to make roofs for shacks, plastic bags to make windows, and old tins to make toys.

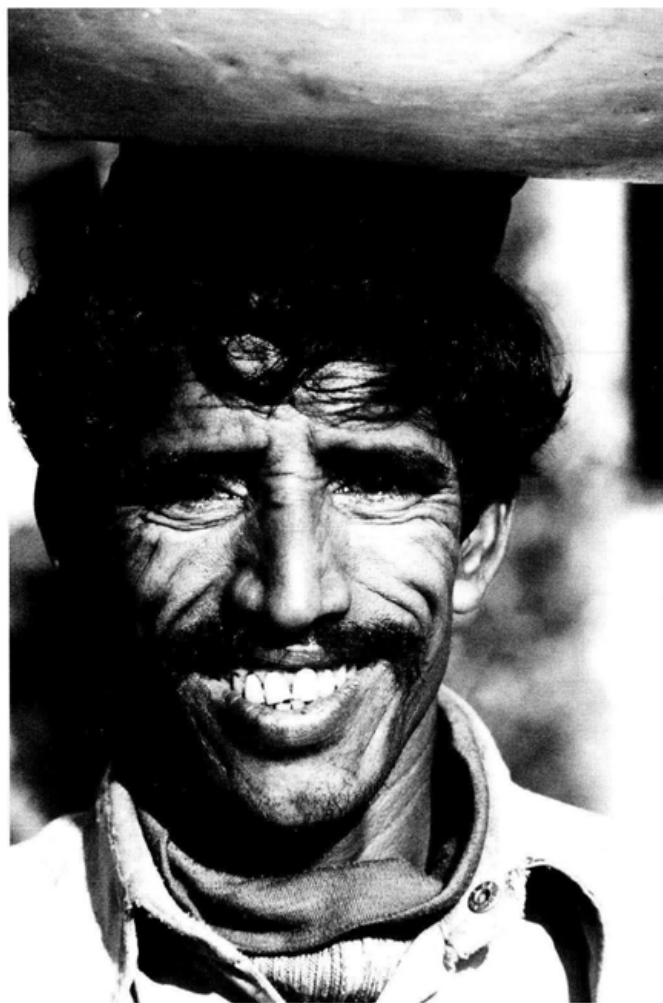
"You wonder how it is that we do not have to have sanitation trucks in Bangladesh?" asked Inari, a professor at Dhaka University. "It is quite simple. First, it is only the middle class that has garbage to throw out. Then the poor go through it. Then the dogs go through it. Then the cows go through it. Then the crows go through it. By the time the crows are through, there is nothing left. It is the perfect Bengali ecology. In fact, Bengalis say that the only creature that does not contribute to the ecology is the mosquito."

The National Tourist Organization of Bangladesh proudly boasts a poster that shows a beautiful photograph of a pond with water lilies and palm trees. Some smiling Bangladeshis are in the background. Above the picture is the slogan: "Bangladesh: Visit Before Tourists Come."

In truth, any sense of tourism is in its infancy. The receptionist at the New York visa office of the Bangladesh mission to the United Nations did a double-take when we requested a tourist visa.

"Just a tourist visa?" we were asked. "We hardly ever get a request for those. The only Americans who go are those in the development firms."

As we landed at Dhaka's new, ultra-modern Zia International Airport, we could see farmers with cattle and schoolboys on bicycles scrambling off the runway. The manager at the luggage carousel offered an ominous introduction. "From New York? Just tourists? Staying for three weeks? I hope you



have a good time. You know that everything goes wrong in this country."

We were not about to argue with that man then, and certainly not after a few weeks in Bangladesh. One particularly confirming experience involved our trip on the *Rocket*. An hour before the trip was to end, our steamer diverted from its course to answer a call of distress. It came from none other than the twin *Rocket* which was supposed to be headed in the opposite direction, back to Dhaka, but engine failure had left it floating in the middle of the river.

When we came upon the disabled *Rocket*, we were greeted by a storm of angry voices. Hundreds of second-class passengers, crammed in clusters in the lower half of the boat, had become so frustrated that some had taken to sitting out on the housing of the engines, around the steam stacks, and along the guard rails, feet immersed in the water. To further their aggravation our *Rocket* soon left without having taken any of the second-class passengers aboard. We took on only what appeared to be less than 20 first-class passengers.

An hour later, we arrived at our terminus, Khulna, an industrial city of jute mills, shipyards, newsprint, and match factories that makes no pretense of being anything else. The evening sky was darkening once more as we approached the

dock. For a half-mile, huts, supported by wretched stilts, lurched out over the water. Surely, the next major flood would uproot them and drive them into the river.

When we stepped onto the shore, the night became coal black. It was black because we could not see through the multitude of people who, just like the people back in Old Dhaka, were jostling, shouting, embracing, and crying. It was also black because an electrical blackout had hit this city of 450,000. The guiding lights for our rickshaw were the hundreds of amber bucket fires rising from the shanties. When our rickshaw crawled up to the Hotel Selim, the smoke from the bucket fires — which by now had blotted out the stars — enveloped the front with a haunted veil. When we walked into the hotel, all we could make out was a man sitting at his desk, his face and registrar's book barely illuminated by a single candle.

The lights came on two hours later, and we celebrated with a full Bengali meal of curries and chapatis. While we were eating, the manager came up to our room and apologized for this untimely act of Allah. He gave us each his business card and said, "Please come again."

One of our most jolting moments came on a late afternoon in Dhaka. We had been walking up Khilgaon Road, a thoroughfare lined with tiny shops specializing in every-

thing from quilt-making to sitar stringing, battery charging to rickshaw rim repairs, cement sales to corrugated aluminum roof installments, and from yoghurt making to ice cream vending. Each shop had one owner, who sat behind a weather-beaten wood desk. He was aided by a son or a nephew.

Just as it seemed that the proliferation of shops would never end, a pair of railroad tracks intersected the main road. Curiously to us, most of the people who had been walking ahead of us did not cross over and continue up the main street. They instead turned right and walked along the tracks. Only 100 yards in from the main street, the tracks bisected a portion of Dhaka unseen from the main road.

Off to the left of the tracks was a huge vegetable and fruit market. Cauliflowers as big as soccer balls and radishes the thickness of baseball bats lay before the blackened feet of vendors. Dunes of red lentils and red, brown, and white rice sloped majestically up to the waists of merchants with scales in their hands. Eels squirmed in pans of water, butchered mutton and beef hung in the air and the chickens, crammed into wire net baskets, squawked in vain. Their fate would soon be decided by the blood-stained machete on the floor.

Directly on the other side of the tracks, less than 50 feet away, lay a shanty town. At best, the walls were uncoordinated crisscrossings of straws which strained under the weight of roofs made of cardboard boxes, flattened tin cans, and old clothes.





Many were mere tents of clear plastic bags, held up by ingenious wooden frames. Most were plastic, cardboard, straw, old clothes and corrugated metal scraps all hoisted together in a collage that may have indeed protected from falling rain, but, nonetheless, was betrayed by the stagnant street water that seeped under the wall and along the floor. Off in the deep background were four- and five-story slum dwellings that could have been as easily placed in East St. Louis, Illinois, U.S.A.

When we first entered the area, it struck us at once that few people from the shanty town were crossing the tracks to go to the market. Fauzia had already told us that the poor people one usually sees in markets are either purchasing scant grains of rice for their families or buying a basket-load of meat and vegetables for the middle-class families they serve. Often, the one green leafy plant the poor buy is the beetlenut leaf, said to have inebriating qualities when chewed raw.

As we looked back and forth, from the shanty homes to the bountiful expanse, we were quickly surrounded by about 50 curious children. Just as quickly, we saw that in the first row alone, five children had at least one completely white eyeball, blind from vitamin A deficiency. As we tried to make our way back to the main street, we were tapped on our shoulders from behind. We turned and, in the midst of the shoeless, were confronted by a middle-aged man in a shining, blue, three-piece polyester suit.

"Where are you from?" the man asked.

"The U.S.," we said.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"Just tourists," we answered.

"A tourist?" he said incredulously. "Look at where you are! I want you to *really* look at where you are and what you see! Over there (he pointed to the market), look at the food! Do these people over here, right across the tracks, eat it? No! That food is for the rich! These people you see are the poorest people on earth. And what is being done for them? Nothing! Take all the pictures that you want. The government is trying to convince the world that it is a sovereign nation, a democracy. They are deceiving the world and it is our people who starve! When you get back to the United States, you show and tell people about the *real* Bangladesh!"

The man extended his hand. We shook hands. His final words were: "Thank you for coming to Bangladesh." Then he turned and disappeared into the crowd. □

*All photographs by
Derrick Zane Jackson &
Michelle Diane Holmes*

IDRIS

Idris sips a cup of tea and sets it down on his straw bed mat. He is 18 years old and rickshaw driving has yet to extract its grinding toll. His forehead is soft and smooth, devoid of a single crease. His legs are a graceful river of sinews. The sun, which beams through the pores of his hut, gives him a shimmering, orange countenance.

Idris has been a rickshaw driver since he was 11, in Khadimangar, a village just outside of Sylhet, Bangladesh, the principal city of the northeast in the heart of the nation's tea country. Rickshaw driving is one of the most visible and draining of jobs throughout Bangladesh, one of the world's poorest and most densely populated countries. Behind the artistry of carriages adorned with flowers, vivid cloth stitchings, and painted caricatures of Bengali movie stars, there is pain, much pain.

Each orbit of Idris' foot upon his pedal brings him closer to a premature end. Within the next few years, it is all too likely that the glow on his skin will slip into dull darkness. Too soon veins will begin to protrude and contort his lithe legs. The average lifespan of a rickshaw driver, once he begins the profession, is 20 years.

Idris need only talk of his family to gain a glimpse of the future. He has an older brother, 33, who has been driving a rickshaw for 12 years. He suffers from abdominal pains so debilitating that he can now drive for only five to ten minutes at a time. A brother-in-law, 31, drove a rickshaw for almost 10 years, until similar abdominal pains drove him into lower paying seasonal work, installing tubewells which pump water up from the ground. The brother-in-law has the etchings in his face of a man 51. Yet,



in lean times, he will get back on the street and pull a rickshaw to feed his family.

Idris, speaking in Bengali, said that out of the dozens of rickshaw drivers he knows in and around Sylhet, nine out of ten suffer from ulcers. He pounded a fist to his chest and explained, "It feels like a heart attack."

When Idris wakes up to start his work day, he knows that at its end, he will owe the owner of his rickshaw 15 taka for rental. He also knows he must earn 16 more taka, the price of two pounds of rice, to maintain his strength and to feed his family. Yet, on average, he knows he will make only 25-30 taka a day.

When Idris was two, his mother, a woman known as Nani, moved to Khadimangar from Faridpur, in central Bangladesh. Originally, there were seven children in the family, and a father who was a subsistence farmer. But floods wiped out their home and, though they owned a small piece of land, the need for immediate work forced them 200 miles to the north where it was said there were farming jobs. However, within a few months after coming to Khadimangar, the father died. One child died of smallpox. With six mouths to feed, Nani became a servant.

Servitude has become one of the most sought-after professions by poor women.

In the face of growing landlessness, an official unemployment rate of 30 percent, a mortality rate in which 25 percent of women aged 35-44 are widowed, and a social-educational system which leaves only 15 percent of all women literate, there are few loftier goals. Some are unlucky enough to work for people who string them along, offering only a meal, but no pay. Others are able to eat and take home 100 or 200 taka (\$4 or \$8 U.S.) each month.

For the fortunate few who can work for upper-class households in the cities, work can mean a free meal and a precious glimpse of power.

For instance, Fauzia, whom we had come to visit, told us that last year, two sons of Shunoma, one of her servants, were electrocuted by a downed wire while playing along some railroad tracks. With the help of Fauzia and her mother, Shunoma, who is illiterate, went to court, sued the government for negligence, and was awarded 14,000 taka, the equivalent of \$560 in the United States.

Shunoma took the money and purchased a piece of rural land, but stayed on as a servant. She has seven other children and needs steady income.

"I feel terribly conflicted about the idea of having servants," said Fauzia. "But it's clear that they look at it as important employment. Most high school

graduates from the lower classes are never able to use their education to move up in class, so they do not consider it an insult to become servants to the upper class. The ones who can learn to speak good English can make as much as 2,000 taka (\$80) a month working for foreigners in the development firms."

Nani is relatively fortunate, working for two foreigners in a rural development project near her village. She also has the reputation of being the most honest woman in her village. Several years ago, one of her sons came home with a 100-taka bill that a blind shopkeeper mistakenly gave him as change instead of a 10-taka bill. The son gleefully pleaded with his mother to keep the money. Nani made him go back to the store and return it. Still (and perhaps this is an understatement of the lives that the vast majority of Bangladeshis lead), life was hard enough that her sons all had to find work around the age of 11. Her three sons became rickshaw drivers. A daughter married a rickshaw driver. Though one of the sons and two other daughters married and moved away, Nani's family now consists of a total of five adults and six children, all living in a hut 25 feet long, 15 feet wide and modernized by only a single, bare and dusty light bulb. Almost all sleep on the floor, which is where all the cooking is done.

The rare days that Idris makes as much as 40-50 taka are sobered by other costs. Every four months, Idris must pay 60 taka to the government to maintain his license. The price of driving without a license is living in constant fear of the police. On one occasion in Dhaka, I saw a rickshaw driver forced to the side by a policeman. The policeman left his post at a congested intersection and slapped the rickshaw driver soundly across his face. Fauzia said that the policeman was not going to arrest him. The slap was so that the next time, the rickshaw driver would give the policeman some taka not to notice his illegal rickshaw.

Idris' family owns one of the remaining two rickshaws the men drive — a gift from the couple that Nani works for. The blessing is tempered with the fact that it has to be garaged at a cost of 30

taka a month. Most important, none of this takes into consideration that the six children, all 13 or under, must be fed.

Usually, the adults divide the rice among all 11 family members and all go to bed uniformly hungry. The diet, save for a dab of fish oil, a few chilis, or on the occasional profit-making days, some small shavings of meat, is almost 100 percent rice. The effects of spreading out resources in an expanding family has had all too visible effects on the children. One of Idris' 13-year old nieces has already been surpassed in height and weight by the 6-year old son of the couple Nani works for. Idris said the family ate better years ago than it does today.

As long as the family remains in Dhadimangar, there is little hope for better jobs. Idris aspired to be a truck driver until he found that the initial cost for a license is 1,200 taka and that it would cost 900 taka a year to maintain it. Soon, the whole family may have to search for a new hut. They had been kept from the edge of hopeless debt by the fact that they have been living in their home free of rent in exchange for heavy labor for the landlord — labor which sometimes disrupts the delicate balance of meeting the food bill through rickshaw driving. If they have to move to a new place — the landlord is thinking about extending his brick house — Idris said that the rent would be 200 taka a month.

The only tangible hope for a better day is the fact that Nani still owns a small tract of land back in Faridpur. Every year, she faithfully takes a 26-hour train ride to the town to pay the taxes on the land. Unfortunately, over the years squatters have built huts on the land and refuse to leave. Nani could probably win a court case to have the squatters evicted, but only if she can come up with the 5,000 taka in legal costs (just over \$200, or twice the annual average wage in Bangladesh).

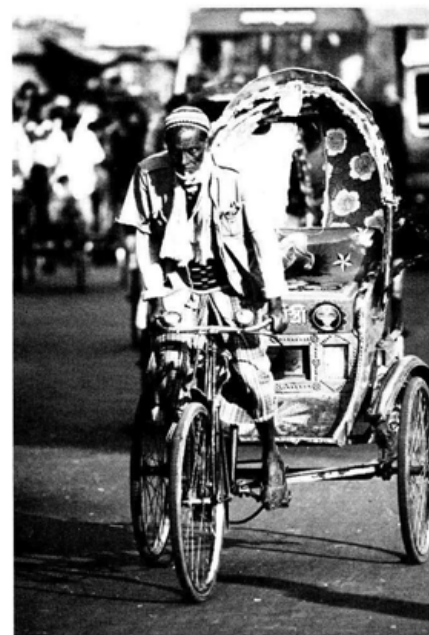
Even if Nani can find the 5,000 taka — the foreign couple who employs her is saving money in the hope they can take the case to court — she and Idris readily admit that there is no certainty of livelihood in Faridpur, where the land

is too small to support the whole family. More paradoxical is that Idris, at 18, is already a bit worried because he does not have a son of his own. Since most rickshaw drivers are forced out of full-time work by bad health by their mid-30s, and since there is very little in the way of social support systems for the poor, their only hope of income is from their male children. Those children, like Idris, will have to become rickshaw drivers by the age of 11 in order to support the family.

Despite comprehensive birth control efforts, such a cycle is one of the primary reasons experts predict, conservatively, that Bangladesh is headed for a population of 145 million by the year 2000.

"It is very tough here," Idris said, "but you must keep working at something. Otherwise, there is nothing."

Idris rose from his mat, readying himself for a late-afternoon shift on the rickshaw. The next few hours would tell how much of a dinner he and his family would eat that night. As he shook hands with us, one of the few smiles of the afternoon widened across his face. The smile was an apology. Idris said that he and Nani wished we would have come at a more appropriate eating time. If we had, Idris told us, the family would have made dinner for us, including the meat of their only chicken. □



ETHICS IN JOURNALISM

J. Edward Murray, the 1984 Lecturer on Ethics in Journalism at the University of Hawaii, says publishers and editors need to "re-examine and re-emphasize a fundamental ethical approach to newspapering" in order to restore the public's faith in journalism. In his address, reprinted in the following pages, Murray cites a number of problems in the current "ethical thicket," including "inaccuracy and unfairness in reporting and editing," "overuse of unnamed sources," and a "predetermined mindset of reporters that causes bias."

Gene Foreman, managing editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, expanded on one of these points in his lecture to the Journalism Ethics Institute at Washington and Lee University, suggesting that the tremendous increase in the use of unnamed sources has contributed substantially to the credi-

bility problems of the press and recommending guidelines for the judicious use of such sources.

William James Willis, our third author in this package, takes us back in history and points to Patriot Samuel Adams as the originator, for journalism in the United States, of much of what Willis terms "two-valued logic." That black-or-white dichotomy translates into what Murray describes as "shallow and uninformed" news judgments by today's editors, overly concerned with packaging and "beset by the inertia of outdated newspaper traditions." Those traditions, Willis argues, can be traced to Adams, who felt the colonists would not be prepared to do lengthy battle unless they were fed revolutionary propaganda.

—N.D.

Quality News Versus Junk News

J. Edward Murray

Although newspaper publishers enjoy a virtual print monopoly in 98 percent of American cities, they cannot afford to stand still in today's fast-changing communications milieu.

I broke in as a reporter for the United Press in Chicago in 1938. Gang murders by the Capone mob still elicited screaming banners on street-edition EXTRAS. Black murders didn't count. *The Chicago Tribune* called social workers "sob sisters." And newspaper publishers worried mainly about the increasing competition from radio.

Then, as now, newspaper critics were demanding that newspapers become more responsible. That is, that they follow the high road of significant news and commentary instead of the low road of sex and sensationalism.

Well, newspapers have improved immeasurably since then. But only the best ones have been equal to the pace of change.

Society has grown more complex. News and information have moved to center stage. The printed press has blossomed into the multi-layered news-media.

On television, presentation of the news now threatens to deteriorate into a show-business, glamour competition.

And on the fringes of the established news media, there

are enough new competitors to make the newspaper publisher long for the days when there was only radio to worry about.

To mention only the latest entries in the list, they include Cable TV news, hundreds of new target-audience magazines and newsletters, and *USA Today*. In the wings are a host of computerized new data bases which will be accessible in the home. Knight-Ridder's pioneering service called *Viewtron* has already begun to deliver news on demand on home television terminals.

It seems obvious that newspaper publishers, even though they enjoy a virtual print monopoly in 98 percent of American cities, must realize that they can't afford to stand still in today's fast-changing communications milieu.

Publishers, however, have something even more serious to worry about than the fierce competition.

The Press in the Doghouse

The press generally is held in such low esteem by the people that the First Amendment itself could be endangered by the unwillingness of the citizens to defend it against ever-present enemies.

The latest Harris poll shows that only 19 percent of the American people have high confidence in newspapers. That's up from the all-time low rating of 14 percent in 1982, but it is still not much comfort.

On the libel front, journalists have lost 90 of 106 major verdicts by juries since 1976, and almost a quarter of the damage awards have been \$1 million or more.

Since 1972 the Supreme Court has ruled against the press in all four libel appeals it has heard.

As this evidence that the people don't trust the press accumulated, the Reagan Administration climaxed its own long campaign against the Freedom of Information Act and other press freedoms by allowing the military to muzzle the press for the first 72 hours of the Grenada invasion.

Because of my experience as a war correspondent in World

The above address is the third annual Carol Burnett Fund Lecture on Ethics in Journalism, delivered in March at the University of Hawaii by J. Edward Murray, a veteran newspaper editor, reporter, and foreign correspondent, who is a past president of both the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the Associated Press Managing Editors Association.



The lecture was sponsored by the University of Hawaii Journalism Department's Carol Burnett Fund for Responsible Journalism, established in 1981, and funded by an endowment of \$100,000 from actress Carol Burnett. The two former Burnett Lectures were given by David Shaw, media critic for The Los Angeles Times, and Norman Isaacs, then chairman of the National News Council. (See NR, Summer 1982 and 1983).

War II, I am positive that this news blackout on a military operation was imposed solely for the purpose of managing the news in case it turned out to be unfavorable.

And how did the people in this free and open society react to the fact that their own watchdog, the press, had been kept away from a questionable military operation that might easily have led to a wider conflict?

The people cheered, that's what. By margins of 3 to 1, or 5 to 1, or some other substantial majority, depending on which poll you looked at, Americans supported the constraints on news gathering. Some of the people were even in a hostile, vengeful mood, saying it was high time than an arrogant, adversarial, unpatriotic press got muzzled for a change.

The press itself reacted with shock. The American Society of Newspaper Editors issued a rare "Press Alert," calling on editors to mount educational campaigns on the critical importance of a free press.

Time magazine ran a 10-page cover story entitled "Accusing the Press — What Are Its Sins?"

And the trade magazine *Editor & Publisher* called for a summit meeting of leading journalists to figure out how the press can recapture the understanding and appreciation of the public.

How indeed?

In an effort to respond to that challenge, I would like to discuss two related suggestions:

- that publishers and editors re-examine and re-emphasize a fundamental ethical approach to newspapering;
- and that newspapers invest in a higher quality of editorial content.

What It Means to Be Ethical

Ethical journalism begins with the First Amendment. Implicit in that original guarantee of a free press is an unwritten covenant that the newspaper will do its best to furnish its readers with the news they need concerning public issues in order to function as informed citizens.

Unfortunately, in our time, the profit response to the First Amendment is often much stronger than the journalistic response. I am thinking of both print and electronic media which trivialize and bastardize the news.

Newspapers do this with acres of so-called soft news or fluff about lifestyles, food, real estate, and other come-ons for good-income consumers between 18 and 49 years of age.

The underlying purpose is to create an uncritical, permissive buying mood for the benefit of advertisers.

And television deliberately perverts the news for its entertainment value in a fierce battle for Nielsen ratings. Obviously, the public can see that such use of the First Amendment to make money has little or nothing to do with providing the real news and the background to make it meaningful.

To illustrate just how difficult it is in this so-called Information Age to give the readers of any newspaper the news they need, let me quote from *The Third Wave* by Alvin Toffler.

In a chapter entitled "The Political Mausoleum," he writes:

It is impossible to be simultaneously blasted by a revolution in energy, a revolution in technology, a revolution in family life, a revolution in sexual roles, and a worldwide revolution in communications without also facing — sooner or later — a potentially explosive political revolution. . . .

Today, although its gravity is not yet recognized, we are witnessing a profound crisis not of this or that government but of representative democracy itself, in all its forms.

. . . the profit response to the First Amendment is often much stronger than the journalistic response.

The challenge for the editor, then, at least in the United States, is to report the news and background of all of these revolutions, and to try to pave the way for political evolution that will preserve representative democracy. But even if the average editor is tempted to give up in despair at the magnitude of this task, I would cite another sobering fact. It is that an uninformed electorate in an age of nuclear weapons is a grave threat to all life on the planet.

The Diver\$ity of Voice\$

There is a second, and more subtle journalistic responsibility implied in the foundational theory of the First Amendment. It is that the truth, that is, all of the important news, not only will, but should emerge from the free press guarantee of a diversity of voices.

Well, as our premier press critic, Ben Bagdikian, points out in his latest book, *The Media Monopoly*, that supposed diversity of voices is fast giving way to the acquisition mania of the media conglomerates. The 20 largest newspaper chains now control well over half of the 61 million daily circulation in the United States.

What should concern us even more, according to Bagdikian, is that a mere 50 corporations already control over half of what America sees, hears and reads in its newspapers, magazines, radio, television, books and movies.

And these same 50 corporations are controlled by interlocking directorships which enable them, if they wish, to quietly control news and information, when necessary, to foster each other's large scale commercial interests.

The corporate rebuttal comes in three parts.

First, that only big, financially powerful entities like themselves are strong enough to guarantee independence against each other and against big government. Second, that they, as 50 corporations, guarantee a diversity of voices, and that there is a multitude of smaller voices besides.

And third, in the case of newspapers at least, that local editors have editorial autonomy.

There is partial truth in each of these answers.

But, Bagidikian argues, and I agree, that the profit motive is stronger than any of these partial truths. Among other things, that means the main goal of the news media conglomerates must be mass advertising.

Therefore, to create the non-analytical, consumer-shopping mood that mass advertisers prefer, these corporate voices all

...the caliber and the pay of the average newspaper editorial staff leave much to be desired.

sing in the same key, which is the key of bland, make-no-waves, pro-business establishmentarianism. The off-stage musical directors for this bottom-line, dollar-sign chorus are the stock analysts on Wall Street who give advice on which news media stocks to buy and sell.

The fallout from this scenario is twofold. The First Amendment's seminal theory of a diversity of voices is being dangerously undermined. And the public sees the news media more as absentee-owned, big-business money machines than as watchdogs on government.

Consequently, the people find less reason to rally to the defense of a free press.

The Ethical Thicket

To continue with the ethical dimension, it also has a more mundane aspect. This involves a veritable thicket of specific ethical violations which still occur in spite of the written codes of ethics of professional journalism organizations.

My own list would include these:

- Inaccuracy and unfairness in reporting and editing.
- Overly aggressive investigative reporting that creates innocent victims.
- Overuse of unnamed sources.
- Misusing the right-to-know to invade privacy.
- Predetermined mindset of reporters that causes bias.

And there are at least another dozen fairly common infractions.

For his lecture on this occasion last year, David Shaw, the respected media critic of *The Los Angeles Times*, centered on the arrogance and lack of accountability in the press.

But Shaw also made this basic point: "And, of course, there is the biggest ethical problem of all, the one that presupposes all else — the unwillingness of so many publishers to sacrifice even a small measure of their large profits to produce quality newspapers, with quality staffs and newsholes large enough

to provide the reader with the information and insight he or she needs to function as an intelligent, informed adult in today's increasingly complex society."

This is the precise theme of my second suggestion, which is that newspapers need a higher quality of news content. I'm talking about the kind of expensive quality that the electronic competition would find difficult to match. And I'm referring here, not to the top 15 or 20 or the most prestigious big newspapers, but rather to the middle range of papers from about 30,000 circulation on up to 250,000 and beyond.

The Anemic Budget for Hard News

Most of these newspapers, I believe, suffer from insufficient space for hard news and from a poor use of the space they have. They also suffer from a lack of competitively paid news staffs. And, finally, from a virtual absence of the necessary experts to deal with complex news.

In recent years, progressive newspapers have concentrated on several kinds of improvements: smarter packaging that stresses better design, graphics, makeup and color; better coverage of business, sports and lifestyles; and sharper marketing through special sections aimed at target audiences.

In most cases, much of the newsprint space for these improvements has been taken from the former hard news budget, leaving it woefully anemic.

As to the caliber and the pay of the average newspaper editorial staff, both leave much to be desired.

Listen to the opinion of Irving Kristol, a distinguished professor at the New York University Graduate School of Business and co-editor of *The Public Interest* magazine.

In the November 1983 issue of *The Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors*, Kristol had this to say:

What is so fascinating about the media today is their mindlessness. One reason... is that the quality of the people now entering the media is very poor... of course, we have schools of journalism. Most publications these days — not all, thank God — recruit from schools of journalism. This means they are recruiting from the bottom 40 percent of the college population since, on the whole, bright students do not go to schools of journalism.

Kristol contends that the best students, depending on how bright they are, go first into the sciences, then into law or medicine or graduate school, then into business schools. It's mainly fourth level students, he says, who go into the journalism schools. And even sadder, the fifth level go into schools of education.

He concludes:

... from schools of journalism, they (the media) are recruiting young men and women who don't think very well and who don't have the habit of thinking.

That's a harsh assessment. But even if there are obvious

exceptions, I think it is generally true.

The problem feeds on itself. Most of the news media are so shallow and simplistic in their treatment of complex news that the best young minds are not attracted to journalism as a career. Nevertheless, there are scores of applicants for every entry level job in journalism.

So publishers, who are constantly losing their best people to higher paying jobs in related fields like public relations or television, replenish their staffs from the bottom.

That's been the story for as long as I can remember: a brain drain of the most competent and experienced people on the staff, and an influx of minimally paid recruits to replace them.

I'm not forgetting that, thanks to the Newspaper Guild, progress has been made in raising salaries. And the profession generally has begun to support an increasing number of training programs to update the expertise of mid-career journalists.

But the fact remains that the level of knowledge and the caliber of thinking on most newspaper staffs are seldom equal to the task of presenting the serious news.

Setting the Public Agenda

The result is an inadequate grasp by editors of the broad scope and depth of meaning in the total news budget on any given day. This impacts most negatively at the pivotal level of the gatekeeper, that is, the news editor who decides which of a relatively small number of stories will get into the paper from the hundreds of stories available.

As a directing editor of newspapers for 35 years, I watched the problem of insufficiently informed news editors grow steadily worse as the complexity of news was compounded exponentially by the continuing explosion of knowledge.

During that long period, two influences were at work. Enrollments skyrocketed in journalism schools, which meant that journalists got more technical training in reporting and editing techniques but less basic liberal education in terms of literature, history, philosophy, and the all-important natural sciences.

Secondly, the scope of human knowledge kept expanding dramatically in many fields, but, most noticeably, it seemed, in quantum physics, astrophysics, chemistry, molecular biology, linguistics, and anthropology as it traces the earliest roots of religion.

The resulting advances in science and technology have changed the way humans live in hundreds of ways, changed the way they govern themselves in scores of new countries, changed the way they see themselves in terms of cosmic and biological evolution, and, most ominously, changed the way they threaten each other with destructive weapons in insane armament races.

All of this means that the volume and the complexity of available news have also expanded, often beyond the capacity of most newspaper editors to understand the news properly and to present it intelligibly to the average reader.

Meanwhile, the newest 1300-word-a-minute computerized

technology brings oceans of news to every news editor's desk. On some newspapers, in fact, the very volume of the available news from press associations and supplemental wire services is all but self-defeating. No one has time even to look at all of it.

Nevertheless, the beleaguered news editor, sometimes with help from more senior editors but more often not, must ask himself or herself each day:

What is really significant, really interesting, really useful, and really new for the readers of my newspaper?

That's been the story for as long as I can remember: a brain drain of the most competent and experienced people on the staff, and an influx of minimally paid recruits to replace them.

The news editor's answer to that question determines the all-important agenda of public issues for any given community. Now, the answer, of course, will vary somewhat for each newspaper's mix of readers. So there will be some diversity in newspaper content, but not nearly enough, in my opinion, to invalidate my earlier indictment against bland, non-controversial content in the growing media monopoly newspapers.

It is also true, in most communities at least, that the news editor still does a fair job of setting the public agenda for the most obvious local issues of the day. But the average news editor's judgment on the rest of the serious news — especially foreign news and the whole rich range of non-political national news — is often inadequate.

This can be easily established by a comparison between almost any local newspaper and the excellent national newspapers which are now available in most cities: *The New York Times*, *The Christian Science Monitor* or *The Wall Street Journal*.

The average news editor's judgment tends to be shallow and uninformed, because of a lack of catholic interests.

Outdated Definitions of News

It is also beset by the inertia of outdated newspaper traditions, of moldy old habits which defraud the reader and hurt the newspaper competitively against the electronic media.

Thinking for a moment in computer language, all too many of the news editors I've known, and their bosses, the managing editors and executive editors, have been figuratively programmed with outworn definitions of news. In obedience to this programming, the gatekeepers seem to function almost like automatons in responding only to news that meets at least one

of three sets of requirements or preconceptions.

First, is it a recent event or development?

Second, is it catastrophic, confrontational, aberrational, negative, violent, lurid, glamorous, or otherwise entertaining?

Third, does it involve quick, episodic, once-over-easy politics, economics, law enforcement, or human-interest novelty of any kind?

Unfortunately, all of this outdated programming is guaranteed to miss much of the important serious news, which is already available to news desks from their wire services.

What may be even worse competitively, such old-fashioned orientation concentrates on just that simple, surface news which television can present more dramatically than can newspapers.

The Bad Influence of TV News

In fact, television, which is doing its utmost to degrade news into glamourized vaudeville featuring hot film footage and million-dollar celebrity announcers, tends to seduce many newspaper editors into inferior imitations of this tawdry formula of news as entertainment.

Instead, for their own survival, newspapers should concentrate on doing what television scorns because it is not visually exciting, that is, presenting and explaining the significant, serious, useful news.

Local news editors face another temptation which is closely allied to network television news. That is to allow their judgment on national news to be dominated by the Washington press corps. The members of this elite coterie are highly paid, highly competent, and often highly visible on television.

Unfortunately, they frequently distort the national perspective on the news by resorting to pack journalism. This concentrates massively on a few exciting, but not necessarily significant, stories that are often politically juicy.

Chronically neglected are the kinds of probing and perceptive stories which are needed to show what the big government agencies are really doing, or how the special interests literally buy legislation through political contributions and expensive lobbies.

The Noise of Junk News

Again excepting the local news budget, the remaining non-local news menu in most communities, tends to be overwhelmed with extraneous news of various kinds: useless negative news swept up with a global vacuum cleaner; sleazy sensational stuff; gossipy news about celebrities; repetitive confrontational news about politicians.

In information theory, all of these excuses for news would come under the heading of noise, which is to say that degree of entropy or chaos which prevents the legitimate news message from getting through to the citizen.

So, what gets left out of the newspapers as a result of this shallow, scatter-gun handling of the news?

Too many things to list, of course. But examples come to mind.

The nation has no immigration policy and virtually open borders because the press failed to expose in detail the egregious political cowardice which up to now has kept the latest control legislation from even coming to a vote in the House.

There has been almost no definitive coverage of why America's image is so bad in the Third World that many of the less developed countries, along with the USSR and its puppets, have ganged up on the United States in UNESCO, so much so that we have served notice that we are going to pull out of that global body.

Even coverage of the early jockeying for the Democratic presidential nomination has been shallow.

Basic issues have been mainly ignored in favor of the horse-race handicapping of candidates on the basis of popularity polls. Such polls are self-fulfilling and so falsify the true worth of all contenders.

On many other fronts, in fact, there has been insufficient in-depth coverage:

- for instance, of the difficult national ethical problem of who gets the available human organ transplants, rich Americans, rich Arabs, or the most worthy recipients. . .

- or, again, of the economic damage of import quotas and other trade barriers to protect our inefficient industries at the expense of American consumers, and often at the expense of hard-pressed Third World exporters trying to pay off huge debts.

Unfortunately, although much of this serious news is already available, it tends to be ignored or to get lost in the computerized data-base caverns at most newspapers.

Or, if these topics are covered occasionally, they suffer from the lack of positive, reinforcing redundancy, which information theory now realizes is the determining factor in whether or not the message really gets through to the recipient.

For instance, to illustrate this problem in newspaper communication, essentially the same James Watt story, or John De Lorean or Larry Flynt story, or the routine local murder story all get the redundancy of dozens of repetitions to make sure the message gets through.

And the shocking story on the abysmal state of American education, until the recent spate of critical reports, got at best only two or three chances to be seen by the busy reader, and then only amid the thunderous "noise," the blip-culture bedlam of untold repetitions of junk news.

Will Quality Go Over the Heads of Readers?

However, I am not recommending an elitist editorial product for a non-existent egghead newspaper clientele. Some of my former colleagues may think I have not read the latest research findings which say that readers like a lot of short-short stories about everything — *à la* the flashy new *USA Today*.

Well, the research also says readers want foreign news, hard news, and useful information.

Especially relevant is an excellent piece of research completed in 1982 by Judee and Michael Burgoon and Charles Atkin of Michigan State University.

Entitled "The World of the Working Journalist," the study documents a number of false attitudes among journalists which militate against quality in newspaper content.

These include: a smart journalist/dumb public mentality; cynicism about the public's intelligence; underestimation of the public's demand for news; and overestimation of the public's desire for titillation.

I am also reminded in this connection of a recent *New York Times* story (September 8, 1983) based on a careful survey of present reading habits. The headline said, "Americans in Electronic Era Are Reading as Much as Ever."

Among the conclusions were these:

- Non-fiction is holding its own or going up.
- People are reading less for recreation and more for information about special topics.

Science and Foreign Affairs

My concluding recommendation is that newspapers add more staff specialists to upgrade the quality of their news content.

The categories of complex news in which most newspapers need help, in my judgment, are science, medicine, and foreign affairs. Science and medicine, obviously, because that's where the exciting breakthroughs are coming.

Then there is the challenge of toxic wastes, acid rain, oil spills and other damage to the environment. Even one staff expert doubling in science, medicine, and the environment could begin to make a positive difference.

And the device of a Science Page, for example, even if it is only once a week, is a good way to make sure that at least the most interesting new ideas get into the paper.

As regards the key category of foreign news, there are at least two basic problems.

One is the old-fashioned negative news formulas that I've already mentioned. These result in what the Third World sneeringly refers to as the West's obsession with "*coups* and earthquakes."

I got a lesson in this regard a year ago while giving seminars for mid-career journalists in Nepal and Bangladesh. Using UNESCO research findings, I showed that coverage of the Third World by the Western agencies is *not* overloaded with disaster, crime and exotica, despite the undocumented charges to this effect by the advocates of a New World Information Order. But the members of the seminars complained bitterly that just such negative stories about their countries were the only ones that Western editors chose to print. They pleaded, in effect, for new definitions of news for the coverage of developing countries.

They wanted process-oriented news of their slow progress in education, agricultural productivity, health and sanitation; stories on reducing child mortality, increasing longevity, libera-

ting women. And less event-oriented news of famines, earthquakes, military coups, and communal violence. Such violence, incidentally, is usually triggered by religious prejudice. It is almost always caused by economic desperation.

The second foreign news problem involves the indifference or inattention of directing editors, who simply haven't caught up with the fact that much global news has local reverberations.

Because of this lack of perspective by their bosses, the staff people who select and edit the foreign news usually have had

... newspapers should concentrate on doing what television scorns because it is not visually exciting.

neither training for the job nor working experience overseas. As a result, they often present a one-dimensional, culture-blind, cowboys-and-Indians view of foreign affairs.

They select foreign news that tends to be both misleading and unreadable. First, because it leans heavily on dusty-dry economic and political concepts which are fully valid only in their American context. And second, because it ignores the richly human realities in individual foreign countries.

This deplorable situation underlines yet again my conclusion that newspapers need a basic transformation, a deep structure change in their news-handling.

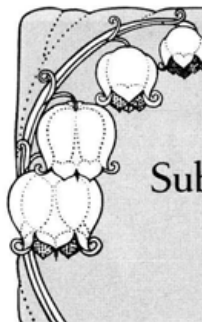
Such an overhaul would increase the space for hard news. And it would upgrade the gatekeepers and their news formulas as well as the generalists and specialists on the reporting and editing staffs.

Does it sound too ambitious?

I can think of two better questions.

Will a more responsible newspaper journalism help to restore the faith of citizens in what is really their First Amendment and their free press?

And will it help to save humankind in a world of two nuclear-armed camps which are flirting, like macho maniacs, with mutual extinction? □



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(see page 23)

Confidential Sources: Testing the Readers' Confidence

Gene Foreman

"We need to limit unnamed sources to those giving information truly essential to our readers and not obtainable in any other way."

A lot of us in the newspaper business are worried about credibility these days. Truth, after all, is our basic commodity. If the public doesn't believe what we publish in our newspapers, it is logical to expect that its next step might be to stop buying what we print. We worry about credibility even though Lou Harris, the pollster, tells us to take heart: More Americans expressed "high confidence" in the press in 1983 than in 1982. But that vote of high confidence came from only 19 percent of the people answering Harris's poll questions — and we had a lower confidence rating than those running organized religion, the White House or Congress.

With all the fretting about believability, I think we ought to take a close look at the number of times our news stories attribute information not to people with names and titles, but to "sources" — and to their redundant cousins, "informed sources." I don't suggest that this is the only basis of our credibility problems, but many of us in the profession feel that heavy reliance on unnamed sources engenders suspicion and distrust. *By the very act of taking someone else into our confidence, we strain the confidence our readers have in us.* David Shaw, the media critic of *The Los Angeles Times*, has observed of this pervasive practice: "Reporters who write stories based on statements they do not identify for their readers are, in effect, asking their readers to trust them, to assume that the reporters and their editors have evaluated the source's credentials and

credibility." A few readers may readily grant us that prerogative; most, I fear, resent being asked. Just as our profession has matured and become more sophisticated in the last generation, so, too, has our readership. There is skepticism, even cynicism, among our readers. We invite their wrath when we keep secrets from them, when we tell them: "Trust us."

Even the very best newspapers in the country, I think, deal excessively in blind sources. Recently *The Washington Post*, in the course of 3,000 words on Central America, avoided mentioning a single source by name. *The New York Times* published a 600-word analysis on the flights of American fighters over Lebanon, supporting its findings not by names and titles but by descriptions like these: "foreign and American intelligence analysts," "retired intelligence officials and others," "analysts," "critics of Reagan Administration policies," "foreign intelligence analysts," "a NATO officer with experience in the area," "Middle East intelligence sources," "the majority of those consulted," "an American source," "an Arab source," and "other sources." In fairness I point out that these two newspapers have expressed concern about the practice. *The Washington Post*, for example, tried unsuccessfully in 1971 to force the government to put its official briefings on the record, giving up because, according to executive editor Benjamin Bradlee, the rest of the media would not go along. *The New York Times*, probably more than any other newspaper, restricts the use of unidentified sources, insisting on qualifiers (such as the adjective "Western" in the phrase "Western officials") to give readers some hint of the sources' probable allegiance and possible biases.

Last fall our staff at *The Philadelphia Inquirer* had a series of discussions on fairness and accuracy. One of the subjects we spent considerable time on was the need to limit unnamed sources to those giving information truly essential to our readers and not obtainable in any other way. In the ensuing months I noted with satisfaction that we did seem to be cutting down on "sources" stories. It took a routine piece two weeks ago to make me realize I was being complacent. The story was about actor Harrison Ford's spending some time with Philadelphia police detectives to prepare himself for a role in a new movie.

Gene Foreman, managing editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, gave the above lecture in March at the Journalism Ethics Institute, Washington and Lee University.



In the five-inch story, one of our police reporters, who happens to be an exceptional digger of facts, got carried away in quoting a "source" and a "police source." To these anonymous observers he attributed such hardly crucial bits of information as the plot of the forthcoming film and the fact that Ford had the police commissioner's approval for his field work, as if he could have done it otherwise. Once again, we're trying to get the word out on our concern about the "sources" problem.

The Washington Post's Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, in their classic Watergate investigation, influenced our profession in countless ways. Their story depended heavily on the use of confidential sources. But does that mean that using anonymous quotes is, in the abstract, a good thing? Here is what Woodward himself has to say about anonymous sources: "I think it's a bad habit that has developed — and a lazy one. Getting it on the record is the ultimate solution." Speaking for the National News Council's 1983 report on the use of unidentified sources, Woodward said that with a little more digging, a reporter "generally can go back and get it on the record." I wonder how many emulators of Woodward and Bernstein, plying their trade on papers across the country, are aware of how Woodward really feels about anonymous sources. By their own success, Woodward and Bernstein may have inadvertently contributed to the poor habit Woodward referred to.

Woodward's assessment is supported by a 1982 study for the American Society of Newspaper Editors by the journalism school at the University of Iowa. Analyzing stories from a half-dozen large papers scattered around the country, the researchers found upon interviewing the reporters that in about one-third of the stories the anonymous quotes could easily have been avoided. In some cases the reporters did not know why their sources needed protection. In others, the reporters conceded that they could have persuaded the sources to go on the record. In still others, the information attributed to blind sources was not crucial and indeed was duplicated elsewhere in the stories.

In addition to inviting distrust by our readers, blind sources expose us to other dangers.

One is the threat of defamation suits. Robert Sack, a well-known libel defense lawyer, was quoted this way by the National News Council: "It becomes very difficult when somebody has sued you, and you say, 'I had no actual malice or I wasn't negligent. But I can't tell you who I talked to in order [for you] to be as certain as I am.'" Sack warns us that a plaintiff's lawyer can spot the phrase, "according to confidential sources," and knows that he has "a hell of a fish on the hook and that he can at least have a lot of fun playing with it through the courts."

In criminal cases there is another danger: A reporter may be threatened with a contempt citation and jail for failing to identify sources from the witness stand. Shield laws afford much protection but the courts have shown a willingness to brush them aside when they are seen as conflicting with a defendant's Sixth Amendment rights to a fair trial.

The problem of blind sources is compounded when the source is allowed to attack someone from the safety of anonymity. The accused never knows where the assault is

coming from. Blind pejoratives are inherently unfair.

Finally, the overuse of anonymous sources makes the newspaper vulnerable to the possibility that it will be manipulated by those sources. They have their own axes to grind and trial balloons to float. By printing their ideas without their names, we allow them to use us.

So why not ban the practice of quoting confidential sources and be done with it? The solution is not so simple. If it were, our own newspaper would not quote anonymous sources on an almost daily basis. Our mission, remember, is to serve as a conduit of information to our readers. That flow of information would be greatly diminished if we flatly ordered our reporters to write nothing that they could not attribute by name and title. One of the strengths of the press is that our reporters can talk with people that government investigators often cannot or will not consult; they give us information only if we keep their identities confidential. Their status in the community, their careers, perhaps even their lives might otherwise be in jeopardy. When we accept the conditions of confidentiality, it is a sacred trust. We decide that the information is more important than the identity of the provider. In Vietnam, for instance, there were ranking officers who disagreed with the way the war was being fought. Of course they could not be quoted by name, rank, and serial number, but reporters were able to portray the vital policy debate by granting them anonymity.

Our thrust should be to devise subjective guidelines that would permit the publication of crucial information even without a named source when the circumstances warrant it. Just as important, these guidelines should discourage the use of unnamed sources when the case for their use is less than compelling.

Tonight I have just such a set of guidelines to offer for your consideration. For valued advice and counsel in constructing these guidelines, I want to thank Bill Marimow [NF '83], who with Jonathan Neumann did the painstaking reporting work that helped *The Inquirer* win a Pulitzer gold medal for public service in 1978.

At the outset, I would like to make clear that I am directing my remarks at confidential sources who are actually quoted in news stories. There are, of course, confidential sources who provide us tips that can be checked out elsewhere and reported in the paper without even mentioning the tipster. I don't think anyone has any problem with that, as long as the source's possible self-interest is kept in mind and the story is evaluated on its merits.

I also propose to short-shrift a couple of other confidentiality issues because I detect little disagreement about them. So I'll just say here that good reporters avoid creating *composites*, which are combinations of different characters. As far as I can tell, the verdict is just about unanimous that this is fiction writing, not reporting. It is also my impression that pseudonyms for characters in stories should be used only rarely and with reason for protecting innocent people. Top editors should be involved in such decisions, and the technique should be prominently disclosed to the readers.

The first guideline I offer in evaluating confidential sources is: **The use of unnamed sources in a news story should be a last resort, not just an easy alternative to documenting the information from the public record or quoting someone willing to be named.** In short, there is no substitute for digging. In the brief story about the actor who rode along with detectives as they went about their homicide investigations, there was no indication that the reporter had even tried to interview the actor himself or his agent or the movie company. Any of these would have been more knowledgeable about details of the movie than the secret police source. As I noted earlier, the University of Iowa researchers found repeatedly that the reporters could have gotten people to talk for the record if they had tried. The competitive rush for Watergate disclosures induced many reporters to let slide the traditional standards for attribution, as David Shaw noted. He said, "Getting into print first, with a story from an unnamed source, was often thought to be better than being second, with a story from a named source." Shaw also noted that Watergate spawned a whole generation of young "investigative reporters" who felt that their editors and readers would be impressed by their savvy in referring to "informed sources" even though they were perfectly willing to be quoted by name.

The second guideline: **It should be clear that the source's physical or economic well-being might be jeopardized if his or her name is revealed.** Thus we apply another test, one that must take place before the information is accepted with the stipulation of confidentiality. The writer should not simply assume that a source would be "more comfortable" not to be quoted by name; there should be evidence of real jeopardy.

The third guideline: **The information provided by the unnamed source must be very important. The story should be one that helps a newspaper's readers make informed decisions about their government or community. The information from the source should be crucial to the story, not tangential to the theme.** Again, this is a sort of "needs" test that we should apply along with the first two before allowing a veiled source to be quoted in the paper. It is intended to separate the truly significant, essential story or passage within a story from the nice-to-have-but-not-really-necessary. At *The Inquirer*, we learned the hard way to apply this rule. In a piece about why major motion pictures were slow in reaching Philadelphia theaters, we spent the first two-thirds of the story's length expounding on what all the named sources agreed was the crux of the matter: the distributors control when and where a movie will be shown, and they allow films to spread out into the country only after making their splash in the media centers of New York and Los Angeles. Near the bottom of the story, we

mentioned that when it came to asking a favor to get a particular movie earlier than usual, Philadelphia exhibitors were not likely to be successful because they were such an irascible bunch. The story quoted an anonymous source several times in alleging that a certain exhibitor paid bills late so as to earn interest on the money withheld, and used its market clout to violate its contract by cutting short the run of a film that turned out to be a poor draw. To our chagrin, we learned after publication that we could not substantiate the accusations made by the anonymous source. And we found out that the source was in fact a competing exhibitor, something the editors of the story hadn't known or asked about at the time. It was an object lesson for us. We realized that the information, even if it had been scrupulously true, was simply not essential to the story. For that matter, the story itself was not one that, to quote the guideline, "helps a reader make informed decisions about their government or community."

The fourth guideline: **To help readers evaluate the information, the unnamed source should be described as fully as possible without giving away the identity.** So often we attribute statements simply to "sources" or "informed sources" or "reliable sources." I would argue that semantically they are the same thing; we should not be quoting anyone who is not informed or reliable, and our readers should be astonished if we did. Using those terms amounts to nothing more than a plea to the reader that we are not making the whole thing up. Certainly, they impart no information. Of course, we should not risk giving away the identity of a person to whom we have promised confidentiality, but usually there is a way of characterizing that person that does not isolate him or her. Instead of a "source," why can we not say "one of the participants in the negotiations" or "a police officer familiar with the department's procedures in administering promotion tests"? Assuming that more than a handful of people fit those descriptions, the additional information helps the reader weigh the source's credentials. The less we ask the readers to depend solely on our word that the source is qualified, the better off we are.

The fifth guideline: **If an unnamed source is quoted making derogatory statements about someone, such a statement must be one that enhances the public's understanding of a crucial issue. Here, reporters and editors must apply additional safeguards: the statement should be corroborated by public record or by named sources, or the source should have an impeccable record of reliability as well as direct knowledge of the facts.** On this point I probably would encounter disagreement from many journalists, who would argue that under no circumstances should a blind derogatory quote be permitted. I accept the principle but feel that there has to be flexibility to deal with the rare exceptional situation. The additional safeguards I mentioned were intended to reduce the possibility of unfairness.

Of course, in any situation in which a person is mentioned in derogatory fashion, he or she should have an opportunity to respond.



Now, the sixth and final guideline: **Reporters have to be free to use their judgment in granting confidentiality to sources while gathering the facts. However, it should be understood that the agreement of confidence is between the source and the newspaper, and that the reporter can be expected to identify the source to his or her editor.** This is yet another area where honest men and women disagree. There are editors who insist that no one on the paper but the top editor can authorize confidentiality. Although recognizing that there are horrible abuses — which are, of course, the point of this lecture — I do not see how such a policy could help but inhibit a newspaper's ability to gather the news. Not to allow discretion would be to put our reporters in a straitjacket. The reporters, in my opinion, have to be relied upon to make judgments on the spot. The reporter's editor would naturally be bound by the agreement of confidentiality granted by the reporter — that is, he or she could not attach the name to the quote — but nevertheless has the option of deciding whether to use the quote at all. On the other extreme, some journalists would argue that the agreement of confidentiality is between the source and the reporter as an individual and no one, not even the reporter's editor, can be given the identity. Although I would not insist that an editor has to know the identity of each and every source quoted, I do feel that the editor has the prerogative of asking — and getting — an answer. Reporters don't put stories into the paper, editors do.

What we have in the guidelines I have laid out is a series of tests to apply in the reporting and editing process. We methodically ask questions:

- Is there any way to get the statement on the record?

- Does the source seeking anonymity really stand in jeopardy if identified?

- Is the information really important?

- Can we give the readers some idea of how qualified the source is?

- Is the information derogatory to any individual and, if so, have we gone extra lengths to make sure we are being fair?

I am convinced that if every reporter and editor went through this checklist before publishing an anonymous quote, our papers would contain a lot fewer anonymous quotes. And the flow of truly essential information to the public would not be diminished in any significant way.

In closing, I want to suggest one more test, this one devised by Richard Smyser, editor of the *Oak Ridger* at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. In commenting for the National News Council study, Smyser said he divides people who give us information anonymously into two distinct groups: "sources" and "sourcerers." He has a high regard for "sources," whom he describes as "good guys" who have information of importance to the public on things that are amiss but whose careers or jobs would be jeopardized if they were identified as the communicators of that information. He has revulsion for "sourcerers," people whose goal is to use the press, and ultimately the public, as a means to an end. One way he has to tell them apart is to go back periodically and look over all the information his paper has printed without attribution. "Give it the test of time," he says. "Read last year's non-attributed news this year and see how it stands up."

The on-the-spot tests I have spoken of — and Dick Smyser's test of time — have a mutual goal: to help us achieve a higher degree of reader confidence. I am convinced that by needlessly resorting to unnamed sources, we undermine our cherished credibility and dilute our effectiveness as an institution. For us as journalists, there can be no higher mission than to guard, and reinforce, our reputation for truth. □

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LEGACY OF SAM ADAMS

WILLIAM JAMES WILLIS

Thought patterns today are divided into Eastern and Western; the entire world is a dialectic of good and evil, depending on one's political perspective. National leaders present few, if any, gradations of viewpoints.

The measures of the British administration of the colonies are still as disgusting and odious to the inhabitants of this respectable metropolis as they ever have been, and I will venture to add that nothing can convey a more unjust idea of the spirit of the true American than to suppose he would compliment, much less make an adulating address, to any person sent here to trample on the rights of this country.

—Samuel Adams, in a letter to the publishers of *The Boston Gazette*, which appeared August 19, 1771.

In the years preceding the Revolutionary War, Boston radical Samuel Adams worried that the colonists might not want to endure a prolonged battle for independence. To help cement their determination, he organized the Committees of Correspondence to spread deprecating messages about the British occupational troops in the colonies. The messages from these patriots' pens were phrased in a carefully crafted manner, formalized by Adams, who once said of himself, "I am an anonymous manipulator of man, events, and nations." Biographer Paul Lewis, who quotes him in his book *Samuel Adams: The Grand Incendiary*, notes, "as usual, he exaggerated, but he could not help it for the twisting of truth and the magnification of reality had become chronic."

"Sam Adams was not only the propagandist of the revolution, but he was the greatest of them all," write Edwin and Michael Emory, in their book, *The Press and America*. "He

was truly the 'master of puppets' and 'assassin of reputations' as his enemies dubbed him."

Adams' form of presentation was based on several tenets, among them, advertising the eventual rewards of victory while minimizing the risks of defeat and neutralizing any opposition, no matter how logical. But his chief principle was to phrase all issues concerning separation in views of black and white, right and wrong, patriot and British. There would be no room for middle ground nor gradations of viewpoints to distract prospective converts to the patriot cause.

Among other legacies, this technique left an irony in American history: those who would cry the loudest for independence and human rights would be the same ones to deny others the same rights. Since there were only two ways to view the issue of separation, and since only one (the patriots') was correct and virtuous, the Tory viewpoint was evil and dangerous. So Tory publishers such as James Rivington saw their newspapers torched by zealous patriots following the lead of Adams.

An even more lasting legacy of this propaganda technique, however, is the narrow and confining vantage point it places on issues. Semanticists such as S. I. Hayakawa refer to such a two-sided presentation as two-valued logic or a two-valued orientation to language and issues. Used consciously, it represents an intentional method of simplifying issues, even though the simplification causes distortion. A writer does not have to advocate one of the two viewpoints to use the two-valued logic. Indeed, any time a complex issue (and most are complex) is boiled into only two sides, two-valued logic is at work.

This orientation did not originate with Adams. Nor did it end with him. Poet John Milton had opposed the two-valued logic of Oliver Cromwell in 1644 when he penned his *Areopagitica*. In the treatise, Milton argued for allowing a multitude of opinions to have their day in the arena. The truest of them would survive; the weaker, untrue viewpoints would perish in battle. Later, in America, the framers of the Constitution borrowed Milton's reasoning when they drafted the First Amendment. Hitler used two-valued logic to classify almost

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everything and everybody into one of two groups: Aryan and non-Aryan. The lion, for example, was said to be an Aryan animal because of its strength and power; the lamb was obviously non-Aryan. There was even a correct, Aryan, way of breathing and an incorrect, non-Aryan way. There was no middle ground; no other way of seeing people, things or ideas.

Today the Soviet Union and United States have also adopted many of Adams' techniques. Thought patterns are divided into Eastern and Western; the entire world is a dialectic of good and evil, depending on one's political perspective. There are few, if any, gradations of viewpoints presented by national leaders. Such refusal to admit the existence of middle ground impedes progress in many types of negotiations the world over.

The British adopted the two-valued logic in minimizing or concealing the losses in the Falklands War; the United States took the example further in denying the press the right even to cover the Grenada invasion. The nation was told by President Reagan following the invasion that there were only two perspectives from which to view the operation: his own and the Communists'. There was no middle ground. To be against the Reagan perspective was to cast your lot with the other side.

It is difficult to justify a democratic leader's use of this two-valued logic, although all presidents have used it. When the institution charged with being the independent, detached observer for the American public starts using the logic, justification becomes even harder. Still, the media do use such logic and the news consumer will probably continue to see incomplete stories for the following reasons.

THE NATURE OF NEWS

Two of the most universally accepted notions of news are that (a) news is an event that deviates from the norm and (b) a news event includes conflict, either overt or covert. In each case, two poles get the media's attention: in the former, the norm and the deviation; in the latter, the two people or ideas or emotions in conflict. The stronger this polarity, according to journalistic orthodoxy, the stronger the news story and the better the play it receives. The weaker the polarity, the weaker the story and the poorer the play.

What contributes to weakness? The existence of mitigating circumstances, middle ground, or tertiary viewpoints — all pretty much the same to a journalist.

Recently I overheard a conversation in a newsroom between a reporter and his editor. The reporter had discovered that an elected official was being asked to resign because of several absences from town meetings. The editor considered this a potentially strong story because the norm of responsible public service was being violated. The reporter then said he had not been able to reach the official to question him about his absences. Should he continue trying or present the story without the reasons? "Well," the editor replied, "we could let it go as is without the reasons and have a pretty strong story of an irresponsible town official, or you could call him and see if his reasons are good. But if they are, we probably have a weaker

story." The editor told the reporter to keep telephoning. The reporter reached the official, found the reasons for the absences were good, and the story received poorer positioning than originally planned.

As a former editor, I realize I have fallen victim to this logic many times. My best memories of strong stories were when a reporter would bring in a clear-cut conflict for a story; my least exciting moments were when the reporter would lay out the conflict but add, "However, it's really not such a conflict because . . ." I felt at times like yelling, "Dammit! Don't tell me that!"

At times I see the news media projecting reality's equivalent to the television soap opera. And, like a soap opera, the stronger the conflict between characters, the better the show, and the greater the audience pull. The great press barons have all realized the marketability of a good conflict.

So the very nature of news gives reason for editors to honor Adams' two-sided way of telling a story.

THE MEDIA'S PENCHANT FOR CLASSIFICATIONS

Hayakawa notes that some of the reason behind the two-valued logic is the need for ascribing people, ideas or issues to one classification or another. It is easier to find a document when it is pigeon-holed; it is easier to grasp an issue if there are only two sides and each is pigeon-holed. One is either a liberal or conservative; one is either a materialist or idealist. There is no middle ground, few if any gradations of viewpoint. Because of this, meaning is distorted, subtleties lost.

Yet to news media restricted by time, space, and audience attention span, such labels are seen as vital to attract the modern, busy news consumer, presenting the polarization as quickly as possible to retain readers or viewers.

Certainly the basis for Adams' propaganda methodology was the heavy reliance on classifications.

THE EMERGENCE OF THE MARKETING CONCEPT IN THE NEWS MEDIA

The penchant for classifications is partially based on the growing receptiveness among the news media to marketing their products as any other manufacturer would market theirs. Recently a top newspaper consultant called the media's increasing interest in marketing principles the most important and most favorable thing to happen to newspapers in decades.

What have the marketing studies shown? Taking the new *USA Today* as a prime product of national marketing research, one finds the public asking for shortened stories, simplified issues, stories of obvious conflicts and little interpretive reporting. To have this format, editors must have ready-to-use classifications; they must use a two-valued orientation.

Most members of the news media in the United States do not intentionally slant their reporting, even though they may have only two of possibly many poles represented. Most media do not advocate one of those poles, although sociologist Herbert Gans argues they do present built-in value biases. Merely feeling that altruistic public service is the norm shows a value judgment on the part of the media, Gans says.

In the interest of fairness, a reporter does toss the same tough question at a Democratic president that he would at a Republican. In the process, though, the reporter is seeking out those polarizing bases for strong news stories. No answer is the "right" answer; it only leads to another question that seeks to perpetuate the conflict.

Consider the presidential press conference wherein the main objective is to get the president to say something significant, preferably in a candid and quotable manner. When President Reagan was questioned about the rumors of a Libyan hit squad on the prowl for him, he at first refused to confirm the reports, despite persistent requests that he do so. When he did relent and confirm them, however, one reporter wanted to know, "Sir, do you feel it wise to make such an admission?" Small wonder some public officials feel badgered by the press at times, but such reportorial jibing and coming-about is necessary if the two-valued orientation — and the conflict it represents — is to be kept alive.

There are other reasons the press relies on this two-valued approach. One is because the traditional inverted pyramid format forces a reporter into thinking in terms of conflicting sides. The lead paragraphs are to summarize briefly that conflict; details and mitigating factors are played farther down in the piece. And if the lead is to summarize the conflict briefly, the headline (which is based on the lead) must do it even faster. There is no room for middle ground or mitigating factors in a one- or two-column headline where each word is at a premium.

Another reason is the laziness of some reporters who refuse to get more than one or two sources for a story. If you have only one source — or even two — you have only one or two viewpoints represented. Still, many reporters feel their job is done if they track down a source, and they file one-source stories.

Certainly there are some notable exceptions to all of this. Journals of interpretive comment which cover most if not all of the bases still exist in the likes of *The New York Times* and *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. Yet these publications and others like them are the exception in modern journalism, and even these have all undergone drastic changes in response to market studies. Among the broadcast media, attempts have been made to put more depth into news with programs such as *Nightline*, *This Week With David Brinkley* and *The MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour*. Yet *Nightline* is headed back to a 30-minute time slot, and *This Week* occupies the traditional public affairs time slot on Sunday mornings.

It is no secret that interpretation, in-depth reporting, and a multi-valued orientation to issues are not the norm in Ameri-

can journalism. With the continued emphasis on news marketing, it will be even less the norm. Most news people will continue to rely on the two-valued orientation — many of them will do so subliminally — and most journalists will be content to tell simply *both* sides to the story. The trouble is, such a presentation is only legitimate in a world of blacks and whites. And the world journalists cover is one hundred shades of gray. □

Freed Without Freedom

continued from page 2

I had been found guilty of "engaging in activities that endanger the maintenance of law and order."

Did they know what they were doing when they robbed me of my voice? Did they know the effect it would have on me, the damned frustration? Silence in court. If you will not respect this court, you will get into serious trouble. Silence. What for? An eternity of questions.

The frequent knocks. At night. Weekends. Weekdays. Who is this man? Don't you know you are not supposed to get visitors? He has come to visit my wife and children, not me. We came to see if you are still okay. Where is your friend Phil? When last did you see him? . . .

More than a year later, the night of June 23-24. That knock again, dammit. This time all my doors and windows are rapped. I open one door and before I know what is happening there is a crowd streaming in through both the front and back doors.

They take me away and this time they take me to court. They believe they have, at last, found evidence to convict me in court on four charges of terrorism, alternatively of furthering the aims of a banned organization, the Pan Africanist Congress, and of possession of a firearm and ammunition without a license.

But I have to wait in solitary confinement for five months before I am brought to court.

In the end I am found guilty of furthering the aims of the PAC by collecting literature published by them. The literature I was supposed to have collected was one booklet. Four of us are found guilty: Supho Mzolo and Nhlanganiso Sibanda are sent to jail for three years, Sipho Ngcobo and I for two and one-half years.

Those responsible for putting us in court claim to believe certain things:

—That justice must be seen to be done.

—That a man is innocent until he is proved guilty in a court of law.

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Hazards on the Way to Glitter

Bruce D. Butterfield

The following is excerpted from a six-part, fifteen-story series on working conditions in the Rhode Island jewelry industry. Written by Bruce D. Butterfield, Nieman Fellow '84 and special writer with *The Providence (R.I.) Journal-Bulletin*, the stories were published by that newspaper in 1981. They resulted in a state inquiry into jewelry work. New laws were enacted that increased state authority over the industry, and new inspections were authorized for jewelry plants and job shops. The state most aggressively cracked down on home labor operations cited in the series.

Many of the more flagrant abuses in the industry have been curbed, Butterfield reports. Further, publicity over the conditions, threats of more direct state involvement in the industry, and a variety of changing economic factors in the state appear to be resulting in more fundamental and permanent improvements.

But even state officials involved in the industry cleanup concede that such changes are slow to come. The basic system of making costume jewelry in Rhode Island remains largely as it was when the original stories were printed. Unchanged also, Butterfield adds, are many of the industry's work, employment, and health problems rooted in this system.

The jewelry series won a variety of regional and national awards, including the Associated Press Managing Editors award for public service.

A first-person account of working in the jewelry industry, also excerpted from the series, will be reprinted in the fall issue of *Nieman Reports*.

Jewelry work in Rhode Island is life at the bottom of industrial America. The state's largest industry offers little but the threat of illness and a promise of poverty to many of the nearly 30,000 people who depend on it for a weekly wage.

The poorest of the factory work force are like migrant labor, forced to keep moving from job to job because of constant slowdowns, layoffs, and hirings in the state's maze of 1,200 jewelry firms.

In hundreds of those firms, many tucked away in old mill complexes and garages, jewelry is made or assembled in rooms where the air is impregnated with metal dust and chemical fumes. Blocked or inadequate fire exits are commonplace. In some shops, even toilets are lacking.

Health-threatening conditions are not confined to the industry's host of small and often marginally run shops and factories.

Evidence gathered by the *Journal-Bulletin* from hundreds of interviews with jewelry workers, physicians and public-health officials and from state and federal inspection reports shows that serious health and safety problems exist in the larger factories as well.

Despite highly critical inspection findings in the state reports on the plants, little has been done to force meaningful improvements.

Officially in both medical and public health circles, there is no jewelry health problem.

In reality, thousands of jewelry workers are exposed to chemicals and manufacturing processes that can, and often do, make them sick. The health problems are as numerous as the manufacturing processes, ranging from epoxy poisoning and severe skin disease to such longterm and possibly fatal diseases as chronic bronchitis and asbestosis.

Yet, when jewelry workers miss work or are disabled because of job-related illness or injury, most are not paid. And records indicate that very few of them ever apply for, or receive, workers' compensation.

Abusive work practices in the state's sprawling jewelry industry go beyond factory doors.

Estimates are that well over 1,000 workers — many of them women and some of them children barely school age — illegally paint, solder and assemble costume jewelry for manufacturers in their homes.

The work, often rushed to meet factory deadline, is done nights and weekends in basements or around kitchen tables on piece-work rates as low as \$1 an hour.

Jewelry workers are Rhode Island's largest industrial force. Yet they remain undefended, unprotected and widely exploited.

These are the major findings of a *Journal-Bulletin* investigation of jewelry manufacturing in Rhode Island, the na-



Placards are the only external signs of the variety of businesses inside an old mill building.

Journal-Bulletin photo by George E. Rooney

tion's leading maker of costume jewelry.

Jewelry industry spokesmen reject charges that poor conditions and exploitative practices are widespread.

They point out — with some justification — that over the last decade, dozens of jewelry houses have modernized plants and begun to offer benefit packages that have improved overall working conditions.

They also note that while the question of health hazards in the jewelry industry has been hotly debated, there is virtually no official documentation of worker illness or disease.

But claims of improvements mean little to the majority of workers in the many workshops and small factories that make up the bulk of the industry. Theirs is an unchanged world of hard work, unclean work places, and the constant threat of layoff and unemployment.

And those made ill from the work — even in the better factories — go unnoticed and abandoned.

For 12 years, Loretta Deitrich worked for several large jewelry factories, gluing stones to rings, carding and linking jewelry pieces.

Like thousands of other women, she turned to jewelry for a job when the youngest of her five children reached school age and her husband's salary no longer kept up with the bills. "I had no skills. Jewelry work was all I could do," she says.

The jewelry factories paid Mrs. Deitrich minimum wage, gave her few or no benefits, and periodically laid her off. They also, her doctor says, made her sick.

In the spring of 1977, Mrs. Deitrich — a benchworker for two years at Alan Jewelry in Providence — developed a chronic cough. Soon, her breathing became so labored that she had to sleep sitting up in bed.

Tests showed that Mrs. Deitrich, never a smoker and with no history of lung problems, had severe respiratory dys-

function. Dr. Denis Baillargeon, a Providence pulmonary specialist, asserts that "overwhelming" evidence led to his diagnosis: trachial bronchitis caused by work.

Although her job involved only assembling finished jewelry, she worked beside rows of lead solderers. Chemical plating, she said, was done in a room behind her.

"It was smoky. Like a smoky, smoky room," Mrs. Deitrich recalled.

For more than a year, she had been covering her arms with ointments and wearing long-sleeved blouses because she constantly developed severe rashes handling plated jewelry and felt jewelry boards. In a previous job she had breathed fumes from powerful industrial glue used to fasten stones to jewelry pieces.

On Dr. Baillargeon's orders, Mrs. Deitrich left work for six weeks. Her condition, he said, improved dramatically. But when she returned to the workbench, the lung and skin problems returned too.

For more than a month, Mrs. Deitrich continued to report to work despite the problems and Dr. Baillargeon's recommendation that she quit jewelry work.

Days, she coughed and wheezed constantly. Nights, she slept sitting up. After six weeks, fearful she might die, she finally quit the only work she knew.

It took six months for her condition to improve. Four years later, she is still taking medication to ease chest discomfort.

State law says she had a right to seek workers' compensation. She didn't.

"I wouldn't even know how to go about it. I've never done any of that," she said.



As a benchworker engaged only in assembling jewelry, Mrs. Deitrich held a job considered to be one of the least hazardous in the jewelry industry. She also worked in a factory, now no longer doing soldering, that is among the cleanest in the state.

Thousands of other jewelry workers labor directly over unvented tanks of hot



Tubs with chemical mixtures are common to jewelry workshops. Health officials say chemicals are often poorly handled in the jewelry industry.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Bob Thayer

chemical solutions, dipping costume jewelry for plating, or sit in unventilated rooms coating jewelry with epoxy and resins that are among the most allergenic agents available.

They bend over workbenches soldering jewelry and breathing fumes of lead and silver-cadmium, powdering molds for jewelry casting with talc that is contaminated with asbestos and silica, or cleaning jewelry in hot tanks of trichloroethylene, a suspected carcinogen.

Most workers, like Mrs. Deitrich's fellow workers, show no apparent signs of ill health.

But others do:

- Robin Allard, a 16-year old who quit school to work putting epoxy on jewelry in a tiny second-floor factory near her home, had to be rushed to Roger Williams General Hospital when the epoxy she was working with caused her face to swell so badly she could not see. Doctors say she narrowly missed being scarred for life. For weeks, the shop owner had given her an ointment to cover rashes on her face, hands and arms and said of the rash, "Everybody gets it. It goes away."

When Miss Allard's parents sought compensation, they found that the firm lacked even basic workers' insurance.

- In one of the most modern jewelry factories in Rhode Island, Valerie LePere, 27, was assigned to sand down asbestos boards and solder jewelry alongside dozens of other workers on unvented workbenches. Miss LePere, then living in

Providence, came down with acute bronchitis that doctors attribute to work exposure.

Although she tried to continue work, her illness recurred, and, her doctor says, developed into lung illness that forced her to quit jewelry work altogether. That was in 1978. Two years later, she was found living in a third-floor tenement in the Dorchester section of Boston, broke and fearful of catching even a simple cold. In the two years since she quit her jewelry job, she had been sick continuously, losing job after job because of bronchitis, pleurisy, and other chest ailments.

- John B. Iacoucci Jr., 57, former head of jewelry casting for the Ideal Jewelry Co., has what doctors call talcosis from breathing industrial talc during 21 years of powdering cast molds. He has constant trouble breathing and, most days, pain in his chest. His doctor says his condition will get worse, not better. Eventually, he is likely to die from the disease if he does not die first from the lung cancer it promotes.

Yet when Iacoucci retired because of his illness, the jewelry company gave him nothing. After a year-long battle for workers' compensation, he was granted \$102 a week to live out what remains of his life.

"I never thought it would make me sick like this," he says. "Nobody told me what I did might be harmful."



These cases — and those of other workers with health problems spanning the entire range of jewelry manufacturing jobs — were drawn from extensive interviews with jewelry workers, their physicians, and health experts in and out of government.

There have been no studies to determine the extent of such illness in the industry.

In 1980, the Rhode Island Lung Association, in cooperation with the state Health Department and some of the state's leading physicians, documented the potential for serious and even life-threatening health problems in virtually every phase of costume-jewelry manufacture.

In most cases, the processes involved low-level exposure to hazardous chemicals and materials thought to pose no imminent threat when handled with proper worker safety procedures. But such procedures were commonly absent in the 48 jewelry factories and workshops toured.

In several workshops, jewelry was spray-painted by workers who wore no masks, in "spray booths" with clogged ventilation systems. In another shop, blowers to protect workers from the dust generated by polishing machines were shut off because "there's only the two of us working today."

Workers in soldering shops routinely used asbestos boards, recently outlawed in jewelry work because of the threat of asbestosis. None of the shops ventilated fumes generated in the soldering operation, in which the use of lead flux and silver-cadmium created potentially hazardous fumes.



In several plating shops, workers who wore no respirators or protective garments dipped jewelry into unvented tanks of hot acids.

In another, jewelry was degreased in a 55-gallon drum containing hot 1, 1, 1-trichloroethane, a powerful intoxicant and suspected carcinogen. A single copper water line around the rim was supposed to keep fumes from escaping. It didn't.

"It's OK. We're careful with it," the owner said.

In one of the largest and best-run plating shops in the state, acrid mist and odors from a variety of cyanide and acid tanks filled not only the rooms where plating was done, but also the stringing room where 16 women worked silently at rows of workbenches attaching pieces of jewelry to plating racks.

An ammonia spill at the shop gagged workers, but production did not cease. A *Journal-Bulletin* reporter who worked at the shop for two days was ordered to "hold your breath" and run past the spill.



State health officials readily concede that "sloppy housekeeping," as one of them put it, is epidemic in jewelry.

"We can't produce the hard data, but we can make a good guess there are exposures out there. We know from our investigations and our experience there are a number of exposures out there that are a serious health problem," says James Hickey, chief of the state Health Department's Occupational Safety Division.

Hickey's appraisal is based in part on 100 inspections at jewelry plants from 1974-1981 and on complaints from workers. The Health Department refused to release the reports, but summaries were obtained by the *Journal-Bulletin* and verified as accurate by health officials.

They show a pattern of sloppy handling of chemicals, high worker exposure to chemical and metal fumes and a general lack of safety information and procedures in the plants.

Yet in only a few cases where there was evidence of an immediate threat to workers did the Health Department seek improvements. Many of the firms were never reinspected, even when the owners failed to notify health officials that they had corrected serious problems uncovered in the inspections.

The principal job of inspecting industrial work places in the state, health officials argue, rests with the federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration. But the federal agency's activity in the industry has been limited.

In all of 1980, records show, OSHA performed only eight general inspections of jewelry factories. The year before, only three.



Annually, the jewelry industry in Rhode Island produces just over \$1.2 billion in costume jewelry that is shipped throughout the United States and to markets in Europe and South America. Though its hold on the industry has slipped in recent years, Rhode Island remains the costume jewelry center of the nation and one of the powers in the world jewelry market.

But the industry is an old and fragmented one, living in a collage of work places spread across the state.

At the top are the large jewelry manufacturers with substantial plants: Hedgeson Manufacturing in Lincoln, Catamore in East Providence, B. B. Greenberg and Vargas Manufacturing in Providence and Monet Jewelers in Pawtucket, to name a few.



But most of the industry, and an overwhelming majority of the work places, are in hundreds of smaller manufacturing plants and an estimated 1,200 small contract or "job shops" tucked away in backyard garages and old mill complexes: 16 firms in an aging mill complex; 18 serviced by dark elevators of the old Wanskuck Mill; a half-dozen in the old Uniroyal tire complex in Providence, and 16 in the old Atlantic Mills.

Such complexes and old factory buildings that house these jewelry shops dot the state; to an outsider they are an invisible industry.

Shop after shop is up a dark and creaking wood stairway or at the end of a long, dimly lit mill hallway. Plywood-covered doors with hand-scrawled signs pointing to buzzers are all that mark dozens of shop entrances.

Ring the bell, wait, and a door or a peephole opens. Inside are an owner, a relative and three employees. Or there is an extensive shop with up to 50 workers. Rarely, in either case, are conditions

good. Peeling paint on ceilings, windows boarded up or covered with sheets of yellowing plastic, cluttered workbenches, boxes and crates blocking aisles and fire exits are commonplace.

This is the backbone of the state's jewelry industry: A maze of small manufacturing shops competing against each other for the right to produce jewelry fast and cheap.

When business is good, such shops and factories swell with help and work. As business falls off, they shrink overnight. Always, there are jewelry shops hiring or being formed and always there are other shops laying off help or going out of business.

■ IN THE HOME ■

But jewelry work extends beyond even the smallest contract shop, reaching into the kitchens and living rooms of thousands of workers.

In 1980 investigators from the Rhode Island Department of Labor knocked on an apartment door in South Providence. Inside, they found a family of Southeast Asian refugees assembling jewelry for a major Rhode Island manufacturer.

"The mother, father, grandparents and all the children sat around the kitchen table nights carding and linking jewelry," recalls Roberta Orticario, chief of the state's Labor Standards Division.

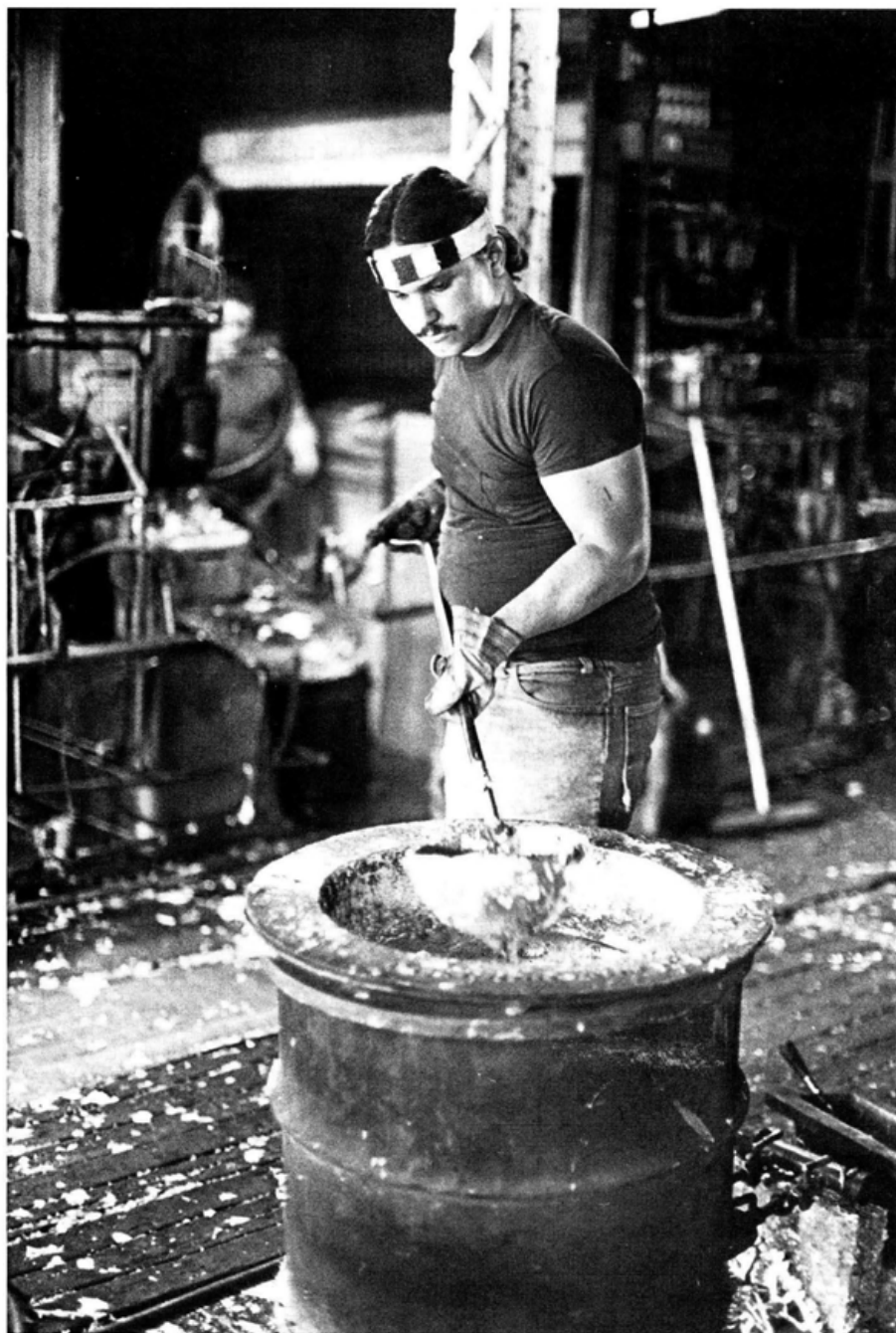
In a Bristol tenement, inspectors for the division found a mother and her 8- and 10-year old sons sitting in the living room on a school day linking jewelry for a nearby job shop.

Such homework operations in jewelry have been illegal in Rhode Island since 1936.

Last year, more than 1,200 jewelry job shops were registered with labor officials under a new state law designed in part to find illegal homework operations and shut them down.

In spot checks on nearly half of those shops, labor investigators found that 60 were actually homes and ordered them to cease operations.

"I think we've managed to get a handle on the problem at least," Mrs. Orticario says.



Casting: Molten metal can produce high levels of lead oxide fumes.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Bob Thayer

Although her division's efforts have been in earnest, the handle is a thin one at best. The new checks on licensed job shops spot only those shops clearly working out of kitchens and basements. Often, the grimmest home labor operations are more subtly conducted.

One homework operation uncovered by investigators and ordered shut down

was found six months later, operating out of a licensed job shop in another area.

The shop, two small rooms in back of a ground-floor tenement, was equipped with three foot presses and several workbenches. The owner, an affable man who had spent his life as a jewelry worker, conceded that the shop

— empty most of the time — was designed as a front for a homework operation involving 26 women in three cities.



Lottie Riccitelli and the small epoxy and engraving shop she worked at in the basement of the old Wanskuck Mill complex illustrate why and how such abusive labor practices exist.

Mrs. Riccitelli, unskilled and with three young children at home, began working for the shop in the spring of 1970. On the books, she was a regular employee. But in fact, she mixed and painted epoxy on jewelry in her kitchen at home.

The pay was based on a piece-rate system that often made it impossible for her to clear minimum wages. But she had few choices.

In 1972, her husband died and his pension as a retired Providence police officer ended. Her son was 9, her two daughters 10 and 15 years old. Survivors' benefits paid her \$43 a month for herself and each child.

Home labor was the only other income they had.

Several times a week, she said, she drove to the shop, delivered finished orders and picked up work. Every spare minute of the day and late into the night she worked on the jewelry. On good weeks, she made \$100.

But the longer she worked over the years, she said, the lower the piece rate became. One job, putting epoxy on zodiac signs, dropped from a penny a sign to six-tenths of a cent over three years. Another, putting epoxy on earrings, dropped from a penny to three-tenths of a cent per earring.

"After my husband died, I think he (the jewelry shop owner) felt he had me where he wanted me," she said. "I needed money and I needed to be able to work at home. If I complained, I wouldn't get work."



Copies of order forms that she kept the last year of her work detail the low rates. A job she was given on November

16, 1979, is typical:

The order called for her to mix and pour various colors of epoxy onto the tops of 14,257 tiny earrings. Each earring had to be stuck individually into a Styrofoam board and leveled to ensure that the epoxy would flow over the top evenly. Just the right amount of epoxy had to be put on each piece or it would flow unevenly. Once the epoxy dried, the earrings had to be taken off the boards and boxed.

The job took Mrs. Riccitelli 32 hours,

a rate a supervisor in the shop told the *Journal-Bulletin* was "excellent." The pay, before taxes and other deductions, was \$57.02 — \$1.78 an hour.



The owner of the firm, who since then moved the business to another factory, denied all charges in a telephone interview after he failed to keep several appointments with this reporter. At one point in the interview, he offered to allow



A young piece-worker assembles jewelry.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Bob Thayer

the newspaper to examine his books, but later rescinded the offer.

"Now, I don't know what my lawyer is gonna say. But, if you take my word for it, everybody in that goddamn place got more, and I mean more. Everybody got more than they deserved," he said.

Asked specifically about homeworkers, he maintained: "All the cards are here; they're all in the shop. The work was in the shop."

Mrs. Riccitelli and her work records say otherwise.

Others in the shop appear to have fared no better.

Extensive interviews with five former employees of the small engraving and painting firm — including a former officer of the firm — detail a pattern of violations of minimum wage and overtime laws, and abuse of the unemployment insurance system extending back a decade.

The firm was down a long unlighted corridor in a series of rooms the owner called a "dungeon."

Sandra Panclera, who quit the shop after working there 12 years, says that as a homemaker she was supplied with an engraving pantograph machine in her house for nearly eight years. She moved inside as factory help for four years before quitting last year.

Carried on the books as a regular employee throughout those years, she said, she periodically collected unemployment insurance when business got slow, but continued to "work on the side" for the company.

"He said, 'Things are bad. Keep collecting. Keep collecting.' But all this time he would give me a little work on the side," she said. Only he would never pay me. Not until I was off unemployment. At one point, he owed me more than \$1,000. But whatever he gave you, he would take 20 percent. He'd say he had to pay taxes."

None of the workers in the shop, she said, ever received paid vacations or medical benefits. "You made what you got on piece rate and that was it. If it was less than minimum wage, that's still all you got."

Dorothy Welch, who quit after serving as an officer of the firm for years and who now operates her own jewelry shop, said such work practices became commonplace.

She quit in the spring of 1980, she said, after the owner proposed to workers that they file for unemployment, pay him half, and continue working in the shop. Employees in the shop, she said, rejected the plan and it was dropped.

One employee, she said, went to work as factory help when she was 15 years old. Over the next three years, she said, the employee often worked overtime and weekends but was never paid time-and-a-half. Piecework jobs she was given frequently fell below minimum wage, she said.

That employee asked not to be identified but confirmed the allegations.

The workers stayed, each said, because they needed work that gave them flexible hours or that could be done at home. All conceded that they were violating the law against homework.

"It was good for me most of the time. But then it went bad," one said.

■ SMALL SHOPS ■

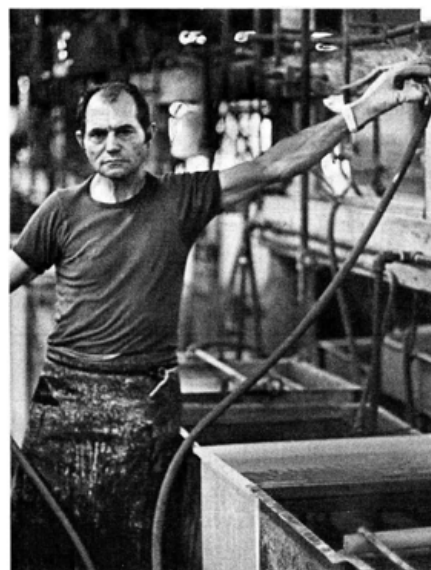
Small shops employing fewer than 10 workers account for more than half of the jewelry industry in Rhode Island. Rarely is labor abuse intentional in these shops. Many are family operations, with relatives often constituting the majority of the workforce.

But the shops are still plagued with problems.

Economically, they are often places where the bare minimum wage, and in some cases less, is paid and there are no such things as worker benefits and vacations. Not infrequently, workers report, overtime hours are paid at straight-time rates.

Workrooms are small, often unventilated, and filled with fumes and dust from the jewelry-making operation.

Frances Gilchrist and her daughter were running S and G Jobbers in Providence. It was a small, closed-up room



A plater works at his trade.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Bob Thayer

in the back of a three-story tenement. Two solderers and three women setting up the work crowded the room. An alcove filled with jewelry and order forms was the office.

On several visits, soldering fumes hung heavily in the air. Soldering boards containing asbestos were being cleaned and used by women setting up jewelry work. Mrs. Gilchrist said she bought them from another firm and did not know what they were made of.

All she knows, she says, is that she pays her help minimum wage, works 14-hour days herself, and is still losing money.

"They don't pay you nothing. Two cents a tack (a solder point) on this job. It's awful. I can't even pay the taxes," she says. "How can you worry about good working conditions when you can't pay your taxes?"

She blames homeworkers for driving the prices down.

Small shop owners interviewed throughout the area were clearly struggling with similar economic problems, unaware and unconcerned that conditions they themselves worked in resembled industrial sweatshops.

For two days this reporter worked in a small casting shop in Providence where

the windows were covered with plywood boards, thick clouds of smoke and metal fumes filled the shop air from three open melting pots, and ventilation was absent.

Daily, workers were burned by the hot metal castings they had to handle and molten metal they had to pour.

Yet the owner of the shop — a burly, quiet, but amicable man — saw nothing wrong with the conditions. He'd worked in them himself for years. And he was proud of the fact that while he demanded hard work, offered no benefits, and could guarantee no permanent jobs, he paid unskilled laborers at 15 cents an hour over minimum wage.

"I've always believed in a man earning a decent living," he said.

■ SMALL FACTORIES ■

Conditions and wages don't substantially improve in many of the larger workshops and small factories that make up the industry. Indeed, for many workers in these shops, it is often worse. Absent is the camaraderie between owners and workers that makes many of the smaller shops bearable.

Floor ladies and male supervisors run the factories, frequently standing behind workers with stopwatches and shouting for faster production.

There is constant worker turnover. In several small manufacturing houses and large plating job shops, nearly half the workers had been on the job less than six months. Many are hired as temporary workers because of the flow of job orders. Others leave on their own when work is periodically reduced to half-days or short weeks.

Regal Plating, a large plating factory in Providence that usually employs between 55 and 80 people, is one of the most stable job shops of its kind in the state. Through most of the summer and fall of 1980, workers were constantly laid off and rehired on a week-to-week — sometimes a day-to-day — basis.

Even on days when there was work, the shop would frequently close early. Only a "core" of about 25 workers were guaranteed 30 hours a week. The rest, many of whom were considered full-time

employees, were forced to turn to unemployment insurance for income.



"The work, good days and bad. The money, that hard. Not enough. Hard to live," said Adrianna Soares in broken English. Mrs. Soares, a 55-year old Portuguese immigrant was working as a stringer through that period. A regular employee for two years, she was earning — when she was not laid off — \$3.15 an hour.

She stayed, she said, because her husband, a fisherman, was disabled and they needed the money for the family.

The owner of the firm, John W. Grosse, said he regretted the layoffs and lack of work. He blamed them on bad times in the jewelry industry and said he had no choice. "Our policy is to provide steady work for our core people. If I could do more, I would," he said.

His plating shop, he acknowledged, was "lucrative" in good times, with high company profits. "But you can lose it all in bad times if you're not careful."

Regal, at least, offered limited security and benefits to about a third of its workers. Other companies use far more workers and offer no benefits and security.

One small jewelry manufacturer in Providence, whose regular staff is about 25 employees, counted up W-2 forms at the end of the year and was himself surprised at the results.

By his count, in 1980, he hired and fired 242 different workers to fill those 25 jobs.



Such jewelry firm owners, citing the "cyclical nature" of the industry, insist that flexibility in the monthly and even weekly size of their work force is essential to maintaining profits. However, the constant layoffs and hirings that this produces has created a work force at the bottom of the jewelry industry labor pool that is virtually migrant factory help.

There are no official statistics on these people, but their numbers are high. In a honeycomb of jewelry shop complexes,

workers like George Menzivarz can be found every day of the week walking from factory to factory checking out the help-wanted signs permanently attached to hundreds of shops in Providence.

There were no jobs this day for Menzivarz, a 22-year old native of Honduras who has worked in the jewelry industry here for three years. He had a job polishing jewelry for \$3.10 an hour at a place called Borrelli's. They liked him there, the chief polisher for the firm says, and promised him full-time work.

But the owner laid him off after four weeks. In only one of those weeks was he given a full 40 hours' work.

"Mostly jewelry places are not very strong places to work. A lot of people think jewelry companies are good places to work, but they're not. The people aren't bad. They're just bad places," Menzivarz says.



Even for skilled workers, there is often little certainty of employment.

"In this industry, they use you for six months a year and throw you out the door," says David, a 25-year old plater who has worked in plating shops around Providence for seven years.

Still working in the industry, he asks that his full name not be used. His experience, however, is typical of what is considered one of the better paying factory jobs in jewelry.

Since he began working at 17, David — a tall, strongly built man — has held jobs in five firms, moving because of layoffs, short weeks or bad conditions.

Unlike most workers, his pay was always above minimum wage, sometimes \$5 or more an hour. But the work is among the most dangerous and grueling in jewelry.

Face-stinging fumes filled several of the plating shops that David reports he worked in. Temperatures in summer frequently exceeded 100 degrees and the work called for constant lifting and dipping of jewelry into acid or cyanide-based solutions or into chemicals such as the dangerous trichloroethylene.

Frequently, David says, he went home with nosebleeds and headaches from the



A worker carries equipment between rows of bubbling tanks of acid and cyanide.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Richard Benjamin

work. He talks with a deep, nasal voice that makes him sound as if he has a cold. It has been that way, he says, since his first year on the plating lines.

"I can't say it's the work that does it to me but it always seems I'm stuffed up," he says. "The cyanides and stuff are like an irritant. Really, man, the inside of my nose sometimes is raw like hamburger. I have to wait five to six hours after work to feel right again."

"Today, I have the taste of cyanide," he said. "I can still taste it now. It's a bitter taste."

■ LARGER FACTORIES ■

The large factories employing 100 to 500 people generally have better working conditions, particularly at plants situated in modern suburban locations.

Most of these companies also pay for individual Blue Cross health insurance plans, give regular employees one week's paid vacation, and offer a variety of bonus, incentive and profit-sharing plans.

But such factories, according to industry estimates, make up only 2 percent of the industry work places and 15 percent of the workers. Even here, the standing of workers appears only marginally better.

Job hazards in such occupations as plating, casting and metal stamping exist here as well as in the small shops, state health records show and officials concede. Unskilled work always begins at or near minimum wage, and rarely goes much higher.

Routinely benchworkers with 19 and 20 years' experience are found working for major manufacturers for \$3.50 an hour — and less.

There are no sick day benefits and there is no job protection in the plants sampled by the *Journal-Bulletin*. Layoffs are common in the larger factories as they are in the smaller ones during the traditionally slow periods of summer and Christmas holidays, industry officials concede.

Although less dramatic than in smaller shops, there is also a constant turnover of labor. George R. Frankovich, vice president and director of the Manufacturing Jewelers & Silversmiths of America, a national trade organization based in Providence, agrees with estimates gathered from a half-dozen major factory owners that there is normally a 20 percent annual turnover.

Most of this transient labor is appar-

ently not covered by company benefit plans, since the benefit packages outlined by several major manufacturers were phased in over a year.

■

There is no detailed breakdown of workers' wages compiled by state or federal officials, and no independent measurement of working conditions gauged by such things as fringe benefits.

The Manufacturing Jewelers & Silversmiths of America does compile some data on working conditions and wages as reported by some of its member firms in Rhode Island.

But the reporting is voluntary and the firms that comply are among the best in the industry. Even so, Frankovich refused to release the data, saying they would create labor unrest in companies that do not pay the highest wages and benefits.

"The minimum (benefit) would become the median (benefit) if we published the figures," he said.

The information that is available from state agencies, however, does not speak well of the industry.

Figures from the Department of Employment Security list the average salary in the jewelry and silverware industries in 1980 at \$168 a week — the lowest weekly manufacturing salary in Rhode Island and among the lowest in the nation. Even so, such figures are misleadingly high, says DES director Mary C. Hackett, because silverworkers' salaries are generally higher than those in jewelry and because the totals include the salaries of managers and supervisors.

Using adjusted figures, she says, the official wage level of production workers in the costume jewelry industry is less than \$4 an hour — with most unskilled workers receiving 10 or 25 cents above the minimum wage, now \$3.35 an hour.

The average income is further depressed by the regular layoffs common throughout the industry, she acknowledges.

Homeworkers, most earning below minimum wage, are not counted in any statistics.

One telling measure of the industry that is counted is taken at the unemployment-

How Jewelry is Made

It takes many steps to manufacture costume jewelry. Depending on the item being made, some processes listed below may be skipped or done in a different order.

Stamping. Some jewelry pieces are first formed from cuttings of metal findings. Strips or bands of a particular metal are purchased in desired thickness and cut on machines to form the basic shape of the jewelry piece. If the piece calls for a particular design, it is stamped by drop press machines or, in more expensive costume jewelry, hand engraved.

Casting. Most costume jewelry items are first formed by casting. Alloyed metal is melted in smelters, and poured into molds of the jewelry design. When the metal cools and hardens, the mold is opened and the jewelry piece is snapped off the casting form.

Soldering. Hand or machine soldering is done after casting or stamping when two or more jewelry pieces are needed to form a single jewelry item. In the case of rings and bangle bracelets, soldering is also required to join the cut ends.

Polishing. Metal jewelry is polished, or mechanically abraded, after casting to smooth its surface before it is

plated with a more precious metal such as gold or silver. After plating, it is sometimes buffed to a final finish.

Degreasing. Most metal cleaning involves dipping the polished jewelry pieces into heated organic solvents and acids and alkalis to clean it before electroplating. The process is known as degreasing. In some cases, however, where jewelry is not going to be plated, the metal cleaning is done by hand with unheated solvents.

Coating. Some jewelry is coated with epoxy instead of precious metal. If the coating is only on part of the piece, it is plated first. If the coating covers the entire piece, plating is not necessary. The epoxy is applied clear or in various colors and hardens like strong glass. Epoxying can take place either after plating or degreasing.

Lacquering & enameling. Costume jewelry such as imitation pearl is lacquered by dipping or spraying. These do not go through many of the processes common for other costume jewelry. An enameled — rather than a plated — finish may be put on costume jewelry. It may either be sprayed on or powdered on and baked in industrial ovens. These processes can take place either after plating or degreasing.

Electroplating. This is a process of coating alloyed metal jewelry with precious metal. The jewelry is dipped into various tanks of heated and electrically charged acid or cyanide base solutions. Some are washes and some contain metals that adhere to the jewelry. Nickel and copper solutions provide metal undercoatings for the jewelry. Finished coats are normally gold, silver, or rhodium. Other chemical baths are used to put a luster on the jewelry after plating.

Linking & gluing. Jewelry pieces such as wrist and neck chains or pendants may still need to be joined together after plating. Either by hand or machine, workers attach the pieces and close them together in a tweezers-like operation that is called linking. Other jewelry pieces, such as stone settings on earrings, often have to be attached too. These are glued on by workers with tweezers.

Buffing. Plated jewelry may be buffed to bring out the luster of the precious metal coated on it and to remove any light marks.

Carding or boxing. Much jewelry, such as earrings and broaches, are pushed onto cards and the clasps are attached before being shipped. Other jewelry has to be individually boxed before final shipping. □

ment offices every June, when many factories shut down for summer vacations.

Eight thousand workers — well over a quarter of the entire jewelry work force the last time that figure was counted, in 1979 — file for unemployment benefits because their shops have closed and there is no pay.

Even this, Miss Hackett acknowledges, presents a brighter picture than

actually exists. Official estimates are that 1,000 or more jewelry workers who go without pay during their forced vacations also go without unemployment benefits for a variety of reasons. At least one reason is that many of these 1,000 are suspected by employment officials to be undocumented aliens ineligible for unemployment or recent immigrants unaware of any unemployment rights.

■ IMMIGRANTS ■

Jewelry factories in the state, particularly the larger ones, depend heavily on first-generation immigrants for their unskilled-labor needs.

Portuguese, Hispanic and Southeast Asian workers are commonplace in the low-paying benchwork jobs and as assistants on factory plating, polishing, and

casting lines. Indeed, in some larger plants, immigrant labor is dominant.

At Esposito Jewelry, a large manufacturer of costume jewelry rings in a modern plant, an estimated 60 percent of the 250 employees are Spanish-speaking immigrants from Central and South America and Cuba.

■

At American Ring, another costume ring manufacturer, the owner estimates that nearly 90 percent of the 180 workers are first-generation immigrants, principally Portuguese.

"The only thing American in this place is the name," laughs president Renato Calandrelli.

Calandrelli says he hires immigrants because they work longer and harder than U.S.-born workers and have few complaints about pay, which he concedes is barely above minimum wage for most production workers.

By his own account, he has signed sponsor papers guaranteeing jobs for 50 Portuguese immigrants over a five-year period. He did it, he said, as a favor to their relatives already working in his factory.

"I'll be honest with you. I prefer the people from the old country," Calandrelli said. "They get in at 6:30 when the doors open at 7:30. If I want overtime, they work. These people come here to work, not breathe air."

■

Calandrelli also likes immigrant workers, he said, because they are loyal.

He cites an example of one Portuguese employee who had to leave work for several days because her son was in an accident. Though company benefits include no provision for leave or sick time, he said, he paid the woman's salary while she was out and helped defer expenses.

"I can tell you, because of what I did, I could throw that woman out this window 20 times," he said, waving an arm toward a second-floor window. "And 20 times, she'd come again."

In return for such loyalty and hard work, Calandrelli offers his workers



The jewelry industry in Rhode Island depends heavily on women for its unskilled labor needs. The industry estimates that 65 percent of its workers are women.

Journal-Bulletin photo by Bob Thayer

steady jobs, a modest benefit package that includes vacation time, a clean and well-lighted factory and — though he stresses it is voluntary — help when they need loans or face family sickness.

In these respects, at least, his plant is the type industry officials like to point to — a substantial factory with a clean work place and a fairly stable employment record.

■ WOMEN ■

Jewelry factories, large and small, also depend heavily on the labor of women.

The industry estimates that 65 percent of the workers in Rhode Island shops and factories are women. Most, the industry agrees, are in the lowest paid and least skilled jobs.

Such labor practices as piecework, in which workers are paid on the basis of production, are still widely used — though many workers complain that it is riddled with abuse. A state labor report years ago concluded that the practice depresses jewelry workers' wages, a view state labor officials hold today.

"Mothers' shifts" are also common. The shifts, five or six hours during the middle of the day or at night, provide an opportunity for women with children at home to work part of the day, the in-

dustry argues.

But the shifts also provide the factories with a source of cheap labor that can be easily laid off and rehired. Benefits for these workers, when they exist, are prorated, based on hours over a given period.

Frankovich acknowledges this, but insists that the arrangement and layoffs generally work no hardship on most of the women in the factories.

"I think that many feel it's mutually beneficial," he said. Women will "go to work in September when the kids are in school. They're usually laid off near Christmas. They want to do their cooking, get everything ready for Christmas. The kids are home from school for a while. And they take it easy."

"It's ideally suited for them. Many love it that way," he concluded.

■

Flexible hours and lack of required skills do provide jobs for those who might otherwise be locked out of the labor market.

But there is little about the state's jewelry industry that is ideal for workers — men or women. □

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BOOKS

The Verbal Camouflage

Words and Values: Some Leading Words and Where They Lead Us

Peggy Rosenthal. Oxford University Press, 1984, \$17.95

by Bruce MacDonald

Time was when writers conceived of their craft as suiting thought to word and thus "to hold . . . the mirror up to nature." In her book, *Words and Values*, Peggy Rosenthal argues that the mirror which words create is a decidedly blemished surface, revealing more the nature of our culture than a presumed objective reality.

Poets have always capitalized on nuance and connotation, the way a word will resonate to the vibrations of another in the line before it. Modern semanticists and anthropologists have gone beyond the art of words to explore the implicit cultural assumptions which words express. But Rosenthal differs from Franz Boaz, who forty years ago pointed out that the language of a culture not only expresses that culture but engenders it as well. She is not concerned with the increased efficiency which Eskimos enjoy by virtue of using fourteen different words for snow in its various states.

The author concentrates on such common abstract terms as *self*, *development*, *relativity* and *relationship*, the gonfalons of secular humanism. Such words form a nexus of values peculiar to contemporary liberal ideology, and they are all the more deadly because they generally escape notice. Radical feminists will react against such terms as "forefather, mankind" or the masculine pronoun in place of unknown third persons of either sex. Afro-Americans bristle at

terms like "blackmail" and "blackball." Anti-abortionists will be alert to the distinctions between "fetus" and "baby." But who is sensitized to the potential for confused thought which lies coiled inside such harmless abstractions as *development* and *relationship*?

In a chapter entitled "But I Didn't Mean All That," Rosenthal points out that "words can carry meanings apart from our conscious intentions . . . they can carry us along whether or not we're conscious of where we're going, that they can lead us where we don't intend to be following them." Thus, *opinion*, in a relativistic culture, is transmogrified into *truth* by means of polls which "measure" with "instruments" that yield "hard data." Who, in a scientific age, will quarrel with "hard data," particularly when there are no absolutes, anyway?

Accessible to the casual layperson, Rosenthal's work is scholastic if not scholarly, keyed to psychology, anthropology, semantics, history and popular culture, all of which we are invited to view with "critical detachment." Some 27 pages of footnotes and commentary follow the epilogue.

In tracing the convergence (and treachery) of the terms *growth* and *development*, Rosenthal begins with the Oxford English Dictionary citation of the Old Teutonic root "gro" and traces its gradual metaphorical extension to inorganic change. In the Romantic Period, it became a favorite concept of popular culture. This respect for inevitable, organic

transformation permitted "develop" to emerge as a synonym, and it was but a short step from that to "evolution." Darwin, the author notes, was reluctant to use either "develop" or "evolve," preferring "produce."

It was Herbert Spencer, whose thinking Rosenthal characterizes as "flamboyant and chronically sloppy and disrespectful of detail," who established the term "evolution." By the end of the century, "evolution, development, growth" and "progress" had captured the popular imagination. The rage continues and the Humanist Manifesto II of 1973 affirms that we can "alter the course of human evolution and cultural development." (Where there is *growth*, can *progress* be far behind?) Against that background, bureaucracies create Curriculum Development offices and Job Development Programs and the popular press tells us "You must develop whatever you do."

Words, then, not only live in a context of assumptions and values, they *sustain* that context. And whether or not we share those assumptions, whether or not we regard them as foreign currency or domestic, they are what we use in the marketplace of communication. The effects are potentially pernicious. For not only do they encourage us to think in certain ways, they inhibit us from thinking in other ways.

Rosenthal, we learn in the last few pages, thinks in terms of "human nature . . . a mixture of longings for good and lapses into evil" and asserts that we are "individuals with free will" (though in her penultimate sentence this has been qualified to read "to some extent free"). She is distressed that the "dominant ideology" excludes some words from common usage — except as they are used pejoratively. These include: *absolutes*, *humility*, *transcendence*, *truth*, *wisdom*, *soul*, *sin*, *grace*, *gratitude*, and *God*.

None of this should be too surprising, however. If your medium is acrylics, you don't use watercolors. The current cul-

ture is using acrylics.

There is virtue in Rosenthal's hope that a heightened awareness of language will enable one to understand and become critical of the culture which generates it. For her, there is cause for suspicion in "the slipperiness of founding values on our feelings" and in "the logical entanglements and contradictions of relativism" . . . etc.

Like a botanist, she has spent her

energies examining the verbal primroses which camouflage the path to hell. But it is hell and not the primroses that most offends. □

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Lethal Charm at The Times

Good Times, Bad Times

Harold Evans. Atheneum Press, New York City, 1984, \$17.95

by Robert Manning

Newspapermen of a certain vintage were brought up to believe that the part of speech most studiously to be avoided is the first person singular. Harold Evans, a distinguished and much honored newspaper editor, has defied this usually sensible rule and produced a 430-page monument to the perpendicular pronoun.

In justice it must be said that it would have been difficult for him to tell his story in less intimate fashion, for it is the cry of a proud man done wrong. It is a fascinating book for anyone interested in the decline of the once most influential newspaper in the world, *The Times* of London. Nor should the book's audience be confined to newspaper buffs: It has among other attributes a very useful introduction to the man who has become a next-door neighbor to *Boston Globe* readers, namely Rupert Murdoch, proprietor of the *Boston Herald* and of numerous other newspapers in the English-speaking world, many of them cheap and vulgar.

It is also a case study of fatal fascination, of the process whereby a bright, aggressive man of great sophistication, sound mind and body, and a sitting-on-

top-of-the-world spirit, a chap like Harold Evans, could be taken in by the likes of Australia's gift to journalism, Rupert Murdoch.

For some 12 years, Evans had contact with Murdoch, knew of his penchant for "cheerful little betrayals," heard him described as a man whose charm was "lethal." ("One minute he's swimming along with a smile, then snap! There's blood in the water. Your head's gone.") Yet when Murdoch offered him the editorship of *The Times* (capital T, capital T). Evans loped for it like a hearse being led to Watermans. Within a year, Evans was dead as editor of *The Times*, victim of one of Murdoch's not so cheerful and not little betrayals.

Anyway, let Evans begin: "Early in 1983, ten months after he had taken over *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* [England's best weekly newspaper], Rupert Murdoch went to see the Prime Minister, Mrs. Thatcher. They shared a problem: It was me. . . I was the editor of *The Times* and Murdoch's difficulty was how to dispose of me. *The Times* was supposed to be protected from political interference, and its editor from dismissal, by a spectacular series of pledges Murdoch had given in 1981."

Murdoch's pledges to the government,

to the people of Britain, in effect, were that he would not meddle with his editor's decisions nor tamper with the integrity of that once mighty Thunderer, *The Times*. They were written not in blood but in disappearing ink. The Rupert Murdoch portrayed here would understand the distinction that sat in the mind of Sam Goldwyn when he once requested of another Hollywood mogul: "If you won't give me your word of honor, will you give me your promise?" Evans quotes the proprietor as saying that those pledges were "not worth the paper they're written on." Evans relates in sometimes gripping and sometimes tedious detail (he names just about every employee of *The Times*, save for the slaveys in the company canteen) how Murdoch went about trying to control *The Times'* editorial policies, stifle its occasional criticism of the Thatcher government and its occasional lunges in the direction of liberalism. "Why do you keep those Commies?" he would ask Evans about certain reporters or editors.

A principal cause of Murdoch's decision to force his resignation, Evans concluded, was Murdoch's — and Prime Minister Thatcher's — displeasure with his policies. Murdoch's expressed reasons were different, and ingenious enough to suggest a superb case study for the Harvard Business School. He refused to provide Evans with an editorial budget and then blithely accused him of prodigiously violating his nonexistent budget.

There are two or three sympathetic characters in this book, only one hero (whose identity you will have to guess) and a broad scattering of villains vividly skewered by Evans. These include Charles Douglas-Home, nephew of the former prime minister, who as Evans' deputy constantly assures him that he would never work for "that monster" Murdoch, then arranges behind Evans' back to succeed him as editor. There is Evans' personal secretary, who spies on him and passes word of his engagements and conversations to Douglas-Home. There is Gerald Long, formerly of Reuters news agency, installed by Murdoch as general manager of *The Times*, the man responsible for toting up the excesses Evans was committing against his

nonexistent budget. And the eminent historian, Lord Dacre, better known as Hugh Trevor-Roper, one of the governors supposed to make Rupert Murdoch honor his promises, but who preferred to play his role with indolence. (It was he who later confirmed for Murdoch and *The Sunday Times* and then disconfirmed, the so-called Hitler Diaries as authentic.) Dreadful characters all as we see them in these pages.

Even *The Times* does not come off very well in *Good Times, Bad Times*. The newspaper as Evans found it when he took over after editing the weekly *Sunday Times* was arrogant, lassitudinous and resistant to change. No wonder it was — still is — losing money by the bucketful. “I thought this was a daily newspaper,” Evans remarked one day to an editor who had exasperated him by his diffidence. “No,” the editor replied,

“It’s *The Times*.”

Evans’ book, in sum, a story — one-sided as the author would admit — of deceit, immorality, worship of money, tangled ambitions, and backstabbing on a Verdian scale. Any person who has ever held out his hand in trust, friendship, and the belief that there is some good encased in even the basest man, only to have that hand bitten off at the shoulder, will especially sympathize with Harold Evans. He has a right to resort to the perpendicular pronoun. □

Robert Manning, Nieman Fellow '46, is editor-in-chief of the Boston Publishing Company. He is a former London bureau chief for Time-Life and Sunday editor of the New York Herald Tribune. The above is reprinted by permission of The Boston Sunday Globe.

ment have created a residue of cynicism that is a serious and corrosive force,” Powell writes.

And the situation has not been helped, he contends, by the spurious legitimization of gossip as news.

“Serious journalists have allowed their territory to be invaded by traffickers in rumor and innuendo — and have lowered their own standards to compete with the invaders.”

Powell’s proposals to improve the parlous state of president/press relations range from the good to the naive.

“Our commitment to hold two (formal press conferences) a month was foolish,” Powell says. “A president simply has more important things to do with his time than to prepare for (them). . . . On an average, one every four to six weeks ought to suffice.”

Powell also would do away with having an administration’s senior press official conduct the daily White House press briefing, even though Powell admits he insisted on doing the job almost every day. Instead, Powell says, the job should be left to a subordinate with “direct access to the President, for appearance’s sake if nothing else.”

“The problem was that I spent so much time on the day-to-day problems, reacting to crises, stamping out brushfires and the like, that I sadly neglected the long-range aspects of the job — the planning and overseeing of a communications strategy for the President and his programs,” Powell declares.

The former press secretary’s two proposals have an appealing logic and reasonableness. But from the standpoint of an informed press and public, they could be dangerous if taken to the extreme.

Presidential press conferences, as one of my colleagues noted years ago, are not like diamonds, increasing in value the scarcer they become. Carter’s commitment to hold one every two weeks may have been excessive, but if a prime minister of Canada or Great Britain can stand before Parliament and take abuse from members of the opposition party, surely the President of the United States can institutionalize a news conference — with a comparatively more deferential

Press Secretary’s on Washington’s Fast Track

The Other Side of the Story

Jody Powell. William Morrow & Co., New York City, 1984, \$15.95

by Frank Van Riper

Jody Powell was one of the best things about the Jimmy Carter Administration. A bright, quick-witted man with a sense and love of history and politics, Powell served as press secretary throughout the four turbulent years of the Carter presidency. His value to reporters was obvious: enjoying as he did an almost father-son relationship with Carter from their long years together in Georgia, Powell was a surprisingly accurate barometer not only of the chief executive’s policy views but of his temperament as well.

Though Powell himself did not always display Carter’s waspishness and sanctimony, he did share Carter’s capacity for

carrying grudges. In *The Other Side of the Story*, a diatribe-cum-memoir of the Carter presidency, Powell pays off on a number of them. Through more than 300 pages, he often sounds like a whiner — when, for example, he claims that Carter got little credit for the Camp David accords (when he most certainly did) or that Teddy Kennedy is the darling of nearly every reporter in Washington (which he most assuredly is not). But even if much of Powell’s insight is obscured beneath an inch of bile, the former press secretary serves up some of the most trenchant criticism of the Washington press to come along in years.

“The events of Watergate, Vietnam and that whole turbulent decade of souring relations between press and govern-

White House press corps — once a month at the least. (It should be noted that in Carter's case, he tended to substitute real press conferences with so-called "town hall meetings" during out-of-town trips. During these exercises, awed locals too often showered the president with softballs like, "How do you like your job?")

As for limiting the senior press aide's role as a briefer in favor of "overseeing communications strategy," one might argue that such a strategy might best be served by having a pro at the podium — a well-informed, well-connected spokesman — which is just what Powell was. The danger in what Powell proposes is that the person at the podium will be simply a mouthpiece, repeating what is told to him or her, without having either the access to, or respect of, the President and his inner circle, to be of any real help to reporters. The nature of the White House beat is such that, however extensive one's other sources are, the White House reporter will always be dependent on the White House press secretary for much of the information that winds up in print or on the air.

Unlike many press critics, Powell does not merely seize on instances of alleged bungling or pettiness by the press — the stuff that the public reads or hears — and criticize from afar. Having lived and worked among the rogues and royalty of Washington journalism, he also gives the reader a personalized look at the "Washington Press Corps" — and scores points in the process.

Here, for example, is columnist Rowland Evans, the patrician half of the Evans & Novak team, inquiring of a Carter aide whether his wife is "presentable" enough to be invited to dinner.

Or Jack Anderson protecting "those who will feed him dirt on others and flail(ing) away at everyone else without regard to ideology or accuracy."

"Why," Powell asks, "shouldn't journalists apply some of the same standards of ethics and competence to their colleagues as they do to powerful figures in the rest of our society?" For starters, he would like to see news organizations "require those who cover the Congress or the White House or an executive branch

department. . . (to) make the same type of financial disclosures as the people whose shoulders they are looking over."

Powell gives a detailed look at what it was like to be the chief spokesman of the most powerful man in the free world — and in the process throws some unexpected laurels toward the Reagan Administration.

Powell, for example, supports the administration's decision to lie to the press about the Grenada invasion, agreeing with the rationale that secrecy was necessary to save lives. But he has sense enough to note that once the government accepts deceit as a legitimate tool, the line against its subsequent use becomes virtually impossible to draw.

He also defends columnist George Will's silence on seeing the Carter briefing books as Will helped prepare Reagan for his debate with Carter in 1980. The information "was handed to him by campaign officials who clearly saw him not as a journalist but as a partisan," Powell contends. "To have ratted on them then would have been a terribly low

blow."

As to why Carter had such a dismal rapport with the press, Powell contends that his boss "was smarter than most reporters and clearly knew it (and that) Carter did not work at being lovable."

That's fine as far as it goes.

But Carter's — and by extension, Powell's — major failing was that both men came to town with a chip on their shoulders, determined to bend the political establishment to their will. That people of possibly lesser character and intellect like, say, Teddy Kennedy and Ronald Reagan, have been able to survive on Washington's fast track says as much about Carter's failure as a President, and Powell's as a press secretary, as it does about the others' success as politicians. □

Frank Van Riper, Nieman Fellow '79 and national political correspondent of the New York Daily News, covered the White House during the Carter Administration.

A Tumultuous Life, A Prolific Writer

Right in Her Soul: The Life of Anna Louise Strong

Tracy B. Strong and Helene Keyssar. Random House, New York, 1983, \$22.95

by James C. Thomson Jr.

How did a beautiful, brilliant and pious Protestant girl from Friend, Nebraska, become a true-believing, tempestuous, and kicked-around writer of international notoriety, a propagandist for worldwide Communism?

The quality of Anna Louise Strong's humility is epitomized by the title of her mid-life autobiography, *I Change Worlds*. In 1935 when the book appeared, Miss Strong was 50. She lived for another 34 years, continued to be tracked by the FBI, was eventually im-

prisoned in and deported from the Soviet Union, and finally found a degree of serenity in Maoist China — where in 1970 she died and was buried with full honors in Peking's Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery.

This was a tumultuous life, and Anna Louise Strong was a prolific writer — a journalist, lecturer, book author, and occasional poet. Her first serious opus, her Ph.D. thesis, was *The Psychology of Prayer* (1909), and her first overseas employer was Hearst. The very many later books include *The Soviets Conquer Wheat* (1931), *China's Millions* (1935),

The Chinese Conquer China (1949); and among her later bosses were those who oversaw an English-language cousin of Pravda in Moscow and Party functionaries who guided her newsletters from Peking.

Anna Louise Strong's is a hard life to grasp, and it is brave of her grand-nephew, Tracy B. Strong, to try to do so, in collaboration with his wife, Helene Keyssar. Their motivation seems to be a desire to understand a formidable and off-beat figure in a distinguished lineage of New England Protestant reformers. The authors have obtained access to many people, and family and official archives, including very importantly those in Peking. (The ones in Moscow are, needless to say, not available.) The authors bring to the subject not only fascination but affection. On the other hand, neither one is a specialist on the Soviet Union or China or the internecine politics of Communism — which perhaps explains their hesitation to make any judgments about Anna Louise and their occasional compressing of history.

This biography is neither hagiography nor a critical summation. The reader gains a fairly complete record of what American radicalism accomplished when one willful woman mixed into virtually any revolutionary situation she could find. But Miss Strong herself might throw a tantrum about the book's generally neutral tone. That seems to have been her style about most things, from friendships to the Party — energy fueled by anger about all sorts of injustice, and then depression and (very briefly) resignation. Among her few solaces were chocolates, for which she had an enduring passion.

The story line of Miss Strong's zig-zag life is a bit hard to follow. Her overly beloved father was an Oberlin-trained Congregationalist minister who was also a wandering utopian socialist. Anna Louise tried Bryn Mawr but graduated from that then radical seedbed, Oberlin, and proceeded to earn a doctorate at the University of Chicago. All this turn-of-the-century social gospel involvement got her into labor organizing (especially in Seattle), demonstration leading, pacifism, and settlement house work (Jane Ad-

dams was among her exemplars). She consorted with like-minded reformers, almost married Roger Baldwin (the founder of the American Civil Liberties Union), was overjoyed by reports of the Russian revolution, and arrived in Moscow as a Quaker relief worker and journalist in August 1921.

Her writings on the Soviet Union, plus her frequent lecture tours of the United States, got her launched as an internationally recognized journalist. She became a close friend of Trotsky, of others in her Moscow colony of foreign observers, but especially of Mikhail Borodin and his wife. Thanks to the Borodin connection, she took her first trip to China in 1925 just when the Nationalist-Communist United Front was on the verge of military success; but then came its political collapse, the result of Chiang Kai-shek's *coup* against the Communists in 1927.

At that point Anna Louise returned overland with her now special friend Borodin to Russia — her home base for 30 years, despite the periodic speaking tours back in America and travels elsewhere. Thereafter she wrote nothing but



praise of the Soviet experiment, even when Stalin prevailed over her old friend Trotsky, slaughtered the richer peasants, authorized the infamous purge trials, and signed a non-aggression pact with Nazi Germany. Many journals — not always left-wing — printed her material. And publishing houses welcomed her up-beat copy.

To abbreviate the story: Miss Strong, who had revisited China in 1937, then the Chinese Communists in Yenan in 1946 (and published interviews with the luminaries), finally made a wrong move at the wrong moment and persisted in trying to get from Russia back to China in 1949, to observe *that* revolution's suc-

cess. The Stalinists thereupon jailed her as a probable "Titoist" and deported her to the United States. The lady was traumatized but kept her silence and licked her wounds. She was now shunned by the American Communist Party in its subservience to Moscow.

In 1958, after a long wait for a passport (and exoneration by the Soviet authorities), Miss Strong returned to that third country of hers, Communist China. And there she stayed as an aging celebrity and writer of newsletters until her death at 84 in 1970. The emigré American community was protective of her, and Chou En-lai himself supervised her final hospital days.

Through reading this book one discovers at least two Anna Louise Strong's. The first is a formidable spoiled lioness — large of stature, bulk, and voice; in love with her quite saintly father (although she did have a rather odd marriage with a Soviet journalist); impatient and imperious with people and governments that stood in her way; passionately committed to the romantic vision of "socialism" everywhere. The second is a sheep — woefully ignorant of *realpolitik*; untutored in the intricacies of Marxist-Leninist theory and practice; obedient to Communist authority; and totally willing to keep silent (except in private letters) about any ugly facts — including bloodlettings — that might harm the cause of international revolution.

The difference between what Anna Louise wrote for her public and what she wrote to family and close friends is startling. While extolling the successes of the Chinese Communists in print, she told her visiting nephew, in 1947, "You know, I don't know what I believe." (p. 232) She used the very same words in a letter to a close friend in 1953. (p. 276) When her father died in 1941, she had wept in his rooms for two days and wrote, of his life, that he was "the best and perhaps the only real Christian I have ever known." (p. 203) And when Khrushchev made his famous secret speech about Stalin's excesses, she said to an American Communist friend, "We knew all these things for 25 years, and I kept silent for the cause of socialism. What am I supposed to say?" (p. 283)

Was she a Communist? The question seems almost beside the point. She had sent contributions to the American Communist Party from time to time after 1935, but had never been issued a membership card; after her Russian expulsion in 1949, the American Communists would not talk to her. Nor was she ever accepted into the Russian or Chinese Parties. It was explained to her more than once that she would be more useful to the cause on the outside. Meanwhile, however, she faithfully followed the twists and turns of the Communist line — until Moscow and Peking developed quite different lines. After her Russian trauma, China became home.

What this book offers is one kind of product of American Protestant dogoodism in a century of violent Leninist revolution. "I Change Worlds" — Anna Louise Strong was not alone in her mid-1930's grandiosity as capitalism and democracy wobbled worldwide. Furthermore, the missionary itch ran deep in the American bloodstream; for a century, thousands of people had gone abroad from the United States to change the world, and especially to change China

— usually in the name of Christ. By the time of Anna Louise they often ran headlong into other would-be changers, the followers of Marx and Lenin, and occasionally joined forces or capitulated. Miss Strong was not unique.

What was and is perplexing about the girl from Friend, Nebraska, is that she never got it together: her imperious dogoodism, and her cowering before Party authority. Whatever happened to her vibrant morality, her commitment to the value of the individual, when confronted with censors, liars, and butchers? Her biographers have been unable to get it together for her. But they have made a heroic effort, and their book is a significant contribution to the study of American interaction with twentieth-century revolutions. □

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written to make some publisher happy. It is brief, but thorough, and puts Rovere in perspective as one of this era's finest political journalists.

Aside from those political writers who tilt toward advocacy or pomposity (or both), most journalists should feel comfortable with Rovere's political views. In a few typically lucid and brief phrases, Rovere reveals his political philosophy. "Except that I am antideterminist, I have no particular philosophy of history. I tend to believe that, in the final analysis, there is no final analysis." Elsewhere, in a tongue-in-cheek obituary for himself, he takes only nine words to describe his politics. "Conservative by temperament, radical by conviction, liberal by compromise." In another passage he writes, "I liked having a ringside seat when I could get one, but I did not want to be in the ring or in anyone's corner."

The best parts of this book are Rovere's comments about the writing craft and his views of "Presidents and Politicians" (to borrow a chapter title). For example, Rovere was a bit troubled with himself for not having written a so-called "major book." His own analysis: "I have consoled myself with the thought that some runners, I among them, are sprinters, and that some run the marathon, and that both are valued in their own contests." But it was one of Rovere's virtues that he could never dwell long on introspection without shifting to irony or humor. And in this vein he once wrote Arthur Schlesinger about one of the latter's long manuscripts: "Simply holding, feeling the thickness of a wad of your manuscript produces in me a response similar to that of the washerwoman looking at Niagara Falls." Or, on the more mundane aspects of writing, Rovere's advice is typically true and succinct: "A large part of any writer's work is editorial; much time and thought must go into spotting and striking the trivial, the bromidic, the repetitious, the irrelevant."

Final Reports is filled with deft portraits of the great, the near great, and a sprinkling of charlatans. Readers old enough to recall John Foster Dulles (and lucky enough to have known Peter Lisagor [NF '49]) will appreciate how well

Political Journalist Par Excellence

Final Reports: Personal Reflections on Politics and History in Our Time

Richard Rovere. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, 1984, \$16.95

by Donald W. Klein

This age of communications should pay special tribute to those political writers who have upheld the clarity and integrity of the English language in the face of demagogues, mediocre politicians, and relentless deadlines. Walter Lippmann and George Orwell come to mind as worthies, and so does Richard Rovere. All three had a love affair with both politics and the English language.

Final Reports is not easily characterized by genre. It is certainly part autobiography, but the essence of the book is best captured in its subtitle: "Personal reflections on politics and history in our time." Rovere once wrote admiringly of Oliver Wendell Holmes that he "never committed a soggy sentence." The same can be said for every line in this book.

Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has written a foreword to *Final Reports*. Unlike many forewords, this one was not

Dulles is captured in so few lines:

I suppose that if there was one figure in public life for whom I had an instinctive dislike and distrust — apart from transparent demagogues and frauds like Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon — it was John Foster Dulles. In this I was hardly alone. My friend Peter Lisagor, of the *Chicago Daily News*, used to say that if Dulles had a choice between telling the truth and lying, and if he had nothing to gain or lose either way, he would choose to lie. I would not put it quite like that, for I doubt if Dulles ever found himself in a situation in which he did not calculate profit or loss, but his capacity for duplicity was as great as his ambition and as repellent as his piety.

There is a basic integrity about *Final Reports* that emerges particularly well in two autobiographic passages. They're worth describing because they say much about the man and his time. One section of the book tells of a few years in the late 1930's when Rovere cranked out a lot of dross for Communist Party tracts. He sums up the experience in two searing sentences that his worst enemy could not improve upon: "I think I felt mostly that I had made a fool of myself — a most unfunny and irresponsible fool. I had enlisted in an army led by mad generals and bloody-minded sergeants."

Another section that so aptly demonstrates Rovere's essential integrity concerns the Vietnam War, a war he regularly castigated in *The New Yorker*. Everyone will recognize the savage irony between Rovere the political writer who opposed the war, and Rovere the father forced to admit that this same war did much for his son who was a helicopter pilot in Vietnam. In Rovere's words:

I juggled some figures showing that the chances of survival [of helicopter pilots] were about 80 percent, perhaps better, but I didn't convince [my wife], or even myself, and, anyway, who wanted a son to run a 20 percent risk of dying for a bad cause in a stinking war. [Then, after his son returned home safely, Rovere wrote:] In fact — and this, in a way, was hard to take — the young man who came back

from Vietnam was more thoughtful, more considerate, more responsible, more at ease with himself and with us than the one who had gone there a year earlier. It was not easy to acknowledge that the war we hated had done this, but there it was — Satan's benefaction, good sprung from evil, life from death.

If Rovere had a flawless ear and eye for American politics, the same cannot be said for his observations about things beyond the Boston-New York-Washington corridor. His chapters on wanderings in Africa, Europe, and the American Southwest do not measure up to the rest of this fine book, but, fortunately, these

are only small portions.

You turn to the last pages, the last lines of *Final Reports* with a heavy sadness. You know, of course, that Rovere is dead, but you don't want to deal with that fact. You console yourself with an ironic touch that, you presume, would have amused Rovere. The publisher tells us on the book jacket that he died in 1978. But, in fact, in late 1979, we find Good Richard writing a thank you note to the hospital staff who cared for him in his final days. □

Donald W. Klein teaches in the Political Science Department of Tufts University.

Freed Without Freedom

continued from page 26

—That a man cannot be punished by the law until he has been proved guilty.

The 36 months that have gone by have been, for me, a mockery of these beliefs. They also mocked generations of their ancestors who fought for a simple principle, that no man is obliged to obey a law he did not make.

On a technicality I am now free. The Appeal Court found that the law under which I was convicted had not yet become law when I supposed to have committed the "crime."

I have had a steady stream of journalists coming to see me since I was released on Friday, January 13 — irony — and they have all asked one question: How were you treated?

How do you answer a question that should not have been asked in the first place?

It is as incredible as asking my two children how they felt when they woke and found that their father was gone, for reasons they still cannot understand; as ridiculous as asking my wife how she felt without her husband, or how my parents felt with their son behind bars.

A legitimate question will be about the hundreds of friends here and abroad who expressed their sympathy and who

supported my family, and the Argus Company, which kept me on the payroll throughout the ordeal.

To these I say thank you. If I were to write a book, it would not express my gratitude, so the two words is all.

Back to the pain of tearing the gag away. It might be off from me, but I cannot forget the Mathata Tsedus, out there frustrated by their gags, dying to make their contribution to our society. [Tsedu, a journalist, is one of 11 political activists still banned in South Africa.]

I cannot forget the wealth of talent that is rotting away on Robben Island and other jails when they should be productively employed out here helping us transform our present society to one that is free of oppression and exploitation.

I feel the pain of tearing the gag away when I realize that fate is playing a sadistic trick on me: I am still not free — THEY have merely lengthened the chain, not removed it. THEY can pull it in again any time they feel like doing it.

And the future? I will continue in the role I have dedicated myself to: showing up and fighting injustice and exploitation wherever I see them. Victims have no other choice. □

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Armageddon Lingo

Caryl Rivers

Today, the more gruesome, the more grotesque the weapon of destruction, the more sanitized the terminology by which it is described.

In World War II, when we sent out B-29's against Japan, we called it "fire-bombing." It wasn't hard to visualize the great fire storms blowing through Tokyo streets. Today, our weapons make those incendiary bombs look like a pack of matches. And what do we call them? Intercontinental ballistic missiles and medium-range tactical cruises and multiple-warhead missiles (that is, MIRV's, or multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles), and the MX. MX sounds like it ought to be a sports car, and MIRV a new Atari game. Since these devices can turn flesh to molten paste in seconds, the use of high-tech lingo for talking about Armageddon is no accident.

Language, after all, is politics, as George Orwell pointed out. The way we talk about something has a great deal to do with how we think about it. There is something wonderfully comforting in high-tech talk. If somebody says he can debolitize a framistan, I breathe a sigh of relief: Now, there is a person who knows what he's doing.

High-tech language tends to foster one of the most dangerous myths of modern geopolitics: the illusion of control. If we just push the right buttons, deploy the right missiles with the right initials, input the right set of computer-aided policy objectives, everything will work out just fine.

I have been dismayed, as the nuclear debate intensifies, to hear politicians, bureaucrats and military men talking in exactly these terms, and looking chipper as they do. Such comments gave me a nagging sense of *déjà vu*: Where had I heard that sort of thing before? It was 19 years ago, at a press luncheon. Lyndon B. Johnson's people were telling us

we were not going to lose the Vietnam War. American power routed? Impossible. I was a green reporter and didn't have the temerity to question their impressive statistics. But I wondered about their absolute lack of self-doubt. I wondered: How do they know?

Of course, they didn't know. And Ronald Reagan and Yuri V. Andropov don't know whether we will blow each other sky high. But American officialdom still suffers from the illusion of control.

If you seek its roots, one place you'll find it is in the deification of science spawned by the nineteenth century. No longer were we a cowed, primitive species that had to lop off the head of a goat to appease angry gods. We — through science — had become the gods, and had subdued nature. We didn't understand that our mechanisms of control had a dark side — or that we control much less than we imagined.

The illusion of control is also fostered by the male stereotype. To be a man is to be in control, at all times. James Bond, after all, doesn't mess up when he fires one of his ingenious gadgets. The need to be in control — or to appear to be — is programmed into the political and military systems. Talking of Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson referred to the coonskin tacked to the wall. Ronald Reagan repeats Teddy Roosevelt's up-San-Juan-Hill maxims. But again and again, the image of control has proved false. We lost in Vietnam. It should have been impossible for fanatics to destroy our Marine headquarters in Beirut and kill 231 servicemen with a truckful of dynamite, but it happened.

If we are to deal realistically with the nuclear threat, we must abandon — at great cost to egos in Washington — the illusion of control. The truth is we deal with crisis and confrontation roughly the same way we did when we settled things

with a barrage of stones. If we're not careful, we'll be back to that in short order.

The nuclear nightmare will not be held at bay by high-tech razzle-dazzle. It will be rolled back only by a sustained, slogging, wearying effort to pare down the nuclear arsenal, and a determination to be absolutely sure we do not wander blindly into a "High Noon" confrontation.

J. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the men who created the bomb, felt the elemental danger loosed on the earth when he watched the first atomic sun dawn over the plains of New Mexico. His words were not the jargon of high technology but those of a Hindu poem far more appropriate for the nuclear age: "Now I have become death, the destroyer of worlds." □

Caryl Rivers, professor of journalism, directs the science communication program at Boston University.

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CEO in an Ecumenical Community

Robert Serrou

In January, soon after the deadline for the spring issue of NR, we received a letter from Marie-Christine and DOMINIQUE FERRY (NF '79) in Paris. They wrote, "There were some important changes in our life last fall. We joined a community, a Catholic one, that September. . . . To make a long story short, I include a piece that was published in Paris Match in October."

The following excerpts from this article, lightly edited, describe the change in lifestyle for the Ferry family.

On a Tuesday in September, seven influential press executives are gathered together in the plush dining room of a well-known outdoor advertising firm at 138 Champs-Élysées. Around the marble table are seated: George Berard-Quelin, CEO of the General Press Society, Roger Bouzinac, director general of the National Federation of the French Press, Marc Demotte, president of the National Federation of the Weekly Press and of the News Express Companies of the Parisian Press, Jean Gelamur, CEO of The Bayard Press, Jacques Huteau, director of the Express Group, Jacques Sauvageot, director general of the Société Nationale des Entreprises de Presse, and Dominique Ferry, CEO of Giraudy.

For many years, it has been a most sacred rite with these managers to discuss, between two fine courses, the major problems of their profession. By turns, they host the luncheons.

This particular day, it is Dominique Ferry's turn to preside at the head of the table. The menu is particularly well-planned: lobster, prime rib, mushrooms, all to be washed down with a magnum of fine bordeaux. The banquet passes in good spirits and business affairs are discussed with great seriousness. Ferry makes do with a slice of smoked salmon, having given his portion of lobster to an unexpected guest. Over coffee, this 39-

year old playboy, with graying hair, clear eyes, well-tailored suit, Italian shoes — very stylish and tasteful — informs his friends that he has something important to tell them. They expect anything, for they know Dominique Ferry well, whom they say is a true crusader, more than generous in his business dealings, a workaholic; and others a sometimes-excessive extra-gifted individual.

What would he have to say to them? He calmly tells them that, in answer to a call, he has decided to join, with his wife, Marie-Christine, and their three children (Stephanie, 15, Emmanuel, 13, and Marguerite, 8), an ecumenical Catholic community known as "Chemin-Neuf," as of the first of October. He asks that his guests do not yet tell anyone. The luncheon companions look speechlessly at one another. They were expecting anything, but as to this. . . .

When the news broke several days later, the press community was equally stupefied. At Dominique Ferry's house, an avalanche of phone calls come in from all the editorial offices. No hostility in the reactions, no indifference. Odd, think at the most several sceptics who explain this decision as a whim or even a disappointment. Surprising, sigh those who have been literally baffled by the decision. There is something to this when one knows who Dominique Ferry is.

A former Jesuit student, he successfully completed a professional course that most at his age have scarcely begun. Here is the career that this mining engineer made in the press: manager of L'Express, cabinet director for Simon Nora, former advisor for Mendes France, in the Hachette Group, CEO d'Edi 7, prominent positions at France-Soir, at the Journal du Dimanche, at Télé 7 Jours and, until these past few weeks, at Europe 1, without counting the dozen or so boards of directors from which in

the past 48 hours he has had to resign. All that is over. No more — the honors, the Parisian life, the grand receptions, the many advantages of all kinds. From all evidence — without regret.

I've been told: You'll see. Dominique Ferry is a courteous technocrat, but cold, not very talkative. To the contrary, I found a warm man, well turned out in his navy slacks, his striped suit coat, and his black loafers; calm, luminous look, not without a certain tenderness, who, at his wife's side (a small brunette who seems to radiate an inner spark), for two hours tells me his story. A spiritual adventure that words are powerless to relate without betrayal; not because it is inexpressible, but because, quite simply, that which passes between man and God — for it is really a question of that — depends, as he says, on a secret. And yet, this CEO is loath to pass for a "saint."

Our decision, he told me at the start, was not impulsive or rash. We've simply answered a call which is offered to everyone, that of Christ: "Leave your nets, come and follow me."

How does one respond to that? One doesn't. There was nothing else to do but to listen — to listen to this man and woman whose communicative conviction I will never forget, when they had tried so hard to share with me what they call, in the manner of Saint Paul, their "conversion."

This summer the evangelical call seemed irresistible to the Ferrys. When they leave for vacation around July 14th, friends and colleagues do not doubt that all will be changed on their return. They start the vacation with a visit to Boquen in Brittany where, in the shadow of an ancient Cistercian abbey, live nuns whom they have known for ten years — contemplatives drawn by the spiritual summits but who are, nonetheless, in touch with what is happening in the world. After having spent three days there, the Ferrys, convinced by these cloistered nuns who have completely

understood their visitors' search for absolution, went to Cibeins nears Ars, in the Ain, where what is known as a Cana session is taking place, a sort of seminar for couples who wish to strengthen their marriage, organized by three large charismatic communities. It is here that the Ferrys join the 200 couples and 500 children who have come, as they put it, to listen to God.

"We have keenly felt," Marie-Christine confided to me, "the grace of God flowing abundantly. Somewhere deep in our hearts, there is something which must transform itself from stone into flesh."

After a week, the Ferrys feel the need of finding a life at the heart of a community "as Christians with their brothers in reading the Bible and praying." They immediately change their vacation plans and go to Poce-sur-Cize near Amboise. There they make their decision. "We are living something very important," they tell their children, "and we want to include you."

□ □ □

On their return to Paris, they immediately put up for sale their dream house, purchased three months earlier. Dominique puts his affairs in order. Without a glance backwards, a new life starts.

Chemin-Neuf is neither a sect nor a religious order, but a community where one can join with a family, without being obliged to commit oneself for life, nor give up all professional activity. It is part of the charismatic movement which today is in full bloom.

Founded in 1973 at Lyon by a Jesuit, Father Lauren Fabre, Chemin-Neuf, of which the spirituality rests essentially on the exercises of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, gathers together 150 adults and 100 children. With nine chapters in France, this community has an apostolic vocation, particularly to the service of Christian unity. Currently, in the center at Pothières, near Lyon, 600 people are in training. In October of 1982, 27 births were recorded there.

There are two ways of living in this community. In the fraternity of life — where 100 people live in the same house in groups of seven to twelve, the total income is shared, prayer is communal, and

everyone puts his/her energy to the good of the mission. In the fraternity of neighborhood — each family has its own life, but a part of the family's earning is shared. The dwellings are maximally situated so as to favor not only a time of daily community prayer but also the services of the neighborhood and of the parish, without forgetting the shared services like children's schooling, the supplies, car lending, etc. Twenty people have pledged celibacy.

Chemin-Neuf has, for example, a medical office staffed by two practitioners and two psychologists who belong to the community; they practice their profession with the idea of curing the total person, without putting to one side the spiritual aspect. There is a nursery school; a medical dispensary, staffed by four nurses, to service the most needy; a workshop for the manufacture of sandals which employs juvenile delinquents, former prison inmates, and drug addicts; a printing office which publishes a review (*Tychique*). The day starts with a religious service, then each attends to his/her professional or domestic duties. At noon, the meal is taken in common; in the evening — just in the family. To join an order, a time of preparation is required: postulate (6 months), novitiate (2 years), then a 3-year obligation, and after 5½ years, the choice of joining for life or for another 3-year term. One lives in poverty and obedience (the closest approximation being found in certain classical religious orders), and one practices what the members call the "transfixion"; according to the words of Saint Paul: "Where there is the Spirit of the Lord, there is liberty." In short, a mixture of monastic tradition and fullness of the Spirit.

At the present time, at Chemin-Vert, four members consider themselves as members for life. According to Father Fabre, Dominique's case is not unusual. "We have two bank directors, a few doctors, an architect and even a retired businessman from Ena who initiated the Auroux Laws [concerning workers' rights]."

It is in one of the five Parisian groups that Dominique Ferry and his family are going to live as soon as, Father Fabre tells

us, "We should have found another community building; in the one that we already have, there are 18 and we have no more space." During the following weeks, the Ferrys will make a 30-day retreat with, according to the course, the difficult and exacting exercises of St. Ignatius. After which they will take courses in Hebrew, theology, and philosophy, while the children will continue to go to school and play with their young friends.

"I will play less tennis and will do less skiing," Dominique told me without much regret. He will keep some professional occupations on a half-time basis. In order not to disadvantage his children, both he and his wife have decided to keep their property which includes an apartment in the mountains.

Most unusual, this "conversion" of a CEO who, after a rather brilliant career, chose to answer a call? Or, as I see it, are we living in a time of great spiritual renewal without knowing it? As was the case 700 years ago, when the son of a wealthy textile manufacturer, named François, stirred up Italy, then all of Europe, by founding a movement similar to that of today's charismatics. Or, as at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries, those famous converts with names such as: Rouault, Pierre and Christine Van der Meer, Copeau, Francis Jammes, Gabriel Marcel, Peguy, Psichari, Léon Bloy, Claudel. Is it necessary yet to speak of Jean Cocteau who wrote one day to a friend: "A priest struck me with the same force as Stravinski and Picasso?"

Sublime group, still living today through their heirs whose names we will, without a doubt know later; certain ones, however, come immediately to my lips. The history of Christianity is thus full of these challenges from God of which it sometimes happens that certain ones take the dare. Those enthusiastically committed to God, among whom Dominique and Marie-Christine Ferry are brothers/sisters, and who Jacques Maritain referred to as "the adventurers of grace." □

—Translated by Elizabeth Tibbitts
Reprinted with permission from *Paris Match*.

GALA



At the invitation of the Nieman Class of 1984, more than 300 friends, faculty members, and Nieman alumni/ae gathered at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Cambridge on April 6 to honor Nieman Curator James C. Thomson Jr., whose resignation becomes effective at the end of June.

Nieman Fellow Kim Jin-Hyun ('73) from Seoul, Korea came the farthest distance. Others came from Seattle, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and Atlanta, as well as the Cambridge and Boston area.

An informal program of speakers included Robert Manning (NF '46), editor-in-chief of Boston Publishing Company,

who served as master of ceremonies; John King Fairbank, Higginson Professor of History, Emeritus, and Ellen Goodman (NF '74), author and syndicated columnist with *The Boston Globe*, who spoke as the representative of the twelve classes under the Thomson Curatorship. Mr. Kim presented the Curator with a lacquered box inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a gift from the Korean Nieman alumni.

Nicholas Valery, Far East correspondent for *The London Economist* and a member in the current class, made the presentation of a painting as the gift from alumni/ae and friends. The work of art by Yuan Yunsheng, currently in residence at Harvard on leave from the

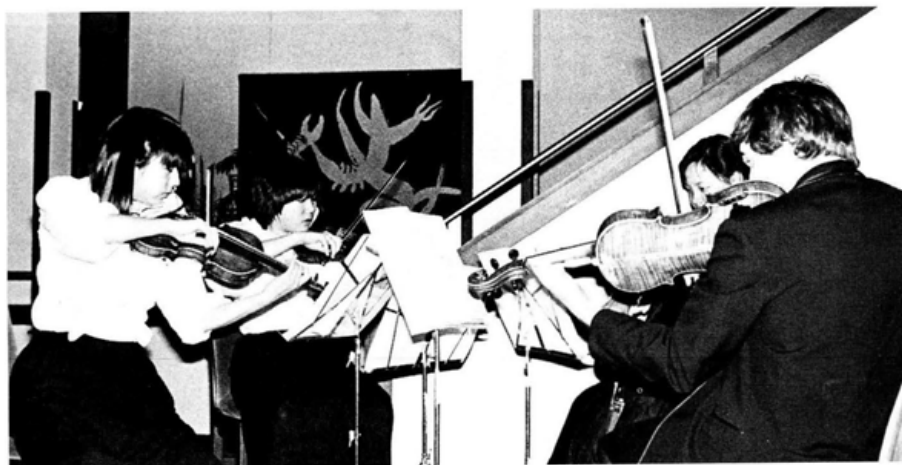


Diana and Jim Thomson arrive in a chauffeur-driven 1948 Dodge, arranged by the Nieman Class of 1984.

Central Arts Academy in Beijing, depicts a T'ang dynasty warrior triumphing over adversity — a gaunt armored figure, one foot on the devil and two guardian Buddhas watching over him. Once banished by the Gang of Four to a remote part of China, Mr. Yuan is now a leading member of China's Post-Impressionists. (His controversial mural at Beijing's new international airport, portraying the Dai people of Southwest China during their annual Water Festival, was finally boarded over after the artist refused to clothe the naked figures.)

In accepting the warrior painting with profound thanks, Jim Thomson responded with comments on his Curatorship. Excerpts from his remarks follow:

"What have I learned from 12 years of dealing with journalists and academics? . . . I have learned, first and foremost, that something magical did happen when Agnes Wahl Nieman and James Bryant Conant — two people who never



Music from a string quartet of undergraduate students provides additional atmosphere.

met — co-conspired to put this University and the media together into an intellectual, chemical experiment (one Conant called "dubious" at the outset). The results are shown in our worldwide more than 700 alumni/ae — and their extraordinary achievements, yes, but also what they did for Harvard during their sojourn here. . . ."

After thanking members of the "extraordinary" Nieman staff he continued, "In terms of thanks, there is no way to tell you about the loyalty of Nieman — and what that loyalty has meant to me over these years — from handsome endowments and donations to recruitment of possible Fellows, willingness to speak at our seminars, articles for *Nieman Reports*, and letters of reminiscence and encouragement."

He also thanked the "multitude of friends in the several Harvard Faculties" who have for many years opened their doors to these "odd-ball nine-month tourists, never more generously than in the past decade." He ended with special thanks to his wife Diana, whose contributions to the program include such innovations as helping Nieman families with an allowance for child care and the appointment of women to selection committees.

He ended his comments by saying, "Dear friends: I have, at last, nothing more to say than *thank you*, and God bless you all."

—T.B.K.L.



Robert Manning, master of ceremonies.



Nicholas Valery, Nieman Fellow in the current class, presenting the warrior painting by Yuan Yensheng.



The Nieman Curator greeting guests.



John King Fairbank and Jim Thomson greet each other. In the background, a collage of photographs from the years of Thomson's Curatorship. His life-size cutout photo surveys the throng.

All photographs
by
Florence Y. Montgomery

NIEMAN NOTES

Nothing that was worthy in the past
departs; no truth or goodness
realized... ever dies, or can die;
but is all still here, and, recognized or not,
lives and works through endless changes.

—Thomas Carlyle



— 1939 —

Ada T. MacLeish, 91, widow of Archibald MacLeish, who was Nieman Curator for the first year of the program, died on April 29 at the Franklin Medical Center in Western Massachusetts. Her death came just nine days after the second anniversary of her husband's death on April 20, 1982. The couple had been married for 65 years.

Mrs. MacLeish, a noted international concert singer, began a singing career in 1911 that lasted until her retirement in 1946.

— 1940 —

CARROLL KILPATRICK, 70, *The Washington Post's* White House reporter during 15 years that included the Kennedy assassination, the Vietnam War, and the Watergate scandal, died on March 24 at his home in Amisville, Virginia, after suffering a heart attack. He had retired from the White House beat in 1975.

Kilpatrick joined the *Post* in 1952 as an editorial writer. He began his career at the *Birmingham News* and *Age-Herald*, and over the years held various posts at the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *Montgomery Advertiser*.

— 1941 —

WILLIAM PINKERTON and his wife Lucile, were feted by their family on February 19 on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary. Their three children and three grandchildren gathered at a dinner party in Maynard, Massachusetts, for the festivities. Among the special guests was Totty Lyons,

widow of Louis M. Lyons, the Nieman Curator for 25 years.

— 1946 —

ARTHUR HEPNER, retired from Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company, informs us that he has gone back to his original craft and is writing articles and reviews on music for *The Boston Globe*. Hepner lives in Cambridge.

— 1947 —

The Rev. Msgr. WILLIAM H. McDOUGALL wrote in March:

"In December '83 my two books of World War II experience as a UPI reporter in the Far East were republished in one volume titled *Six Bells of Java and By Eastern Windows* by Western Epics, Inc., of Salt Lake City, Utah.

"They were first published by Charles Scribners Sons in 1948 and 1949, respectively. The new publication includes some postscripts and pictures which update to 1983 what happened to some of the main characters, including the author, who became a priest; [Nieman Fellows] FRANK HEWLETT [46] and ROBERT P. "PEPPER" MARTIN [52] and the Japanese friend who informed McDougall December 4, 1941 that others had gone to all Japanese embassies and consulates in Allied countries to destroy code books and machines. War was on the verge."

— 1949 —

The Rights of Free Men: An Essential Guide to Civil Liberties, a collection of editorials, articles, and excerpts from books and lectures by the late ALAN BARTH and edited by James E. Clayton, has been published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Barth was the recipient of many awards for his editorial writing. He retired in 1972 as editorial page writer on *The Washington Post*; he died in 1979.

The book will be reviewed in a future issue of *NR*.

— 1953 —

KEYES BEECH, retired war correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, is one of the seven civilian members named to the Sidle Commission on media-military relations. The Commission held hearings in Washington, D.C., for five days in February.

Retired Army Maj. Gen. Winant Sidle was appointed by Gen. John W. Vessey Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to head the panel in response to news media protests of the banning of reporters from last October's invasion of Grenada.

The panel heard testimony from both news media and military representatives for the purpose of making recommendations on how providing news coverage of combat operations can be included in military planning without jeopardizing mission security or troop safety. The Commission, in addition to Sidle, consisted of seven representatives from the military and seven from civilian occupations.

Among the news executives who testified was ALVIN SHUSTER (NF '67), foreign editor of *The Los Angeles Times*. He said that when press access to fighting has to be limited, the Pentagon must make sure that its briefing officers are well informed, a step he said was not followed in the case of the Grenada invasion.

— 1955 —

WILLIAM J. WOESTENDIEK has been named executive editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in a promotion from editorial director. A former executive editor of the *Arizona Daily Star* in Phoenix, Woestendiek joined the *Plain Dealer* in 1982; he also has held executive positions with *Newsday*, the *Houston Post*, and the *Colorado Springs Sun*.

— 1960 —

RALPH OTWELL, former editor, *Chicago Sun-Times*, served as chairman of the judging panel in the newspaper division of the competition for the Roy W. Howard Public Service award.

— 1963 —

Word came from PATRICK OWENS in March that he is "leaving the Washington bureau of *Newsday* to go back to Long Island, where I will be doing much the same work as presently, as a correspondent on the national desk. . ." His new address is: *Newsday Nation Desk*, Long Island, NY 11747. See also Random Notes.

The South African government has dropped charges against ALLISTER SPARKS, a correspondent for several major newspapers, including *The Washington Post* and *The London Observer*, just three weeks before his scheduled April 9 trial under the country's security laws.

Sparks was charged with violating the Internal Security Act by quoting Winnie Mandela, wife of the jailed African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela, in an overseas publication. Ms. Mandela is banned and, according to South African law, may not be quoted. Sparks, former editor of the Johannesburg *Rand Daily Mail*, also faced charges of breaching South Africa's laws limiting coverage of police activity. If convicted he would have faced heavy fines and a jail sentence.

Mrs. Sue Sparks and Bernard Simon, another journalist, were charged with "defeating the ends of justice. . . by conspiring to remove documents from his office before the police arrived."

If the case had gone to trial it would have marked the first time that an accredited foreign correspondent had been charged under South Africa's censorship laws. If he had been convicted, it would have had the effect of extending South African censorship to foreign publications, something which not even the Soviet Union does.

The case aroused widespread interest overseas, with Western diplomats attending the court each time the defendants appeared. The U.S. State Department issued a statement condemning the police raid on Mr. Sparks's premises, and criticism was also voiced in the U.S. Congress.

Mr. Sparks said he was "naturally very relieved" that all the charges had been dropped.

— 1967 —

PHILIP MEYER, professor of journalism

at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, will lead the discussions at five seminars on methods to help solve ethics problems. Planned by the Ethics Committee of ASNE, and funded by the John and Mary R. Markle Foundation, sessions are scheduled to be held in New England, Wisconsin, Texas, Washington state, and California.

— 1968 —

EDMUND B. LAMBETH, until recently a journalism professor at Indiana University, is the new director of the School of Journalism at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, where MICHAEL KIRKHORN (NF '71) is a colleague.

— 1972 —

JOHN KIFNER, *New York Times* foreign correspondent based in Warsaw, Poland, was one of two journalists questioned by government authorities in March for reporting the contents of a letter critical of the government.

A BBC reporter, Kevin Ruane, was the other journalist summoned by officials of the Interior Ministry and questioned for two hours. Kifner said he was questioned for an hour.

Both journalists said they refused to disclose the source of the letter.

— 1974 —

ELLEN GOODMAN, columnist of *The Boston Globe* and the Washington Post Writers Group, is one of several writers whose work appears in *Syndicated Columnists Weekly* (SCW), a new publication of the Boston-based National Braille Press (NBP).

The idea of developing SCW for the visually impaired came to the NBP from a Braille reader who expressed the need for more editorial comment in publications produced by the nonprofit organization.

One reader remarked, "A publication of this kind is long overdue. Unfortunately people like myself are sometimes deprived of the breadth of opinion which the sighted take for granted."

SCW's premier 24-page issue was printed in August 1983. Among other writers appearing in its pages are: David Broder, Art Buchwald, Mary McGrory, Ann Landers, and Erma Bombeck.

MORTON KONDRACKE, executive editor of the *New Republic* magazine was the subject of a profile in the March 31 issue of *Editor & Publisher*.

The article describes Senator Gary Hart (D-Col.) and Kondracke as being among the dozen or so people responsible for developing the neoliberal philosophy during the latter part of the Carter Administration.

"A neoliberal is kind of a free-market liberal, if you like, who believes that the health of the country and the ability to pay for social-welfare programs depends on the health of the private economy," explained Kondracke. He added that neoliberals favor more investment in private industry, tax incentives for companies, creation of a fund for retraining workers in obsolete jobs, and tying of wage increases to productivity, among other things.

When it comes to the above policies — and domestic issues in general — Kondracke and Hart often agree. But Kondracke emphasized that he is an "absolutely independent" columnist who does not necessarily support Hart or any other candidate.

In addition to American Politics, Kondracke's column topics include U.S. policy in Lebanon and other foreign matters, and comments on such subjects as driving and sex education.

Kondracke joined the *Chicago Sun-Times* in 1963, moved to its Washington bureau in 1968, and became White House correspondent in 1974, before moving to the *New Republic*.

— 1975 —

JOHN MacLEAN, in the Washington, D.C. bureau of the *Chicago Tribune* has moved from his State Department beat to be day news editor.

— 1976 —

RON JAVERS, editor of *Philadelphia* magazine since May 1982, has been appointed editor-in-chief of Metrocorp, the parent company of *Philadelphia*, *Boston*, as well as the new *Manhattan, Inc.* magazine which will cover business in New York, beginning in September. Responsible for the overall editorial content of the three monthlies, he commutes regularly between all three cities.

Philadelphia has won its 13th national Sigma Delta Chi Award for Magazine Reporting for an investigative story, by senior editor

Mike Mallowe, probing the dealings of Banco Ambrosiano, a private Italian bank that used its connection with the Vatican Bank and the Pope to make controversial loans to right-wing extremist groups and to launder money.

— 1977 —

MELVIN GOO, with *The Honolulu Advertiser*, wrote in April that in May 1982 he had graduated from law school.

"I went to law school while continuing to work full-time at *The Honolulu Advertiser* and the three years took a good bit out of me. (In return, they also put a fair bit in me in knowledge and understanding of an area important to us all.) I took the Hawaii state bar exam in July 1982, two months after graduation, and word came in the fall that I was among those who passed. I was sworn into the bar in October of that year.

"I had entered law school intent on remaining in journalism, and I've not strayed from that course. I'm still at *The Honolulu Advertiser* — though I moved, upon starting law school, from editorial writing to copy editing, which continues to be my assignment. In ways, my plunge into legal training was an extension of the Nieman experience. Law school was another effort to learn. . . ."

— 1978 —

KAROL SZYNDZIELORZ, on a visit to the States from Moscow, stopped by Lippmann House in February and later spoke informally to the current class of Nieman Fellows on arms control.

Szyndzielorz, chief political commentator of the newspaper *Zycie Warszawy* and editor of the United Nations supplement of the newspaper, has his own nation-wide television program, *The Week in Politics*, as well as a regular FM radio program, *Life As It Happens*. He does regular commentaries for Polish Radio International in German and English, and he is advisor to the Secretary General of the United Nations on the "Development Forum."

ALAN EHRENHALT, political editor of *Congressional Quarterly*, has been named the 1983 winner of the Everett McKinley Dirksen Award for distinguished reporting of Congress.

Ehrenhalt's column "Congress and the Country," was described by the judges as "innovative, insightful and succinctly written."

Dear Nieman Colleagues:

We received an excellent response to the first mailing of the survey of Nieman Fellows. A total of 65 percent sent back the questionnaires, and many included additional information about their Harvard year and its impact on their work and their lives.

The Nieman staff reviewed the list of those who did not respond and supplied updated mailing addresses, when available. Letters will be going out to these people. If you have not received the questionnaire or misplaced the first one, please write to me at the address below for another copy.

The results of the entire survey will be analyzed, added to the computer run,

and included in a future issue of *Nieman Reports*. The responses, along with previous interviews, oral history tapes, a review of foundation archives, and other research form a major chronicling of this important chapter in midcareer and continuing education for professionals in journalism.

With my thanks to those who completed the questionnaires, and to those who will do so in the near future.

Jerome Aumente (NF '68)
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... After a dozen years of reporting on Congress, he still has the ability to take a fresh look at its members, committees, and proceedings. His columns often take up familiar issues and turn them to examine them from different and unexpected perspectives."

The award is given annually by the Dirksen Congressional Center, a nonprofit, nonpartisan education institution located in Pekin, Illinois, home of the late Senate Minority Leader Dirksen.

— 1979 —

MICHAEL McDOWELL, former foreign affairs writer with the *Globe and Mail* in Toronto, has joined the staff of CBC as a radio producer specializing in foreign affairs. He writes: "I am engaged to be married at last — I'll be 32 next month — to Linda Fuerst, a young lawyer who is executive assistant to Judge Allan Lester, president of the Law Reform Commission of Canada. I met her after a major story I covered. She was the pupil of the defense lawyer in it at that time. We plan to marry in May 1985. Also, I welcomed KEN FREED [NF '78] of *The Los Angeles Times* as the new correspondent in Canada; we had lunch together." Before being assigned to Toronto, Freed had been based in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

FRANK VAN RIPER, national political correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, writes:

"Wedding bells are adding to that old gang of mine. As scribe, let me take the liberty of listing mine first. On April 28 in Richmond, Virginia, Judith Goodman and I were married, in a small ceremony that was long on love and food. I was delighted to have introduced Judy to Harvard and Lippmann House last fall, during my book tour. Since she's a photographer, maybe I can prevail on her to win a Nieman so I can come up again as a spouse.

On May 12 in Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania, LAWRENCE WALSH married Mary Christine Williams of *The Wall Street Journal*. Lawrence, Mary, and cartoonist Jeff Danziger (McGonigle of the *Chronicle*) visited us recently at our new (1929) house. Judy and I exercised admirable restraint and did not force them to paint.

"In the latest major literary event from our singular class, PEGGY ENGEL's book was published on May 30. Peggy and sister Allison have co-authored *Food Finds: America's Best Local Foods and the People Who Produce Them*. Published by Harper and Row, the book was snapped up as Book-of-the-Month Club featured alternate.

"MIKE McIVOR reports that he, wife Carol Bishop, and strapping 5-year old Joshua David have recently moved into new digs. Address: 73 Scarborough Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4E 3M5. Mike has been kept busy for CBC covering not only the American presidential race, but the Canadian political scene as well, not to mention having to worry about upcoming visits

by the Pope and the Queen.

"P.S. Shrinking violet that I am, I nearly forgot to mention that my recent photography exhibition at Washington's Touchstone Gallery got a rave in the national arts magazine, *New Art Examiner*. Said my stuff was 'striking for its rich color and strong imagery.'"

— 1980 —

PAUL LIEBERMAN, former investigative reporter with the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, has been named projects editor.

For the series titled "Kaolin: Georgia's Lost Inheritance," he and colleague Celia Dugger received the George Polk Award for regional reporting, as well as the Roy Howard Award of the Scripps Howard Foundation. The series describes how farmers got "just pennies" for the raw material of a half-billion dollar mining industry.

— 1981 —

PETER ALMOND, with *The Washington Times*, writes from England (He was a reporter with the now-defunct *Cleveland Press*.):

"I find it almost impossible to believe that only 12 months ago we still owned a house in Cleveland, that we have spent a year in Washington and six months in England, that I have been to 15 countries in the last six months, and that I've gone from covering court cases in Cleveland to State Department briefings, to anti-nuclear demonstrations in West Germany to being shot at in Beirut. Now we are deep in darkest stockbroker-belt Surrey, where everyone assumes the civilized world ends 50 miles to the west and north of Dorking, where ladies in tweed skirts and pearl necklaces still take tea at 4 o'clock.

"Suffice it to say that as of this writing the Almond family is intact, together and happy and beginning to settle down. Even dear old Douglas the dog is with us again after six months in quarantine. Anna is the unsung mainstay, of course, holding on to a 5-year old and a 2-year old with one hand, keeping the London bureau of *The Washington Times* (centrally located next to the bathroom upstairs, closed between midnight and 7 A.M.) functioning with the other, and having to do without a twit of a husband who is forever calling her from funny places!

"After a tour of six Middle East countries, I ended up in Beirut when all hell was breaking loose. Another two and a half weeks

there was literally punctuated with enough gunfire to last me a lifetime. It certainly made a patrol with the Royal Ulster Constabulary in Belfast a couple of weeks ago seem very tame in comparison.

"Enough of all that. The point is, we're doing OK and we'd love to hear and see any of our old Nieman friends, any time."

CARLOS AGUILAR, recently transferred to Dallas from the Los Angeles bureau of CBS News, visited Lippmann House in February with his wife, Teri. He had come to Cambridge to be one of four television journalists appearing on a panel titled "Images of Minorities and Women in Television" sponsored by the Harvard Foundation and held at the John F. Kennedy School of Government.

The other panelists were Ken Kashiwara, national correspondent for ABC in San Francisco; Liz Walker, co-anchor of 6 and 11 P.M. news broadcasts at WBZ-TV, a Westinghouse station and NBC affiliate in Boston; and Gloria Chun, host of the television show *Asian Focus* and editor of the *Sanpan News* in Boston.

— 1983 —

HUNTLY COLLINS, former education reporter for *The Oregonian*, has joined the staff of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* as regional economics reporter.

Classmate GILBERT GAUL, formerly a reporter with the *Pottsville (Pa.) Republican*, has also moved to Philadelphia and has joined the financial news staff of *The Inquirer* as a specialist in health care economics.

ERIC BEST has accepted a new post with the *San Francisco Examiner*, where he is the enterprise editor, the deputy city editor in charge of most in-depth stories, series, and projects. He formerly was editorial page editor of the *Stockton (Calif.) Record*.

— 1984 —

CONROY CHINO, investigative reporter with KOAT-TV Albuquerque, New Mexico, in March received the UPI/New Mexico Broadcasting Association Award for best investigative reporting in 1983 for his five-part series, *The Mileage Spinners*, that focused on the illegal practice of rolling back the odometers on luxury used cars.

JAN JARBOE, columnist with the *San Antonio (Texas) Express-News*, has been named a winner in the Star Reporter of the Year competition by the Headliners Club of Austin, Texas.

RANDOM NOTES

BOB WYRICK ('73) and PATRICK OWENS ('63) of *Newsday* received honorable mention citations in the Newspaper Guild's 1983 Heywood Broun Award for their series of stories examining the hardships suffered by thousands of persons who lost their Social Security pensions because of government cost-cutting efforts.

GEORGE CHAPLIN ('41), editor of *The Honolulu Advertiser*, and JAMES JACKSON ('73), editorial writer with the *Chicago Tribune*, were among those attending the eighth conference of Japanese and American editors and publishers in Japan. Held in February, it is one of the activities of the American Committee of the International Press Institute. Chaplin is chairman of the U.S. group.



Springtime on the academic calendar is schizophrenic. Surrounded by evidence of renewal — daffodil and tulips in full bloom and walkways lined with green buds — one looks ahead.

At the same time, the imminent departure of classes tugs thoughts in the opposite direction; the attraction of the nearly immediate past draws like a magnet against what is to come. Pondering this annual pull, one wonders if this might be the origin of the mythical multi-faced figures who could see the past, present and future simultaneously — surely an unenviable trait, bringing only dreary seasons without surprises.

—T.B.K.L.



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