
NIEMAN REPORTS

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NICHOLAS DANILOFF describes his time in Lefortovo prison and decries the reason for his incarceration.

SUNIL SETHI examines publications in India and the role of reporters covering that country.

RICHARD DUDMAN profiles a service disseminating Third World news written by native journalists.

HOWARD SIMONS casts a jaundiced eye upon special interest groups bestowing journalism prizes.

ERIC BEST braves the seas, reaches safe harbor and narrates the saga of his lone voyage.

RICHARD CLURMAN faults the error of blaming the press for unveiling facts and unearthing falsehoods.

Helena Luczywo,
Polish Reporter,
Wins 1989 Lyons Award

BOOKS

REVIEWS by: BARBARA CONNOR, MARITES DANGUILAN-VITUG, JACK FOISIE, PETER JAY, BILL KOVACH, DALE MAHARIDGE, W.M. PINKERTON, JUAN MANUEL SANTOS, MOLLY SINCLAIR, JIM THARPE, AND JOSEPH THOLOE

HOWARD SIMONS

*Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As 'twere a careless trifle.*

This editorial was written by Bill Kovach, Acting Curator of the Nieman Foundation.

The lines from Macbeth keep coming back now. Not that I remembered them exactly, I had to look them up to get them just right. They were the first words which came to mind June 13, when Howard Simons died. The last 68 days of Howard's life were an extraordinary demonstration of quiet, personal courage which touched something deep inside everyone who saw him. They were days filled with his strength, his wit, and his relentless desire to use every minute to some good purpose. After he died, Tod Simons would describe those days as Howard's true memorial. Everyone who attended the Nieman 50th Reunion will recognize the wisdom of Tod's judgment.

There is a special sense of loss here at Lippmann House. An enormous energy is missing — "I go 265 miles an hour in first" he used to say. Howard had a way of filling every room of both floors when he was here: solving a housing problem with Lois Fiore; a financial problem with Liz Tibbitts; the next issue of Nieman Reports with Fay Leviero; lecturing Fellows to spend more time "smelling the flowers, hearing the birds."

But always out of the corner of his ear he was listening for the sound of a journalist in distress. The number of writers and editors out there to whom Howard Simons threw a lifeline is legion. Mention the name Howard Simons within walking distance of any newspaper anywhere and you likely will hear from them. You will hear their stories from Atlanta to Zimbabwe. Zwelakhe Sisulu in Howard's first class of Nieman was one; Julio Godoy in Howard's last class of Nieman was another. Both were under continuing threat from governments which placed no value on free exercise of ideas or speech.

In his all too short tenure as the fifth Nieman Curator Howard found a way to preserve the unique character of the program while at the same time infusing it with a new vitality and sense of mission. Following his own philosophy ("If it ain't broke, don't fix it.") Howard took pains to preserve the intimate slightly whimsical nature of the Nieman world. He turned a more disciplined eye to the administrative side of the program and strengthened its economic base. He cast his net wider and sharply increased the number of journalists from the developing world. But always he was mining the wealth of Harvard. From baroque music to ant colonies; from astrophysics to poetry; he introduced his Nieman to worlds they hardly knew existed. They returned to their jobs not only infused with new ideas and insights but with a mental peripheral vision expanded by many degrees.

Howard's book published last year contains the simple dedication which, though it was meant for Jewish immigrants to America, just as clearly speaks to Nieman as well:

"To all those who came and those still to come."

Those yet to come will miss his warmth and his encompassing concern. But just as surely they will benefit from the imprint he left upon the Nieman Foundation. □



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The 1989 Joe Alex Morris Jr. Memorial Lecture

Prisoners During a Spell of "Peace"

Nicholas Daniloff

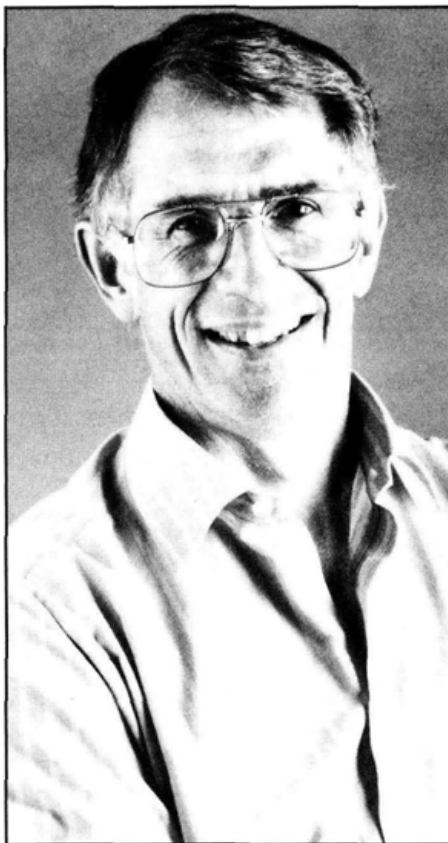
Grim statistics cast their shadows on the lives of foreign correspondents.

Howard Simons, Nieman Foundation Curator, introduced Nicholas Daniloff, the speaker for the recent Memorial Lecture. During the past school year, Mr. Daniloff was a Fellow and adjunct lecturer at the Joan Shorenstein Barone Center on Press, Politics and Public Policy at the Kennedy School. His book, *Two Lives, One Russia*, was published by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Daniloff had covered the USSR for U.S. News & World Report.

* * *

Nicholas Daniloff is a Nieman Fellow, Class of '74. He's been a journalist ever since he got out of Harvard College. And when he was a Nieman Fellow here, he studied Chinese and Chinese history.

First, I should tell you about Joe Alex Morris, Jr. He was a Harvard graduate, not a Nieman Fellow, he was a journalist of some note and much liked in the profession. Joe Alex was in Tehran one day covering that story for the *Los Angeles Times* — he was the Middle East correspondent — when he was gunned down by a sniper and killed. His friends, many of whom are here tonight, and his family and journalist colleagues got together and established this award. Joe was killed ten years ago this year, in January 1979. The award was established in 1981 and the first lecture was given by Flora Lewis. The attempt is to bring a distinguished foreign correspondent who has worked for an



Linda Creighton, *U.S. News & World Report*

American newspaper to Harvard to give a lecture. Last year we had Harrison Salisbury, the year before that, Stanley Karnow, the year before that Peter Jennings and on backwards. It's a very distinguished group and among those distinguished people is Nicholas Daniloff.

Thanks to the Russian government,

I don't really have to give you much of his biography. For those of you who may not know, he was snatched by the Russians so they could have someone to exchange for a spy who the United States government snatched, and he spent some time in prison. What's remarkable about that, in addition to the international incident it caused between the two countries, is that most of us who are American journalists don't end up in trouble. We get our toes stepped on occasionally by a wayward judge or some over-zealous lawyer, or somebody who thinks they've been wronged by the press and sues us for libel. And we scream at that. But we don't know the real perils, the threat of death and prison and torture.

Now, there are some in the audience who do know that. They are foreign Fellows of the Nieman Foundation. They come from countries like China and Guatemala and South Africa where you do get into trouble. Where sometimes instead of sending a letter to the editor, they just kill you. We don't know that. So that Nick, in a sense, has lived the terror that lots of our colleagues around the world live, and he's chosen to talk about that tonight.



Thank you very much. It's a great honor to be here. You mentioned that I tried to learn Chinese when I was a Nieman Fellow, just 15 years ago. You might like to know that I made a deal with a student from Taiwan at the Harvard Law School and the deal was that I would edit his doctoral thesis and he would teach me Mandarin Chinese. The result of this was that he did not get his doctorate and I did not learn Mandarin Chinese.

But, I'm also very pleased to be here because you are Niemans and when I had a recent unpleasantness in Moscow, you were all so good as to bandy together and support the cause. As a matter of fact, you put together a T-shirt. As a result, I think, of my press conference in Moscow immediately after I was released. When asked "What was it like being in prison?" I said, "Well, I feel like a sneaker that's been through a ringer." And you were so clever because you caught those words and you put together this very nice T-shirt, which I want to thank you for tonight.

One gets into journalism for all

... there was a great sign that said *Washington Post*, so I said what the hell, I'll go in there and become a foreign correspondent. I spoke to the chief of personnel who said "sit down and let's see how well you can type." The story was about President Eisenhower. I passed because I spelled Eisenhower right.

sorts of strange reasons. As for myself, what I really wanted to be was a diplomat, but it turned out that when I took the Foreign Service exam, the State Department found that I was mentally unfit. At the same time, I had a military obligation, as we all did in the 1950's and when I took the physical exam for the military, they discovered that I was physically unfit.

At that point, I was at 15th and L St, N.W., in Washington, D.C., and there was a great sign that said *Washington Post*, so I said what the hell, I'll go in there and become a foreign correspondent. And I went in and the first person I spoke to was Elsie Carper, the chief of personnel. And she said, "So, you want to become a journalist, do you? Sit down and let's see how well you can type." And she gave me an article from *The Washington Post* that said "President Eisenhower today decided," etc., and I sat down and typed it all out and apparently did pretty well and she looked at me and said, "You passed because you spelled 'Eisenhower' right." Having just graduated from Harvard with an honors degree, I felt suitably humbled — and that is how my journalistic career began.

Foreign correspondence was always the thing that I wanted to get into and I supposed, like so many people, as Eric Severeid described in *Not So Wild a Dream*, it seemed an almost impossible fantasy to be able to get a job and to be paid for going around the world and seeing what was happening in exotic and interesting places. And it was only later, working for UPI in London, Paris, Geneva, finally Moscow, that one came to realize that there was a price to pay for all of this. And in UPI, the price usually was a low salary.

There are other prices to pay, which I'm afraid some of us run into. I'm thinking of Joe Alex Morris, who, as I understand it, was observing a demonstration from a balcony in Tehran when he was hit by a bullet, and that ended his career. But, one also must remember Dial Torgeson of the same newspaper, who was caught

Statistics compiled by Freedom House: Last year no less than 25 journalists were murdered in various different countries, 28 severely wounded, 40 beaten, 50 otherwise assaulted. The statistics are fairly grim.

in cross-fire on the Nicaraguan/Honduras border in 1983 which ended his career.

I've been looking into the question of foreign correspondents and the troubles that we all get into from time to time. The picture is really not all that bright if you go by the statistics which are compiled every year by Freedom House. We find that last year no less than 25 journalists were murdered in various different countries, 28 severely wounded, 40 beaten, 50 otherwise assaulted. The statistics are fairly grim. Freedom House tells us that in their ranking of countries which are free and not so free with regard to the press, only 36 percent of the world's 159 countries really can rank as being free, 52 percent are not particularly free, and only 12 percent can be said to be partly free. You might be interested to know that in this regard, the Soviet Union has improved a very great deal, but still in the Freedom House ranking, press freedom in the Soviet Union is deemed to be about the same as press freedom on Lebanon. You will see why I mention this, shortly.

Since so much of my career has been in the Soviet Union, I thought I'd talk to you a little bit about what's going on there, how it was and how it seems to be evolving today. When I first went to the Soviet Union in

1961, censorship for foreign correspondents had just been abolished — this was an enormous step forward. Of course, censorship for the domestic press continued. But, in any event, it was always clear that the Soviets were very concerned about their image abroad and despite the fact that it appeared that restrictions on the foreign correspondents had been eased, the Soviets really found different ways to harass, manipulate and cajole. In 1961, for example, if you were going to write about Lenin in a derogatory way or about the general secretary, if you were going to write about breadlines, if you were going to write about the Sino-Soviet split, if you were going to write about the Jewish problem, you could expect difficulties.

There was a whole gamut of different difficulties that you might run into. For example, you might be called to the foreign ministry for a warning, not a very pleasant experience, but also not one that necessarily harmed you right away. You could find another type of harassment that got a little bit more difficult. In those days, one could not travel in and out of the Soviet Union easily. You had to have an entry visa and when you left you had to have an exit visa. And sometimes, if they didn't like your reporting, you didn't get an exit visa. That tended to develop a certain sense of paranoia in you.

Then there were other types of controlling your coverage, or at least influencing it. You might be taken off official invitation lists, your unofficial friends that you consorted with who gave you interesting information, might be harassed. You might even have certain dirty tricks done to you — like the rear window of your automobile might be broken. This, in a cold winter, poses quite a difficult problem since you can't get replacement windows very quickly. Usually you have to order them from Finland, and that takes several days. But the ultimate penalty in those days seemed to be expulsion.

Now, when the negotiators for the

Helsinki Final Act were actively negotiating that international agreement, they took account of these various types of harassments, and they wrote into the Helsinki agreements certain provisions which were intended to reduce that kind of pressure on American and foreign correspondents. And what happened? Instead of expelling correspondents, the Soviet authorities would occasionally have the legal personnel, like the prosecutor's office, call you to their offices to question you in detail about stories you had written, wanting to know why it was that you had gotten facts wrong or had given an improper slant. This started to become a rather intimidating process. Later on, in 1978, there was an extraordinary case where two American correspondents, Hal Piper and Craig

refused to have no part in the trial. But, in the end, they were found guilty and they were fined something like \$3,000 apiece. This also was a method of putting pressure on American correspondents in Moscow.

And finally, of course, if the Helsinki Final Act says that people shall not be expelled for their journalistic activity, it is always possible nevertheless to find other types of reasons why they should be expelled. They can be charged with currency violations or they can be charged with ordinary crimes, and in fact, as you well know, I fell into a situation where I was arrested very suddenly and charged with spying. I was not a spy, nor was I involved in espionage.

My problem really related to something that had nothing to do with me — and that was the arrest in

As a matter of fact, I was not a spy, nor was I involved in espionage. My problem really related to something that had nothing to do with me — and that was the arrest in New York . . . of a Soviet who did not have diplomatic immunity and who was engaged in espionage.

Whitney, were actually accused of libelling the Soviet Union. They had flown to Georgia where a very firebrand Georgia nationalist had been calling for secession of Georgia from the Soviet Union. He was arrested and then later on, recanted everything that he had said. And Hal Piper and Whitney wrote articles, having interviewed many, many people in Georgia, which cast doubt on the validity of the recantation. Their stories were beamed back to the Soviet Union through the Voice of America, and the Soviet authorities decided that what they had done was very damaging to the Soviet image, and therefore a libel suit was brought against them. They, very sensibly,

New York, in August of 1986, of a Soviet who did not have diplomatic immunity and who was engaged in espionage. This was Gennaday F. Zakharov. He was an official of the UN Secretary General who had been going around trying to buy classified information from students in various American universities.

This sort of pot-shot, like arrests and imprisonments, does have a certain number of fringe benefits for the Soviet spin doctors because it intimidates the press corps when they see one of their own thrown into prison. Nobody every believed that being thrown in prison, really was an eventuality in the Soviet Union. Now, apparently, it is. It keeps up the myth

that American correspondents may, in fact, be involved in espionage. And I think that is a myth which the Soviets may someday want to pull out of the bag when it is valuable to them. Since I have left the Soviet Union, my colleagues tell me that surveillance of American correspondents by the secret police continues quite actively. Phil Taubman of *The New York Times* talks in a *Times Magazine* article of being constantly followed very openly with the purpose of harassment by the Soviet secret police. The Soviets, subsequently, highly objected to the article that he wrote and they published an article trying to demean and denigrate him. So, despite the fact that glasnost has brought in a much more open atmosphere in the Soviet Union, there is still plenty of opportunity for the Soviets to cajole and to threaten, and I would not be at all surprised to see some incidents of this sort continue as we go along.

With regard to myself, I have of course, often pondered what was the lesson that the Soviets might be trying to teach me personally by arresting me. I was a convenient target in several senses. A target because I was right at the end of my assignment in Moscow. My replacement was on deck and therefore I was sort of the extra man who could be kicked around. I had developed many Russian friends. I had probed relatively deeply into matters including some which they would not like to have had made public, such as the health of Soviet leaders. Three Soviet leaders died during the period that I was the Moscow bureau chief, and of course, you get into a conflict here, because our readers want to know what is going on with Yuri Andropov. Is he really active or not? But the health of a Soviet leader is a Soviet state secret. So, even to write on this topic is one where you are clearly treading on thin ice. Nevertheless, I always felt that if one was going to do one's job, one had to do it very conscientiously because at any moment, if they wanted to get you — they could. You're on their ter-

ritory; you are essentially defenseless and if you are scared, for example, of finding secret documents in your mailbox, you will never open your mail.

So, you essentially have to put behind you those fears that they are out to entrap you, and you have to go ahead and do, as well as you can, the job that you've set out to do.

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I want to come back to that question of incarceration in prison because it is really a very unpleasant and frightening experience. In my case I was set up in a way which was rather devious. I had met with a friend who I had known for some years, it was really a relationship which you would call a reporter-source relationship. This young man from Central Asia would come to Moscow once or twice a year, we would meet, he would supply me with lots of very interesting information — particularly relating to the war in Afghanistan.

I think it was through him that I came to appreciate and understand

what a terrible bleeding wound Afghanistan was becoming for the Soviet Union. And towards the end of my assignment, he asked me if I could do him a favor. He said, "you know, what I want to do is write an academic thesis about publishing in America because I'm sure that it's very exploitive, and what I want is to get a hold of Stephen King novels." And the reason I think he was so interested in Stephen King was not so much the academic thesis, but it was simply that he enjoyed reading about the sex and terror and violence that you could find in those novels. So that was essentially the reason why that September, or rather that August 30th, I went out to meet with my friend, Misha, handed him these seven Stephen King novels that I had bought in New Hampshire during a vacation. And he, in return, handed me a package which he said contained some photographs of soldiers from Afghanistan, and clippings from the Kirghizia Republic where he lived. And on that, we parted.

I said I would be coming back to the Soviet Union and would send him a post card that I was back, and he went off his merry way. And I started walking home, and suddenly a white van appeared beside me, eight men jumped out, two of them began photographing. They pulled my arms behind my back, threw me into handcuffs, threw me in this van. They never said a word. It was done totally silently. They didn't say "we're from the KGB." They didn't say "we have a warrant for your arrest." In fact, they didn't have a warrant and didn't get one until three days later. I was driven to the prison where I was taken immediately to see a very, very strong interrogator. And at that point, they took this package which Misha had given me and opened it up in front of witnesses. I had two witnesses there. A photographer was standing behind and out came these photographs and then came long filmstrips and then came maps that were marked "secret" all over them. So, I understood at that point what this was all about. That

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this was a set-up which had been arranged in order to counter the arrest in New York of Gennaday Zakharov.

And I, not knowing whether I would ever have contact again with the outside world, as they were doing all of these photographs, I put my right hand in this gesture which is known to all Americans and put it on the photographs hoping that these photographs would be published and would be a tip-off to the outside world that I had understood that they had entrapped me. In developing those photographs, they must have realized what I managed to slip into the photographs because they never did publish those pictures.

They did, however, let me have a number of visits with my wife, Ruth, and she told me of the extraordinary uproar that had arisen in the United States as a result of this sort of strong-armed tactic. Those contacts with Ruth and with my chief editor, Mort Zuckerman, were terrifically valuable because after many heavy hours of interrogation in which the interrogator attempted to bully me into agreeing to their charges of espionage, I nevertheless had a sense that there was somebody out there that was

fighting and struggling for you and was not going to forget you. I wanted to say a word about incarceration because when you are thrown into a prison cell in the bowels of a prison and you don't know when you're ever going to get out, and you don't know how the whole thing is going to turn, you really are reduced to a very elemental level of existence.

Actually, living in Lefortovo Prison was reasonably — how should I put it — it could have been much more unpleasant in my case. But nevertheless, they did try by various different types of means, to demoralize me. For example, they very quickly took my belt away and my shoelaces away on the grounds that I might commit suicide. They took my watch away and if you've ever lived with a watch, and then have it taken away, it is remarkable how it tends to disorient you when you have no real notion of what time it is. They never turned the light off in the cell, so it was difficult to sleep. And they put me on a diet which was very non-nutritional. I lost a great deal of weight very, very quickly. And finally, they really didn't let me wash regularly. One got to shave twice a week with a dirty razor, and if you were lucky, once a week you could get a shower. So, under those conditions, you very quickly come to understand that your physical survival is a real issue.

Thinking back on that experience, I think the thing that I come away with mostly, is a sense of how fragile human life is, and how important are the values that have developed in our society, and how important it is to keep them in mind, and when you have a chance, to stand up for them.

Coming out of Lefortovo Prison, I found myself almost immediately, inextricably tied to a colleague of mine whom I never met, but whom I've come to feel more and more close to. I'm referring to Terry Anderson of the Associated Press, who today is beginning his fifth year of incarceration in some dank, unknown cellar in Beirut. And I feel very close to him because both of us have been used as

hostages. I feel very close to him because the families of the other American hostages in 1986 were very quick to complain that President Reagan did a great deal for me but not very much for their kinfolk. I feel very close to Terry because there is a feeling abroad in this country, which I run into from time to time, a feeling that the American hostages in Lebanon, in fact, put themselves in harm's way. And don't particularly deserve any great support. And it seems to me that's terrifically unfair because if you look at who these people are, you find they were people who were concerned with the public good.

Terry Anderson was engaged in trying to keep us informed of what was going on in Lebanon. And we in the United States who put so much store on exchange of information, on being well informed about events in this country and around the world, it would seem to me that we owe him a particular debt for being willing to serve under terrifically difficult and dangerous conditions.

I also feel close to Terry because of the sense that I have had — that if you do not have the hope, if you do not have the assurance that somebody out there is fighting for you, you have very little left to live on. I don't know how well acquainted all of you are with the conditions under which Terry Anderson is being held, as well as the other hostages in Lebanon. There are a number of accounts that have come out, Larry Pintak's book, *Beirut Outtakes*, and an issue of *Time* magazine have a very good account of the absolutely astounding, horrible conditions in which these people are being held.

Terry was arrested in a surprise manner. He was coming back from a tennis game with a friend of his, and as they were driving up and stopping at the curb, three gunmen arrived, pulled him out of the car, brandishing rifles, shoved him into a Mercedes and drove away. Not a word was said. He was taken off to an apartment somewhere in the slums of Beirut,

I feel very close to Terry Anderson of the Associated Press who is in his fifth year of incarceration in some dank, unknown cellar in Beirut. I feel close because of the sense that I have had — that if you do not have the hope, if you do not have the assurance that somebody out there is fighting for you, you have very little left to live on.

not far from Beirut airport. He was thrown on a bed. He was shackled with chains to that bed, blindfolded, told never to talk, and as time went on, and I'm talking about days and weeks, anytime he or the other hostages, who at that point were separated, ever tried to lift up their blindfolds, they were roundly punished and beaten. Later on, the hostages' conditions were improved somewhat. But, the fact is, two of them have already died in captivity. I'm thinking of William Buckley and Maurice Seurat of France. That experience of living, not knowing what's going to happen next, seeing some of your comrades actually dying before your eyes, has got to be one of the most grim and dismal experiences that any human being, any journalist, could ever really live through.

I must say that when I was held in Lefortovo Prison one of the distractions that one had was to read *Pravda* which was shoved in through the feed window of our cell once a day. And I would read that paper in Russian seeking for signs that something was happening in the outside world that was mildly encouraging. And I remember an interview that Mikhail Gorbachov gave to the Czechoslovak newspaper, *Rudeprovo*, and I probed it to see whether he still was talking about a meeting with President Reagan because I knew that if there was some sense that there would be a meeting, then my own particular

case probably would get worked out sooner rather than later.

And so, as I contemplate the situation of Terry Anderson and the other hostages, I've also been casting around these days for signs, and I must say that in July when the Iranian airbus was shot down, I was very concerned that deathly harm would come to Terry and the other hostages. And then things seemed to change. They seemed to be changing for the better, because the Iran/Iraq war came to an end. Iran started thinking about trying to improve its economy by reaching out to Western countries. There seemed to be a flicker of hope, for example, in negotiating with Iran in terms of economic assistance, maybe some leverage could be brought to bear by Iran on the kidnappers of the hostages in Beirut. Then at the end of last year, the United States agreed to talk to the PLO. George Bush, in his inaugural address put out a trial balloon for the hostages. My information is that there was some diplomatic follow-up to that.

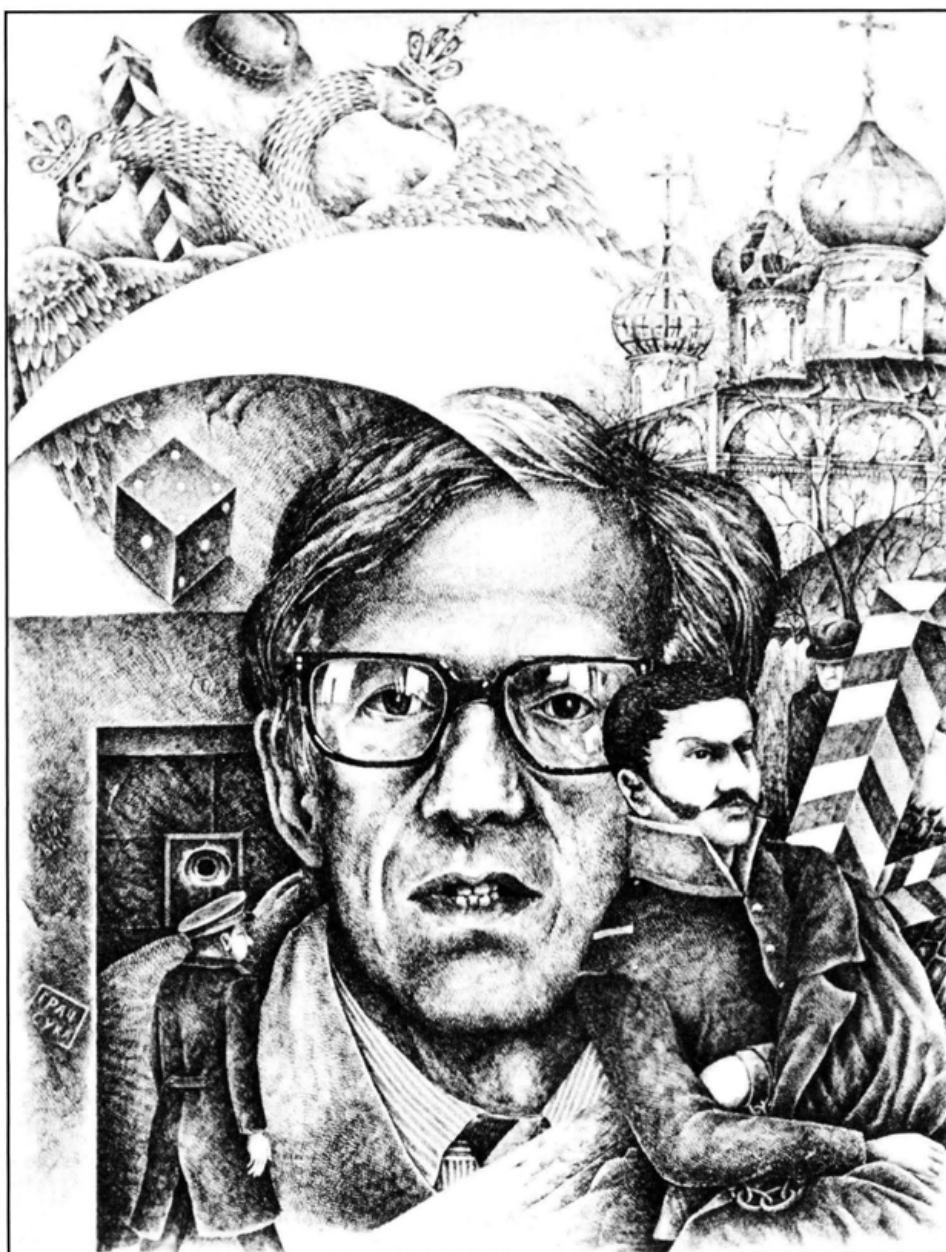
The Soviets seem to be taking a more reasonable position on terrorism and getting into the diplomacy of the Middle East peace process in a more active way. Syria was back in Lebanon with a peace keeping force and was giving out signals that it opposed the taking of hostages. And even, I'm told, there were some signs that the kidnappers of the hostages were getting a bit tired after four years

of holding these people, and might eventually weaken and release them. And then suddenly, in the beginning of this year, we have the fantastic explosion over Salman Rushdie's novel, *Satanic Verses*, and all of these positive signals that I thought I saw developing on the diplomatic horizon, seem to have dissipated and gone away.

Britain and Iran have broken off diplomatic relations. This is significant because Britain had hostages that it was trying to negotiate to freedom. That all is a thing of the past, at least for the moment. West Germany, which was about to extend a large loan of nearly \$3 billion to Iran has put that proposal in cold storage. And so, one asks, what can be done? And what should be done?

Going back to that period when the hostage families were complaining that the Reagan administration was not doing enough to get their kinfolk out, I do want to point out that President Reagan was very much concerned about Terry and about the other hostages, and in fact authorized — we know this now from the Iran-Contra hearings — authorized the possibility of a military rescue raid. Colonel North furthermore explored a number of unseemly schemes, as you well know. He explored with Israeli intelligence the possibility of a raid, but finally junked it, apparently because the details were much too complex for us to manage. As you well know, he engaged and set up a scheme for selling arms to Iran in return for hostages. He also, perhaps, and this is less well-known, was involved in trying to bribe the people holding the hostages with something like \$10 million, \$5 million to go to the Hezbollah group which is believed to be holding Terry Anderson and the other hostages and \$5 million to go to Sheik Fadlalah, the spiritual leader of the Hezbollah group.

People sometimes ask whether we shouldn't murder or kidnap the kidnappers themselves. And I'm told by some that such a proposal was put up to Oliver North who really rejected it



Pen and ink drawing by Alexander Kalugin, 1987.

very quickly, and said that the United States would never be able to do that. There have also been some proposals that people volunteered to take the hostages place. And it seems to me the difficulty with that one is that it really only rewards hostage taking and prolongs that sort of agony. I've heard it said that we are in a battle of wills and that one of the best ways to demonstrate that battle of wills to the hostage takers themselves, is for members of the hostage families to go on high profile hunger strikes right to

the very end. I must say that I can't approve of that one, either.

I do think, however, that in the end one has to hope against hope. And I think that one will see, as we go along, that Iran will have to come back to the business of rebuilding its economy and that avenue may again open up sometime in the future. I do notice, and it's a hopeful matter for me, that a number of prominent people like the Pope have been making some mollifying statements and I am still encouraged that there may

be dialogue between Islamic leaders and Westerners which will tend to pacify — pour a little oil on troubled waters — around the Rushdie matter, which, as I say has really derailed the effort to rescue Terry Anderson and the others.

In the meantime, I do have some strong convictions and the first one is that the Bush Administration which has shown some new interest in the hostage fates, ought to by all rights, improve relations between the State Department and the hostage families. As you know, after the Iran-Contra scandal, the Reagan administration really tended to devalue the hostages, tended to pay little attention to them, apparently because they did not want to raise the price of their release. But they did this in such a way that they encouraged and allowed an enormous amount of frustration and rage to develop with Terry Anderson's sister, Peggy Say, and with other members of the hostage families. So, I think, this is an area where the Bush Administration would be well advised to try to repair relations with the hostage families. And finally, I would say that we as journalists and as colleagues of Terry Anderson, must not forget him. It is interesting that whenever we speak out, whenever we agitate, whenever we remind ourselves of his fate, that these words tend to get back to Terry and the other hostages. They get back because occasionally, they are allowed to listen to the radio, they are allowed sometimes to see television, sometimes to read newspapers and interestingly, in the interplay in relationships between captor and captives, information occasionally is passed.

So, I would hope that March would be a time, not just this year, but every year, when we would stop for a moment and pledge ourselves that we will not forget our colleagues. We will not forget those who have fallen in battle or who have been buffeted by calamity or who have vanished temporarily into oblivion. We do not forget Joe Alex Morris, or Dial

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India and its Publications — Covering a Subcontinent

Sunil Sethi

Even eager reporters ready for fray may find too many barricades.

In a country where radio and television have traditionally been state-controlled and political opposition to the ruling Congress party chronically fragmented, the Indian print media's responsibility is redoubled; it must necessarily fill in the blanks left by the electronic media, and also fill in for a divided opposition.

Further, it must zealously guard its independence against the constant threat of government encroachment. The worst example of this occurred in 1977 when Prime Minister Indira Gandhi imposed a state of Emergency for 19 months during which the press was censored, the political opposition jailed, and civil liberties suspended. Lesser examples include state control of newsprint and efforts by Rajiv Gandhi's government last year to introduce a bill in parliament that would severely hamper defense in libel actions against newspapers. The government was forced by public pressure to give up the idea, a clear indicator of not only the growing clout of the Indian print media, but

also the value the reading public places on a free press in the post-Emergency era.

It's no surprise, therefore, to consider the phenomenal growth in the number of newspapers and magazines in India in the last few decades. Statistics never tell the whole story, but here are some that astonish even Indians.

ones, in English and a dozen regional languages, are mushrooming everywhere.

In New Delhi alone there are eight dailies, and in Bombay — fourteen. As Aroon Purie, the distinguished editor-publisher of India's premier news-magazine *India Today*, said in a paper he delivered at the Smithsonian not long ago: "As both an institution and

Statistics never tell the whole story, but here are some that astonish even Indians. Between 1952 and 1985 the growth in the number of publications in India was six-fold, and increase in circulation five-fold Over 20,000 publications (with a combined circulation of 50 million) are visible on newsstands today and an estimated 700 new ones are added on each year.

Sunil Sethi, Nieman Fellow '89, was senior editor of The Hindustan Times in New Delhi. Previously, he had been a correspondent for the news-magazine, *India Today*. He has written and broadcast for papers and networks around the world, including The Boston Globe and the BBC.



Between 1952 and 1985 the growth in the number of publications in India was six-fold, and the increase in circulation five-fold, though the population in the corresponding period had hardly doubled. Over 20,000 publications (with a combined circulation of 50 million) are visible on newsstands today and an estimated 700 new ones are added on each year. Whereas large-circulation newspapers in American cities have been closing down, the reverse is true of India: big-circulation dailies are steadily increasing print-runs with the advent of the latest print technology. Countless new

an industry, the press in India is in much better shape today than ten years ago, something that cannot be said of many of India's other institutions . . . (and) there is no doubt that the free press in India, with all its faults and failures, is the keystone of India's democracy."

While the staggering expansion in the number of publications signals massive growth in readership as well as advertising, reporting India remains a complex, often risky business. An imperfect communication system, difficult transportation, widespread illiteracy, deep-

seated social inequities and prejudices, ever-shifting political alliances, corrupt administrations, a sometimes brutal police force and overburdened judiciary — any reporter's handy short-list of possible trouble can quickly turn into a litany of complaint.

Indeed, the scale and chaos and volatility of the subcontinent can set the most intrepid correspondent's teeth on edge. It can occasionally do worse to foreign reporters: it can reduce sharp observation to banal generality and astute comparison to muddled conclusion.

One reason is that almost any assumption about India a reporter starts with, its exact opposite is immediately true. That inevitably leads to the kind of explaining that readers in an average town in the United States may find opaque and incomprehensible. Another reason is the conflicting priority of stories, two or maybe ten, that seem to demand attention all at once (in the subcontinent distances add to the logistical problems of sustained on-the-spot coverage).

But when comparisons between the reporting styles and attitudes of indigenous and foreign reporters on a major international story are made, the debate is likely to become shrill and acrimonious. Some of this contentiousness is evident in Jim and Diane Willis' comparative report on the Indian and Western media's coverage of the Bhopal gas leak disaster (*Nieman Reports, Winter 1988*) in late 1984 that left at least 3,329 dead and 200,000 injured, some permanently. The case was settled out of court earlier this year when Union Carbide agreed to pay \$470 million to the victims of the world's worst industrial disaster, but memories of its grim aftermath continue to haunt those who reported the story.

In the Willis' account an Indian editor accuses American journalists of paying less attention to the fact of the number of Indians killed — "the loss of a human being is more greatly valued in America than in the Third

World" — than investigating the possibility of a similar accident happening in America. The New Delhi bureau chief of an American wire agency angrily refutes the argument, claiming that, if anything, American reporting in Bhopal was tougher and more emotional, whereas Indian reportage tended to be loose and heavily dependent on official sources.

Minus the heat of the arguments, both parties have a point that illustrates to some degree the problems of covering not just the world's worst industrial accident, but India in general. It's perfectly reasonable to assume that American interest in the Bhopal tragedy would have been considerably less if the company involved were not Union Carbide but, say, ICI of Britain. And it's clear from the American bureau chief's attack on Indian reporting that she is referring to coverage by smaller local papers whose limited resources and skills are not necessarily those of national publications like the *Indian Express* or *India Today* who covered the disaster on a scale and with a zeal difficult to match. The trouble with both the Indian editor and the American bureau chief's perceptions, of course, is that they lump the huge — and hugely varied — operations of the Indian and United States media into a series of stock attitudes.

Just as India defies easy generalizations so does the infinite variety and, indeed, the varying stages of development of its print media. The story really worth looking at in the Willis report is of a lone Indian journalist from Bhopal who, for years before the disaster occurred, singlehandedly carried warnings of the inherent dangers of the Union Carbide chemical plant in a weekly he financed. When the weekly folded, the journalist continued his investigations into the unsafe conditions at the plant, secured material proving them, appealed to relevant officials and politicians in the state, but failed to get a hearing.

In an almost similar account of a single man's newspapering crusade,

James A. Rousmaniere Jr. ("*Newspapering in India*," *Nieman Reports, Autumn 1987*) tells of another young Indian, in a small town not far from Bhopal, who also started a fortnightly on a loan, was jailed, and forced to close his paper when he exposed corruption in local politics. Out of prison he started all over again, with a daily this time, only to have government advertising cut off when he exposed another misdemeanor in public life. Undaunted, he went into the market looking for private advertising — found it — and his paper and he are alive and well.

Nothing can better reflect the current state of the Indian media than the stories of these two small-town boys. A fairly good measure of any journalist's life is to win some stories, and lose some. And in the vast and immensely varied subcontinent, even though sometimes it may appear to be the repository of every social and economic ill imaginable, the miracle is that the spirit of free expression has seeped deep into the soil. Stories of single-handed, singleminded efforts in successful newspaper entrepreneurship that constitute the founding of American media empires forty or fifty years ago are today with vigor being repeated in a younger, but no less dynamic democracy.

In the upper, established echelons of Indian journalism the shake-up is all the more evident. Among the biggest of developments in the last decade has been the dogged, successful pursuit of public service litigation by journalists who have directly challenged government decisions in the Supreme Court. In the United States such direct action is unknown; but in India where all courts are clogged with a massive backlog of cases, the Supreme Court has increasingly begun to hear direct appeals in the interests of the public by journalists, often in tandem with a lawyer, if the journalist's reporting has failed to move the political administration. Recent successful restraining orders granted to journalists have been

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The South-North News Service

Richard Dudman

First World editors applaud the recruitment of Third World journalists in-training — and use their stories.

Richard Dudman, Nieman Fellow '54, reported for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch for 31 years. He covered stories in that city, Washington, D.C., and later, from points abroad. He was chief Washington correspondent when he retired in 1981. He now lives in Ellsworth, Maine, where he helps his wife, Helen, operate two radio stations. Mr. Dudman is president and occasional managing editor of the South-North News Service.

Here on the edge of the Dartmouth campus in Hanover, New Hampshire, in a few rooms in an 18th-century house, we are operating one of the tiniest news services known to man. But increasingly it is making a difference in the world.

For three years, the South-North News Service has been supplying news of the Third World to some big, and some not-so-big, First World news organizations. As a non-profit educational corporation it is training a corps of some 175 Third World journalists, our part-time correspondents in 65 countries. For two years, it has been publishing its own newsletter, *Third World Week*, for mail subscribers.

Soon it expects to be publishing a simplified and somewhat jazzed-up version of the newsletter, to be called *Third World View*, that will be written to appeal to high school students.

The enterprise originated as a good answer to a difficult question: How can the developing nations get a better shake in the publications and schools and thinking of the developed world?

That question raised a great uproar in the 1970's and 80's and disrupted the United Nations Educational and Scientific Organization (UNESCO) when UNESCO came up with a bad answer. It wanted to let each country judge the qualifications of news reporters and decide which ones could write about its affairs. The proposal amounted to a plan for licensing reporters — a measure that is anathema to anyone devoted to freedom of the press.

Still, we think the Third World nations have a legitimate complaint. Too much of its coverage by the First World, especially United States news organizations, has been concentrated on disasters, natural or man-made. First World readers often have been guided toward fear and condescension rather than interest and understanding.

Our operation supplies a better answer. We recruit Third World journalists and let them tell their own



The staff of the South-North News Service at their headquarters in Hanover, N.H. L. to r.: Richard Dudman, Peter Bird Martin, editor in-chief; and Bill Forbis. Mr. Dudman and Mr. Forbis describe themselves as "occasional managing editors."

stories to the First World. Wherever possible, we find correspondents who are natives of the countries from which they will be reporting.

There's one catch: Most of the stories, as they come in from our correspondents, would never make it past most of our subscribing editors. Few of them have a decent lead. Their organization often is a hodgepodge. Their first draft often has to be sent back to have gaps filled and questions answered. And none of the stories come in by computer. We're lucky when we get one that's typed. When it is, we're lucky if our correspondent's ancient typewriter hasn't knocked the centers out of the o's. Some stories are in barely legible longhand, sometimes on both sides of cheap paper that lets the ink bleed through.

Our daily challenge is to put each story into shape so that editors will want to publish it, while retaining the sense and spirit of the writer. Most of our subscribers get our daily feed directly into their computers via satellite.

As one of the stable of rotating managing editors — I have just wound up my third annual three-month stint

Third World journalists tell their own stories to the First World. The pieces are edited, but retain the sense and spirit of the writers. None of the stories come in by computer. We're lucky when we get one that's typed. Some stories are in barely legible longhand.

— I often say that the editing is hard work. But then remind myself that if it were easy everyone would be doing it and there would be no place for us.

Two managing editors are on duty at any one time. I handled Africa, the Middle East and South Asia for the second time, taking over from Jack Shepherd, a former assistant managing editor at *Look* magazine and now a lecturer at Dartmouth on environmental journalism. I turned that desk over to Bowden Quinn, a journalist, a former fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs and a preparatory school teacher.

The other desk handles Latin America, Asia and the Pacific. That slot is manned by Harvey Rosenhouse, who was *Time* magazine's longtime Latin American bureau chief based in Mexico City. He took over from Bill Forbis, who came in from Big Arm, Montana, where he retired after many years as a senior foreign affairs editor for *Time*. The rest of the staff consists of Peter Bird Martin, another *Time* veteran, the founder and editor in chief; an office manager, who serves also as a final copy editor and traffic manager; the make-up editor for *Third World Week*, who puts the newsletter together on a Macintosh also keeps the files of our correspondents; a part-time bookkeeper, and a half-dozen Dartmouth students who help with research and fact-checking.

The size of the output fits the size of the staff. We put out one story a day, plus a "Third World tale" as a bonus every Wednesday. That means culling the best from a flow of suggestions and completed stories that comes in by mail and telex and facsimile. It also means keeping a flow of letters going back to our correspondents, congratulating those who have made it to publication, sometimes telling them where they could have done better, asking for revision of stories that almost make it, and telling the writers of rejected stories and ideas how they may do better in the future.

Some of our stories are timeless

We broke the story of the Mexican minicow: It gives both milk and beef; it is only two feet high; roundups can be made on foot rather than on horseback. And the minicow can double as a pet.

features, preferably exclusive. We broke the story of the Mexican minicow, which gives milk and provides beef just like a regular cow but is only two feet high. It has the advantage of doubled dairy and meat production per acre of tropical grazing land. Its pastures require only low fences. Roundups can be made on foot rather than on horseback. And the minicow can double as a pet.

A Nepalese correspondent told of the hazards of trekking in the Himalayas. Instead of the usual tourist promotion, his piece was an account of little-publicized, mysterious deaths on the trail and the casual attitude of the authorities toward banditry.

From the Philippines earlier this year, we had a piece on an unusual form of prize fighting. The combatants are not men, not dogs, not cocks, but spiders, selected for size and strength, and starved in preparation for the bout. As the spectators shout encouragement and place side bets, the two peanut-sized spiders meet on a thin stem of a coconut-palm leaf held horizontally in mid-air by the referee. The winner is the spider that can wrap its opponent in silken thread and kill it with poison fangs.

More of our stories are news

features, giving perspective, background, and details that aren't usually found elsewhere.

A correspondent in Lima tells about the daily life of an ordinary person — living on the defensive against rampant inflation, street crime, and the terrorism of the Shining Path guerrillas.

From Sri Lanka, we had a piece telling how the country's first low-caste president, a member of the laundrymen's caste, hopes to raise the bottom half of the population out of poverty through an adaptation of Mahatma Gandhi's program in India.

A correspondent in Swaziland, one of 14 high school graduates to whom I taught beginning journalism for six weeks last year as an extra South-North News Service project, came through with a piece about how Zambian soccer players evade the anti-apartheid sports boycott. They go to Swaziland and play for a while and then slip over into South Africa, where they can make big money. If they are found out, they are banned for life from playing again in Zambia.

Sometimes we get special requests from our subscribing newspapers. Just before President Bush's inauguration, Roberto Fabricio, foreign editor of the *Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel*, asked us for some articles on what the Third World expected from the Bush Administration. Within a few days, our correspondents had sent us dispatches from South Africa, Iran, the People's Republic of China, Mexico, Libya, Zimbabwe and the Philippines. With Fabricio's permission, we fed the stories to our other subscribers after transmitting them first to him.

Reporting the news from the Third World can be dangerous, and the welfare of our correspondents is a constant preoccupation. Most of our letters and checks to correspondents go out in plain envelopes, with no indication that they come from a news service. Our correspondents' information sheet asks whether we should use any precautionary procedures in getting in touch with

them. One correspondent asks that we telephone him only through a friend who is a Roman Catholic priest. In rare cases, we will omit a byline to protect the writer. One of our writers uses a false name, having persuaded us that the government would otherwise put a stop to the stories.

A correspondent in an African country, whom we asked to expand a story by answering specific questions about the economy there, replied that details of the national budget were so sensitive that a journalist who put our questions to government officials could be prosecuted as a spy.

Reporting news from the Third World can be dangerous . . . the welfare of our correspondents is a constant preoccupation. Letters and checks go out in plain envelopes. One correspondent asks that we telephone him only through a friend who is a Roman Catholic priest. In rare cases we will omit a byline to protect the writer.

Once we inadvertently caused trouble for Fereydon Pezeshkan, our man in Teheran. We had put a story from him about relations among the Gulf States together with a dispatch from a correspondent in Kuwait and gave the combined piece a joint byline.

Soon afterward, Pezeshkan was on the phone. The Information Ministry had called him on the carpet. He

wanted to know why we had put him in the awkward position of referring to the Persian Gulf as the Arabian Gulf — a usage that is highly offensive to the Iranians. We telexed Pezeshkan, explaining that we had picked up the name from the Kuwait dispatch. Our message gave him something he could show the ministry, and the incident blew over.

We are not in the business of scoops, but occasionally we get one. One of our correspondents in South Africa was first with disclosures from Namibia of pre-election harassment and violence by South African-controlled security forces that threaten the transition to independence.

One of our correspondents in Israel sent us what we understand was the first article about 76 Israeli rabbis — Orthodox as well as Reform and Conservative — who have set up a Human Rights Watch in the occupied territories, with emphasis on Palestinians' rights.

Our best scoop thus far, which got us needed publicity when we were still getting started, came in February, 1986, when Gerald Seib, a correspondent for *The Wall Street Journal*, was detained without explanation in Teheran.

He had entered Iran with a group of other foreign correspondents for a one-week visit at the invitation of the Iranian government. When the others left, he was imprisoned. Our man in Teheran, Pezeshkan, who had been the first to report the story of the cake and the Bible that President Reagan sent to Iran in the secret arms-for-hostages negotiations, telephoned us with an explanation: The Iranian government was going to charge Seib formally with espionage for Israel and the Central Intelligence Agency. We rushed the story to our subscribers and informed *The Wall Street Journal*.

The next day, Teheran Radio put out that story, and the world press was playing it big. But by that time, Pezeshkan was telling us a new development: The Iranian government now had decided it had made a

A correspondent in an African country when questioned about the economy there, said budget details were sensitive, a journalist who asked a government official such questions could be prosecuted as a spy.

mistake, and Seib would be freed within 48 hours. We sent out our second exclusive in two days.

On the third day, the world's press was full of speculation about our "unconfirmed report" that Seib was going to be released. Again we were ahead of the story. Pezeshkan telephoned to report that Seib was already safe in the Swiss Embassy in Teheran and would be catching the next plane out. Scoop number three.

We had been trying to think of a way of planting a story about our news service in *The Wall Street Journal*, which is known in public relations circles as the publication that most others look to for their story ideas. Now the Journal came to us. One of their Boston correspondents asked if he could come up to Hanover and do a story on us. He told it well, and the expected ripples followed. We no longer met with blank stares when we said we were with the South-North News Service. What's more, *The Journal* signed up for our service for a year.

Running a news service is more than just getting, editing, and distributing stories. It requires sales, too. Peter Martin, the editor in chief who doubles as our one-man sales department, blanketed newspapers across the country with the story of our Iran achievement. There was a flurry of interest, but we still are far from the goal we set four years ago,

when we had projected enough subscribing papers to bring us to the break-even point in three years.

Peter raised start-up money from some of the big foundations plus a few interested individuals. Part of it went for travel, to try the idea out on key editors around the country. Part went for a canvass of journalistic schools and institutes to recruit our original list of correspondents in developing countries around the world.

We started as a lean operation and have kept it that way, with an annual budget of \$364,000. Next to salaries, our biggest single expense is communications, but we are able to keep that item down by distributing our daily feed via the AP Datafeature Service. We pay a modest \$80 for every story that we accept and distribute, and we pay no kill fee. To be fair to our correspondents, we try to order only stories that have a good prospect of being used. This year, our income from subscribing newspapers — at \$30 to \$200 a week, depending on circulation — and from individual subscribers to *Third World Week*, at \$49.95 a year, come to just over one-third of our total expenses. To make up the difference we have had to go back to our original donors and seek out some new ones.

Part of the problem is that the threat of the New World Information Order has abated, at least for the present. Most newspapers no longer felt that pressure to pay attention to the Third World. More fundamentally, news holes and news budgets seem generally to be shrinking. Most First World editors, especially those in the United States, have much more news coming in than they can possibly read, let alone find the space to print. A little-known news service dealing with little-known parts of the world is a hard sell. And for newspapers that have subscribed, it is an easy place to cut when the next year's budget is being considered.

To make things easier for budget-pressed editors, we have relented and now allow "cherry picking." A newspaper may subscribe at half

price, get our weekly feed, and then pay a pro-rata fee for only the stories the editor selects for use. An even cheaper but slower possibility is to subscribe to *Third World Week* and then pay only for stories selected for use.

If we have topped out as far as the big newspapers are concerned, however, we have some other strings for our bow. We have been canvassing smaller papers, some of which are among our most appreciative subscribers.

We have been promoting the weekly *Third World Tale* as a special device to help lure children into reading newspapers. Many editors are impressed by the way *The Valley News* in Lebanon, New Hampshire, runs this feature — with an illustration, often selected from those drawn by a class in one of the local grammar schools.

We have been pushing *Third World Week*, with a direct-mail campaign financed by a grant from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation. Circulation now has reached 1,500.

Another promising profit center is *Third World View*, which can help fill the gap suddenly being perceived in United States school students' knowledge of geography and current events. We are completing the first dummy of the new newsletter and plan to try it out with focus groups of teachers and students in a half-dozen places around the country. Each story will be rewritten to grab and hold a teenager's attention. Unfamiliar names and terms will be kept to the minimum essentials. The idea is to be simple without being condescending. Each story will have an introduction to tell what it's all about, a map, and a fact box about the country involved. Teachers will be supplied with study guides and quizzes.

If this sounds like a hand-to-mouth operation, so it is. But there are many enthusiastic readers, our few devoted staffers, scores of earnest and able part-time correspondents, and a good many foundation executives who are determined to see it keep going. □

The Business of the Prize Business

Howard Simons

One award is named after an 18th C. steed born during an eclipse.

Howard Simons, Curator of the Nieman Foundation, gave this talk recently at the University of Hawaii at Manoa. The lecture was part of an annual series presented under the aegis of the Carol Burnett Fund for Responsible Journalism.

When John Luter invited me to come to Hawaii to present the Carol Burnett lecture, I readily accepted. Who realized then it was going to be the mildest winter in recent Boston memory? I thought also that I could wing it across the Pacific and then wing it during the lecture. I would give my famous, patented, flaming, First Amendment speech that tells the world how wonderful are American journalists and American journalism.

I use the first Amendment as my measuring rod around the world. That is, the freer the press, say I, the freer the society. And, thanks to the First Amendment and the courts that have interpreted it liberally all these two hundred years, we arguably have the freest press in the world. It's a helluva stem-winder, believe me.

Alas, Luter called some time later and told me that what he was after was something original, something I haven't said before, something that can be published.

It then just so happened, as they say, that I was riffing through my weekly *Editor & Publisher* when I saw that writers at two of the better newspapers in the United States — *The Courier-Journal* in Louisville and

the *Lexington Herald-Leader* had received the Eclipse Award. What, you may ask, is the "Eclipse Award" because that is what I asked? And I was told by someone who knows "Why, it's the Pulitzer of horse racing."

Upon closer inspection, it turns out that the Award is named for the most celebrated horse in thoroughbred racing who was born during a "remarkable" eclipse on April Fool's Day 1764; remained unbeaten during its racing career; and is one of three acknowledged ancestors from which all modern race horses are descended.

comprised of the 51 horse racing tracks which, it seems fair to surmise, constitute the beat of the turf writers and the *Daily Racing Form*. So the question that occurred to me was: Should the turf writers and the *Daily Racing Form* be in bed with the owners of the race tracks whom they cover or should they be checking the bed sheets?

The next week I was thumbing through *E&P* again and came across this item under the headline:

"Veterans groups
to offer award

What is the Eclipse Award? It is the Pulitzer of horse racing and is named for the most celebrated horse in thoroughbred racing who was born during an eclipse on April Fool's Day in 1764; remained unbeaten during its racing career; and is one of three ancestors from which all modern race horses are descended.

So much for the horse. How about the award which happens to be a statue of Eclipse? Well, it is given annually by three organizations — a group of journalists banded together as the National Turf Writers Association; a specialized newspaper, the *Daily Racing Form*; and the Thoroughbred Racing Association,

"The California branch of the Disabled American Veterans is establishing an annual journalism award to be given to a writer or editor in the state who authors or publishes a newspaper article about issues favorable to all disabled veterans or to the DAV organization."

Now, there it is. No euphemisms. No lofty notions. No mincing. No anesthetizing. They say what they are about — to reward those journalists who place disabled veterans or the DAV, itself, in a favorable light. So, I salute the veterans for their forthrightness.

I now began to think more about journalism prizes. And so I thought I would discuss the business of the prize business. I am not here to hector my former colleagues. But rather to explore the topic. Indeed, as I hope we will learn, it is a complicated subject, with no simple cure-alls and no simple directives. As with so much in the newspaper business, varied and individual effort and ethic, notion and solution, seem to be more a strength than a weakness and I would not want it any other way.

But before I get into my discussion, I want to be very clear about my own prize behavior. I am guilty, guilty, guilty. I won the American Association for the Advancement of Science-Westinghouse science writing award in 1962 and again in 1964, and accepted checks for 1,000 tax free dollars with each award. This was at the same time that I was covering both the AAAS and Westinghouse. Today, if I were still an active journalist, I would no more accept the award than would I have then accepted a check for \$1,000 directly from the AAAS. Even to this day, I have listed these awards in my *Who's Who* biography and on my c.v., as you've heard. So I know the joy of being a "award-winning journalist" and advertising the same to gain credibility, advancement, a measure of respect in the profession, among sources, and with my mother. And, finally, we, at the Nieman Foundation, ask applicants to list their awards

Now to my thoughts.

As I stated, it is a complicated issue. For example, what should be done when a reporter is sitting there minding his or her own business and an organization in the community bestows a public blessing upon the

reporter or editor or newspaper. Say, for example, a mental health association gives a plaque to a reporter — uninvited — for his or her contribution to a better community understanding of that serious societal challenge? Should the reporter be allowed to accept? If one believes, as do I, that the appearance of fairness is as important as fairness itself, then we ought to reflect on how it appears to a share of the readership.

As inconceivable as it may seem, there may be a group in the community that opposes the aims of the mental health association. Acceptance of the award, which the newspaper and the reporter did not seek, implies that the mental health association found the stories to be favorable, or at least that seems to be the reason why such awards, certificates, and plaques are given. At the same time, do-gooders can become do-badders, and that's always a story. And, finally, it is the job of the newspaper to cover the mental health

What should be done when a reporter is sitting there and an organization bestows a public blessing upon the reporter, or editor or newspaper? For example, a mental health association gives a plaque to a reporter — uninvited — for his contribution to a better understanding of that serious societal challenge. Should a reporter be allowed to accept?

association and not accept blessings. It seems to me accepting gratuities, no matter how well-meaning, innocent or small, is to be avoided by the press.

But it is very difficult to insult a well-meaning group doing commendable work in the community in which one publishes. And it may not even be smart. It may be what we used to term at *The Washington Post* "a too hard."

Now, this brings me to prizes, those contests which newspapers and journalists knowingly enter to win recognition, wall decorations, and money. My suspicion is that journalists bestow and have bestowed upon themselves more awards and prizes than any other profession, certainly more than most. Estimates vary from 200 to 500 contests. But I do not know this for a fact, and would suggest that this would be a good subject for a graduate thesis.

What I do know, because in the last century I was a science and medical reporter, is that the medical profession heaps heaps of awards on the journalism profession.

Bob Cochnar, when he was at the *San Jose Mercury* some years back summed it up better than I. He wrote: "It would appear that virtually every disease or affliction worth mentioning offers us some sort of award, provided we write persuasively about that disease or affliction."

Many of the medical prizes probably were intended to raise the public awareness of shared health threats. And it has paid off. Indeed, heart specialists will tell you that the publicity about the devastating effects of smoking and the concomitant public campaign to get Americans afflicted with high blood pressure to do something about it, have reduced dramatically the number of deaths from coronary disease.

Many of these awards, such as those given by groups battling the diseases of heart, cancer, arthritis, and multiple sclerosis, were meant to reward journalists who wrote about the challenges and medical research and

Bob Cochnar, when he was at the *San Jose Mercury*: "It would appear that virtually every disease or affliction worth mentioning offers us some sort of award, provided we write persuasively about that disease or affliction."

control of these afflictions and got it clear and, above all, got it right. And it might seem unseemly to argue against entering contests for such awards.

But I would argue, as is my wont, that journalists who submit their work to these societies to compete for their prize money or trophies should consider the fact that these very same medical societies, foundations, groups, and doctors' collectives are competing with each other for public attention, fund-raising, favorable legislation, and warm regards, as well as tax dollars. And they compete for access to the press. They call attention to get attention.

Now, in the literature of journalism prizes, as thin as it is, all kinds of issues surface. To note but a few — money prizes vs. non-monetary prizes; contests judged by journalists vs. those judged by non-journalists; and contests sponsored by journalists for journalists and of journalists about which, just about five years ago, Angus McEachran, editor of *The Pittsburgh Press* said this:

"Contests are fine. It's nice to be recognized by your peers. They are excellent staff morale boosters. I just think we have become too obsessive with them.

And as a matter of policy we do not enter nor will we let our staff accept cash prizes for contests that are not judged by a peer group."

I cannot tackle all these issues and questions about prizes here today. Therefore, I decided to concentrate on what are known as "sponsored" prizes; those prizes given by special interest groups other than the profession, itself. In this regard, it would be easy to pick on any number of contemporary awards such as the Miller Lite Women's Sports Journalism Awards or the Ned Ramsaur Travel Writing Award for "articles promoting travel in South Carolina" sponsored by the South Carolina Department of Parks or the O.P. Smith Award of \$500 and an all-expense paid trip to the meeting of the sponsors, the Greyhound Track Operators' Association, for stories that portray "the sights, sounds and flavor" of greyhound racing or my favorite, the LULU which, says *E&P*, honors "writers for editorial coverage of men's fashion . . ." and, unsurprisingly is sponsored by the Men's Fashion Association of America.

But it would be wrong.

So, what I want to do today is to talk about two awards that are sought after and coveted by many, if not most, of the best publications and reporters in the business.

The first of these is the John Hancock Award, now in its 22nd year.

If it were named the Virginia Slim Award, I doubt as many reputable newspapers and journalists would vie for it. But, then again, Virginia Slim did not sign the Declaration of Independence.

The stated objectives of the award are very clear, and like so many sponsored awards, laudable and lofty:

"To foster increased public knowledge of, and interest in, business and finance.

"To clarify the significance of political and social developments as they relate to the nation's economy.

"To recognize editorial con-

tributions to a better understanding of personal money management."

There are two groups of judges for the John Hancock — all journalists. The first is a screening group of Boston journalists. But the final say is made by someone from Fordham University Graduate School of Business Administration which co-sponsors the awards, and the sitting presidents of the National Press Club, the Society of Professional Journalists (nee Sigma Delta Chi), the New York Financial Writers, and the American Society of Business Editors and Writers.

Each year, seven \$5,000 awards are given. The winners are brought to New York for a night at the theatre together with the judges, and a luncheon at which a prominent person such as Henry Kissinger, will speak, and there follows a presentation dinner. The cost for all this — awards, honoraria, hotels, travel — to John Hancock financial Services to whom contest entries are mailed, is roughly \$175,000 a year. And what does John Hancock get for its modest public relations investment? I asked a spokesman for John Hancock this very same question.

The answer? "A tremendous amount of good will among news people throughout the country." He went on to say that it raises consciousness about John Hancock in the news industry and is "invaluable" for him to have an opportunity to interact with the top journalists in the United States. Moreover, he added, "it allows my chairman and president and top executives to have dinner with the top newspaper people and to have social interaction with them and to converse with them about subjects of mutual interest." But, he concluded, the primary benefits are to raise consciousness and to build good will for John Hancock.

I then called Bill Small, former president of NBC News and a stalwart defender of the First Amendment and all good things about journalism, because he is the designated represen-

tative of Fordham's business school.

Bill defends the John Hancock prizes. He says that the John Hancock public relations staff is remote from the judging; the quality of the material is fantastic; it is very encouraging of good reporting and writing, especially for smaller publications; that it is not a contest to reward people who pat business or the insurance industry or John Hancock on the back; and, finally, most of the business community would probably be upset at the kinds of stories that the John Hancock jurors have selected to honor.

The second award I want to focus on is the Silver Gavel of the American Bar Association. The newspapers and journalists that compete for the non-monetary Gavel awards are just as reputable as those who compete for the John Hancock. And its goals are just as lofty:

1. "Foster greater public understanding of the inherent values of our American legal and judicial system;

2. "Inform and educate citizens as to the roles in society of the law, the courts, law enforcement agencies, and the legal profession;

3. "Disclose practices or procedures needing correction or improvement so as to encourage and promote local, state and federal efforts to improve and modernize the nations laws, courts and law enforcement agencies; and/or

4. "Aid the legal profession and judiciary in attaining the goals set by the Model Rules of Professional Conduct and the Code of Judicial Conduct."

About this last named objective, although the official entry rule booklet doesn't say, presumably those who enter the Gavel Awards competition know that both codes of conduct are promulgated by the American Bar Association, which sponsors the award.

Judging is done by lawyers. Parenthetically, a lawyer friend when

I talked to him about an award for journalists judged by lawyers and given by lawyers, mockingly attacked me by suggesting that why would it be wrong for lawyers to give such awards but okay for journalists to give themselves awards? After all, he argued, journalists are as much a special interest group as lawyers. Moreover, he said warming to the attack, they are hardly a disinterested group of objective judges.

Nonetheless, the Bar Association is a large subject for press coverage and editors have to ask whether they should compete for its favors.

Rick Tulsy, a Nieman Fellow this year who has won the Silver Gavel twice and the Pulitzer Prize once, remarks about the Gavel contest: "They don't mind giving the award for stories that attack the system and lawyers."

What do editors think about the sponsored prizes? I do not know. I do know that when I was an editor I worried about the propriety of contests sponsored by a special interest group, no matter how lofty the group's aims or clean its judging mechanism.

Now what do editors think about the sponsored prizes? Well, I do not really know. What I do know is that when I was an editor I worried about the propriety of entering contests sponsored by a special interest group, no matter how lofty the groups aims or clean its judging mechanism. And

so several years ago we purged our prize list to try to eliminate the most flagrant special interest awards and had much fun fighting about it. For example, I remember the argument whether we should or should not allow reporters to enter the Heywood Broun contest. The purists said that as long as we were precluding special interests, why not a labor union, even if it were our labor union. The Broun Award stayed in.

To be sure, I rubbed Preparation Howard on the list, but not enough of it. I listened too intently to the entreaties and arguments of my staff and colleagues about the value of prizes for careers and reputations and their value to the newspapers reputation.

My successors have done better. This year *The Washington Post* has pared the list of categories it will permit its editors and reporters to enter into two short groups. The intent is to further shrink the list of special interest contests *The Post* will endorse. Tom Wilkinson, a *Post* deputy managing editor wrote to me that "Not to sound too high-minded about it, but we didn't see how it was in our general journalistic interest to win a prize promoted by a special interest. Our general feeling is characterized by distance — there is a proper one for a journalistic enterprise covering a special interest, and competing for prizes offered by that special interest precariously — and probably unacceptably — shortens the distance."

The first *Post* group is comprised of 25 "acceptable" contests and includes John Hancock and the Penney Missouri Award, funded by the retailer, J.C. Penney. The second represents those contests which, *The Post* editors characterize as "awards we know of but won't enter as a paper," which means the individual reporter can enter but the newspaper will not support the entry nor officially submit it in the name of the newspaper. The list includes, for example, the Bar Association's Silver Gavel award, my old AAAS-Westinghouse award, World Hunger

Media Awards and many pure journalism qua journalism awards such as Stokes and Edward J. Meeman.

This move by *The Post* editors brings them apace of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, whose policy for a few years now has been to believe "it is beneficial to the newspaper and to the staff, collectively and individually, when the quality of our work is recognized by responsible and respected organizations." A list of "approved" contests may be obtained from the managing editor and staffers can argue for a contest to be added to the approved list or deleted.

Inquirer policy states: "In determining which contests to enter, we seek to avoid the possibility that the newspaper or its staff will be exploited by the companies or organizations that run journalism contests primarily to benefit themselves. Therefore, *The Inquirer* does not participate in any contest that seems designed substantially to foster a product or organization."

Thereafter are five general considerations.

In 1989, *The Inquirer* did not enter the Hancock contest, but did enter the American Bar Association and 34 other contests, the majority, journalism awards for journalists judged by journalists. The Bar Association gavel contest seems to violate two of the five considerations set forth in the Inky's statement of policy: 1. Generally journalists should be substantially represented on the judging panel; and 2. The judging of the contest should be insulated from the sponsoring organization.

The Inquirer's list cleansing puts it on a par with *The Milwaukee Journal*.

Fifteen years ago, *The Milwaukee Journal* purged its list as a result of the work that a committee of *Milwaukee Journal* staffers did for the Associated Press Managing Editors Ethics Committee. Both groups were responding to a review of prizes called for by the then managing editor, Joe Shoquist.

The Journal committee noted that

in reviewing such contests, "the following guidelines emerged . . .":

1. "Contests sponsored by press associations were approved, since it was felt that they had no commercial taint.
2. "Contests with commercial sponsorship were approved where it was felt that the controlling organization, for example, a journalism school or an outside panel of judges, was an intervening objective or disinterested party.
3. "Contests sponsored by trade associations or special interest groups solely for the promotion of products or professions were not approved, unless a disinterested panel appeared to control the judging."

Shoquist told me: "You will note that on the original list of approved contests, the American Bar Association Gavel awards appeared. I persuaded the committee to move it to the unapproved list." Joe, now dean of the College of Journalism at the University of South Carolina and as mean a moralist as ever, told me he thought that *The Journal's* deliberate withdrawal from many of the national contests sponsored by special interests, cost *The Milwaukee Journal* some of its thitherto national reputation.

At the same time, as a result of Joe's prodding the APME's Professional Standards Committee, using the material developed by *The Journal's* Donald Pfarrer and a group of *Journal* staffers issued a report which began:

The Committee "looked into a new subject this year — contests and awards — and found questions of ethics to which there are no easy answers." The committee consisted of 13 reporters and copy editors of *The Journal*. What it recommended was that "the newspaper enter only contests sponsored and administered solely from within the journalism profession."

Three of the 13 committee members dissented. The heart of the

majority view seems to me to be right on:

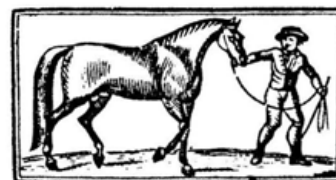
"The majority believes that *The Journal*, its reporters and photographers should not enter contests sponsored by political parties, special interests groups (including benign ones), and commercial entities. The newspaper and its people should not accept awards from such groups when they come unsolicited. The majority believes that a sanitized judging procedure does not make such contests acceptable."

Haplessly, the dissenters offered a more flexible policy "under which contests would be evaluated individually by a committee consisting of editors and reporters, and those of questionable propriety would be avoided."

The newspaper elected to go with the minority. And this seemed to agree with the prevailing attitude of editors across the nation 15 years ago. A survey conducted for the APME committee found "Avoiding all contests except those sponsored and judged within the journalism profession appears to be too strict a policy for most editors, judging from present practices and attitudes. Most editors, if they deal with the question at all, seem to prefer to decide which contests to enter on a case by case basis."

Since 1974, as best as I can determine, there have been stabs at the issue with all the force of glancing blows. And little has changed except perhaps for the fact that there are many more sponsored contests today than 15 years ago and no end in sight.

But I would hope there will be more discussion about the business of the prize business over the next 15 years. For my part, I would strongly urge journalists not to keep their eyes on the prize, but rather to keep their eyes on the prize-givers. □



Solo Passage

Eric Best

On a boat named Feo a reporter metamorphoses into a modern Odysseus.

This story was first printed in the San Francisco Examiner under the title "One man's odyssey."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 16, 1988 — The final goodbyes are finished. I have slipped away from Pier 39 to a nearby marina for last minute packing and preparation, and to escape the attention of close friends bearing good-luck charms, books, food and emergency equipment. The detachment I had set out to find I have finally brought upon myself. My hands shake as I try to open the padlock on the main hatch for the last time.

Alone at last, I am afraid.

What if I can't calculate the course into Honolulu from the sextant shots of the sun? What if I lose the rigging in violent weather? What if I am hurt, unable to call for help? I had promised myself to leave San Francisco on this evening tide, to sail far enough out at night so I do not see the land drop away behind. All my adult life the fear of solitude has kept me from this or some journey of its kind, where I might see myself clearly, stripped of companionship and the voices that fill every day.

There is so much I do not know, as

I have been warned. ("You're out of your mind," my father said. "You haven't sailed enough in the open ocean.") His words carry a particular sting because I am relying on small boat sailing and summer coastal cruising in New England as a teenager, and several weeks of day-sailing in the Bay during the last two years.

Behind and below my pelvis now I feel the familiar sensation that drains my legs whenever I look down from a height. The key jams in the lock, like a sudden triumph of my subconscious. The padlock clatters against the steel, then opens.

In the dark mahogany cabin, Feo is silent and nearly motionless on gentle harbor swells. She is a 47-foot steel ketch in the double-ended "Joshua" design that sailor-author Bernard

Moitessier piloted in 1968-69 when he became the first solo sailor to circumnavigate the globe nonstop.

Feo has herself rounded the incomparably treacherous Cape Horn under a single hand — even survived a 360-degree rollover there, undamaged — and she has endured oceans in their highest moods from the Mediterranean to the South Pacific. I sense she has been waiting for another ocean venture since I bought her from an adventurous Swiss couple two years before. I am counting on her to know more than I do and to get me through whatever bad times may come.

She will have to count on me, too, I am reminded as I make my last preparations to leave. Backing her upwind in close quarters and trying to



Eric Best, Nieman Fellow '83, is on leave from the San Francisco Examiner where he is that paper's chief economics writer. He is spending his leave writing a book about his round trip solo sail to Hawaii. Before joining the Examiner in 1984, he was the city editor of The Stockton Record in California.

The author, confident and all smiles, the day before he embarks on his solo voyage from Pier 39.

... Parental advice:
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teen-ager, ...

turn at right angles alongside a small commercial fuel dock, I hail a young fisherman working nearby on the deck of his boat. Is there anyone from the dock who can lend a hand?

He looks at me with contempt.

"Do it yourself," he says.

A favorable time

The rare hurricanes off Mexico almost never push far enough north or west to be a problem in June, the most favorable time of year for a San Francisco-Hawaii crossing. The Pacific high-pressure system between the mainland and the islands, a huge meteorologic doughnut with clockwise winds around a center of calm, promises fair breezes south and then west all the way to Honolulu.

"Go south 'til the butter melts and turn west 'til you hear ukulele music," a waterfront regular has said. In moments of doubt I will repeat this mantra of simplicity.

I had expected to feel something dramatic as the Golden Gate loomed overhead and the Pacific expanded, 2,100 miles to the next landfall. For months I had anticipated this during the re-conditioning of Feo's masts and rigging, though I had sailed no farther than the Farallones, 20 miles offshore. This plunge into the ocean alone, dreamed of in fear and fascination, had passed through stages of imagina-

tion and self doubt, and had overcome resistance and obstacles. There was no turning back now from the limitless water and its uncertain promise to divulge some of its secrets — and, I hoped, illuminate me in ways I could not anticipate.

I realized the fear that had gripped me earlier was gone, replaced by a heightened sense of my own demands, and Feo's. I had to keep myself well fed and rested — cook before I grew lightheaded, sleep before I became exhausted. Whatever this unfamiliar sky might bring, I knew I could not afford to get caught with too much sail up. Even with a mechanical wind vane to steer the boat so I could busy myself otherwise, I could not leave the course unattended for too long.

I already sensed the demands of trying to keep everything in balance, in order. In all her splendid indifference, the ocean would not always be kind. And, as it would turn out, some of Feo's mechanics were waiting until we got farther offshore to complicate the passage.

The ebb tide had begun to slacken as I cleared the Gate in a mild head wind under sail and power, the smell of hot engine oil rising into the cockpit. The returning flood would hold me back as I tried to get clear of the three major shipping lanes that converge just off the mouth of the Bay from the north, west and south. I had wanted to be well beyond the procession of freighters moving in and out before nightfall.

The sun fell into western haze, encircled by a blurred, rose-colored ring, symptom of rain to come. Luminous and leaden clouds swept in from the ocean to Mount Tamalpais and the long, implacable rise and fall of the ocean replaced the short rhythm of the Bay.

As the wind began to pick up, I stopped to take the mainsail down, spreading it on the deck as it fell. One by one I filed off the sharp corners of the plastic slides, which connected the sail to the metal track on the mast and would tend to stick at any tight

spots. In the first few days of heavy weather I did not want to fight to get the sail down out of the wind.

Dusk faded, turning the ocean to woven metal. A freighter emblazoned with "Toyota" steamed past and I motored closer to Stinson Beach, unnerved by the memory of the Jack Jr., the local fishing boat that in 1986 had been run down in evening fog not far from here.

The ridge that descended from Mount Tam toward the water profiled a bearded man lying on his back, hands folded on his chest, at peace. His head became Point Bonita as I approached its dolorous, offshore bell. This at last was my point of departure from The City. The metallic "clang, bong, clang, bong" faded, and with its fading came the sense that I was disconnected from my daily life, freshly open to the universe.

The first morning

In the gray light of dawn I am braced in the bowsprit, the large tapered spar at the front of the boat, to change a sail, the safety harness around my chest clipped to the rigging. I plunge toward the water and rise again in seas that have built through the night and now loom at twice my height. The tower light at the Farallon Islands, outermost beacon of California, has long since receded. Feo has driven steadfastly through the darkness as

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exhausted.

the wind has risen.

I have not yet slept.

The next several days are expected to be the roughest as typical northwesterly winds sweep down the coast and accelerate past the Farallones. I hope that I have left freighters behind at last. Before midnight I had come on deck to confront the lights of one freighter to the northwest, another to the west, converging on me. In the darkness, the exact distance of lights is uncertain, their heights unknown. I radioed a message to "any freighter in the vicinity" in case their radar had failed to detect me.

No one answered. I started the engine to boost my speed by a knot or two, and pushed the throttle up to full. The engine died suddenly, but restarted, a faint smell of oil rising again. I could see then the ships would pass easily at a distance, a false threat, and felt a rush of embarrassment to have announced myself on the radio at all.

Just as I feared, one of the mainsail slides jammed on the way down, and shortly before dawn I abandoned any effort to reduce the mainsail area with a second reef, hoping the wind might subside. Instead it continued to rise, now up to about 25 knots. As I wrestled the big jib down into the bowsprit, a gust of wind snatched the sail bag from my hands and blew it downwind to oblivion.

By late afternoon the upwind skyline has turned sickly yellow-gray and swollen, bunched together as if hiding something inside. Feo has been rolling her leeward rail under with a violence that shattered one coffee cup on the cabin floor and catapulted the tea kettle off the stove onto my chest — luckily, just before the water boiled.

Breaking seas occasionally strike along the windward deck, rushing aft and forcing themselves in small explosions under the edge of the main hatch and down into the cabin. I find some plastic packing material and fashion a crude gasket along the hatch that makes it nearly watertight.

The wind has risen to 30 knots,



Now the one-man crew sailing Feo across the Pacific is ten days out to sea and that much nearer his goal.

enough to pile seas to 20 feet high from peak to trough. I force myself to turn Feo up into the seas, which are more than twice her height, to take the strain off the sails. She waits, bucking the mainsail up and down to work the slides past the sticking points. At last I have the big sail down and furled, leaving up only a small jib on the bow and the small mizzen at the stern.

Then we are off again across the darkening, roiled seas, which rise suddenly like giant sculptures, thrown up only to collapse again of

their own weight and vanish into a sprawl of froth. In the distance they assume the forms of sudden ships, sails, rocks and promontories, figures detected out of the corner of the eye but elusive, a tease to the imagination.

In the crashing noise and motion below, I study Loran, the navigating computer that receives radio signals and computes location, speed and direction. (Concerned that I might not master celestial calculations on my own, I had installed Loran in the last week before leaving and assumed

I could decipher its various functions in the early days of the trip. I am counting on it to know where we are as I begin to take celestial sights of the sun.)

Navigation chores

Through the next day I am buried in the Loran books, ocean charts, estimates of speed and distance and the effects of deviation in my compass, which tells measurable lies about our true direction. The natural magnetism in the boat is responsible for this, a shifting degree of error that must be part of each new course.

Feo does not need me as long as the wind holds steady. I check the bilge and find a foot of yellowish water where the steel innards are usually bone dry. I pump it out quickly. Where did it come from? Is Feo leaking? For an instant I see her sinking, and picture myself trying to cut the dinghy free from its lashings on deck to get clear.

The port side has been heeled underwater for hours, and I conclude the water has either come in around the bow anchor chain as seas break over the deck, or that it has leaked back into the bilge from an outflow line as Feo repeatedly rolled her rail under. It will turn out that I am wrong.

By nightfall I have napped only a few hours in the last two days and cannot face a night of staying awake to watch for freighters. I switch on the running lights at the top of the mast and the steaming light lower down that illuminates the jib and makes me ghostly visible in the dark. How foolish is my freighter fear in this plain of water! The intersection of a cargo ship and a boat as small as mine is so hugely, mathematically improbable.

At dawn I come above deck to make a routine inspection of the rigging and spot a grotesque tangle of lines high above my head. The halyard, or rope, that would be used to hoist the idle jib has come loose, risen halfway up the mast, then intertwined itself with the mainsail halyard. The tangle is looped into the stays that support the

mast, and obviously can't be freed from the deck. Now the mainsail and one jib are both useless unless I climb high up the mast.

The wind has not fallen off and Feo is still pounding west under just the leading jib and the mizzen sail at the stern. The Loran during the night has claimed speeds up to 12 knots, faster than Feo's hull shape should allow her to travel. The seas now are like so many molten railroad cars, advancing on unparallel tracks and trying to drive us farther south.

Confronting a phobia

I stare up at the clot of line and wire, contemplating my phobia of heights. This tangle can be untied only if I climb 15 feet above the deck, stand on the lower crosstree, where I can possibly reach it with one hand if I stretch.

"The thing you fear is the thing you have to do anyway," says a voice. I realize it is my own, spoken into the wind.

I can ignore the problem for two more days in which the wind persists without slacking. My cabin table disappears beneath books on celestial navigation. They reassure me I cannot be lost at sea if I can calculate the moment the sun reaches its highest point in the sky. That noontime instant will tell me my latitude and longitude, and that is all I really need to know.

I run the engine for 40 minutes to recharge the batteries, and stare into the compartment to locate the source of pale smoke. I cannot find it. I can feel the diesel is running hot. What if I lose this source of battery power for all my lights and the Loran? Somewhere behind me, in the bubbling water tanks below the cabin

floor, I hear an odd honking sound. I imagine it is the sound an ocean freighter makes in the instant before it runs you down.

By the next afternoon I have devised a way to go up after the rigging — a rope ladder of periodic loops in a heavy line hoisted up along the mast. I clip my harness to one heavy wire stay, which will connect me to the rigging as I climb, and step into the highest loop I can reach. Instantly a breaking wave rises under the boat and Feo pivots. The line slingshots me around the mast into the protruding metal winch for the mainsail, which nicks a small slice out of my right ankle above the bone.

Before the line can catapult me back I have grabbed the mast and slid back down to the deck. I start to climb the lower wire stays to get to the crosstree but Feo's violent rolling shakes me loose in several attempts. The seas are just too rough now.

Second effort

By the next afternoon the wind has fallen to about 15 knots and the seas are quieter. I have decided to climb the wire rigging by hand, hoist myself onto the crosstree and buckle myself to the mast with the safety harness. I have seen boat yard riggers clamber up between wires like these. Their method must be stored in my memory somewhere.

Suddenly I am clinging by my fingers and braced legs to the lower stays, and have somehow hoisted myself onto the crosstree. The mast is cool and solid against my face, the crosstree braced under my thighs. I clip my harness and stand on tiptoe to discover I can reach the tangle. By attaching another line to it I can bring it to the deck to unravel.

The house batteries are dead. The automatic navigation is dead. The running lights atop the mast are out. Feo can't be seen at night.

The bowsprit leads us on, vibrant arrow to the southwest. I am suddenly intoxicated to be in this perch, alone, elevated by my own effort to a height I have always feared, staring now across the vacant ocean as Feo transmits a deep Pacific cadence through the mast into my bloodstream.

"This is why you came. This is what you came to find."

I recognize my own voice again, and see myself at a distance, savoring this triumph over an old and personal enemy. I still have another 1,600 miles to go.

THE ALARM above my head goes off with a high *beep-beep-beep* and jerks me awake as Feo pitches along in the darkness. The screen of the Loran, the navigational computer, has gone blank.

I reach up from my bunk and switch the device back on.

"Down, please off," pleads the screen.

I am up now, my heart beating aloud, I flip the indicator switch for the battery that runs the computer and all Feo's lights. The needle does not move.

The house batteries are dead. The automatic navigation is dead. The running lights atop the mast are out.

Feo can't be seen at night.

In a moment I have started the diesel engine, almost certain that it will fail again. It has choked itself off several times in the first few days out of San Francisco and I have not been able to find the problem.

Twenty minutes later, with a small charge back in the house batteries and the Loran back on, the engine dies again. I don't dare restart it without finding the source of pale smoke that rises near the top of the engine, too hot to touch. It is nearly midnight.

By noon the next day, tools are strewn across the cabin floor. I am drenched with sweat from squeezing myself into the engine compartment and bracing myself against the roll and yaw of Feo running downwind.

Checking for air in the fuel lines, I have broken a crucial plug, spurting

diesel into the bilge. I spend two hours with a hacksaw and file to make a new plug from an old bolt. All the incoming water and fuel lines seem to work. The engine finally restarts, but the outflow of seawater that normally cools the engine has stopped. Water is getting into the system but not passing through it.

I shut down the engine immediately. With the flashlight at an odd angle I suddenly see the saltwater has been leaking out of the engine into the bilge from an obscured connection between the water pump and the engine block. Now I know why I had to pump so much yellowish water out of the bilge several days before.

I have been alone now for nine days, the longest solitude of my life. Nothing suggesting another human has even appeared on the horizon, yet I have felt no loneliness or strain, busy with the tasks of keeping myself and the boat in order.

I stop to consider what I must do. Eat. Decide what it means to have no engine from here on. Get ready to take sights of the sun, the only way I can now locate myself without power for the Loran. With no engine, I can't sail up the narrow, reef-framed entrance channel into Honolulu, the only major harbor on Oahu for which I have brought a detailed chart. I now need a harbor I can sail into.

I try to imagine the next 1,400 miles and two weeks with no lights, invisible to anything that approaches me in the dark.

Feathered friend

The lone brown seabird that has followed me day to day sits about 30 yards away, attentive, rising and falling with the waves. I do not assign it a gender because it has the qualities of an embodied spirit. What has brought it here? What does it see as it stares across at Feo and me?

I have been alone now for nine days, the longest solitude of my life. Nothing suggesting another human has even appeared on the horizon, yet I have felt no loneliness or strain, busy with the tasks of keeping the boat and myself in order.

Becalmed now, the sails slat and the mast-top wind vane spins against the sky. I am listening on a battery powered tape to an aria from "La Boheme," as the brown bird glides a whisper's breadth from the wave tops. It is searching for something, millennia of evolution collected in its perfectly arched wings. The bird and the water and the voices rise and fall in unison, as if answering the same

conductor.

I have found the Pacific is never without the sun or moon or stars or weather to complect her fully. Her clouds alone are knotted ropes, sweat-drenched bedclothes, boomerangs twisting, wild animals sitting tight against the approach of celestial hunters, biology's first contemplation of new patterns, silhouettes of every living thing that ever was or might come to be.

In these profound earthly currents, invisible magnetic fields shift from mile to mile and realign Feo's molecular identity in the long migration across the line of the earth's poles. I have already found the content of some of my dreams and an end to some false imaginings — voices within and without that told me I could not, or should not, or dared not undertake this venture into the ocean and myself. All discovery means

uncertainty, fear of error. The essence of not knowing is that we do not know what we do not know. This is the heart of letting go, and of becoming.

In a rare moment, the sun and moon hang west and southeast, distinct and free of clouds. I have studied the theory of finding my position in their intersection, but never put it to practice with the sextant's small mirrors and the printed celestial tables that connect man's time to the earth's rotations. The simple act of bringing the sun and moon to the horizon, measuring their altitudes at a precise second of time recorded in Greenwich, England, reduces their vast symmetries to two simple pencil lines on the chart. They put me at 30 degrees 40 minutes North latitude, 134 degrees, 39 minutes West longitude, 650 miles southwest of San Francisco. I am suddenly struck by how disengaged I had become from the physical world in which I have lived for almost 40 years.

Magic in the sky

Late in the afternoon the sun performs alchemy on the horizon, burns black and purple clouds into liquid gold, pumps it across the waves in rivulets or orange light. High to the southeast the moon has eluded the dark evening clouds and projects a silver path, which converges with the sun's brilliant stream. I am intersected by these glowing lines. "Here you are," they proclaim: "Look — you are here."

In a few days the Pacific high pressure system has dropped its center of calm over this stretch of ocean. A relentless silence of windless water in motion rolls Feo side to side and redirects her despite any effort to steer. Sitting in the cockpit in this aimlessness, eating a sandwich and reading, I look up for no particular reason. What a warped fantasy to believe that a freighter is bearing down on me from about a mile away!

I have heard stories of freighters traveling for days with no lookout and their radar off. Perhaps, like me, they

believe the chance of collision too remote to take seriously in thousands of miles of open water. I go below and return with a handheld bearing compass to check the direction of this illusion. It's approaching from 112 degrees. If this bearing does not change as the freighter closes in — by now I know it is real — we are on a collision course.

I dive below for the two-way radio. Its transmission light flickers weakly as I call: "Feo to any freighter in the vicinity. Any freighter in the vicinity. Come in please."

No answer. Was there enough power in the batteries to transmit a signal even a mile? The water pump for the engine is in pieces, and the breeze too faint to be felt. Feo lacks headway necessary to respond to the helm. We are dead in the water.

I clamber back up into the cockpit to check the freighter's bearing again — 110 degrees. I wait one minute by my watch. Now it's 113 degrees. By now I can see the freighter's bow wave on both sides and the tall, imposing stem where it cleaves the water.

I would rather burn up the engine than be run down. I dive below again to start the engine, confident it will move me out of the freighter's path before quitting again. I have Feo in motion and turning back east when a voice crackles in the cabin.

"This is the Bohini. What do you want?"

My panic dissolves. Can he tell me his location?

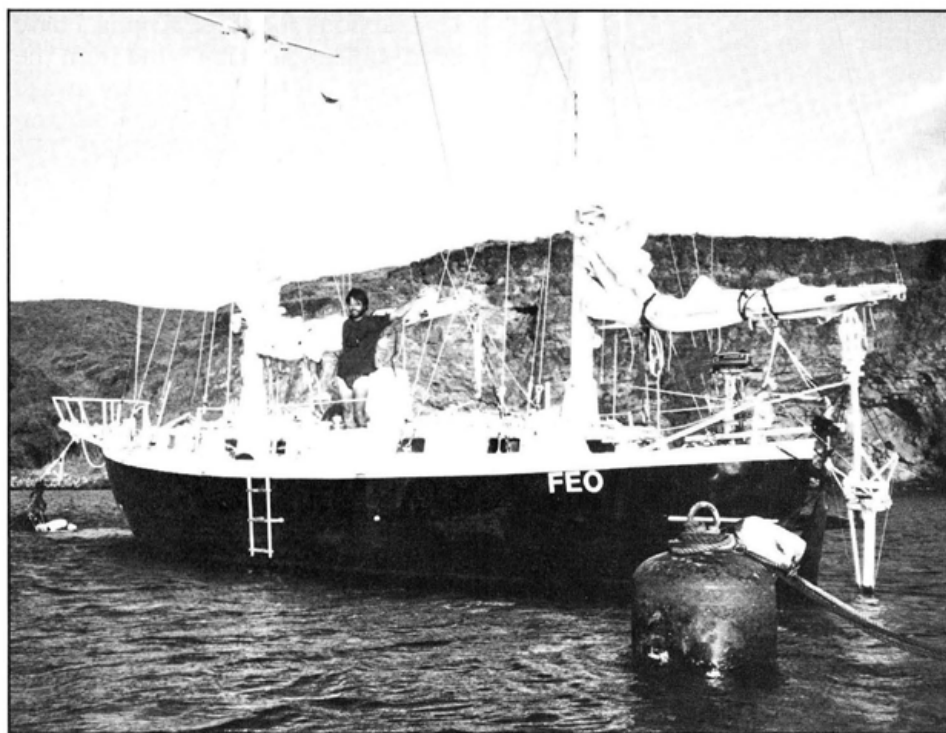
"Just a minute." A silence follows and I switch off the engine before it overheats. Smoke wafts into the cabin.

"Thirty degrees, 39 minutes north, 135 degrees, 15 minutes west." (This is about 60 miles northeast of where I thought I was.)

By now the Bohini has steamed alongside, a few hundred yards to the west.

"Thank you. Can you tell me if you had me on radar before I radioed you?"

The voice does not answer. There are no signs of life on Bohini's deck as she crosses ahead of Feo by several hundred yards and continues north.



Feo, with sails furled, is moored at Kamaulapau Harbor on Lanai. Boat and crew, at least for a time, at last are at ease.

The doldrums

The passing of the Bohini marks the beginning of the great dead spot, three days of drifting, rolling frustration. The sea is endlessly gray and smooth, an imitation sky. Overcast persists and I cannot see the sun for a sextant reading. Eventually I take the sails down to stop their incessant snap and bang, and simply drift. Feo behaves like a long red compass needle searching for a north pole that does not exist.

Seaborne trash that had become common in recent days as I sailed past — plastic wrappers, bottles, small buoys adrift — float alongside and stay there for hours, trapped in the Pacific calm with no prospect of escape. I imagine the wind never coming back. Do I have enough food and water? I develop a fetish about neatness in the cabin, and replay Bobby McFerrin's hit song. 'Don't worry, be happy!' Occasionally I catch the sound of my own voice talking, alien on the lifeless water.

The fear of freighters I had put away with a mathematical argument has returned with greater force. What did it mean that two courses could cross so exactly in this vastness? How many small craft are run down out here and no one ever knows? (Think, says a voice — if it happened once, what are the chances it will happen again? You have to watch, you have to watch, says another.) Bobby McFerrin intercedes: In every life expect some trouble: when you worry it makes it double. Don't worry.

I sense I have only started to discover just who is present when there is no one here but me.

A show of lights

Great, dark seas follow Feo now, breaking alongside and rushing onward to the southwest. On this night the moon rises with the seas, appears and disappears behind distended purple clouds emblazoned silver on the edges. Excited by the passage of the boat, phosphorescent creatures in the water illuminate our path with pale green light, electrifying the bow wave on both sides like a Palisades entry-

way to the night.

Feo thunders among these fire flies of the ocean, which course over the deck helter-skelter, extinguished almost as instantly as they are lit. Charging downhill with a roar between waves, Feo pauses for a giant breath as the next sea rises beneath her stern, and collects herself for another swooping downward rush. I am braced in the cockpit, hand hooked under the hatch handle, charioteer to this thundering creature let loose by the wind and herded uproariously down these dark and fiery slopes. I have lost track of time, of fear, even of myself.

if I am showing any signs of fatigue.

By the end of two weeks I am convinced I can locate myself each day by capturing the high point of the sun at noon. The final noon fixes are etched into the ocean chart and now describe an arc from San Francisco more than three-fourths of the way toward the big island of Hawaii, easternmost in the archipelago. Although I don't have the detailed chart of this island that would allow me to sail close along its shoreline, a small cruising guidebook convinces me I can tack into the mouth of Hilo harbor and anchor in safety. Feo and I are now averaging about 145 miles a day in the north-

Without lights, I have trouble sleeping at night, seeing in every horizon twinkle a freighter's steaming light.

In a few hours the wind has risen above 30 knots almost to a gale and I am anxious about the rigging. I have been spilling as much wind from the sails as I can but I can't stay awake much longer, staring to the horizon for freighters that are not there. The seas loom well above my head and several have broken onto the deck. As I turn Feo up into them so I can wrestle the mainsail down, I sense that she is disappointed, unwilling to reduce her sails.

From inside the cabin before I collapse finally in sleep, I can watch vague seas tower toward us, shoulder Feo aside and then collapse beneath her. I hear muffled conversation in the bilge.

"You," someone says.

"What?"

There is a loud thumping and stumping of feet. Voices are raised in long hallways, drowned by the sound of running water. Beneath me someone is bashing his head against a water pipe. I have calculated I have another 1,050 miles to go and wonder

easterly trade winds, with about 500 miles to go.

Without lights, I have trouble sleeping at night, seeing in every horizon twinkle a freighter's steaming light. I struggle daily with math errors that throw off the sextant results again and again. Just when I believe I am two days from Hilo, I can't get a sun sight to make any sense. I recompute the numbers over and over. This was all supposed to be automatic by now! I could easily miscalculate my position by 30 miles or so and hit land in the middle of the night. I second-guess all my computations for the past two days and devise three alternate positions — all within 50 miles of each other, each producing a different course toward Hilo.

I sweat profusely in impatience and frustration, angry at the instruments and charts. They overwhelm my small table but refuse to give me certain answers. How do I know that I am approaching Hawaii? The island is so small in the Pacific, just 72 miles wide as I face it, Hilo the only anch-

orage on this side. What if I have been making the same mistake over and over in plotting my noon position by the sun? I could miss the island altogether.

I begin searching for a long cabin cushion that I can find nowhere on the boat, not even in the lockers and storage bins. I finally realize there is no such cushion, and never has been.

I decide to pick a course that compromises among the three positions I have conjured up on chart. At 3:40 p.m. on the afternoon of my 20th day, I turn on AM radio above deck and point ahead.

Ukuleles!

An ad for Ralph's Burgers Hilo is coming from someplace slightly to port, roughly where I believed it should be. Looking over my shoulder at gathering clouds, I see that I am followed by a rainbow. Several hours after darkness falls and six hours before I expect to see any signs of land, a green light appears directly ahead.

It is the heart of Hilo harbor itself, the marker light of the channel.

I am caught between elation and disbelief. I must be within 10 miles but don't dare venture into Hilo Bay under the threat of violent rain squalls that sweep the harbor at night and the certitude of freighter traffic to and from the islands' second busiest port. I decide to sail back out north for a few hours of sleep offshore before turning back to arrive at dawn.

Only when I wake up will I begin to realize what a serious error I have made.

I SIT down on the battery box in front of the stove, clutch my chart of the Hawaiian chain and stare at the small indentation at the big island's northern face that is Hilo.

I have missed it *again*.

After three weeks and 2,100 miles across the ocean I am on the threshold of Hawaii and I have to face a disheartening fact; *I can't get in against the trade winds*.

Feo is hobby-horsing slowly into seas that in several days of 30-knot breezes have built to the size of small

tract homes, nearly four times the height of her deck. I brace myself at the stove to prepare food for another night and day — beans mixed with spaghetti sauce, a diced onion, noodles. I am soon spattered with the sauce, sticky with sweat, conscious of the mixture of smells in the galley. I have had no shower in the 22 days since I left San Francisco. I have hardly slept in two days and hear myself muttering aloud.

This island has only one northern face. I am leaving the western end and sailing north. Hilo *has* to be southeast. I have to sail far enough north again tonight to come back up across the trade winds. I have no choice.

For 72 hours since first sighting Hilo's harbor lights at midnight, I have been fighting to get back to the only anchorage on this eastern-most island in the chain. Almost into the harbor at midnight three days before, I had turned away to avoid freighters and squalls and to wait for dawn. Then I overslept and sailed 35 extra miles offshore, lost control to this relentless northeast wind and seas that drive west like a shoulder-to-shoulder herd blind to anything in its path.

From there I continued to pay for my own inexperience. I missed a crucial noon sighting of the sun the next day because I distracted myself with an insignificant problem in the rigging. Unsure whether to turn east or west for Hilo, and despite a voice telling me to do nothing until I established my position, I chose the wrong direction.

Now small cuts are appearing on my hands for the first time in the weeks since I set out. I am aware of new bruises on my arms and legs but have no idea how they got there. I have sensed a palpable presence during the last few hours that is with me in the cabin and awaits me on deck. Someone or something is here, not corporeal but an accompaniment of spirit that might be religion or imagination or some expansion of myself I have not previously known.

What is this sensation and why is it happening now? Am I hallucinating, experiencing exhaustion as illusion? I have to go on deck suddenly to cool off from the tropically dense humidity of the cabin, closed off against seas that are breaking along the windward rail.

The clouds feed my confusion, making mountain ranges to the northeast where I know there are none. I stare back south at the fading island, where in the chasms and ageless volcanic bluffs a line of chimpanzee heads has watched me come to the realization that I had been sailing in the wrong direction all afternoon.

It is pointless now to blame yourself, says a voice. Nothing matters now except tacking offshore, away from the freighter traffic, until you think you can hold the upwind course that will bring you into Hilo at last.

Still no progress

By dawn Feo is nearly stationary in a gale, turned back once again from the flashing lights near Hilo's mouth, unable to work upwind against the procession of squalls that continuously sweep the coastline here. Charcoal clouds billow upwards into forbidding apparitions. The bow thrashes the oncoming seas, and the wind takes me further north from Hilo as the rolling water forces us gradually west.

The rain is pelting through amber light and the bowsprit beneath me leaps and dives like a carnival ride gone amok. Weightless in the plummeting downward rush to a trough, I crouch to take the jib off before the darkest, wind-laden clouds arrive.

Suddenly I am 14 again, fighting to get a jib down in a storm off Massachusetts. My father is at the helm of a friend's 36-foot racing sloop, grinning through the rain at me in the bowsprit, where I am doused by wind-blown seas. I can see he is pleased that I am not afraid, and depending on me to get this thing done quickly. Now, in this sudden trade wind squall, the seas off Hilo recall the motion and

emotion of what passed between us that day so long ago, and a realization dawns:

In doing this thing I love, at last I see love most clearly, not just for my father but for myself. In the confluence of these memories and this moment, wind struck and enveloped in the night, I see that without such love there can be no real self.

The rain and salt spray on my face are indistinguishable from sudden tears and I wonder if my father, 80-years-old now and vacationing in a Maine coastal cottage, has felt anything in this instant of joy and discovery, transmitted from me across space and time.

In a few hours Feo and I have turned back toward the island once again, straining to hold a course close to the wind. A gray and white petrel hovers as a plump and frantic sentinel flapping overhead. Flying fish whir from wave top to gully in frenzied flight, hummingbirds of the water. A sunlit forest fire burns in the ocean to the west, and more black smoke billows in from the northeast, pugnacious clouds in vague sunlight.

Steep rolling seas and scudding clouds in the early morning have

made precise sextant shots impossible, but a series of midday sightings capture the sun at its highest point. This locates us 34 miles north of the harbor, about seven hours out. We can be there by nightfall, I figure, if we can just sail enough east of south.

But we cannot, pushed westward by the wind. I discover a 30-mile error in the sun sighting that means at least another 30 miles to go. If we are not lost, we are close to it, as I get three more sights of the sun in the afternoon that suggest Hilo will be nearly due south shortly after dawn. I am now afraid to believe my own calculations.

A military cruiser glides by at dusk about a mile aft, and to the west I glimpse a tug pulling a barge on a mile-long cable. During a few minutes that I go below to study the charts, Feo narrowly misses a 15-foot steel buoy that the state has moored in these waters to attract fish. It reminds me there are more potential collisions as I get closer to shore. With no lights, I hardly dare sleep at night.

By dawn the rain has stopped but the wind persists at nearly gale force under clearing skies. We are back

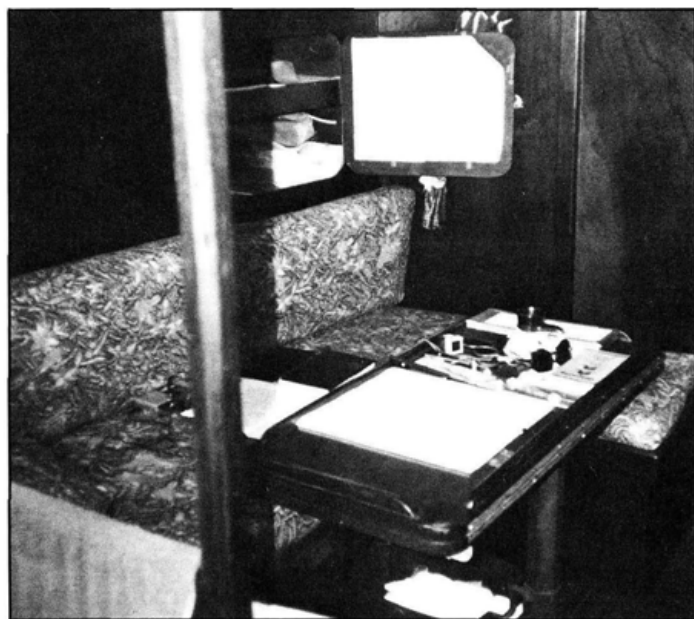
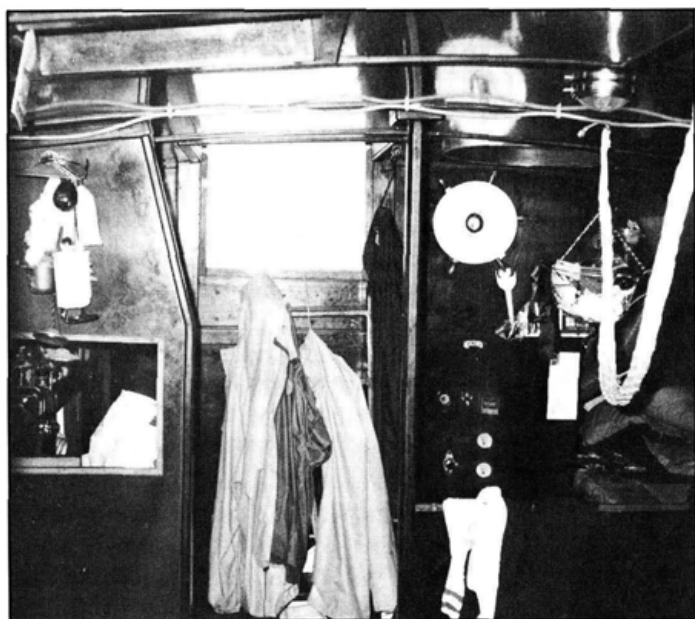
within eyeshot of the shore, where a huge yellow farmhouse dead ahead pours steam from a chimney into the morning sky.

Oh my God. I was exactly here three days ago. I have made absolutely no progress since then.

Pondering the next move

The cockpit is a tangle of soggy lines, sails and sailbags, signs of exhaustion that I have not put things back where they belong. I don't dare sleep for fear that I will hit some underwater volcanic abutment near shore that is not shown on my general chart. Whatever has held me so tenaciously away from Hilo — it must be more current than I realize — will not relent. Am I quitting if I change direction now? Do I need to summon the will to continue, or the wisdom to change course?

Feo's previous owner has left me dozens of charts of the South Seas that by chance include one of the western half of Lanai — the 14 square-mile island tucked under Molokai on the way to Oahu. The route there is a straight sail down the north face of Hawaii, west through the channel that separates it from Maui, around the end of the U.S. Navy munitions



And this is what ship-shape means — a place for everything and everything in its place. On the left, clothing, rain gear, and instruments are at hand. On the right is where the captain keeps his log and writes his sea stories.

island of Kahoolawe to a flashing white light on Lanai's southeastern tip — 65 miles and roughly 12 hours away. Three and a half miles farther along its western edge lies the circular harbor of Kamaulapau, roughly the diameter of a football field and, it appears, simple to sail into.

I have a long talk with myself now, and am almost too exhausted to listen. Errors will come more easily than ever. I will have landmarks all the way, even through the night, if the weather holds.

The trade winds have convinced me they are not to be fought, but joined. The little island is a straight run away from these seas and what has become the most powerful wind I have felt in the islands, now gusting above 35 knots. I do not know whether to expect in Lanai the squalls typical of Hilo, but the national ocean guide warns of sudden calms in the Kealahikihi channel on the approach. I will have to risk that.

I am now five days behind schedule and have just enough battery power to transmit a few radio messages. A Coast Guard voice in Honolulu agrees to relay a phone call to family and friends in California, telling them I expect to make landfall in a day, don't worry.

The decision made, I turn downwind and Feo leaps ahead on the rushes of rolling sea that she has battled for so many days. I feel as though I am facing the edge of the world, aimed for a tiny hook to catch me before I plunge into oblivion. I picture Feo sailing into the tiny harbor at last, and try to hold the image.

Playful porpoises

We race on past the western tip of Hawaii, which tapers treeless to the water, toward a carved orange marble horizon. The seas are steel-muscled blue backs of ocean bison rushing to the falling sun, and Maui holds herself up to the north as a looming shadow, a frozen volcanic peak in the haze. In the distance along Maui's shore an ocean tug tows a flat barge a quarter mile astern, linked by an underwater cable.

"Pooshee! Pooshee!"

Porpoises explode off the stern, chasing Feo through the island mainstream, four fat black backs shining in curved unison. They startle me awake just as I am falling asleep on my feet in the cockpit, and I decide to give myself up to an hour's nap while the windvane steers us downwind in open water and daylight.

After dark I struggle to stay awake on chocolates and calisthenics, I am not alone, though perhaps no longer myself. The presence I felt before is back again waiting in the cabin below, attentive on deck. It has no body; I can walk through the space it occupies.

By midnight we have rounded Kahoolawe and I stare across 15 miles of water to an amphitheater of lights. A bright white light flashing every 6.5 seconds, like the one that is supposed to mark the tip of Lanai, blinks out of the darkness. Have I found the right one or wandered to some other? I have to believe it's the right one. I adjust the windvane to aim Feo toward it, and doze.

Feo is passing along a waterfront, a series of verandas. Figures move on porches, people are watching. There is no waterfront here in this open water, there are no people. Yet I see them in the darkness, standing where I know they are not.

The wind has begun to fall. By the time we close in on the flashing light, the breeze has died. Becalmed on another threshold, we drift, roofed by a panoply of stars. I no longer have the strength to stand or even sit.

I awake in a pile of sails in the cockpit at dawn. A dent in the cliffs flanked by white steel oil drums, Kamaulapau sits 3 miles across the flat water to the west. A breeze so light it barely ripples the water plays first across Lanai's sweltering stone bluffs from the east then from the empty Pacific to the south. My nail-bitten fingers grow saltsore on the wheel, which I must tend every moment to make any headway toward the harbor. The sun climbs up my back, tropical heat without relief

rising toward noon.

In midmorning desperation, I hatch a plan to push us the last few yards to shore. I will take the dinghy off the deck, lash it to Feo's stern, attach the tiny outboard motor and drive Feo's engineless bulk into the harbor. I soon have the dinghy in the water, taking care not to drop the line, when some mysterious force strips it from my fingers and casts it into the water.

I have lost the dinghy overboard in flat calm! I rush aft, a voice shouting: "Don't fall overboard, don't fall overboard!" Over the lifelines and down into the self-steering apparatus I climb to stretch my hand toward the passing rope.

It is out of reach, gone, adrift. I have lost control.

In moments the calamity has reversed itself. A fishing boat has appeared a few hundred yards astern and the skipper responds to my whistle. As he brings the dinghy alongside, his crew grinning, I hand one of them an untouched bottle of Scotch I had been given for emergencies.

In three more hours, Feo has inched within a few hundred yards of the tall green buoy at Kamaulapau's mouth. My head is baked, my hands swollen immobile. I recall from my childhood the breezes that sprung up when we approached the mooring in Maine. My mother called them "anchorbreezes."

I look to the sky and realize I have come to believe in the power of the heavens, the movement of spirits on wings.

"I could use an anchorbreeze now, wherever you are," I say. "I know you're thinking of me. I really need it. Now."

The wind darkens the water just after this moment and moves Feo gently past the last buoy. She finds the center of the harbor and I release the anchor from the bowsprit. The heavy chain links roar in rusty pursuit of the anchor into 50 feet of water, and all motion ceases.

We have come to Hawaii, together, alone. □

... And Bum Raps

Richard M. Clurman

Presidential press conference questions are respectful, relentless, and expected.

The following excerpt is from Richard M. Clurman's book, Beyond Malice: The media's years of reckoning. Published by permission of Transaction Publishers. This book is protected by copyright. All requests for any additional use must be referred to the publishers located at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

[Journalists] are a sort of assassins who sit with loaded blunderbusses at the corners of streets and fire them off for hire or for sport at any passengers whom they select.

—John Quincy Adams

Much criticism of the media is invalidated and ineffective because it is so often driven by the biased anger of self-interest. When in doubt or in trouble, blame the press.

Everybody does it. All those who find themselves in the news play the media game, naturally trying to put the best face they can on every episode in which they are involved. How many in the public eye have not misled, obscured, covered up, exaggerated, distorted, lied or manipulated for reasons of self-interest when talking to the press? No wonder reporters are taught to be suspicious, to believe no one. News executives and journalists themselves are no different when they are the subjects. The public has every right and reason to treat them with the same wariness with which the press treats others. It is a tug of war between the way things actually are and the way those involved want

them to appear to be — reality against policy.

Politicians are hardly the most reliable sources for assessing their real objectives. Cigarette companies are not the best judge of the hazards of smoking. Playwrights cannot attest better than critics to the merits of their latest works. Publishers will tell you their business is booming just before their publications fold. Public relations people and lobbyists are paid to serve their clients' interests, not the public's or the press's. Taking information at face value is not a journalist's job, nor is it any service to the public.

the embattled politician:

Both have a tendency to become overly defensive when under attack. The 'circle the wagons; everyone is out to get us syndrome' in the White House is a generally familiar problem. The 'circle the typewriters; the First Amendment is at stake' phenomenon in the press is at least as common, almost as serious in its consequences, and much less well recognized or understood.

A weak and wavering governor once complained to me "I don't see the person you described when I look in the mirror every morning." Of course he didn't, but his constituents, who were quoted in a *Time* article, did. A

Taking information at face value is not a journalist's job, nor is it any service to the public.

That's why the most recurrent complaints about media performance come from those who want the news reported their own way.

Lyndon Johnson told his biographer, Doris Kearns:

There's only one sure way of getting favorable stories from reporters and that is to keep their daily bread—the information, the stories, the plans, and the details they need for their work—in your own hands, so that you can give it out when and to whom you want.

In his angry book chronicling his experience as Jimmy Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell compared the attitude of the free media to that of

banker, who was accurately but painfully characterized by dozens of people interviewed, told a reporter, "That's not the way I am, people don't think of me that way." How could he possibly know? Nixon, in a historic embarrassment, announced on television before a group of editors, "I'm not a crook." Congress had a different view of the unindicted co-conspirator. Eleven years later, before a similar group, Nixon was more conciliatory: "I have no enemies in the press whatsoever. There has to be an adversarial relationship. I don't think the press has changed, and as far as I'm concerned, I probably have changed some.

When they give it to me I give it back in kind and that's just the way it's going to be."

What about matters of public safety, national security and secret international affairs?

Despite government protestations to the contrary, there are repeated examples of reporters and their editors who have not compromised real national security information when they were convinced of the harm they could cause. Journalists in Teheran knew that the Canadian embassy was hiding American hostages, never reporting it until after they were freed. The dramatic Israeli Entebbe rescue was not reported until after it was over, although several reporters knew about it. The unstoppable Seymour Hersh cooperated with the CIA director in not revealing a secret American effort to raise a sunken Soviet submarine in the Pacific, only to find himself beaten to his story by others. Some reporters knew of the U.S. plan to bomb Libya and withheld their information. The surprise Bolivian drugs raids in which U.S. troops and helicopters participated were not reported until the Bolivian press disclosed the plan. The Washington Post, at the request of the CIA director and the president, held back some of the details the paper knew about secret information an accused American spy gave to the Soviets.

Any fair balance sheet that attempts to weigh the evidence of government accusations that the press violates national security against evidence that the government itself far overclassifies and, above all, leaks secrets, comes out favoring the press, not the government. The courts have always found that to be true. No working journalist in this century as a result of work or access has been convicted, either of espionage or of violating national security laws.

Most of the information classified as secret and top secret by the government needs no such restriction. Satellites, electronics and spying operations leave very little unknown

by foreign intelligence services. The press tends to be last in line, rather than first, in exposing really important military secrets. When reporters come upon material on the borderline, they are likely to check with government sources before rushing into print or broadcasting. They also frequently modify what they intend to print or broadcast if they are really convinced that security is at stake.

Government officials who plead national security to reporters are not very convincing. For its part, the press tries hard not to be simply the parrot-like purveyor of government policies—domestic or foreign, peaceful or warlike. Its role is to be the describer, not the enhancer of government actions.

psychological warfare against Qaddafi. It's very easy. You people in the news business enjoy not allowing the United States to do anything in secret. So we can absolutely bank on the fact that, if the fleet does something or other, you'll scream. And Qaddafi will hear it. The fleet may or may not be getting ready to do something." The New York Times' A. M. Rosenthal had an entirely different view of the government's deliberately lying to the press: "We should leave that garbage to the Russians."

The press, in this case, had conclusively caught the government in *flagrante delicto*. This, more than the fact of the deception itself, accounted for the unanimous media indignation. Both in government and in the press,

... the press tries hard not to be simply the parrot-like purveyor of government policies — domestic or foreign, peaceful or warlike. Its role is to be the describer, not the enhancer of government actions.

Very few were surprised—except at the naked ineptitude of the operation—when the Washington Post's Bob Woodward, of Watergate fame, exposed a three-page National Security Council memo putting into effect a policy of "disinformation" (read, lying). The plan was to convince the Libyan leader, Muammar Qaddafi, that he was about to be attacked by the United States. The government led the press to believe that there was increased Libyan terrorist activity, at a time when it had, in fact, fallen off. The government's objective was to make Qaddafi nervous about the possibility of American retaliation.

Secretary of State Shultz sounded more annoyed that the plan was discovered than he was about its intent. "Frankly," he said, "I don't have any problems with a little

everyone expects government officials to mislead, give their own "spin" to stories, deceive when they think it suits their own or the national interest. Every administration has done it. What made the Qaddafi deception so egregious, was that the lying was inscribed in a memo. It was dumber as a process than it was unique as a practice.¹

1. And caused the State Department spokesman, Bernard Kalb, to resign. Kalb, who had been a correspondent for the New York Times, CBS and NBC, explained: "Faith in the word of America is the pulsebeat of our democracy. Anything that hurts America's credibility hurts America. You face a choice—as an American, as a spokesman, as a journalist—whether to be absorbed in the ranks of silence, whether to vanish into unopposed acquiescence or to enter a modest dissent."

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The Qaddafi disinformation plan was compounded in quickstep by a series of deeper presidential disasters converting President Reagan, said the London *Economist*, from a "six-year wonder" into a "six-week mortal."

The reversal resulted from the administration's fumbling, secret shipment of arms to Iran—a country the president had described earlier as one of those outlaw states run by "the strangest collection of misfits, Looney Tunes and squalid criminals since the advent of the Third Reich."

The Janus-faced gambit was first unmasked in an effort to embarrass the United States by Iranian officials. They gave the story not to the American press but to a tiny (circ. 25,000) Lebanese Moslem weekly in Beirut. When it later turned out that millions of dollars in profits from the arms sale had been laundered through Swiss bank accounts and were intended for the contras in Nicaragua, by every reckoning it stripped away the Teflon that had coated the Reagan presidency.

White House chief of staff, and chief spin controller, Donald Regan, unselfconsciously told the New York *Times*: "Some of us are like a shovel brigade that follow a parade down Main Street cleaning up. We took the Reykjavik summit and turned what was really a sour situation into something that turned out pretty

well. Who was it that took this disinformation thing and managed to turn it? Who took on this loss of the Senate [to the Democrats in the 1986 election] and pointed out a few facts and managed to pull that? I don't say we'll be able to do it four times in a row, but here we go again and we're trying." The effort failed, and shortly thereafter Regan was forced to resign. When the Iran-contra story finally broke the shovel, President Reagan reacted as embattled presidents before him had. He blamed the press.

Watergate had exposed a presidential cover-up. The Iran-contra affair, at the very least exposed Reagan's ignorance and lack of control over his own government.

He and his administration were attacked from all sides. His personal popularity and approval ratings plummeted. Congress and the press were in full pursuit. Every television network gave live coverage to two of his key aides who took the Fifth Amendment against criminal self-incrimination before a congressional committee. Suddenly Reagan's uncharacteristic personal anguish became impossible to miss. On November 26, 1986, the day before Thanksgiving, he exploded.

Hugh Sidey, the *Time* columnist who has specialized in covering the presidency since Eisenhower, was in his Washington office. Sidey had little hope for the request he had made late the day before to talk to President Reagan on the phone. Reagan's morning schedule, his secretary told Sidey, was fully booked. Then he and Mrs. Reagan were immediately taking off to their California ranch for Thanksgiving.

Minutes before Reagan boarded the helicopter on the White House lawn, Sidey's office phone rang. The White House operator announced the president was returning his call. With no prompting from Sidey other than his saying "These must be difficult days for you, Mr. President," Reagan replied calmly and without the anger in his voice that his words belied. "There is bitter bile in my throat," he said. Then

the bile came pouring out, not in tone but in the words all over Sidey's yellow note pad. When published, Reagan's shriek flashed around the world: "I've never seen the sharks circling like they now are with blood in the water. What is driving me up the wall is that this wasn't a failure until the press got a tip and began to play it up. This whole thing boils down to a great irresponsibility on the part of the press."

Reagan's tough communications director at the time, Patrick J. Buchanan, followed by digging up that rotten old chestnut: "All newsmen should remember that they are Americans first and newsmen second." To which, as might be expected, shouts of "traitors, traitors," were heard in the hall where he was speaking. At the same time, in television interviews, Buchanan was crediting the administration with the exposures. "The leads and breaks," he said, "have come from the President himself." "The left," he added to another cheering crowd, "is not after the truth. The left is after Ronald Reagan," helped by the media's "sensational headlines and scavenger hunts."

This time very few, other than partisan, knee-jerk media bashers, could blame the press. Even the newly appointed special presidential adviser on Iran, David M. Abshire, said at the time: "The administration is taking and will take criticism of why its foreign policy went wrong. It will be severe and harsh criticism, we know that, as it should be."

The story had, after all, been put out by the Iranians to an out-of-the-way Beirut weekly. The president himself and his attorney general, Edwin Meese, announced the contra connection. To be sure, the American media and the Congress then went full-throttle after the facts—as they should have. The momentum had started. The chase was on. The questioning was relentless:

- *UPI's Helen Thomas*: "Mr. President does that mean you never knew anything about contra funding with

Iran sales money?"

- *NBC's Chris Wallace:* "You have stated flatly and you stated flatly again tonight that you did not trade weapons for hostages . . . ?"
- *ABC's Sam Donaldson:* "Polls show that a lot of people simply don't believe you. Your credibility has been severely damaged. What does it mean for the rest of your presidency?"
- *CBS's Bill Plante to a briefer:* "He is the president of the United states. Why doesn't he know?"
- *Unidentified shout:* "Why not dispel the speculation by telling us exactly what happened, sir?"

Those are the kinds of questions that presidents expect and get: polite and respectfully expressed, but as direct and up-front as they can be. The questioners were not the source of the trouble. It was not media creativity or even initiative that ravaged Reagan's presidency but the mistakes and contradictions in the plan itself, and possible violations of the law. If at times the press had plenty to answer for, so did the politicians and the public who so readily smashed the imperfect media mirror instead of looking at the reality it could be reflecting. In the Iran-contra affair, many of the harshest critics of the media provided current evidence of that old cliché: they struck the messenger for so harshly bringing bad news.

Many former (and present) government officials agree that the real sources of such tensions are indefensible policies or lack of discipline within the government, not a lack of concern on the part of the press.² Government officials would like to conduct their affairs and make their plans with less press and less public scrutiny. But in our "open society," they know it is virtually impossible. "Your job requires you to pry," Secretary of State Dean Acheson once wrote to James R. "Scotty" Reston, "and mine requires me to keep secret." Among the faults of the news media, undermining national security is not one.

Certainly the most vocal complaint

"Your job requires you to pry," Secretary of State Dean Acheson once wrote to James R. "Scotty" Reston, "and mine requires me to keep secret." Among the faults of the news media, undermining national security is not one.

against the news media is that their work is biased toward a liberal and left point of view. The charge of a left-wing bias was also a deep undercurrent around the Westmoreland-CBS trial.

At the most extreme, polemical form, two examples of the accusation are:

- Senator Jesse Helms:

The real threat to freedom is on our TV screens every evening and on the front page of our newspapers every day. These newspapers and magazines and television programs are produced by men and women who, if they do not hate America first, they certainly have a smug contempt for American ideals and principles.

- *National Review* publisher and rightist lecturer William Rusher:

I charge that the major media of the United States are a bunch of slanted liberals, who have deliberately, systematically, over a long period of time delivered the liberal line to the people of the United States.

Such exaggerated charges, by far overstating their case, do the conservative cause no good. They miss their targets and disqualify themselves from being taken seriously just as extreme left-wingers do when they call everyone opposed to them

"reactionaries," or worse, "fascists."

Much harder to deal with is a more sophisticated—and more persistent—assertion that is summarized in an essay-pamphlet by the New York *Times* television critic, John Corry [NF'65] (Media Institute, 1986). Although he is writing about television, Corry is plainly describing the whole news media environment:

Television does not consciously pursue a liberal or left agenda, although it does reflect a liberal to left point of view. This is because the point of view is fixed and in place, a part of the natural order. What determines much of what a journalist calls news and how he approaches it is not so much his faith in a political creed as it is the intellectual and artistic culture that shapes his assumptions.

To be argumentative one might answer: Tell that to Walter Mondale, Jimmy Carter or Geraldine Ferraro. But that reply is too simple, proving only that losing politicians of either party always place some or much of the blame on the media.

The issue of the political bias of the media is so charged emotionally that it produces dozens of conflicting studies, biographical and political profiles of journalists as well as pseudo-scientific content analysis or even Rorschach-like Thematic Apperception Tests on how journalists interpret the news. The statistical research is

2. For example, Henry Kissinger, in an *American Heritage* interview long after he left government, said: "I have contempt for individuals in government who turn over to the press classified documents in their trust. But I don't have contempt for those in the press who receive them. I do not think the media should censor themselves with respect to information that has come their way, provided that they did not commit the act of theft or get somebody else to steal the document. However ill I think of the thief, it is not the media's responsibility to police themselves in that regard." What about the Pentagon Papers case, taken all the way to the Supreme Court by the administration Kissinger served: "At the time I was outraged by the whole procedure, which seemed to me to threaten vital and delicate negotiations in which we were engaged. On sober reflection I would go along with the distinction I have just made."

no more conclusive or revealing than opinion polls on people's attitudes toward the press.

Pass over the questionable finite numbers and just take the sums. They are, with caveats:

- In the modern national media, most journalists are white college graduates, more likely to be educated in the East than in any other single region of the United States. They are better educated than the general population (they would have to be to do their job). In national elections since FDR's New Deal, they have tended to vote much more Democrat than Republican. On such key social issues as abortion, nuclear power, church and state, the environment, equal rights, and social programs, they tend to be aligned on the "liberal" side of the issue, though less so in a Reagan-dominated period, when conservatism is a main current rather than a tributary.
- Their headquarters are in New York City, but as distorting as that may be, no single location in the United States is its equal in human diversity. In origin, the CBS anchor (Rather) originally came from Texas, NBC's (Brokaw) from South Dakota and ABC's (Jennings) from Canada. Other anchors and commentators have been no less varied in their origins: Cronkite (Missouri), Brinkley (North Carolina), Mudd (Washington, D.C.), Chancellor (Illinois), Seavareid (North Dakota), Moyers (Oklahoma). As anyone would expect, it is absolutely true that they know one another, are more attuned to the power centers of the East than to the wheat fields of Kansas or the sunsets of Hawaii. But they self-consciously try to overcome that limitation by travel and trying to keep their eyes, ears and minds open. Of course, they do not entirely succeed—but is there a better alternative? CNN originates and is headquartered in Atlanta, and two new television news services for local stations come from Minneapolis and Chicago. Other similar services originate from regional headquarters around the country. There may be something to the unavoidable northeastern tilt, but not much.
- The three most influential dailies in America are the New York *Times* and Washington *Post*, whose editorials are

consistently on the liberal side, and the largest, the *Wall Street Journal*, which leans even harder in the opposite direction. The most widely syndicated political columnists—James Kilpatrick, William Safire, George Will and William F. Buckley, Jr.—are all conservatives, with liberal columnists not coming close to their combined circulation. (Jack Anderson, with the biggest syndication of all, specializes in exposés, with no apparent political tilt.)

Despite conflicting and weighty numerical analyses on both sides of the question, no one has ever demonstrated convincingly to me that political campaign coverage leans unfairly to one party or the other. Conversely, it remains true that in editorial endorsements, Republican candidates nationally continue to fare much better than Democrats, but such endorsements seem to have no discernible effect on the final result. Voters are plainly more affected by events than endorsements. "There is about as much ideology in the average Washington reporter," said David Broder, one of the best of them, "as there is vermouth in a very dry martini."

On the networks, the news coverage does not have any *party* political consistency no matter what their leanings on social policy. Of the commentators, NBC's John Chancellor and longtime (until recently) CBS commentator Bill Moyers are liberal, while ABC's George Will was conservative. As for David Brinkley, Ted Koppel, Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer, who have their own television programs, not even right-wingers accuse them of political bias.

A far more serious criticism of television in elections is that political commercials, which increasingly dominate campaigns, have escalated in both cost and nastiness. The charge is true enough, as evident in the 1986 and 1988 elections when political advertising reached an all-time high in cost and an all-time vitriolic low in content. But it is pointless to blame the existence of television as a communications medium for that,

any more than obscene phone calls are the fault of the modern telephone system.

If there is a solution to the partial degradation of U.S. elections by paid television commercials, it could best be explored by the television networks and stations themselves. Television now bans cigarette, liquor and most advocacy advertising. A voluntary ban on paid political commercials is not beyond imagining. Instead networks could allocate free public service time to qualified candidates or parties. The loss of revenue to the television networks and stations makes such a swap unlikely. Many would also oppose it on grounds that it would restrict paid-for free speech. But reasonable public pressure is growing to take elections out of the hands of media consultants and candidates who have the most money to buy media time, with all the related fund-raising pressure. Some change is obviously in order, either in television practice or in mandatory government restriction of paid advertising in campaigns.

By the time of 1988 presidential campaigns, the combination of a crazy-quilt primary system and television coverage made the question, "Is this any way to elect a president?" almost as pressing as the choice itself.

Ah, but critics say, never mind their commentators and editorials, how about the bias evident in the stories the media pick and choose to play?

"There is about as much ideology in the average Washington reporter," said David Broder, one of the best of them, "as there is vermouth in a very dry martini."

How about the media's carping negativism and failure to accentuate the positive?

Hard as what makes news is to define, there is no doubt that a functioning nuclear plant is less an event than one that explodes, even as a volcano at rest is not as newsworthy as one spewing lava on the surrounding population. Nor are full bellies or full employment worth reporting as often as hunger and widespread unemployment. The South African government's halting steps to modify apartheid get less daily attention than its constant oppression of blacks. War makes more news than peace, murder on the campus more news than meetings of the college French Club. Misdeeds are covered more intensively than good deeds. News by definition is more the interruption of the orderly flow of life than the routine, although the latter is now more frequently reported in life-style stories both on television and in print.

"The media," says Elliott Abrams, an intellectual who served as Reagan's hard-line assistant secretary of state, "tilt toward the visually interesting and exciting stories. They will choose the Philippine protest over the Rumanian practice." True enough—because the Philippine protest represents potential change while Rumanian Communist tyranny remains an encrusted horror.

Journalists do tend to be more sympathetic to those who have little power than to those in power. They are indeed skeptical of authority, as they should be. They are naysayers rather than yea-sayers. They are doubting and distrustful of those who want to influence them and, yes, they are more interested in exposing than affirming, more stimulated by dramatic bad news than by routinely good news.³ They tend to spotlight problems rather than solutions. The public and the democratic process are far better served by a press whose modern skepticism—to be sure, at times overwrought—grew from its Vietnam and Watergate experience

than by the powerful press in the era before, which was characterized by a smug entangling alliance with government.

Irving Kristol, the neo-conservative eminence, says that the popular media "focus their dissenting energies on social policies affecting those portions of the population who, for whatever reason, are faring poorly." They do this, he argues, "since sanctimonious compassion has always been a key element in their professional self-definition." Their sanctimony is indefensible, but the media's compassion is essential to the role society, the Constitution and the courts have assigned to them, providing a check on the power of the majority.

Does that make journalists left-wingers whose political biases constantly are reflected in their broadcasts or publications? Hardly. It does often position them against the political mainstream, whatever that happens to be. They see as their role—as the Founding Fathers could be said to have defined it—to check the power of government rather than to cheer it on. The evening news, for big-city mayors or presidents, is a depressing daily report card on how little is working really well in their domain. But that is the price of their broad responsibilities, not necessarily the fault of the media.

Political critics of the news media would do better to zero in on specific examples of bias or bad judgment when they occur—as they do—and stop undermining their case with political generalizations that neither reflect media performance nor impress the performers. When a Soviet "commentator," who can be no more than an official propagandist, is invited to discuss a presidential speech for eight minutes in prime time, the network deserves to be rapped. When authentically good economic news is covered with the main emphasis on how bad the economy still really is, there are grounds for complaint.

But apart from the media's useful

and intentional perversity, even the *Times'* John Corry agrees that their slight tilt toward the left is evidence more of a cultural background than a political creed; more a loyal opposition to whatever is in power than an embedded political ideology.

Consistent political bias is the least of the built-in faults of the news media. They are guiltier and more vulnerable in other areas. Press freedom, explained Yale President Benno Schmidt, then dean of the Columbia Law School, does not now and has never depended on the First Amendment alone, or even primarily. It "depends on the spirit of tolerance in our society and the extent to which society as a whole understands the role of the press. Most important is the current social and political climate which is unfriendly to the press, viewing it is an uncaring, unresponsive big business."

In 1985, just how big a business it had become needed no amplification. Not only had the atmosphere in and around the news media changed, so did its structure as a business. It was certainly not business as usual.

In the same year as the Westmoreland and Sharon trials, along with scores of other major collisions between media performance and public expectations, media takeovers were an equal attention-getting upheaval. In that year *all* three television networks and a fourth potential one, plus scores of newspapers and major magazines, either changed hands or got new controlling owners. "An immense clearance sale," columnist Russell Baker wrote, "Everything must go. Newspapers, television networks, magazines. All for sale, and money the sole object." □

3. "Show me a country," says Senator Moynihan, "whose newspapers are full of good news and I'll show you a country whose jails are full of good people."

Copyright © 1988 by Richard M. Clurman. The excerpt, "Afterthoughts," will be published in the next issue of *Nieman Reports*.

A Polish Journalist — Helena Luczywo — Wins 1989 Louis M. Lyons Award

Helena Luczywo, an independent Polish journalist and organizer of the underground press, has won the 1989 Louis M. Lyons Award for Conscience and Integrity in Journalism, the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University announced today.

A committee of the 23 members of the 1989 Class of Nieman Fellows chose Luczywo, 43, for the award, which is named in honor of former Nieman curator Louis M. Lyons. The award is in recognition of Luczywo's courage in reporting objectively on events in Poland, despite the difficulties and dangers posed by clandestine publication.

The award carries an honorarium of \$1,000. It will be presented this fall.

Luczywo currently is the deputy editor-in-chief of the only opposition daily in the East bloc, *Gazeta*, which published its first issue this month. Active in the underground press since martial law was declared in 1981, Luczywo founded the Solidarity News Agency, and became the editor-in-chief of the union's unofficial weekly, *Tygodnik Mazowsze*, the most influential underground publication in the country. She was a negotiator in the recent discussions with the government, in which she demanded the establishment of an independent mass media in Poland. As a result of those talks, opposition journalists can now work in the open, and the national daily *Gazeta* will replace the samizdat weekly *Tygodnik Mazowsze* (which means "Weekly of Mazowsze," the region around Warsaw). Adam Michnik, a preeminent Polish intellectual and opposition figure, will be *Gazeta's* editor-in-chief.

From 1977 to 1980 Luczywo co-edited Poland's first independent newspaper, *Robotnik* ("The Worker"), despite persecution by the police. *Robotnik* propagated the idea of free

trade unions, and helped to inspire the forerunner of Solidarity. It folded after the declaration of martial law. *Tygodnik Mazowsze* started out as an emergency union bulletin, but soon became a crucial source of uncensored information about subjects ranging from the unrest in Armenia to political reforms in Hungary. Despite the threat of imprisonment and acts of sabotage, Luczywo ran a paper that by 1989 reached more than 100,000 readers. She has written several hundred articles and interviews, most of which had to be published anonymously.

In 1986 Luczywo went to the United States for a year as a Fellow of the Bunting Institute at Radcliffe College.

"Helena Luczywo not only is an extraordinarily tenacious editor who has mobilized and inspired Poland's opposition press," said Dorothy Wickenden, chair of this year's Lyons

Award Committee. "She also has helped to create a new kind of alternative, uncensored journalism, which has played a crucial part in the reforms now underway throughout the Soviet bloc."

Last year, the award was won by Monica Gonzalez, a Chilean journalist who was persecuted for her investigations into the regime of General Augusto Pinochet. Other past winners include Zwelakhe Sisulu, editor of the Johannesburg-based *New Nation*, who was recently released after two years of imprisonment for his critical coverage of the government; Violeta Chamorro, publisher of *La Prensa*, for her newspaper's efforts to keep a free press alive in Nicaragua; American correspondents who covered the war in Indochina; and Tom Renner, a *Newsday* reporter, for coverage of organized crime. □

India—Covering a Subcontinent

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against violations of human rights as various as the forcible eviction of Bombay's pavement dwellers by the state administration or the detention of juveniles during the terrorist violence in Punjab. The Court has even admitted appeals by journalists against the government monopoly of national radio and television.

In addition to filling in for the state-controlled electronic media and an ineffective political opposition, Indian journalists now find themselves acting in place of a sluggish and labyrinthine judiciary.

The cumulative effect of all this has been an uninterrupted practice of the constitutional guarantee of free

expression at the humblest level. As A.M. Rosenthal the now retired executive editor of *The New York Times* noted not long ago, after a conversation with a peasant outside New Delhi who, having criticized the prime minister and his policies in no uncertain terms, cheerfully supplied Rosenthal with his name and address: "Where else could that happen . . . [?] In China, in Eastern Europe, in the Soviet Union, the very idea of listening to such questions — let alone answering them — would strike terror. They could not be asked or answered in most of Asia, in almost all the Middle East or Africa or in many countries of Latin America." □

Journalists Named Nieman Fellows, Class of '90

Twelve American journalists and eight foreign journalists have been appointed to the 52nd class of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University. The Fellowships provide a year of study in any part of the University.

The American journalists in the new Nieman class are:

J. BRETT ALEXANDER, 40, producer with CBS News/48 Hours, New York. He is a graduate of Northeastern University. At Harvard, Mr. Alexander plans to concentrate on such studies as creative writing, literature, film history and drama to help strengthen his documentary concepts and techniques.

DANIEL BIDDLE, 35, reporter with *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Mr. Biddle is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He proposes to study history, sociology, urban studies and law to better understand the forces affecting ethical problems in government and industry.

DAVE DENISON, 30, editor of *The Texas Observer*, Austin. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Mr. Denison plans to immerse himself in the study of economics with a special emphasis on the banking system.

JOHN HARWOOD, 32, political editor based in Washington, D.C., for the *St. Petersburg (Florida) Times*. Mr. Harwood is a graduate of Duke University. He expects to find opportunities to explore the history, culture, society and politics of Africa.

MARY JORDAN, 28, staff writer with *The Washington Post*. She is a graduate of Georgetown University and has a master's degree from Columbia University. During her Nieman year, Ms. Jordan intends to concentrate on social studies, public finance and government in order to analyze governmental approaches to poverty.

ANN MARIE LIPINSKI, 33 reporter with the *Chicago Tribune*, attended the University of Michigan. While she will concentrate on political and economic courses relevant to urban affairs, Ms. Lipinski will also study Japanese

literature.

THOMAS MORGAN III, 37, reporter with *The New York Times*. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri. Mr. Morgan will concentrate on courses in history, government, law, sociology and economics leading to a broader perspective on issues confronting American cities.

DICK REAVIS, 43, senior editor of the *Texas Monthly*, Austin. Mr. Reavis is a graduate of the University of Texas at Austin. By taking courses in religion, sociology, literature and history, he hopes to find a method and approach to better understand regionalism in America.

CARLA ROBBINS, 35, Latin American bureau chief for *U.S. News & World Report*. She is a graduate of Wellesley College and holds master's and Ph.D. degrees from the University of California, Berkeley. Ms. Robbins plans to concentrate on intensive studies of 20th Century military history, international economics and public policy.

GEORGE RODRIGUE, 33, day city editor with *The Dallas Morning News*. Mr. Rodrigue is a graduate of the University of Virginia. In order to better understand the interaction of politics, economics and public policy, he will concentrate on analytical courses in those areas.

DIANNA SOLIS, 32, reporter based in Houston for *The Wall Street Journal*. She is a graduate of California State University, Fresno, and has a master's degree from Northwestern University. Ms. Solis will pursue studies in international affairs, politics and economics to further comprehend the process of integration of first and third world economies. Ms. Solis is the recipient of a Louis Stark Fellowship. Created in 1959, the Fellowship honors Louis Stark, a pioneer in labor reporting, and is awarded from time to time. She is the eighth Nieman Fellow to be supported by the Louis Stark Memorial Fund.

JUAN TAMAYO, 40, Middle East correspondent based in Jerusalem for *The*

Miami Herald. Mr. Tamayo is a graduate of Marquette University. As a Nieman Fellow, he will study European art and literature as well as the political and economic trends leading to Europe's economic integration planned in 1992.

The foreign Fellows are:

KYU-CHUL CHOI, 45, assistant editor, political desk, *The Dong-A Ilbo*, Seoul, Korea. Mr. Choi is a graduate of Seoul National University. He will concentrate his studies in American history, public policy and social issues in order to better understand the role of the press in the process of conflict between forces of change and continuity.

MONICA FLORES CORREA, 36, journalist with *Pagina 12*, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Ms. Flores Correa is a graduate of the University of Buenos Aires. She plans to spend her Nieman year taking courses in law, economics and science which parallel the public policy agenda of a region seeking industrialization and modernization.

YOSSI MELMAN, 38, diplomatic correspondent for *Davar*, Tel Aviv, Israel. Mr. Melman is a graduate of Hebrew University. He is particularly interested in pursuing a combination of subjects including modern American history, U.S. foreign policy in the post World War II period, and the theory and practice of government intelligence agencies.

GOENAWAN MOHAMAD, 47, chief editor of *Tempo*, Jakarta, Indonesia. Mr. Mohamad studied at the University of Indonesia and the College d'Europe Brugges. At Harvard, he will broaden his knowledge of philosophical and ethical issues of government. His studies will include courses in law and political and social sciences.

BRIAN POTTINGER, 36, assistant editor of the *Sunday Times*, Johannesburg, South Africa. He is a graduate of the University of Natal. For Mr. Pottinger the year here will include studies in history, social science, agrarian reform and urbanization to help interpret the pressures and movements of South African society.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Physicians Cover Ground — From Anesthesiology to *Zeitgeist*

M.D. Doctors Talk About Themselves

John Pekkanen, Delacorte Press, 1988.
\$18.95

by Barbara J. Connor

I didn't expect to like this book. I've seen and read so many books about the medical profession that I didn't think another could offer anything new. Usually, I don't find medical writing representative of my work; so if I hadn't been asked to review this one, I might never have picked it up.

A simple pleasure recommends *M.D. Doctors Talk about Themselves* immediately: It is easy to read. I read much of it in one sitting, such a relief after years of slow, technical reading.

The format of the book is, as the title indicates, doctors talking about themselves. John Pekkanen, Nieman Fellow '71, a medical journalist and now an editor for *Reader's Digest*, interviewed more than 70 physicians. His previous work on medical subjects, including *Donor*, *The Best Doctors in the U.S.* and *My Father, My Son* written with Admiral Elmo Zumwalt Jr. and Elmo Zumwalt III, seem to have equipped Pekkanen with the expertise and vocabulary to draw out his subjects in this book.

Pekkanen also states that "preparation for this book included my own medical history." Physicians can read nothing more intriguing. I wanted to know what had brought him closer to my profession. I even looked in the yellow pages for the name of the personal physician he cites in his acknowledgments to try to get a clue about his history from the doctor's

specialty, to no avail.

This lack of Pekkanen's personal story and narrative is both a strength and weakness of the book. I wanted to know more about what brought him to write the book, and the actual process of the interviews. Yet reading the doctors' own words, not the author's interpretation of them, is what gives the book its freshness. At a time when much is being written about medicine, this is medicine itself talking.

Listening, I felt as if I were in the hospital cafeteria, or working late in the lab, or dining with medical school classmates. For example, one doctor said, "a woman called me at midnight" complaining of "electric shocks emanating from (her) body." She suspected the CIA or some other "powerful, evil force" was to blame. "There's a neurosurgeon at my hospital I really don't like, so I explained to her that I was an internist and told her she really needed to see a neurosurgeon," the doctor recalls. "Then I gave her his name and telephone number and told her to call him."

Such tales are traded over coffee or in corridors among colleagues every day. After months of sabbatical from that world, I felt, in reading *M.D.*, reunited with old friends.

The author was careful to interview all types of physicians (and to know the difference): "academics and private practice doctors" and "a wide range of specialists, including surgeons, internists, radiologists, anesthesiologists, pediatricians and psychiatrists." As an internist I detected a slight tilt toward surgeons. As a colleague in the book states,

"The jocks go into surgery. But when you reach the outside world, you find that your knowledge and skill as an internist are not really valued." And a surgeon states, "I tell you, the surgeons making \$800,000 a year are earning it. They're working their butts off."

Pekkanen notes that, "Nearly a third of those interviewed were women," which approximates the proportion in medicine today. He doesn't identify them as female or male (or as old or young or by specialty for that matter). So, while the female surgeon who received referrals only for breast surgery (from male colleagues) was identifiable, in many cases I may have been reading a female voice without recognizing its gender. I think those women probably appreciate not being labelled differently than their male counterparts. One of the greatest compliments a patient can pay me is to answer one of my questions, "Yes, sir." I know I'm being treated as doctor first, not as a female doctor.

"We are seldom neutral about doctors, and we are always fascinated by them," Pekkanen writes. "The private world of doctors is ultimately replete with human emotion, with feelings of doubt, guilt, fear, anxiety, grief and anger that reflect a lifetime of meeting suffering head-on." He left out the joy. It isn't all suffering. Still, I feel Pekkanen accomplishes his goal "to penetrate that world."

All of the interviews are anonymous, which enables each doctor to talk openly, but also poses a problem for credibility. Particularly in passages on the future or the politics of medicine, I found myself wanting to know whether it was the "medical school dean" or the "country doctor" speaking. Was it a research physician or a private practitioner who said, "I don't know if we have any moral license to alter people's inheritance by altering their genes, even if the pur-

pose is to cure disease". Similarly for the doctor who said, "When I look at the AIDS virus, I see an incredible challenge but no precedent to allow me to believe that it will be successfully met. It makes me depressed. Very depressed."

But the pledge of confidentiality does bring a dimension of disclosure unattainable with on-the-record interviews. This is particularly striking in the chapter on "Impaired Healers."

For instance: "I went into an anesthesiology residency and began my love affair with Fentanyl . . . If you use it once, you are hooked . . . Getting Fentanyl was ridiculously easy. All I had to do was open a cabinet and take as much as I wanted. I'd use a tourniquet and syringe to inject myself . . . When my addiction reached its height, I needed to shoot up every two hours. So if an open-heart case took four or five hours, I'd have to leave in the middle of the operation, go to the men's room in the OR suite, get my fix, and then go back to the operating room and continue surgery."

" . . . During one twenty-hour neurosurgical operation, my relief didn't show up for hours . . . I was so distracted, I injected a blood product into the wrong port . . . and the patient arrested. Luckily he suffered no ill effect . . . No one realized that my mistake had caused the arrest . . ."

Another doctor becomes addicted to cocaine, and his \$80,000 salary is inadequate to meet his drug demand. "I could shoot up twenty to forty times a day, in my arms, my legs, my groin. . ."

One quibble: Gripping accounts like those above often are interrupted by an annoying typographical device of lifting out quotes, bumping up the point size and dropping them back into the text. It disrupts the flow for the reader, and often the quotes are far from the most compelling in the interview. Physicians will recognize the device because it is used in many "throw-away journals" that drug companies mail to them free. The companies know that physicians at best will skim these journals, so they pull

out the salient points in read-outs. But Pekkanen's book does not need to be skimmed.

The read-outs are unnecessary, too, because the book is never dull reading. Yet, I must say that my own experiences are still more vivid for me than any excerpts from the book. In that sense it's hard for me to extract the most notable interview or quotes.

But the honesty of the interviews and the universality of the seventy doctors' experience brought back memories I had buried. I remember putting an intravenous line into one of my interns one night because he was so weak and dehydrated from vomiting, yet had to keep working. Often I joke with nurses in the ER, "I don't want to see any patients who aren't sicker than I am."

And in many of the interviews I felt it could have been me talking. I would think to myself, "I had one of those." "We called this doctor 007 — he seemed to have a license to kill," says one doctor. We use the same pejorative for incompetents in our hospital.

The chapter headings run the gamut of a doctor's experience from training to money to malpractice to death and dying and more. But why no chapter on family? Which came first, the topics or the interviews?

Pekkanen's introductions to the chapters are brief, but in them he sketches the larger picture with interesting statistics. "In the past few years the number of physicians has increased dramatically — three times faster than the general population," he writes. Another: "A 1984 N.Y. study found that only twenty-five of the state's more than 40,000 physicians had had their licenses revoked or suspended." I would have liked actual references for this kind of information.

These are minor quarrels. "Medicine is clearly a profession in crisis," Pekkanen writes in his introduction. The accounts in this book support that, but unlike so many other reports about the crisis, it is not morose or even pessimistic. The final interview, in fact, strikes an

upbeat note:

I don't think we'll end up with a cold, alienating, mechanistic health care system," the final physician says in the concluding chapter, titled "The Future." "I'm optimistic enough to believe it will not reach this point because I think most patients still want a good and trusting relationship with a doctor, and I think they are too well informed about medicine today to allow this to be taken away."

In medical school I was taught not to share my personal experiences with patients. The patient needs to hear about his disease and his prognosis. The physician needs to be detached and clinical if he is to make rational choices in providing care, so I was taught.

The value of *M.D.* is that it dismantles the wall erected by our training, without jeopardizing anyone's care, and enables the reader to penetrate that "private world" of the physician. For me, it provided the personal experience that my training had always warded off.

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A Mirrored Reflection of US

In Our Image: America's Empire in the Philippines

Stanley Karnow. Random House, 1989. \$24.95

by Marites Danguilan-Vitug

The dramatic uprising in the Philippines in 1986 — which led to the ouster of strongman Ferdinand Marcos and ushered in President Corazon Aquino — has inspired a plethora of books.

Foreign correspondents who had covered the country during the latter years of Marcos, most especially after the assassination of opposition leader Benigno Aquino, Jr. in 1983, capped their exciting adventure in the Philippines with books on recent history, emphasizing the four day "revolution" in February 1986, and its central personalities.

There was a rush to capture the still unfolding Philippine drama as international interest, particularly in the United States, was still high. The result is a mixed bag of slapdash works — like a superficial biography of Corazon Aquino and thoughtful, incisive accounts.

In Our Image by Stanley Karnow [NF '58] is definitely well thought out and painstakingly researched and, to date, is the most ambitious among the recent books written about the Philippines. Its scope is panoramic, from the year 1521 when voyager Ferdinand Magellan, leading a Spanish mission, landed in the Philippines, to the years under Corazon Aquino.

The substance of *In Our Image* lies in its chronicles of the impact of American rule on the Philippines and the changes it wrought on the psyche of many Filipinos. The colorful and lively chronology of historical events and accidents and the rich cast of characters — made alive by detailed and juicy information on their lives — make the book delightful reading. We see an array of American military

officers, governors, kibitzers, Filipino revolutionaries and traitors, and politicians.

With a scalpel, Karnow finely dissects the aims and activities of the American colonizers and discusses, in vivid detail, the nuances that went into the decision to maintain the Philippines as a colony. He presents an honest account of Philippine colonial history, warts and all.

Karnow also deftly writes about what transpired before colonization: an "unalloyed American conquest of territory and among the cruelest conflicts in the annals of Western imperialism."

Many Americans forget that the Philippines was America's first Vietnam. *In our Image* reminds Americans of the Philippine-American war, a costly toll of their first overseas expansion, wherein thousands of Filipinos were brutally killed.

The book thus helps American readers understand the love-hate relationship between the two countries.

But because Karnow chooses to focus on 90 years of colonial history, when the United States cast its imperial net on the Philippines, he gives uneven attention to the present. Of the 15 chapters in the book, about four deal with contemporary history, and the Marcos and Aquino governments. Sadly, too, Karnow is inadequate in his account of the Filipino side of the February 1986 uprising.

What makes for interesting and educational reading, though, is Karnow's depiction of what was taking place in Washington during the four-day upheaval in Manila, the high level meetings convincing Ronald Reagan to drop Marcos, the discussions on United States policy towards the Philippines, and the ideas contributed by Reagan, George Shultz, and the rest of the key Pentagon and State Department officials.

Karnow is an old Asia hand. He

started covering the Philippines in the '60's.

Having watched that country, on and off, for more than 30 years, Karnow has developed a keen perception of domestic politics. Today, he sees the Aquino administration as merely a continuity of the pre-martial law features of government, aptly describing it as a "restoration" rather than a revolution. The old elite are back; with a rambunctious press, a corrupt bureaucracy, a grandstanding Congress. Unchanged is the socioeconomic structure which gives a few families control over the nation's economy and keeps the majority below the poverty level.

The roots of this inequitable structure are traced back by Karnow to the Spanish colonization of the Philippines. The United States, however, reinforced it.

Karnow writes: "The Americans coddled the elite while disregarding the appalling plight of the peasants, thus perpetuating a feudal oligarchy that widened the gap between rich and poor."

The United States introduced its own system of patronage to the Philippines. By cultivating the upper crust, Karnow writes that the American governors strengthened the wealthy families that had originally emerged during the Spanish colonial era, and many still hold sway: "Ferdinand Marcos was to smash the old oligarchs seventy years later, but he supplanted them with his greedier cronies. The dispossessed dynasties, determined to regain their privileges, were instrumental in ousting him in favor of Corazon Aquino. She, however, also belonged to the landed gentry and showed no signs of drastically renovating the society."

The Filipino oligarchy continues today and, as in the past, are not responsive to economic and social reforms. This lopsided structure is still a major cause of the country's communist led insurgency.

In the 1890's, when the United States was an aspiring colonial power, it pledged to bless its Philippine col-

ony with three ingredients that had made America great: mass education, economic development, and democratic government. Karnow describes the frame of mind then, in the United States, as one of a desire to embark "on a unique experiment to duplicate itself in a drastically different terrain." Karnow thus digs into the misguided beginnings of United States policy towards the Philippines.

American obsession to mold the Philippines into its likeness and being had deep seated effects on the people. Karnow writes: "The Filipinos became Americanized without becoming Americans. . . . Their lawyers familiarized themselves with American jurisprudence, and their politicians absorbed American democratic procedures, displaying unique skills in American parliamentary practices. But they never became the Americans that Americans sought to make them. To this day, they are trying to define their national identity."

Karnow concludes: "But whatever the alchemy that finally shapes their national identity, a process that could take generations, the ultimate amalgam is bound to bear traces of their US education."

The Americans also wanted to transplant their political system to the Philippines. But the differences were so vast that the experiment failed: "Authority in America reposed on impersonal institutions, while power in the Philippines revolved around the complex kinship networks. . . ."

Giving a typical picture of power structure in the village level, Karnow writes: "As in small towns everywhere, the leading local families had been squabbling forever. The introduction of elections by the Americans, however, simply formalized the quarrels as the competing clans created political parties as vehicles for their disputes. So old feuds masqueraded as modern politics. Like Philippine parties today, the factions were identical ideologically. They fought partly for prestige — but, more often, for the

power to sequester land, steal tax receipts, demand kickbacks for licenses or hand out profitable and frequently fake public works contracts to their relatives. . . ."

In the economic front, growth was lopsided. The Philippine economy was largely reshaped to supply the United States market: "They imposed trade patterns that retarded the economic growth of the islands, condemning them to reliance on the United States long after independence.

"The American monopoly on imports into the Philippines also dampened the development of a native industry. At the same time, the unlimited entry of Philippine exports to the United States bound the archipelago inextricably to the American market. Economically, at least, the Filipinos were doomed to remain "little brown brothers" for years

though, many, despite their nationalist rhetoric, found security in the role."

Today, nationalist rhetoric still flies thick in Manila and one of the hottest issues stirring RP-US relations is the presence of American military bases in the Philippines. Debates on whether they should continue to stay in the Philippines or not reflect the ambivalence towards a former colonial master: the desire to be fully and really independent and the wish to stay in the shadow of the American economic and security umbrella. □

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Devastating Statistics Give Lie to Apartheid Defenders

Uprooting Poverty: The South African Challenge.

Francis Wilson & Mamphela Ramphele. WW. Norton, 1989. \$27.50

by Jack Foisie

The peculiar nature of the festering South African racial conflict has been incisively examined in a new and unusual way by two South African scholars — one white, one black — based on eight years of study under a Carnegie Corporation grant. The findings, even when stated with academic reserve, are a stinging condemnation of white rule, and the pervasive suffering, particularly in economic hardship, it has caused the black majority.

The report, based on research by some 400 persons working under the same grant, declared that apartheid — that system of segregation and

discrimination against 28 million blacks by four million whites, has resulted in "one of the most unequal distributions of wealth in the world," according to the co-authors, Francis Wilson and Mamphela Ramphele of the University of Capetown.

Even with some improvement in wages for urban blacks in recent years, two-thirds live below subsistence level. In the rural areas there are 1.4 million black households with no visible means of support; the families are destitute.

Whites, who make up less than one-sixth of the population, take home two-thirds of all income.

These and other statistics are devastating. However, this is more than just an economic textbook on a horror case. Along with the facts and graphs are descriptions of individual or collective efforts by the down-and-out to make ends meet, there are

other types of case histories, and the book is full of anecdotes. There also is a historical account of how apartheid came to be: in legal form it is only 40 years old, but in practice the origins of the system go back to Dutch and British colonial rule during 300 years of ethnic conquest and economic exploitation. There is also a windup chapter on how the black struggle for equality has evolved, and where it is headed. In company with so many others, neither author Wilson, a respected white economist, nor Dr. Ramphele, a black woman physician banned for her anti-apartheid activities in the past, see anything but a long struggle ahead.

The most satisfying moment, at least for me after my eight years of reporting in South Africa, is to read how the authors demolish the defenders of apartheid who contend that even without the vote South African blacks are "better off" than blacks elsewhere in Africa who live under their own despotic rulers and amid a chaotic economy.

Say the authors: while some wealth and privilege has trickled down to a small emerging black middle class in South Africa, for the majority deprivation has worsened under the apartheid system that forces all urban non-whites into ghettos and requires rural dwellers to live on 13 percent of the land—much of it unproductive, while whites use the remainder. The result is poverty that surpasses the worst conditions anywhere else in black Africa, the authors contend.

Within South Africa, the comparisons between white and black living standards divide the country into the "richest" (white) and "poorest" (black) regions in Africa.

For example, infant mortality among blacks is eight times that of whites. Two-thirds of black households have no electricity, even though South Africa, by far the most industrialized nation in Africa, generates more than half of all power on the continent.

In tribal reserves, where rural

blacks are forced to live, there are as many as 82 persons to the square mile; in the adjacent white farmlands outside the reserves, the average is two whites per square mile. So denuded are the scrub forests in the reserves that a black woman in some areas must walk a round trip of ten miles to gather enough firewood for a headload; in white areas, of course, fuel is delivered to the door.

On and on are the comparisons cited: in health care, in clean water availability, in housing, in educational opportunity, always a yawning gap between the white and the black.

South Africa is one of the few countries which exports food in considerable quantities, yet hunger and malnutrition is widespread among the black population. One estimate is that a minimum of 15,000 children under five die each year for lack of sufficient food.

This is an average condition, not a drought year statistic. Unlike in Ethiopia and the Sudan, there are no concentrated calamities to capture world attention and galvanize humanitarian effort. As the authors note, in their effort at balance throughout the book, there are concerned whites, both in government and in communities, who seek to alleviate the suffering. But always the legalistic barricades of apartheid intervene.

For example, in order not to have blacks swamp the white cities where they are the labor force, workers are largely restricted to men without their families. The women and children are restricted to the reserves, without work opportunity, with only scraps of land for subsistence gardens, or no land at all. For years at a time they must live on what the man in the family sends home, and often under the strain, the family bonds break down.

While mainly an analysis of the economic plight of South Africa's downtrodden, the book makes clear it will take more than a softening of racial laws, and a less strident practice of white supremacy, to bring peace

and prosperity for all South Africans.

Only universal suffrage will allow the profound changes required, the authors believe.

Chips being chiseled off the legal monolith of apartheid have, for instance, opened up a handful of neighborhoods in South African cities to all races. Laws segregating public areas, such as swimming pools and toilets, have fallen into disuse in some cities. But the present pace of change is not enough, and never will be complete, Wilson and Ramphele contend.

"Apartheid cannot be reformed," they assert. "Renewal of South African society is not possible without the defeat of the racist ideology which sustains the current ruling elite."

The authors' prognosis on dismantling apartheid is pessimistic. "The structure of power currently in place in South Africa is such that there is virtually no likelihood of the present government (or some revised version of it) either voluntarily handing over power to democratic rulers, or finding itself coerced by guerrilla activity, economic sanctions or other pressures into negotiating away its entrenched position in the immediate future . . .

"The struggle for liberation in South Africa has gone on for many years, and our assessment, alas, is that it still has long years to run."

While the authors suggest ways to prepare for a more constructive future, they add: "There is no painless way to change, no easy road to freedom. The agony of South Africa is due primarily to the fact that those with political power have left no room for those who would change society to use legitimate democratic channels to do so," Wilson and Ramphele write.

This is a reference to the present-day situation where all protest, even when peacefully-conducted, is harshly suppressed, and the government refuses to meet with any but its own hand-picked black leaders.

The prospect of the retirement of

President P. W. Botha, after ten years as head of the reigning political party as well as the government, does not signal fundamental change. This development comes since the book was written, but is part of the picture. His likely successor is Frederik W. deKlerk, who is less dogmatic than Botha and also a middle-road conservative. He speaks of the inevitable end of white domination. But no white leader envisions the day beyond carefully-orchestrated power-sharing with blacks; no white politician is prepared to advocate black majority rule.

Despite the *cul de sac* in which reformers find themselves, there is a need to begin to prepare for the day of black liberation and white reconciliation. Authors Wilson and Ramphele urge more individual and community effort to bring understanding between the races.

The government, despite its bias in favor of whites, can begin the healing process by shifting its heavy emphasis away from security spending and allocating more public money to poverty relief, particularly in the way of work projects.

Black poverty, it is argued, is as much an obstacle to racial accord as apartheid itself. While some analysts argue that political change can only follow economic improvement, the authors contend that even greatly improved opportunity and living-standards for blacks will not stem demands for political and social equality.

This is the second lengthy study of South African poverty; the first, also funded by the Carnegie Corporation, dealt with poor Afrikaner whites in the 1930's and 40's, and resulted in government emphasis to alleviate white poverty—at the expense of poor blacks.

This second study, funded at a cost of over a half-million dollars, deals with the changed realities, and also calls for urgent government attention. Hopefully the study will quicken the interest of the Bush administration to take a tougher attitude toward the

Pretoria government than did his predecessor. The Reagan diplomatic go-easy stance, labeled "constructive engagement," never was an effective means of demonstrating American abhorrence of apartheid, nor show sufficient sympathy and support for the despairing blacks.

The book should be priority reading for anyone who seeks to understand South Africa and wishes to facilitate the cause of justice there. □

Jack Foisie, Nieman Fellow '47, spent 20 years as a foreign correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. For his last eight years before retirement in late 1984, he was chief of the bureau in Johannesburg. Before moving to the Times, Mr. Foisie was on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle. Since his retirement he has lectured and written extensively on South Africa.

A Belated Shattering Truth

A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam

Neil Sheehan. Random House, 1988. \$24.95

by Peter A. Jay

"Just write what you see."

That's good advice for a reporter any time, but it was especially good advice for a reporter in Vietnam when the United States was trying to fight a war there. It was given to me in early 1970 by John Anderson, at that time the foreign editor of *The Washington Post*, when I was a very green and apprehensive reporter about to take over *The Post's* Indochina bureau.

Over the next two years I was to remember John's words often. What was happening then in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia was beyond the comprehension of far more experienced observers than I, yet I had been assigned to cover it, and to me that meant I should be able to explain it. But more than once, when I was on the verge of trying to explain the inexplicable in a 3,000-word Sunday thumbsucker, I changed my mind and wrote instead about something I had actually seen. In retrospect I believe the readers were probably better served.

Of course, even in the best of times,

what you think and what you see can become so entangled it's hard to tell where one stops and the other begins. And in Vietnam any report, no matter how factual or first-hand, was likely to be interpreted in totally contradictory ways. Just about any fact could be used to support just about any thesis.

For example, in the fall of 1970 I drove from Saigon to Danang with another reporter and an American foreign service officer. No one had done such a thing for a long time, perhaps three years. Or if they had, it hadn't been reported.

The trip was about 500 miles, much of it on roads considered unsafe for unescorted civilian travel. It took four days. It was interesting and not uneventful, but we were not attacked or threatened. My report of the drive, which *The Post* displayed prominently, was hailed by supporters of current policy as proving that security in South Vietnam was improving. Those opposed to current policy, who either thought or hoped that the war was being lost, either attacked it as misleading or cited it as an example of the Viet Cong's restraint.

Of course, all it had really proved was that on those four days it happened to be possible to drive from Saigon to Danang. Whatever the assorted propagandists had to say about it, it didn't show that we were

winning or losing the war, or even demonstrate that we were going about the effort intelligently. Those are judgments better made after the fact by historians than by reporters on the ground, trying to write amid dust and confusion about the pieces of the drama they have seen.

Some fine writing and some excellent on-the-spot reporting came out of Vietnam. But it's quite remarkable how many judgments were absolutely wrong. That generals and politicians were wrong is well-established, but even the best journalists were wrong again and again too. It's long past now and there is no reason for shame, but some humility on the part of all of us in the press in describing our record in Vietnam would not be inappropriate.

The inaccuracies committed to newsprint or broadcast by those of us who reported from Vietnam weren't usually the result of stupidity or political bias, though these also were present. Mostly they were the result of our being so close to the situation that our vision was obscured. Many thousands of Americans, including this one, had clearer views about Vietnam before they went there than after they returned. Another problem, reporters being human, was that we tended to adopt or at least repeat the views of people we respected—yet time and again they turned out to be wrong, and the contemptible people turned out to be right.

Now Vietnam is history, and the judgments of people who were there and saw it on the run are being replaced by the judgments of people who have sifted through the records, after the fact. By rights, the clearest judgments of all ought to come from those who can leaven their scholarship with personal experience.

That's what Neil Sheehan has done in his huge biography of John Paul Vann, a strange, driven genius who symbolizes, perhaps better than any other, both the admirable and the contemptible aspects of the American adventure in Asia between 1960 and 1975.

Between March 23, 1962, when he arrived in Saigon as a cocky lieutenant colonel, and June 9, 1972, when his helicopter crashed in the Central Highlands near Kontum, Vann was almost constantly involved with the war. He was a source of inspiration and encouragement for other military men, a source of news and insight for journalists. He was one of the few genuine folk heroes of the war.

By the time of his death, as Sheehan writes, "the intensity and distinctiveness of his character and the courage and drama of his life had seemed to sum up so many of the qualities Americans admired in themselves as a people. By an obsession, by an unyielding dedication to the war, he had come to personify the American endeavor in Vietnam. He had exemplified it in his illusions, in his good intentions gone awry, in his pride, in his will to win. Where others had been defeated or discouraged over the years, or had become disenchanted and turned against the war, he had been undeterred in his crusade to find a way to redeem the unredeemable, to lay hold of victory in this doomed enterprise."

In the early days of the American involvement in Vietnam, before bullets ended the presidencies of Ngo Dinh Diem in Saigon and, 20 days later, John F. Kennedy in Dallas, Vann was *The Source* for a handful of the young American reporters who persistently infuriated Washington by writing that all was not going well. Three of the reporters were Sheehan of United Press International, Malcolm Browne of the Associated Press, and David Halberstam of *The New York Times*. (Sheehan and Browne later went to work for *The Times* too.)

These three, in particular, admired Vann and believed him. As events kept proving his assessments right and those of his superiors wrong, they admired him and believed in him all the more. His credibility was reinforced by his character. He was a patriot, the very model of a career

soldier. His record, and his many acts of bravery, demanded respect.

I didn't know Vann; I think I only met him once. But I knew him by his reputation, and through the work of Halberstam, Browne, and Sheehan, which I much admired. He appeared to be the very best sort of American in a place which exerted a powerful attraction to many of those who represented our country's worst. He had earned a reputation as a man willing to speak unpopular truths.

In the early days of the war, as a military advisor in the Delta, Vann was often in hot water for pointing out that South Vietnam was being defeated. Yet almost a decade later, when he was out of the Army and had become a senior official in the pacification program, he was not afraid to say that progress was being made when the conventional wisdom had concluded the American mission was hopeless.

It quickly became apparent to anyone in Vietnam during the John Paul Vann period, especially later on when the bloated American presence had reached its most overpowering, that there were several distinct types of Americans there. Most of those in uniform were in Vietnam because they had to be. Among field-grade and senior officers, many were there for career reasons—"getting their tickets punched" with six-month stints commanding units in the field.

Among the civilians, there were careerists, adventure-seekers, and people pushing special causes. But most visible of all were those who had come for the money and the women. These, in my own view at the time, were beneath contempt, and their presence seemed to corrupt the entire enterprise; had I been Vietnamese, I often thought, these obscene colonialists alone would have forced me to welcome the Viet Cong.

The composite American of this sort had retired from the military, typically as a lieutenant colonel, and was receiving a pension for that. He might have been in Vietnam with a private contractor, but more likely

still had his feet firmly in the government trough on behalf of A.I.D., the CIA, or the State Department.

He paid no American income taxes, as long as he stayed out of the States for at least 18 months. But he received an excellent salary, with more benefits than normal because of the hardship of the post. He had left his wife and family, if not at home, then in Bangkok or Manila. In Vietnam he had a nice home, servants, the right to shop at the PX and the military commissary, and at least one mistress.

"American men in South Vietnam became sexually privileged males," Sheehan comments accurately. "Claiming a mistress was a housekeeper . . . or bringing a woman to one's quarters in the evening, or carrying on after hours with the Vietnamese secretaries from the office (the women had no choice but to submit if they wished to retain their jobs) was considered perfectly normal."

Sheehan quotes the late Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker as remarking that "there's a lot of plain and fancy screwing going on around here, but I suppose it's all in the interest of the war effort."

It's distressing to learn from Sheehan that Vann, the paragon of virtue, was doing his share of the screwing—and then some. He had cheated for years on his devoted wife, Mary Jane, who had lied for him to help him beat a career-threatening statutory rape charge. In Vietnam, he had two regular mistresses, and he cheated on them. He lied to all the women with whom he associated. His off-duty behavior was no better than that of the rottenest of his colleagues, and Sheehan leaves little doubt that while Vann may have been the truest of true believers in the American war effort, he remained in Vietnam so long, at least in part, because it was so easy to get laid there.

Yet that was not widely known. Vann died a hero. He was buried in Arlington with full military honors.

After the funeral, President Nixon received his family and posthumously bestowed on Vann the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest honor the government is permitted to give to a civilian.

At the funeral, at Mary Jane Vann's request, the military band played the antiwar song "Where Have All the Flowers Gone." Vann's son Jesse placed half his torn draft card in his father's grave. He intended to give the other half to Nixon, but was talked out of it before the family entered the Oval Office.

The revisionist wheels haven't turned far enough yet to make a defense of what the United States tried to do in Vietnam intellectually and socially acceptable, so Sheehan's book has been widely praised by many panjandrums of popular culture. But this tinny chorus from the literary left, though intended as applause, can only cheapen a piece of honest work. Neil Sheehan has given us, not a work of ideology, but one of journalism and history. I think it is admirable as both.

Not surprisingly, the book has displeased some. It has been criticized

here and there from the right, particularly for the sexual detail, which could be interpreted as a gratuitous effort to besmirch the name of one of the few Americans whose work in Vietnam earned them both fame and respect.

Yet Sheehan's respect for Vann, warts and all, permeates his book. And the details of the portrait support the book's use of the man as a metaphor for the entire war. John Paul Vann was a complicated character, as complicated as the bizarre drama in which he played such an important role for so long. Understand Vann, and you can, perhaps, begin to understand more about what our country was up to in Asia during those terrible years, and why it went so sour.

In the best sense, Neil Sheehan wrote what he saw. And he saw with piercing clarity. □

Peter A. Jay, Nieman Fellow '73, and his wife are editors and publishers of The Record, a weekly newspaper in Havre de Grace, Maryland. He was the Indochina bureau chief for The Washington Post from 1970 to 1972.

Hollywood Eyes the Fourth Estate

Outcasts: The Image of Journalists in Contemporary Film

Howard Good. The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1989. \$25

by Bill Kovach

I remember the two lines from Robert Burns poem:

*Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!*

The subject in this case was a person of wealth who knew herself to be better than others, but a keen observer noticed that head lice hardly noticed the difference. Obviously Burns felt an increased awareness of self might

lead to less thoughtless and arrogant behavior.

Howard Good is offering those of us who thrash around in the field of journalism the opportunity in this examination of ourselves, if not as the "giver" sees us, at least as Hollywood sees us. And, before you dismiss Hollywood's view too quickly just remember, as Good points out a couple of times in this book that, "As popular rather than an elite art form, movies can't afford to lose touch with the attitude of moviegoers."

That means the successful Hollywood film on any subject is likely to be one which finds the largest audience. And that audience is likely to be or to become sympathetic with the

image portrayed in that movie. There is sufficient logic to this argument to make the book worthy of study by journalists today.

Good reaches back to the early days of the movies in the 1920's and '30's to examine the image Hollywood was developing then. It was a process which culminated with those lovable scoundrels in "The Front Page." Not the sort of institution you would trust with the keys to your front door.

As were many institutions and images, our image was remade by the demands of World War II, and Alfred Hitchcock's "Foreign Correspondent" created a new hero. He dedicated the film to, "those intrepid ones who went overseas to be the eyes and ears of America. . . . To those clear-headed ones who now stand like recording angels among the dead and dying. The Foreign Correspondents."

Against this backdrop the book concentrates its attention upon the period 1976 and 1985. It is a period which includes a number of highly successful and highly controversial movies based on journalism including, "All the President's Men," "Network," "The China Syndrome," "The Killing Fields," "Absence of Malice," and "Under Fire."

Perhaps the most telling conclusion from this examination is the swiftness with which the Hollywood image of the American journalist deteriorated.

Celebrated as incorruptible protectors of the weak against the most powerful of institutions in "All the President's Men," and "Three Days of the Condor," in the late 1970s, by the early 1980s, journalists had become the insensitive, power hungry and corrupt figures of "Absence of Malice," and "Under Fire."

Clearly both images are overdrawn and it is in this area the book will be found wanting. It is beyond the author's scope to judge the changing images, but an admittedly biased reader will still fault his failure to note one clear distinction among the movies studied. That is, that the two in which journalist and journalism

are most sympathetically drawn are films based on real journalists — "All the President's Men," and "The Killing Fields." Those which draw the darkest portraits — "Absence of Malice," "Under Fire," and "Network" — are fictional works.

But it is the films of the latter type that are proliferating and, as *The New York Times* film critic Vincent Canby said of "Under Fire" it is "the anti-press [film] that give[s] the public a chance to vent their frustration with a press that has grown imperious and

remote."

In a small way this book gives us the sort of gift Burns' asks. The value of the gift is what each reader makes of it. □

Bill Kovach, Nieman Fellow '89, was formerly editor of the Constitution in Atlanta. Mr. Kovach had initiated and developed a story on finances and its relation to the poor of Atlanta — The story won a 1988 Pulitzer Prize for the newspaper.

Bird Song is Stilled; The Teton is a Trickle; Spoilers Sully the Land

Big Sky, Fair Land: The Environmental Essays of A.B. Guthrie, Jr.

Edited by David Petersen. Northland Press, 1988. \$17.95, Paperback, \$11.95

by Dale Maharidge

To a kid growing up in settled and civilized Ohio, the West seemed a fantastic place, a land of spirits and room for adventure. West meant freedom.

The lure was strong — at age 19, I walked alone for one month across the Utah desert, a trip that led to the discovery of many wonderful things. The passing of a score of years has since dulled the realizations of that journey. Seeking a reawakening, I was preparing for another Utah trip, when *Big Sky, Fair Land*, a collection of essays by Pulitzer Prize-winning author A.B. Guthrie, Jr. (NF '45) arrived at my door.

When hiking, items placed in one's backpack must be chosen with great care; a book takes on new meaning as a considerable weight. Along with climbing gear and too much dried food, I threw in the Guthrie book. I was glad I did.

Guthrie has never lost sight of the

simple joys: watching juvenile rabbits so small they would fit beneath a tea cup, fishing for a trout and not caring if it gets away, the sorrowful call of a distant coyote.

Henry David Thoreau had Massachusetts; Aldo Leopold, Wisconsin; Edward Abbey, who died not long ago, the Southwest; Guthrie's theater is the Montana mountain country.

The West is his poem. As Guthrie says, "West is another word for magic. The West symbolized adventure, freedom, space and gold, not only of troy weight but the gold of Eden." He adds it is a place where a person "has room to swing his elbows and his mind."

Those who cherish the untrammelled West lost an advocate with Abbey's death, but retain a treasure with Guthrie, who, at 87 is still actively writing from his Montana home, championing the quiet places so coveted by the dam builders and timber companies.

Guthrie was a pioneer of the "mountain man novel," and this book might surprise those who only know Guthrie for his wild west novels. Collected are twenty-three lesser-known essays and texts of speeches, presented mostly in chronological

order. Included is an eloquent 1939 editorial on the death of an eagle, written in a time when there was little sympathy for birds of prey. It was published in the *Lexington Herald-Leader* in Kentucky, where Guthrie worked for 21 years while in exile from his beloved Montana. (He started in Lexington as a beginning reporter and rose to executive editor, before "retiring" to write books back in Montana.)

Big Sky, *Fair Land* is written in two stages. The first third is by David Petersen, Western editor of the *Mother Earth News* and editor of this collection. Petersen begins by briefly sketching Guthrie's biography, then looking at his novels that trace the history of the West, from the days of the beaver trappers to modern times.

Studied are *The Big Sky*, *The Way West* (winner of the 1950 Pulitzer Prize for fiction); and the four thematic novels that come later — *These Thousands Hills*, *Arhive*, *The Last Valley*, *Fair Land*, *Fair Land*.

Petersen's study of these works is helpful. But Petersen should have shortened the introductory material, which takes up too much of the book. A reader comes away from Petersen's words not having experienced Guthrie — perhaps Petersen should have taken him fishing and written not from his tape recorder, but of the trip, though the spirit of Guthrie later emerges in his own writing.

Valuable to understanding Guthrie's motivations, however, is Petersen's examination of the strong environmental theme ever-present in the early Guthrie novels. In *The Big Sky*, mostly written while Guthrie was on his Nieman Fellowship, Petersen says character Jim Deakins "is Guthrie's needle for pricking the tenets of fundamentalist Christianity . . . the idea that God created the world specially for man, to use and abuse as he pleases." Guthrie's mountain men know they are witnessing the wrath of their own destruction. "It's like we heired money and had to spend it, and now it's nigh gone," says character Dick Summers of their kill-

ing off the beavers and Indians.

By 1974, Guthrie's views had hardened even further, and in a speech before the League of Women Voters, Guthrie said ". . . man is a parasite. He feeds on Mother Earth." In *Fair Land*, *Fair Land*, released in 1982, his characters were enraged by homesteaders staking the open range. Guthrie's 19th century characters were involved in what writer Abbey called "monkey-wrenching" — ecosabotage by ripping out survey markers of the homesteaders to slow down development.

Not that Guthrie is so radical as to think people have no place in the West. "I have great sympathy for gut hunger, none for pocketbook greed," he says. Rocky Mountain residents need good and steady jobs, says Guthrie. Too often, however, he says jobs are used as an excuse for wholesale clearcutting or strip mining that provides short-term profit (and work) but long-term malaise. "Excess via too-rapid growth," is what Guthrie most hates, say Petersen.

Guthrie's passion may be hard for some to understand. To many an easterner, and a surprising number of Californians, the intermountain West is something to be flown over and looked down upon, or a vast space to be endured by car.

The westerner sees those same spaces and views them too infrequent, watching year by year as the lights and cities creep into the blank spots on the map. One wonders what the West was like in Guthrie's heyday, when he rode horse-drawn wagons and talked to the old mountain men who later provided fuel for the stories of his novels. (No modern writer of westerns can lay claim to such original experience). Even so, Guthrie writes of the "sad sense of having been born too late, into a dull time of steel and stone, of concrete and computer, of outdoor grills where once campfires burned."

If seems the saddest thing of all, however, is that the young do not realize what has vanished in the West.

"Few remember when the Teton

River ran full, season to season," Guthrie writes of the river where he filled his creel in the early days of this century. "That was before clear-cutting and overgrazing and cultivation made a spring flood of it and a dry creek bed later."

Only a fool would now fish there. The young view the dead river as a normal situation, not knowing what once was. □

Dale Maharidge, Nieman Fellow '88, is on the staff of The Sacramento Bee. He is the author of the book, And Their Children After Them, published this past May, which further portrays the lives of the people and their descendants in James Agee's book, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. Mr. Maharidge also wrote Journey To Nowhere: The Saga Of The New Underclass. The photographs for both books were taken by Michael Williamson.



Morris Lecture

continued from page 10

Torgeson, and we have not forgotten that Daniel Samper, a Nieman Fellow ['81] from Columbia, is now in exile in Spain, or that Roberto Eisenmann [NF '86], a Panamanian journalist, is now in exile in Florida or that Zwelakhe Sisulu, a South African, also a Nieman Fellow ['85], who was held in prison for two years, is now banned [house-arrest] in South Africa. And we will not forget Terry.

So, I'd like to close just with these lines, lines which have comforted prisoners unjustly held for so many centuries, lines from the Twenty-third Psalm: *Ye, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.* □

A New Version of the Queen's English

The Complete Plain Words

Sir Ernest Gowers. Revised by Sidney Greenbaum and Jane Whitcut. Introduction by Joseph Epstein. David R. Godine, 1988. \$18.95

by W. M. Pinkerton

When, at the end of World War II, someone in Britain asked Ernest Gowers to teach the Treasury to write clear and friendly letters to the ratepayers, he did us all a favor. Gowers had a connoisseur's eye for blunder and puff, and surgical skill at trimming fat and baring bone.

His work produced two books which Her Britannic Majesty's Stationery Office combined in 1954; Knopf published it in the United States as *Plain Words: Their ABC*.

In 1973, Bruce Fraser, another writer with government experience, revised the book, excising most of the "Digression on Legal English" which Gowers had made "to illustrate the difference between ordinary phraseology that makes its meaning plain and legal phraseology that makes its meaning certain." Fraser extended the caveat to what experts write to other experts, to the office-to-office pet names and usages within government departments ("these are time-expired clause 4 optants"), and to the spoken word. Elsewhere, Fraser snipped out Ivor Brown's "pudder" and Maury Maverick's "gobbledegook." Why?

Our new revisers, a professor of English and a senior research editor, worked from Fraser's version, rather than Gower's original. In general, though, he and they were faithful to Gowers' words. Perhaps a little too faithful, since purists of "a generation ago" in 1954 were still "a generation ago" in 1986; and "a recent book" on "a contemporary writer" was still recent

and contemporary 32 years later.

Gowers' towering achievement remains untouched: The 13 Elements ("Use no more words than necessary," "Keep your sentences short," . . . "If two words convey your meaning equally well, choose the common one. . ."), Choice of Words ("Avoiding the Superfluous Word," "Choosing the Familiar Word"), Handling Words, Punctuation.

These revisers helpfully put together Gowers' various lists of "showy" and "seductive" words into a grand checklist, with notes, of 315 words and phrases "to be used with care," from "Accede to" "Worth."

What's new in this revision is the reviser's report on "Some Recent Trends." Women's Lib, with "Ms," has not prevailed in England, and our "chairperson" is still their "chairman."

Fraser's observation that "computers have produced a new vocabulary of

their own" still stands ("but it is not a graceful one," Fraser had added). In science, "writers who know the subject and take trouble can get their meaning across to the ordinary reader without torturing the language." "The social sciences, including education, are notorious for obscure and pretentious writing, particularly in their academic journals."

The English language, spreading around the world, has spawned several new kinds of English. American English has been invading the British Isles "with ever-increasing force and persistence" in films, magazines, books, radio and television: In addition to United States, Canadian and Australian English, we now have "United Nations English" and "Euro-English" for the European Economic Community. In Britain, we are told, these, especially the last, should be guarded against. □

W. M. Pinkerton, Nieman Fellow '41, was formerly director of the news office at Harvard University. He had also worked for A.P. bureaus in Washington and New York.

The Tentacles of the Drug Cartel Reach Across Borders

Desperados: Latin Drug Lords, U.S. Lawmen, and the War America Can't Win

Elaine Shannon. Viking, 1989. \$21.95

by Juan Manuel Santos

Drugs have become a very hot issue in the United States. It took an astonishing increase in the crime rate and a public outcry for politicians and the media to focus their attention on this very complicated problem. The theme has all the necessary elements of best sellers: horrendous murders, corruption, astronomical amounts of money, lots of blood, guns, interna-

tional and domestic politics, human drama etc.

The authors of the numerous articles and books that have been written on this subject usually followed a similar pattern: a quick visit to one or two drug producing countries, a few interviews with law enforcement officers, some good examples to corroborate their pre-conceived ideas and, if possible, photographs of bodies machine-gunned by the drug dealers.

Much of what has been published fits into a common stereotype: the most profitable business in the world is controlled by a well organized and ruthless Mafia that has virtually taken over some countries that pro-

duce illicit drugs or that are strategically located to distribute them to the United States. The regimes in these countries are incompetent or corrupt, and show very little interest in fighting the drug trade. They are the "bad guys" that have to be stopped or else they will end up poisoning the American society.

This stereotype is, to a large extent, true. There is no doubt that the drug Mafia has been able to control entire regimes (as was the case in Bolivia or to a certain extent, Panama), either through intimidation or through corruption. The brutality of the druglords and their enormous profits cannot be questioned. But what, in many cases, is lacking is the other side of the coin. Drug producing countries are usually blamed, while the role of the consumers has only recently been questioned. There is now an increasing awareness that this problem follows the theory that economists call Says law (supply creates its own demand), only that in this case it is quite the contrary — the demand creates the supply.

Another flaw that has been common in many books and articles is the sweeping generalizations, such as the implicit or explicit charge that everybody south of the Rio Grande is prone to drug corruption. Only in very few cases is this charge substantiated, mainly because it is so difficult to come up with hard evidence. The use of unnamed sources and hearsay has been widespread — it is here where Elaine Shannon's book *Desperados*, is outstanding. The astonishing amount of good solid information on the drug business, combined with an incredibly detailed account of specific efforts to bring the drug kingpins to justice, makes it passionate reading and a must for those interested in this problem.

The book narrates certain episodes about different agencies who have been involved in the war against drugs. It stresses the efforts of the Drug Enforcement Agency to solve the murder of one of its agents — Enrique "Kiki" Camarena who disap-

peared in Guadalajara, Mexico, in February, 1985. The story had widespread publicity in the U.S. press. Almost all the action in the book occurs in Mexico. But some episodes take place in other countries, particularly Colombia and Bolivia.

As a Colombian journalist who has to live with this terrible problem on a daily basis and who many times can only laugh at the superficiality (and many times mere stupidity) with which many American authors and journalists treat the drug problem, I was struck by the accuracy and the objectivity of this book. In the Colombian case the author describes the incidents with great detail and solid information. I can only conclude that the same amount of vast and careful research that documented the Colombian stories, was done for the other cases.

Also, for somebody who has to live with the constant threat of "Colombian cartels" and who is well aware of their enormous power to kill or to corrupt, I was nevertheless amazed by the degree of corruption in Mexico. Latin Americans did not inherit the Puritan values that are so ingrained in the North American society. Corruption, unfortunately, is more widely accepted in this part of the hemisphere. *Ladron o no ladron, queremos a Peron* [Thief or no thief, we still want Peron], was the public outcry that returned Peron to power in Argentina. Mexico has always been known for its famous *mordida* [bribe]. But maybe what is so shocking is to realize how high in the echelons of government the policy of *plomo o plata* (lead or sliver) of the drugdealers has been able to reach. And maybe its not the corruption per se (everybody knows the fortunes that are made in Mexico under the table by "the highest authorities") but the "type" of corruption that not only bribes and steals but that also kills and, at the same time, is capable of guaranteeing absolute impunity. Sadly, the shocking reality that Elaine Shannon [NF 75] describes in Mexico has started to happen in Colombia, a

country that until very recently boasted a well founded honesty of its public administration.

But besides the excellent information about the drug business and a degree of suspense that captures the attention, the other important contribution is the exposure of the contradictions and inconsistencies of the United States government in its war against drugs, particularly in its policies overseas.

Each agency seems to have its own set of priorities. The result of the bureaucratic infighting to see who wins in the long run is detrimental not only for the ultimate objective, which is to neutralize the drug traffic, but it also sends very damaging signals to the countries that are interested in fighting for the same cause. The truth is that many Latin Americans question the United States commitment in its war on drugs. Nobody understands, for example, that while the rhetoric against drugs is stronger everyday, the amount of money in the budget to finance this war is simultaneously decreased.

The book describes concrete situations in different countries. Obviously it cannot describe all situations in all countries. But by the way the episodes were chosen and the emphasis given to certain conflicts that emerged between the different agencies, particularly between the DEA, the U.S. Customs, and the State Department, there is an implicit criticism for allowing politics to play a role in what was considered a law enforcement task: to bring the murderers of Enrique Camarena to justice.

A totally inflexible approach to this problem might be counter-productive. One can understand the frustration of law enforcement officers when other agencies interfere in their work. The responsibility of these officers is to bring the traffickers to justice, stop the flow of illegal drugs, and maintain the morale of the people who risk their lives to do a good job. But to get more effective results, particularly when other countries are involved, it

is necessary to understand other aspects differing from the purely legal and judicial ones.

The interference of the State Department with the plans of the U.S. Commissioner of Customs to practically close the U.S.-Mexico frontier, as described by Elaine Shannon, is a good example of the different points of view that might arise with specific situations. When you read what happened you immediately take sides with William von Raab. He is the honest straight forward public officer who is doing his job. There is, however, another side of the story.

A similar situation occurred in Colombia. It was briefly mentioned in the book. After Jorge Ochoa bribed his way out of prison, every single passenger that arrived in the USA from Colombia was checked thoroughly in the airports. It took up to five or six hours to clear customs. Colombian flowers, a vital and perishable export product, started to rot while waiting to be inspected. The message was the same as it was with Mexico — pressure the Colombian authorities for a harsher control of the drug business. The result was exactly the opposite.

Many people in Colombia still believe in the war on drugs, even at the risk of their own lives. The powerful druglords have not been able to break (not yet at least) the will of a society that is still prepared to resist their influence. But the type of action described above is a blow to their morale. It also plays into the hands of the drug cartel whose worst enemy is the United States — any action, that stirs up anti-American sentiment among the Colombians will directly benefit the drug dealers. It promotes what has been called narc-nationalism. One example of this is the well orchestrated and successful campaign that the drug cartel and the extreme left launched against the extradition treaty with the U.S.A. They not only managed to pressure the Supreme Court to declare it unconstitutional, but a recent poll showed that 65 percent of the Colom-

bian population is against such treaty, which happens to be one of the most powerful weapons against the drug barons. Another long term negative effect is that a weakening of the Colombian economy with a boycott of its export products will only open the way for the drug money to become even more powerful.

One significant aspect that was ignored in the book is the social and political consequences of the eradication efforts. It is very easy to design a program to destroy plantations of marijuana or coca leaves from a desk in Washington. It is something very different to have to handle the thousands of families that are suddenly left with no income, usually in remote regions where the guerrilla has a strong influence. These unemployed peasants become prime targets for the recruitment efforts of the guerrilla forces. And as soon as the authorities disappear, they start planting again. This was the case in Peru, Bolivia and Colombia. As long as these crops are the more economically attractive, and they are by far, they will be very difficult to replace.

Substitution crops is one of the answers. But again this is more easily said than done. Vast sums are needed and even if you are able to convince some *campesinos* to grow some other crop (which of course will never be as profitable), the question of who pays for such programs immediately arises. And here you find another important point that is not reflected in the book: the uneven distribution of the costs

of fighting this war. In terms of human, social, political and economic costs, the United States has paid a relatively small price. Not only that. When the countries that are torn apart by this plague want some help, the United States looks another way. The book also fails to show how the guerrilla movements in certain countries are allied for strategic purposes with the drug cartels, even though it is also true that in certain areas, they are killing each other.

Shannon offers no solutions. She made it clear from the beginning that her book does not intend to offer solutions. And the fact is that no simple solution exists. As long as such incredible amounts of money can be made by simply crossing the border, the problem will persist. The repressive approach has not worked. More emphasis should be given to attitudes and education. When so many people are willing to pay such high prices for the drugs they consume, you will always find a supplier. If it's not Bolivia or Peru, it will be Burma or Sri Lanka.

But *Desperados* is not only a treasure of good information on the drug business, it also puts the record straight on many of the prevailing misconceptions about this problem. It is one of the best books I have read on the subject — it is definitely worthwhile reading. □

Juan Manuel Santos, Nieman Fellow '88, is deputy publisher of El Tiempo in Bogota, Colombia.

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A Dynasty Topples — The Finger Points!

Passion and Prejudice: A Family Memoir

Sallie Bingham. Alfred A. Knopf, 1989. \$22.95

by Molly Sinclair

If you are looking for a thoughtful, balanced book on the Bingham publishing dynasty of Louisville, Kentucky, there are several notable works to consider. Sallie Bingham's *Passion and Prejudice* is not one of them.

But if you want to peek inside a family tragedy and see how the greed, resentment and rivalry among the heirs and heiresses led to the downfall of an important communications empire and if you don't mind a highly-opinionated and sometimes unsubstantiated presentation of the material, then Sallie Bingham's book is for you.

The publication of this latest tome on the Bingham family, the family that published Louisville's papers for nearly 70 years, comes at a moment when the newspaper industry is undergoing enormous change. Many major newspapers have died and many others have been taken over by chains headquartered in distant cities.

Sallie Bingham's book offers a case study of the fragility of newspaper ownership during these volatile times. She brings a personal — and sometimes poisonous — story of the events that led her father, Barry Bingham Sr., to sell the family papers in January 1986 to the Gannett Newspaper Group.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* and *The Louisville Times*, acquired by the Bingham family in 1918, were showcase products in American journalism. Under the Bingham family, the papers sought to advance the cause of civil rights for blacks and women and to promote progress in many other

forms. The papers were noted for their Pulitzer prizes.

The Louisville papers also had a distinct character nurtured by the local family owners, who lived nearby and who took an active role in the social and political life of the region.

But the public breakup of the family and its enterprises three years ago provided a shocking glimpse into another Bingham world.

Here, in the personal lives of the Bingham family were the ugly jealousies of the children as they jostled and scrapped with each other for position and power. Here the Bingham family played nasty tricks on each other. Here the people who had amassed fame and fortune because of their success in the field of communication couldn't communicate with each other.

And here daughter Sallie, the third of the five children of Mary and Barry Bingham, writes bitterly of her struggle to get along with her siblings, to win the favor of her parents and to establish herself as a person and as a writer. She described their pampered life on the estate near the Ohio River and the seed of dissension within the family unit.

Reading this book, I could understand what drove Bingham to his decision to sell the family properties. The battle within the clan had simply gotten out of control. Sallie Bingham was out of control. And it shows in this book.

But too often she uses an axe to make her point when a rapier would do — especially when she is attempting to illustrate her feminist views.

She asserts, for example, that her elder brothers were reared to assume control of the family businesses while she was brought up to submit to men. She tells how her brothers teased her and how her mother stood by, allowing the teasing to continue. Here is

how she described her mother's attitude:

"Perhaps she had made a realistic appraisal of the life I was facing, a life in which I would be entirely dependent on husband or father for survival. Surely there was little point in training a girl to insist on justice when she would have to submit, later, to men who might freely and privately abuse her."

To her credit, Sallie Bingham presents colorful profiles of earlier Bingham women, including Mary Lily Kenan, the heiress who died mysteriously in 1917, only nine months after marrying Judge Robert Worth Bingham.

The judge used his five million inheritance to purchase the Louisville newspapers and launched the family communications empire which grew to include a television station, two radio stations and the Standard Gravure Company, which printed such magazines as *Parade*.

The properties were purchased for \$435 million three years ago by the Gannett Newspapers Group. Sallie's share of the proceeds from the sale of the family properties was about \$62 million.

Mary Lily Kenan's great wealth was derived largely from the bequest she received from her previous husband, multimillionaire Henry Flagler, when he died in 1913.

In her book, Sallie Bingham said that she was 15 years old when she first heard of Mary Lily Kenan: "... a stranger at a London luncheon told me that my grandfather had murdered his second wife."

The scandal of Mary Lily Kenan's death was previously reported in *The Bingham Family: The Dark History Behind One of America's Great Fortunes* by David Leon Chandler with Mary Voelz Chandler. This was the book that Barry Bingham Sr. sought to suppress. He failed and it was published in late 1987, only six months after the original publication date.

Sallie Bingham's book also suggests that her grandfather, Judge Bingham,

married Mary Lily for her money and then arranged her untimely death. Mary Lily was 50 when she died from uncertain causes, although one cause may have been massive injections of morphine.

But I found no new evidence in this book to support that idea.

Nor is Sally's book as comprehensive or fair-minded as *House of Dreams*, the 1988 book by Marie Brenner which presented the story of the Bingham as a Southern tragedy.

Nieman Fellows will be interested in the details that Sallie Bingham provides about her family's longtime association with Harvard University.

Mary Clifford Caperton was a student at Radcliffe and Barry Bingham was a student at Harvard University when they met in a "college play, and a photograph from that period showed their classic, paired profiles, as beautiful and as icy as the Barrymores."

In another reference to the Cambridge mystique, Sallie Bingham writes:

"We all longed for that honor (of being students at Harvard), wordlessly, and for the romance that Cambridge, oddly enough, suggested: our parents had met as undergraduates there, and a bartender in a Cambridge haunt had been the first to hear of their engagement. So there was an aura of romance and gentle endings in Cambridge, never detailed or described, which sweetened our expectations of college."

The Bingham graduated in 1928 and married in 1931. In Louisville, where he worked at his father's papers, the couple had three sons and two daughters. The oldest was Robert Worth Bingham, who also graduated from Harvard. He worked at newspapers in Minnesota and California before settling in Louisville and taking over responsibility for the family papers.

Worth Bingham died July 12, 1966, in a freak accident while vacationing on Nantucket with his wife and two children. He was 34. The Robert Worth Bingham Prize, which awards

an annual prize to an enterprising journalist, was established in his memory.

Barry Bingham Jr., the second son who replaced Worth as heir, graduated from Harvard in 1956. After the death of his older brother, Barry assumed responsibility for the family papers.

Sallie Bingham fled to Radcliffe where she sharpened her writing skills, graduating magna cum laude in 1958 and marrying the editor of the Harvard literary magazine, *The Advocate*. They had one son, Barry Ellsworth. After that marriage ended in divorce, Sallie Bingham remarried and had two more sons, Christopher

and William Iovenko. She and her third husband now live in Louisville.

Jonathan Bingham, the youngest son, entered Harvard but dropped out in the summer of 1963 after his junior year. He was 21. He died in an electrical accident in Louisville in March, 1964.

The only one of the five children who didn't go to Harvard was the youngest, Eleanor Bingham. She graduated from the University of Sussex in Brighton, England. □

Molly Sinclair, Nieman Fellow '78 is a reporter on the staff of The Washington Post, metro section.

A Nine-Letter Word Does Battle for the Taxpayer

The Ombudsman: How Good Governments Handle Citizens' Grievances

Sam Zagoria. Seven Locks Press, 1988. Paperback \$9.95

by Jim Tharpe

A disgruntled citizen who took on city hall a few years ago compared the experience to that of a naked man running blindfolded through a cactus patch. Even if you prevail, the citizen reasoned, you aren't anxious to repeat the experience or recommend it to others.

Modern governments have provided cacti aplenty for the average taxpayer. Layer upon layer of thorny bureaucracy often ends up wounding even the most persistent challenger of governmental injustice, clerical bungling or just plain insensitivity.

No one, it seems, is looking out for the little person, the one who can't get the two-week-old garbage picked up from the house or the abandoned car towed from the street.

The result is that many Americans have come to accept second-class treat-

ment by the governments they finance as another unpleasant fact of life. Sure, bureaucrats are rude and unhelpful. And, yes, well, those services were promised and never delivered. But isn't that business as usual?

Sam Zagoria [NF '55] believes it doesn't have to be.

A former newspaper reporter, teacher and labor arbitrator, Zagoria argues that relief is available in the form of a nine-letter word — Ombudsman.

In his wafer-thin book on the subject — only 107 pages with the index — Zagoria concludes that establishing the position of ombudsman can save governments time and money while making them more accessible and responsive to the people they serve.

Zagoria contends that many people have come to view government "as a strange and forbidding territory peopled by busy, impersonal and powerful natives who sometimes speak in words of an unknown tongue, whose conduct bespeaks the insolence of office and the arrogance of power, and who often regard the citizen as an unwelcome intruder." To Zagoria, the ombudsman is the perfect antidote for the sense of alienation unwittingly created by these

tangled bureaucracies that often treat individuals and their specific problems with standardized forms.

Neither the word nor the idea are new. The ombudsman concept has existed since 1809 when the Swedish legislature the *Riksdag*, provided for a new government post to investigate citizen complaints against the government. So successful was the idea that ombudsmen today can be found from Auckland to Anchorage.

The job is called many different things. In Quebec, the ombudsman is known as the Public Protector, in Paris as the *Médiateur*, and in Israel as Commissioner for Complaints from the Public.

Ombudsmen's duties and powers also vary greatly, though most share some common functions. Nearly all ombudsman offices serve first as information centers, helping steer citizens through the maze of agencies and job titles to the right office.

In many cases, simply pointing people in the right direction can solve the problem. But often the ombudsman must go much further, in some instances challenging departmental policy or procedures and issuing critical reports.

"The ombudsman's role is part fact-finder, part investigator, part systems analyst, part conciliator, and, if necessary, part advocate for the citizen," Zagoria writes. "Required is a person with a thick skin, good ears, determination, and persistence."

Zagoria's two years of research, which included interviews with about 30 ombudsmen in the United States and abroad, revealed that in most cases governments voluntarily adopt the ombudsman's recommendations for corrective action.

Regardless of the job title or powers, the ombudsman post is employed too infrequently, especially in the United States, Zagoria argues.

"In an era when citizens are quick to go to court with perceived grievances against their governments and when local governments are seeking ways to reduce expenditures, time spent investigating the ombudsman idea should

be well spent," he writes. "Even when the virtues of ombudsmen have become known, there has been something less than a rush to establish the position."

Zagoria's research indicates that only four of the 50 states have ombudsmen. And the concept is still rare among cities and counties. By contrast, neighboring Canada has ombudsmen in nine of its 10 provinces.

"The reality of bringing about governmental improvements is that they need strong and persistent sponsorship, which has not been forthcoming in the United States," he writes. "Some elected officials will confide that they do not want an official looking over their shoulders and perhaps going public with shortcomings on their personnel or policies. They feel there are enough opponents, civic 'busybodies,' and investigative reporters around as it is."

But Zagoria argues that an Ombudsman can provide early warnings to officials and provide quick, efficient solutions to gnawing problems in many

cases. The ombudsman provides a friendly ear for disgruntled citizens and contributes to public confidence in elected officials who have been wise enough to establish the post, Zagoria writes.

Although laced with anecdotes, Zagoria's book is thin on detail in some cases. And even though he spent 10 years at *The Washington Post* as a reporter, editor and ombudsman, there is only a passing reference to the idea of a newspaper ombudsman.

However, the book should provide a good starting point for anyone interested in the idea of making government at the local, state or national level function more smoothly.

Jim Tharpe, Nieman Fellow '89, is managing editor of The Alabama Journal, in Montgomery. This past autumn Mr. Tharpe accepted the APME Award for public service given to The Journal for its crusading stories on the state's high infant death rate.

An "Insider's Opinion" Reveals More Than the Author

Dateline Soweto: Travels With Black South African Reporters

William Finnegan. Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc., 1988. \$18.95

by Joseph Thloloe

To tell the story of South Africa one needs both the imagination of a novelist who is able to pick enough details and to arrange them well enough to tell a moving story, as well as the analytical powers of an historian who is able to explain movements and trends. William Finnegan is neither; he is a mere reporter, but one with a novel way of writing about apartheid, the revolt against it, and the South African government's attempts to gag the media.

(Before I continue, let me quickly say that I know the people, the events, and

the world described in this book too intimately to pretend to be doing an objective review of the book. Let us call this an insider's opinion of the book and leave the formal reviews to those who are able to do them.)

Bill Finnegan visited South Africa at the height of the 1984-1986 uprising, there. He was on the spot when the emergency regulations that strangled the media coverage of the uprising were promulgated. And when he came to the country he had thought up a fresh way of looking at apartheid: he wanted to see it through the eyes of black journalists, particularly those of Jon Qwelane, a man I am proud to call a friend, and one of the country's finest journalists.

Finnegan shadowed Qwelane, the only black journalist on the *Sunday Star*. Wherever Qwelane went, Finnegan

went, to the point where Qwelane complained "I feel like you're always there, watching my every wrong step. It's like being followed by the police."

He travelled through the troubled black townships and the "bantustans" with the black journalists, talking to them and watching them work as flames and the stench of burning flesh surrounded them. He spent time with them as they relaxed in the *shebeens*, houses selling liquor illegally, or as they relaxed with their families.

The results of all that work are some very fascinating slices of the lives of black South Africans. Some of the vignettes he paints would probably not have made it into the pages of any newspaper or magazine if he and the editors of *The New Yorker* had not thought up a two-part series that Bill has now enlarged into this book. They are not the big picture that news executives want, but, ironically, they are the compelling pieces that go to make the big picture. For example, Finnegan graphically depicts the terror tactics of the rulers of KwaNdebele, an area the government calls a "homeland," north-east of Pretoria. He tells the story of the violence of the South African government in moving thousands of blacks to this barren piece of land and then setting up a black "leadership" there that terrorizes its opponents.

Finnegan follows Qwelane as he reports on the violence in KwaNdebele right up to the time Qwelane is arrested by the KwaNdebele police. Qwelane emerges from the police cells after four days to expose the torture of fellow prisoners — and he does this in defiance of the Police Act and the Prisons Act.

It is not all horror: there are islands of peace and quiet, for example, a happy drive one evening when Qwelane suddenly cried: "Look there, it's a new moon! My daughter was born on the new moon! . . . We shall call her Tebogo . . . It means 'Blessings from the Lord' in Sotho."

Finnegan completes the picture: "I didn't see the connection between the name and the new moon, but it was that kind of moment: exuberant, thankful, adrenaline-giddy — a mood to

name children in."

All this is on page 19, and for another 200 pages the copy editor in me was raging: Jon's daughter is not Tebogo. And Tebogo does not mean "Blessings from the Lord" — it means "Gratitude." It is only when he reaches page 232, two pages from the end, that he comes back to that name: she is in fact Phumla, a Zulu injunction to rest.

This is an example of the haphazard organization of the rich material. It is particularly revealing that in the acknowledgements Mr. Finnegan writes about his "unwieldy work." But the least we expected from him as he translated his magazine pieces into a book was to organize the material better.

There are other irritating mistakes in the book, for example he says Hal Miller, the head of the Argus Printing and Publishing Co., is executive chairman of the Anglo American Corporation, or that black journalists at *The Star* always wore "lumberjackets."

The major weakness of the work, however, is not the organization, but the uncritical way in which major issues are simply reported: the logic of apartheid is not examined, neither are the reasons for the censorship. Finnegan merely reports on the courage of the black journalists and their conception

of their profession, but does not look at the implications of both.

Bill fails to place the debate on objectivity in an international context: are journalists in the United States, for example, objective in their reporting? Does the position of black journalists in South Africa — "We are black before we are journalists" and "The question is not whether one is a propagandist or not, but whether one is a propagandist for the oppressor or for the oppressed" — detract from the quality of their work? He does not explore why the media outside South Africa would rather use white South African stringers than black ones.

Since Finnegan's visit to South Africa, most foreign correspondents operating from that country have succumbed to self-censorship, shying away from the real story of South Africa and apartheid. They have gone back to writing their clichés on Archbishop Desmond Tutu and the Reverend Allan Boesak. It is largely because of this that it is somewhat refreshing to read Finnegan's departure from this beaten path.

Joseph Thloloe, Nieman Fellow '89, is deputy editor of the newspaper Sowetan, in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Fellows of '90

continued from page 39

PAOLO VALENTINO, 32, foreign desk writer with the *Corriere della Sera*, Milan, Italy. Mr. Valentino is a graduate of the University of Florence. His studies will focus on U.S. foreign and defense policy — especially those issues affecting NATO and U.S.-European relations. He hopes to spice these studies with reading American authors including James, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Steinbeck.

WU GUOGUANG, 31, senior commentator with *The People's Daily*, Beijing, China. He is a graduate of Beijing University and the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. The issues of modernization and development as it relates to Asian society will occupy

Mr. Wu during his stay here. He will also study American politics and government in order to better understand U.S.-Chinese relations.

KAZUTAMI YAMAZAKI, 42, senior staff writer with the *Nihon Keizai Shimbun*, Tokyo, Japan. Mr. Yamazaki is a graduate of Waseda University. He will take courses in science and technology, and will also examine American domestic approaches to such issues as minorities, the homeless, and private education.

The journalists from abroad are funded by sources that include the Asia Foundation, The Ford Foundation, The German Marshall Fund of the United States, the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, and the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program. □

NIEMAN NOTES

—1941—

William J. Miller, journalist, author and chief editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune from 1957 to 1959, died of a stroke Sunday at Alachua General Hospital in Gainesville, Fla. He was 76 years old and spent winters in Gainesville and the rest of the year in Truro, Mass.

Mr. Miller, who was born in Cullowhee, N.C., worked at The Cleveland Press and Time Inc. before going to the Herald Tribune. He joined the staff of The Cleveland Press as a copy boy at 17 in 1929. He was senior business writer for Time, an editorial writer on Life and the author of "The Meaning of Communism" for Time-Life Books. He also published a biography, "Henry Cabot Lodge," in 1967.

He is survived by his wife, the former Anna Patrilla; four sons, Jeremy P., of Philadelphia, William R., of Alexandria, Ohio, Michael S. of Los Angeles, and Thomas P. of Columbus, Ohio; four daughters Carolyn, of Provincetown, Mass., Marilyn, of North Truro, Mass., Victoria Anne, of Truro, Madeline Margaret, of Truro; eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

From *The New York Times*
March 28, 1989

The Autumn 1988 issue of *Nieman Reports* published a letter from William Espy, author and editor, which said, in part: "Bill Miller was not just a good editorial-page editor; he was a great one. He ran the liveliest, hardest-hitting page in the city — many called it the best in the country."

—1942—

NEIL O. DAVIS has sent *Nieman Notes* the front page of *The Auburn Bulletin*, dated July 29, 1987 — that weekly Alabama newspaper was founded fifty years ago by Mr. Davis, the editor and publisher. The front page is devoted to the birthday celebration and to the work of Neil and Henrietta, his wife, who later became associate editor.

Mr. Davis explained that his own ill health and the death of Henrietta Davis this past November, delayed the sending

of this page.

The important right-hand side of the front page is devoted to a two-column story with a Neil Davis by-line describing the early days of the paper and pinpointing a circulation drive with an award: "a beautiful 1938 Ford V-8 '85," Mr. Davis said "the automobile was advertised at \$678, but Mr. Blackburn let us have it for \$500."

In order to pay newspaper bills on time Mr. Davis took "a part-time job with the old Agricultural Adjustment Administration on the night shift at three dollars per day."

Of his wife's work Mr. Davis said "as a writer of news features she had few equals." He also discussed the many civic activities undertaken by Mrs. Davis.

In another story on this special front page, a reporter wrote: "One guesses Neil and Henrietta, while glad those struggles of the '30s are over, would take nothing for them. Day and night they worked side by side, to put out a publication neither was sure would succeed. But it did, and the legacy they left is the 50 years of bound volumes stored in our offices." By order of the mayor a proclamation was issued and the entire town celebrated Davis Day on July 29, 1987.

The newspaper was sold in 1975; the weekly is now *The Auburn-Bulletin Eagle*. But on that special day the original 10-page first edition was reproduced as it appeared 50 years ago.

—1945—

Even before A.B. GUTHRIE, JR. became a famous novelist his interest in environmental themes was foremost, and it has not abated. Twenty-three of his essays have been published in his latest book (reviewed on page 48) — all point to his ethical concern about the lessening of wilderness in the United States and the subsequent loss of wildlife.

The Montana novelist won a Pulitzer Prize in 1950 for his novel, *The Way West*. A previous novel, *The Big Sky*, won the acclaim of critics and public, as have all his books. Those written following his Pulitzer-winning novel — all theme-related to that book — are: *These*

Thousand Hills, *Arfive*, *The Last Valley*, and *Fair Land, Fair Land*. Mr. Guthrie was also cited for his film treatment of the motion picture, *Shane* — in 1953 he was nominated for an Academy Award for best screenplay.

In a recent letter to *Nieman Notes*, Mr. Guthrie talked about his year at Harvard and paid a special tribute to Theodore Morrison who died in November 1988 at the age of 87. Professor Morrison taught English at the University from 1930 to 1973. At the suggestion of Louis Lyons, Professor Morrison conducted informal weekly discussions on writing, with *Nieman* Fellows. Mr. Guthrie wrote: "It was there that the first halting chapters of *The Big Sky* were considered." He enclosed a poem he had written on the death of Professor Morrison, and closed his letter with: "I wrote the poem pretty much on the spur of the minute, feeling my customary outrage at the death of another good friend and good man." The poem follows:

On the Death of THEODORE MORRISON

*Rail at the unheeding sky.
Cry out that it isn't right.
Blame God, that fickle provider,
that giver who took back the light.
I can hear you saying, "Now, Now"
Your hand moves to wave away grief.
"Death follows birth in due season
and to age may come as relief."
I know. Any life fades to nothing
against the dread reaches of time,
and yet, dear friend, for as long as I live
I'll call your removal a crime.*

HOUSTOUN WARING, editor emeritus of the *Littleton Sentinel Independent* in Colorado, has had another honor added to his long list — the University of Denver has dedicated its computer writing lab to him. Mr. Waring founded that University's journalism department in 1933.

At the dedication ceremony, Michael Wirth, chairman of the mass communications department spoke of the editor's work at the school and at the university. Ed Estlow, chairman of the board of trustees of the university, described Mr.

Waring as one of two outstanding journalists in the United States — the other being William Allen White.

Under the aegis of the Colorado editor (1926-1966) his paper had won the Community Service Award for eight years and the state editorial writing award for two years. Mr. Waring has lectured at a number of journalism schools; and in 1987 earned the Distinguished Service Award from the University of Denver. He has also been the recipient of honorary degrees from the University of Denver and from Loretto Heights College

—1947—

We have been told that ERNEST H. LINFORD died this past winter at his home in Laramie, Wyoming. He was an ardent environmentalist; up until the time of his death he wrote a weekly column on that subject for *The Salt Lake Tribune*.

Mr. Linford was born and educated in Wyoming. His early newspaper career was centered in Cheyenne and Laramie. In Laramie, he was the editor of the *Daily Boomerang*. After his Nieman Year, he returned to that newspaper for 12 months before joining the staff of *The Salt Lake Tribune* as editor of the editorial page. He remained there for 18 years, but was finally persuaded to head the department of journalism at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. However, he continued with writing his weekly column for *The Salt Lake Tribune*.

He leaves his wife, Lala, and three children: Lloyd, Oakland, Calif.; Terry, Torrance, Calif.; and Judy Linford, Lakewood, Colo.; eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

We are indebted to HOUSTOUN WARING for the information about Mr. Linford. In a postscript, Mr. Waring added: "I think Ernest was the only Nieman to come out of Wyoming. I asked Louis Lyons to take a look at him in 1946 and he came to Laramie with Arthur Schlesinger Sr. to look him over. A great guy."

On December 4, 1941, he was just plain WILLIAM H. McDUGALL, assistant chief of the United Press Bureau stationed in Shanghai. When he died on Thursday, December 8, 1988, his title was Monsignor McDougall.

As a reporter, William McDougall covered the Japanese-Chinese War with his bureau chief, Robert P. (Pepper) Martin. The day after Pearl Harbor both were prisoners of the Japanese army. With

the help of the Chinese underground they escaped to Chungking. William McDougall, assigned to Southeast Asia, was recaptured by the Japanese. He spent the war years in prison camps. After the Japanese surrender, he returned to the United States, studied for the priesthood, and wrote two books about his wartime experience.

The Salt Lake Tribune editorial of December 9, 1988, titled Inspirational Priest, tells the final story of Monsignor McDougall, Nieman Fellow '47:

Foxhole conversions, it has been frequently observed, are not uncommon. Less likely are examples of such suddenly pious intentions actually being redeemed. Which made Utah's Monsignor William H. McDougall an even more prominent person.

Father McDougall died Thursday, aged 79, and once again the remarkable story of this newsman turned Catholic priest was publicly recounted. It's a dramatic biography worth repeating.

A born natural at journalism, the young Bill McDougall became almost legendary for his resourcefulness while learning the reporter's craft with the now defunct *Salt Lake Telegram*. His acquired skills, normal ambition and more than a little spirit of adventure prompted the Salt Lake City native to accept a position with the *Japan Times* in 1937 before eventually moving on to Shanghai with the old United Press.

But it was a time of war and turmoil and reporter McDougall found himself captured by Japanese forces the day after bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Ever nimble, he managed to escape, but was again trapped behind enemy lines when the boat carrying him to safety, after he had filed "just one more story," was sunk.

By his own account, it was while drifting in a life raft amid the wreckage of the sunken steamship that Bill McDougall discovered a personal religious awakening. Surviving three years of privation in World War II prison camps, he returned to Utah, resumed his journalism career, but eventually determined his calling was, indeed, that of selfless minister.

Ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1952, he became assistant pastor at Salt Lake City's Cathedral of the Madeleine in 1952 and was made a domestic prelate with the title of right reverend monsignor by Pope John XXIII in 1963.

Throughout his years serving in Utah, Monsignor McDougall was always particularly sensitive to the needs of the

homeless, the jobless, those who lacked adequate shelter, food and clothing. His efforts in this regard contributed distinctively to the cathedral's tradition, just as his newsman experiences can still inspire working reporters who hear them or read about them in his two books. "Six Bells Off Java" and "By Eastern Windows."

Monsignor McDougall may have found his vocation in the frightfulness conveyed by prospects of an inexplicably lonely death, but there was nothing shallow or transitory in his discovery. More than that, his church, his community and those touched by his life-long ministry became the grateful, admiring beneficiaries.

—1949—

GRADY CLAY has again won praise from the London-based British publication — *TOWN & COUNTRY PLANNING Magazine* for his astute observations on landscape and environmental architecture.

In 1980 he was cited by that magazine for his writings on American cities and towns. In late 1988 he was again commended for his "observation of the landscape not only a visual sensitivity developed over many years of watching the environment with a seeing eye, but an awareness of other facts, whether they are ecological, political or financial." Mr. Clay's extensive writings — articles and books — were also praised. Colin Ward, who writes the "People & Ideas" page for the magazine, closed his article about Mr. Clay with: "I doubt if we have in Britain an environmental observer as sharp and knowing as Grady Clay."

—1951—

A scholarship fund has been established at Howard University to honor SIMEON BOOKER, who, for over 35 years, has been the Washington bureau chief of Johnson Publications. A reception and dinner, held this past June, was the opening event of the Simeon Booker Scholarship Fund, Howard University. Proceeds from the affair went toward the Scholarship Fund.

Via telephone, Mr. Booker told Nieman Notes that his Nieman Year at Harvard University "was the turning point in my life." He said that "that year taught me many things. We had an unusual class. I remember the lunches and the dinners, but most of all I remember the Harvard libraries. My friends were always looking

for me, and I was always in the library. Professor Schlesinger took a special interest in me, he was my mentor. He taught me values together with discipline. I took creative writing with Ted Morrison."

Mr. Booker remembers with pleasure that course, and every course taken during his Nieman Year here.

—1953—

KENNETH E. WILSON, who has had the title of assistant to the publisher/systems at the *San Francisco Chronicle*, retired this past autumn. He had been with the *Chronicle* for 35 years; for the past 15 years he was in charge of the paper's electronic editing system. Prior to that he was executive news editor.

Mr. Wilson, a native of San Francisco, was a teenager when he started his newspaper career at *The Press Democrat* in Santa Rosa, California. He served in the Air Force during World War II, graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1948, and then returned to *The Press Democrat* where he was named managing editor in 1950. He joined the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1953.

—1954—

HAZEL HOLLY has been identified as the Nieman candidate interviewed in New York (Spring 1989 *Nieman Reports*). A letter from WILLIAM PINKERTON, NF '41, says: "As recompense for being interviewed by a Nieman Committee in a small and public room at the Harvard Club of New York, Hazel Holly '54 was, I believe, the only applicant every interviewed with one hand around a cool glass provided by the curator."

—1955—

The Winter 1988 issue of the Canadian magazine, *The Review*, published by Imperial Oil Limited, has a piece lauding the career of WILLIAM FRENCH, the literary editor of *The Globe and Mail*, Canada's national newspaper published in Toronto. He has written book reviews for that newspaper for more than 28 years, and they are read across the wide expanse of that country — *The Globe and Mail* is transmitted across Canada by satellite. His reviews encompass frothy "heavy-breathing" novels to scholarly volumes written by Nobel Prize recipients.

Mr. French considers book-reviewing

both "an act of arrogance" and — when it is done well — an art form. And his definition of a book-reviewer is "a kind of advance scout in an unexplored country who can chart the contours of the literary landscape — the mountain peaks, the green valleys, the deserts, the swamps — and leave direction signs for the travelers coming behind."

He does concede that negative reviews are easier to write: "The vocabulary of invectives is much richer than the vocabulary of praise."

Mr. French — when he takes time out from writing reviews — travels and writes about his travels to literary haunts in England, Wales, Spain, and other countries.

Now, he finds "Canadian literature more exciting than ever." In a lecture at Dalhousie University he expressed his thoughts about his country and its authors and readers by saying: "I like to think of this collective creative effort of our writers as a fortress of words, protecting us too from the insecurities and uncertainties that seem to be part of the Canadian heritage."

The Canadian book-reviewer termed his Nieman Fellowship Year at Harvard University as a turning point in his career. He had time to contemplate and read — his most valuable course that steered him to a career of book-reviewing was one that probed novels written over the past 100 years — the authors ranged from Gustave Flaubert to Malcolm Lowry.

The article, written by Martin O'Malley, a former writer for *The Globe and Mail*, is titled "Word's Worth: William French and the poetic art of literary criticism."

During the year three estimable events happened to SAM ZAGORIA: He basked in Florida sunshine; he taught at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton; and his new book — *The Ombudsman: How Good Governments Handle Citizens' Grievances* — was published (the review of Mr. Zagoria's book is on page 54).

Two lines quoted from the letter he wrote to *Nieman Reports* said: "I am again teaching at Florida Atlantic during the winter months (naturally) and enjoying the weather and the work."

At the reunion in May, Mr. and Mrs. Zagoria showed faint signs of the winter sojourn — a tan that had not entirely faded.

—1956—

RICHARD HARWOOD joined the groves of academe for the spring semester as the second *Baltimore Sun* Distinguished Lecturer at the University of Maryland College of Journalism. Mr. Harwood, *The Washington Post* ombudsman, taught a course titled "The Practice of Journalism" at the University. The lectureship, established in 1987, is endowed by a grant from the A.S. Abell Foundation of Baltimore. JOHN HERBERS, Nieman Fellow '61, a former *New York Times* national correspondent, was the first appointee. He lectured at the University in the Spring of 1988.

Mr. Harwood joined *The Post* in 1966 as a national correspondent. He has held various positions on that newspaper including national editor, assistant managing editor for national affairs, and deputy managing editor, and has covered foreign assignments in many parts of the globe. He was *The Post's* first media critic and ombudsman (1970).

Earlier this year, Mr. Harwood retired from *The Post* and was immediately appointed to a second term as the newspaper's ombudsman. He has written for a number of national magazines and has co-authored and contributed to several books.

ROBERT L. HEALY, the former head of *The Boston Globe's* Washington bureau, has retired. He and his wife Mary, moved from Washington to their home in Cohasset, Massachusetts. "Retired", however, is not quite the word. Since returning to Cohasset, he has contributed columns to *The Globe*; and to further keep him busy, he is writing a book on the history of that newspaper which will also include much of the history of Boston.

Mr. Healy joined the paper as a copyboy in 1942. Before his appointment as Washington bureau head, he was *The Globe's* chief political correspondent for almost 25 years.

The gremlins inhabiting editorial offices had a field day and it must have made them very happy — but we devoutly hope that from now on they will stay away from our door. This succinct letter from HARRY PRESS tells the story. The last line breathes charity and forgiveness, and for that we are grateful. We offer our apologies to the Plater and Press families for the typo in the Winter 1988 issue of *Nieman Reports*.

Something got lost in the translation, and you have me married to my classmate's wife.

The Winter Nieman Reports just arrived, and the 1956 Class Notes says "Harry Press and his wife, Erica," Nope.

I'm still married to Martha.

Ron Plater is still married to Erica.

We're still in California. They're still in Australia.

Please fix!

Many tnx and happy new year-

—1957—

The "gingerly, sometimes almost protective" attitude of journalists toward the President in the last administration was discussed by ANTHONY LEWIS during the recent eleventh annual Frank E. Gannett Lecture given in Washington, DC. before an audience of journalists, government officials and others. The Gannett Lecture is sponsored by The Washington Journalism Center.

Mr. Lewis talked of the discrepancy in the press treatment of the presidency in the 1970's compared to that of the Reagan administration. He also discussed the most recent presidential campaign stressing the debates and the political advertisements on television. Mr. Lewis, editorial columnist for *The New York Times*, closed his lecture by quoting Justice Potter Stewart who spoke before an audience at Yale University. He said the Framers of the Constitution did not think of the press as a "neutral vehicle." Instead, to the Framers "the free press meant organized, expert scrutiny of government. The press was a conspiracy of the intellect."

—1958—

J. WESLEY SULLIVAN is another retired Nieman Fellow whose days overflow with interesting projects. Before his retirement, Mr. Sullivan was the chairman of the editorial board of the *Statesman-Journal*, in Salem, Oregon.

He is the co-author of a book — *Desktop Publishing: Writing and Publishing in the Computer Age*, recently published by Houghton Mifflin. The authors listed on the cover are Sullivan/Sullivan/Sullivan — two of the Sullivan authors, David and William, are the sons of J. Wesley Sullivan. Another book, *Jam on the Ceiling*, essays from Mr. Sullivan's newspaper columns, was edited

and "put together" by David and William, and published in 1987 by the Navillus Press in Salem.

And in his own words the retired editor tells about his latest project: "My most recent book project is helping a group of four sixth-graders write a history book about a local Indian chief. Great fun working with kids."

This past May, Mr. Sullivan was given the Thomas Lawson McCall Award for Freedom of Information by the Oregon Chapter of Women in Communications. It was presented to him at their annual Matrix banquet held in Portland, Oregon.

—1959—

HAROLD HAYES, a proponent of the 1960's new journalism, died of a brain tumor, in April. He was 62 years old, and lived in West Los Angeles. Mr. Hayes had been editor of *Esquire* magazine; during that period he published articles and stories from well-known writers practicing the novelistic style of writing reflecting the '60's scene.

Among the many professionals praising the editorial prowess of Mr. Hayes were Lee Eisenberg, editor in chief of *Esquire*, who said: "During his tenure, he was responsible for the continuous appearance of this innovative journalism. He took the sparks flying from the culture, grabbed them and turned them over to exactly the right writers."

Gay Talese, author, and former reporter for *The New York Times*, pointed out that he had written 30 articles for the magazine. "All the major pieces I did were under Harold's aegis. 'The Kingdom and the Power,' about *The New York Times*, started with his idea. He nurtured a generation of writers."

Tom Wolfe, one of the early advocates of the new journalism, said "He was one of the great editors. Under him, *Esquire* was the red-hot center of magazine journalism. There was such excitement about experimenting in nonfiction, it made people want to extend themselves for Harold."

Mr. Hayes joined *Esquire* in 1956. He was appointed managing editor in 1960, and editor in 1964. He resigned from the magazine in 1973, after a conflict with the then publisher, Arnold Ginrich. From 1973 to 1987 he held several editorial positions on magazines and in television. He also wrote two books on ecology, *The Last Place on Earth*, published in 1977, and

Three Levels of Time, published in 1981.

Mr. Hayes was a native of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He graduated from Wake Forest University, and was a former chairman of the board of visitors at the University. He had also served as chairman of the American Society of Magazine Writers. His survivors include his wife, Judy Kessler; a daughter, Carrie O'Brien of Luxembourg; a son, Thomas, of Manhattan; a brother James Jr., of Winston-Salem; a sister, Phyllis Johnson of Rock Hill, South Carolina; and a granddaughter.

JOHN PATRICK KELLY, who was the founder, editor, and publisher of the newspaper, *The Independent*, in Rural Hall, North Carolina, died of cancer, late last November, at his home in Winston-Salem.

After a journalism career on other — and much larger — newspapers, Mr. Kelly chose to start a weekly newspaper in a town that did not have one. Dewey Shropshire, the mayor of Rural Hall, said "Pat Kelly became known as Rural Hall's own."

The Mayor also stated that *The Independent* was accepted enthusiastically by the townspeople. "His reporting and accomplishments were received by the community with honor and pride."

Mr. Kelly started the Rural Hall weekly in 1978. He had previously been an editor on several newspapers, including the *Winston-Salem Journal* and *Sentinel*, *The Raleigh Times*, and the *Journal and Constitution* in Atlanta.

He is survived by his wife, Jane Watson, four children, and his mother. Three of the children, Megan, Patrick, and Perrin, live in New York; Kathleen is a student at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia; his mother, Emma H. Kelly, resides in Winston-Salem.

MITCHELL LEVITAS, was recently appointed to a new position at *The New York Times* — he is senior editor for weekends in charge of planning for main news sections on Sunday and Monday and their coordination with *The Week in Review*, published in the Sunday edition of the newspaper. He also manages the newsroom on weekends. Mr. Levitas had been editor of *The Book Review* since 1983. He joined *The Times* in 1965 as editor of the magazine, was named metropolitan editor in 1976, and became editor of *The Week in Review* in 1977. When he was a reporter for *The New York Post*, Mr. Levitas won a George Polk

Memorial Award for investigative reporting.

—1960—

PETER BRAESTRUP has resigned as editor of *The Wilson Quarterly*, a journal of the Woodward Wilson International Center. He had been editor of the publication for twelve years. On his retirement the Director of the Woodrow Wilson Center, Charles Blitzer, said "Twelve years ago Peter Braestrup started with literally nothing but an idea. . . In those years he created a highly respected journal of information and ideas that has received widespread recognition. . . ."

Mr. Braestrup, now a consultant to the Library of Congress, remains head of the Advisory Committee for the Woodrow Wilson Center's Media Studies Project. Jay Tolson, the former literary editor of *The Quarterly*, is now editor of that publication.

—1961—

A note from ROBERT P. CLARK brings *Nieman Notes au courant* about his activities — and they are many. He says that The American Newspaper Publishers Association has published a 100-page research report that he both conducted and wrote. The work is entitled *Success Stories: What 28 Newspapers Are Doing to Gain and Retain Readers*. He also wrote the forward to a book directed toward college students: *How to Land a Job in Journalism*. The authors of the book are Phil Swann and Ed Achorn.

Mr. Clark is a news consultant. He has retired from the Harte-Hanks Newspapers where he was vice president of news.

Another note from a NF Classmate, THOMAS J. PUGH, tells us that he has finished "a stint teaching journalism at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, is back home in Peoria, working as coordinator of communications and special projects for the Human Service Center." His work at the comprehensive mental health agency has helped bring to that agency a million-dollar grant to open a rehabilitation center for the homeless mentally ill.

Mr. Pugh had been for 20 years, an editorial writer for the *Journal Star* in Peoria. He left the paper in 1982.

—1964—

This past spring, JAMES MCCARTNEY, senior national correspondent for the Knight Ridder newspapers, received the 15th annual Weintal Prize for Diplomatic Reporting. The Nieman Fellow was recognized for "his career of distinguished diplomatic reporting for the print media." The awards ceremony was held at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.

The prize, established by the will of Edward Weintal, and sponsored by the Weintal trustees and Georgetown's Institute for the Study of Diplomacy, School of Foreign Service, honors "original and courageous reporting and interpretation of foreign affairs."

Edward Weintal (1901-1973) was a Polish diplomat who arrived in Washington in 1933. In 1944, he went to Newsweek to serve for 23 years as that magazine's diplomatic and chief European correspondent. Later, he became special consultant to USIA.

The Weintal Prize was also given to Oklahoma City television station KTVY for its documentary, "From Red Soil to Red Square," filmed in the Soviet Union. Allen Neuharth, founder of *USA Today* received a special citation for that newspaper's innovative features. Mr. Neuharth delivered the evening's address.

—1966—

ROBERT A. CARO, whose books cut famous figures to size, is finishing the second volume of a three-volume edition on President Lyndon B. Johnson. It is expected to be published in 1990. The first volume about President Johnson, published in 1983, titled *The Path to Power*, covers the first 32 years of the controversial president.

The second volume relates events in his life during the years from 1941 through the assassination in 1963 of President John F. Kennedy and the swearing-in of Johnson as president.

Mr. Caro captured the character of the 36th President of the United States by saying a hunger for power was his dominant trait throughout his life.

A hefty 1,200-page biography of Robert Moses, the New York City park commissioner was published in 1974 and the following year won a Pulitzer Prize for the author. The book continues to sell well — it is in its 13th printing — and is used widely as required reading in political

science courses. This past December was the centennial of Robert Moses' birth; he was born on December 18, 1888. The birthday observations sparked further interest in the book.

Mr. Caro credits his year as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University where he had time "to think," as a factor in his decision to spend the rest of his life in concentrating on how political power works.

ROBERT C. MAYNARD, president and publisher of *The Tribune* in Oakland, California, was recently honored by the University of Southern California Journalism Alumni Association. Mr. Maynard was cited for distinguished achievement in journalism.

—1968—

H. BRANDT AYERS, editor and publisher of *The Anniston Star* in Alabama, has announced a series of lectures established by the family of the late Colonel and Mrs. Harry M. Ayers and officials of Jacksonville State University in Alabama.

Harrison Salisbury, who retired from *The New York Times* where he had been a reporter and an editor for many years, delivered the first lecture. He spoke on Russia and the effect of glasnost and perestroika. As a foreign correspondent Mr. Salisbury had covered that country, the Middle East, and China.

The Anniston Star editor and publisher issued the following statement about the establishment of the Ayers Lecture Series:

For most of us, most of the time, news is something which happens at a distance — to other people. News becomes truth when it happens to us, in the place where we live. This series of lectures by journalists and for journalism is intended to capture original insights about news and about truth and to bring them home to those of us who live in this part of Alabama.

The forum honors Harry M. and Edel Y. Ayers, who both were publishers of *The Anniston Star* and, thus, it is right that the lectures should be delivered at a place they cared about, where they felt at home. The series is more than a remembrance of a man and a woman, Colonel and Mrs. Ayers; it is a living memorial to their spirit which was liberal in the way a university is liberal: that explores the whole wide world, joyously unafraid, in an uncompromising search into the past,

the present and the future to discover what is there and to tell it faithfully.

—1970—

HEDRICK SMITH's book about the inner workings of government, politics, and politicians in Washington, D.C. — *The Power Game: How Washington Works* — was adapted for television and made into four one-hour installments. It was aired over the Public Broadcasting Service.

The author, a former *New York Times* correspondent who has also headed the Washington bureau of the newspaper for four years, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1974 for international reporting. His previous book, *The Russians*, published in 1975, received an Overseas Press Club Award in 1976.

—1974—

ELLEN GOODMAN, columnist and associate editor of *The Boston Globe*, was selected as a Fellow of the Society of Professional Journalists. She was chosen by the delegates of the Society at its national convention. The Fellowship is the highest honor that group gives to journalists who are recognized for their public service.

Others who were also selected to receive the award were Louis Boccardi, president and general manager of the Associated Press; and John Quinn, executive vice president of the Gannett Company.

—1980—

A three-hour memorial gathering for BISTRA LANKOVA who died tragically in an automobile accident this past November (See *Nieman Reports*, Winter 1988), was held in December in the Alumnae Lounge of Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts. Her husband, Charles Sawyer; friends, colleagues, and coworkers attended the memorial gathering.

The program included Bulgarian music and blues music, a film of Ms. Lankova and her family in Bulgaria, her native country which was taken last summer, the reminiscences of those attending the gathering, and several showings of a video of Ms. Lankova's last work entitled "Assembly of Peace."

This video was to accompany a proposal for a grant to fund a documentary on a children's peace festival held every third

year in Bulgaria.

The festival, neither competitive nor political, involves young people ages 8 to 18 who perform or present workshops. Two delegations from the United States took part in the 1988 festival. In her grant proposal, Ms. Lankova had said: "I believe strongly that as individuals we must rise above political differences. Governments rarely manage to do so. This festival, in my view, is an attempt in that direction."

In the program distributed at the memorial gathering, Clair Beach, who assisted Ms. Lankova with the video, lauded the Nieman Fellow for her "knowledge of film structure, her conceptual skills, and her easy-going temperament which made it pure pleasure to work with her."

Organizations which helped prepare the memorial gathering included Women in Film and Video, Newton Television Foundation, Boston Film and Video Foundation, and Tufts University where Ms. Lankova had taught script writing.

JUDITH STOIA, executive producer in the national programming area for WGBH is deep into her first project for the Public Broadcasting System. The project, for PBS television, is in the form of a news magazine. The subject is AIDS and consists of four programs, each one-hour long. Ms. Stoia will also produce two documentaries on AIDS. Before her present position, Ms. Stoia had been an executive producer with WCVB, an affiliate of the American Broadcasting Company.

—1981—

GERALD M. BOYD, who is in the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*, has been named a special assistant to the managing editor of *The Times*. He will move to New York this coming autumn.

An expert on government and urban affairs — he concentrated on classes devoted to that study as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard — Mr. Boyd joined *The Times* in 1983. Before that, he was a White House correspondent for the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

ROSE ECONOMOU's eight-month study on the quality and quantity of foreign affairs programming on American television and radio has been summarized in a pamphlet — *While America Sleeps: An Action Agenda*. The study, based on a report conducted for The Council on

Foreign Relations, was funded by the Ford Foundation. The study described television as the primary source of information for 66 percent of the American public and is concerned that the broadcasting industry may not have adequately operated in the public interest.

Ms. Economou's pamphlet further appraises the broadcast media and suggests ways to improve and increase foreign affairs programming.

Rose Economou is a media consultant and an Emmy award-winning documentary producer.

—1983—

A greeting card from ANDRZEJ WROBLEWSKI and headed "Dear Niemans of '83 Class" arrived at Lippman House during the Christmas season with this message:

"To my deepest surprise and joy, Wilson Center in Washington, D.C. discovered that I am a scholar and granted me a six-month fellowship to study mutual influence of political, economic reforms, and managerial techniques among the countries of Eastern Europe. So I am coming there on March 1 and two months later we meet you all at Nieman Foundation birthday party." Mr. Wroblewski and his wife, Agnieszka, came, saw classmates, and enthralled all Niemans who listened to their stories about their time here and in Poland since Mr. Wroblewski's Nieman Year. He returned to Washington, D.C. to complete his fellowship at the Wilson Center.

—1985—

In her most recent letter CAROL RISSMAN calls forth paens of praise upon the State of Maine. She moved there last August and she says this about her household: "I bought a house just north of Portland, halfway between the ocean and L.L. Bean's, thinking to have a balanced life. I picked up a black Lab puppy from the pound, some deck chairs, books and canning jars."

Ms. Rissman is doing research for a six-part PBS documentary on the 1960's stressing the social history of that decade. The program will encompass such topics as communal living, drug culture, political dissent, and the repudiation of suburbia. Via the telephone, she will be interviewing witnesses — those who were there — and experts of the era. She will

be working with a film and a writing team.

The program, entitled "Making Sense of the Sixties," is expected to be aired a year from this June. The company, "Varied Directions", producing the PBS documentary is based in Camden, Maine.

Ms. Rissman ends her letter with further encomiums about the Down-East State: "My decision to move to Maine continues to make me happy. Life is easier, people have more time and inclination to tell stories, rush hour means two extra minutes, going to the beach doesn't require starting out before 8 a.m. to get a parking space. The lobsters are jumpin' and the heating bill's high. Some friends from Boston moved up too, and we all settled within a half an hour of each other."

It is expected that Routes 93 or 95 or 1 will be glutted with cars filled with Niemans heeding Ms. Rissman's last line in her letter: "Please share the pleasures of Maine with me."

—1986—

MARK ETHRIDGE III has resigned from *The Charlotte Observer*; he had been managing editor of the newspaper for ten years. But he is finding that time does not hang heavy on his hands — his projects are several: He is starting on his second novel, and last autumn a business opportunity presented itself in the form of newspaper and management consulting. He will advise on "enterprise reporting" and on the subject of non-newspaper readers. He is also working on a screen play that has interested a producer.

"I think that I'm one of those people who are fortunate enough to have more than one career in life," Mr. Ethridge said.

He reiterated that he had had a wonderful time for ten years as managing editor, "but there are other ball-parks to play. Once you have a Jim and Tammy story what else is there?" His newspaper won a Pulitzer Prize for its reporting of that story.

Mr. Ethridge also pointed out that his work at home is "allowing me to spend more time with Emily and Mark." Emily is five years old and reads aloud, and Mark has reached the chattering age of one-and-a-half years. He added that "even as I talk, Kay [Mrs. Ethridge] is in her pottery studio preparing for a show."

During the Nieman Year at Harvard, Mrs. Ethridge was a student in the Radcliffe College Ceramics Studio.

GENEVA OVERHOLSER has moved from *The New York Times* to *The Des Moines Register* where she has been named editor of that newspaper. The move is really a return to Iowa after a three-year absence — Ms. Overholser had been deputy editorial page editor of the *Register* before leaving for her Nieman Year at Harvard.

As a member of *The New York Times* editorial board, Ms. Overholser wrote editorials on foreign affairs and national security issues. The former editor of the *Register*, James P. Gannon, was appointed Washington bureau chief and national affairs columnist of *The Detroit News*.

—1987—

NANCY A. LEE has been appointed to a new post on *The New York Times*. She is now deputy picture editor of that newspaper. Before this, she had been the newsroom graphics editor for seven years. Ms. Lee came to *The Times* in 1980 as an assistant picture editor. Previously, she had worked as an assistant graphics editor for *The Plain Dealer* in Cleveland. And for one summer, after graduating with honors from Kent State University in 1975, she was with *The Washington Post*.

IRA ROSEN, in jubilant voice, called to announce the happy news that he and his wife, Iris Miriam, have a son — Max Andrew — born March 1, weighing in at 7 pounds, two ounces. Ira Rosen is a producer for the CBS news program, "60 minutes."

Take Me Out. . .

This past May, The Nieman '89 softball juggernaut took the field against the nemesis Crimson, leapt to a quick 7-0 lead after one inning and regained virtually all of the respect squandered by last year's team, which had fielded 18 players at once and still lost by an unmentionable margin. In fact, we were so buoyed by our unexpected prowess that we let up just a tad, and allowed the Crimson to pull within four runs, 11-7, after seven innings. The fact that the Crimson then scored 10 runs on a series of bleeders, 'tweeners and bad hops, to win the game 19-12, should not diminish the accomplishments of this plucky band of Niemans. And while some historians may point to that seven-run first inning as the crowning achievement of the day, if not the entire year, real students of the Nieman spirit will

remember something else: a two-run rally in the fifth inning, thanks to consecutive singles by Joyce Thloloe, Joel Thloloe, Cyril Robinson and Julio Godoy — the South African/New Orleansian/Guatemalan connection. And when the dust had settled, and both teams had retired to the Lippmann Garden, it was noted that the real success was the diversity of the roster: the Nieman team featured no fewer than 27 players. It was also noted that each Crimson player who had batted successfully off starting Nieman pitcher Bill Kovach had virtually guaranteed that that Crimson may never work in a major newsroom.

[Editor's Note] An addendum to the story about the Nieman — Crimson ball game written by Peter Richmond, NF'89.

Two staff members played their hearts out for the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University. They deserve mention:

Carol Knell, right fielder, sacrificed her back to reach out and grab a fly ball when, for most players it would have been nigh impossible to accomplish this feat. The brilliant plays of Al Janik, star shortstop, startled the fans. His outstanding range never gave the ball a chance to get by.

It might have been a poet or a statesman or an author or the Babe or someone who assuredly said: It is not whether you win or lose — it's how you play the game.

Autumn Issue Includes Report on Birthday Seminars

The Autumn issue of *Nieman Reports* will include a report on the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Nieman Foundation.

Transcriptions of the seminars — Superpowers, Ethics, and Economics — held on Saturday and Sunday mornings, May 6th and 7th, will comprise the questions by the audience and answers and remarks by the panelists and moderators.

Speeches given by Nieman Fellows at the dinner in Memorial Hall on Saturday night, May 6, will also be published.

A Toast

Raise a glass to the Nieman Fellows Class of '89 — the most fortunate of classes since the inception of the Nieman Foundation Program.

— But drink it down for the Nieman Curator of that Class.

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