

Nieman Reports

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New News is Good News

Robert C. Maynard

Media Racism

Dexter Eure, Sr.

Gayle Perkins

Phillip Martin

Charles Seib

Walter Lippmann, Cub Reporter

Ronald Steel

Robert Yoakum • Morton Mintz • Percy Qoboza

Edward Norton • Steve Brandt • Danny Schechter

Louis M. Lyons Honored in Washington

Type & Tune

Furnish the mind's eye with a typewriter and a piano.

Concentrate on the typewriter. In the United States, that engine for the manufacture of words annually produces the material for 1,763 daily newspapers, 3,314 periodicals, and 37,222 books. It's a wonder that from the 26 letters of the alphabet, the writer's brain can compute enough words to fill those multitudinous pages. The reader's equanimity buckles under the weight of such statistics. Fortunately, one's intelligence provides the ability to be selective at the newsstand or bookshelf.

In this issue we present one facet of the whole endeavor. Journalism reflects contemporary society; mirrors nuances and, on occasion, transforms recognition into flashes of insight. Herewith, a sampler of some people's writing habits, how others feel about their craft, and the attitudes that affect decisions in newsrooms.

Robert Maynard, writing about today's press and the position of blacks, urges understanding of the prophetic signs around us, that we may be mindful and active. A panel discussion on racism in the media with Dexter Eure, Sr., Gayle Perkins, Phillip Martin and Charles Seib includes experiences of frustration, bewilderment and hope.

In a nice turn of the imagination, Morton Mintz looks back at Richard

Nixon in the White House, and sees Hamlet at Elsinore. Steve Brandt discusses the moral and ethical dilemmas that may be extra baggage when invitations for foreign travel are extended to journalists. Edward Norton, flying about the United States, comments on the "Place Books" he reads en route. The cultivation of extroverted attitudes is at the core of Everette Dennis's caveats to working journalists.

Walter Lippmann's days as a beginning reporter are described by his biographer, Ronald Steel. Robert Yoakum speculates on Louis Auchincloss's novel, *The House of the Prophet*, whose protagonist is allegedly modeled after Walter Lippmann. As the lives of Auchincloss's Leitner and Steel's Lippmann cross and recross, the reader is offered an exercise in surrealism.

With exultation, tribute is paid to Louis M. Lyons, Nieman Curator Emeritus. Whitney Gould reminds us about the history of handwriting, and its place of importance in medieval times. As William Pinkerton notes in his list of ways to woo the muse, inspiration for every writer springs from the same process.

*

What about the piano?
The basic notes for musical

composition — whether jazz, symphony, rock 'n' roll, or opera — dwell in its ivory and ebony alphabet of 88 keys. In similar fashion, the 450,000 entries in Webster's Third are built from the sole material of the English language — the 26 characters of our alphabet.

But reading words is not like hearing music; the human ear does not discriminate. While listeners may attend to Mozart with the same perceptions, readers of the printed page can receive only what the eye relays to the brain, and its message is limited by a knowledge of language.

The difference between type and tune is that music is universal. Even if the members of an orchestra can converse only in their native tongue, the moment the conductor's baton is tapped, the players read the musical score as one, communicate wordlessly, and perform.

Consider this, the next time you whistle a few bars from Beethoven or Bob Dylan.

—T.B.K.L.



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EDITOR

Tenney Barbara K. Lehman

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Daphne B. Noyes

BUSINESS MANAGER

Kettee J. Boling

PRODUCTION

Janice Morgan

PUBLISHER

James C. Thomson Jr.

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New News is Good News

ROBERT C. MAYNARD

Rebuilding a once-declining daily newspaper is a fascinating, if sometimes difficult, challenge. That challenge was the subject of a recent discussion held by the 1980 Nieman Fellows with Robert C. Maynard, Nieman Fellow '66, at Walter Lippmann House. The former correspondent and ombudsman of The Washington Post became editor of the Oakland (California) Tribune on August 30, 1979.

The 106-year-old Tribune was owned for more than half a century by the Knowland family, prominent California Republicans. At one time the newspaper was the foremost voice of Republican conservatism in Northern California.

In recent years, the newspaper's circulation declined. One noted student of newspapers called it the second worst daily newspaper in the United States. (He assigned first place to the old Nashville Banner.)

Sold twice in two years, the newspaper joined the Gannett group in 1979. The company announced that it would make a major commitment to the revitalization of the newspaper. Shortly thereafter, Maynard was appointed editor.

The seminar began with a discussion of the Tribune as he found it, as it is now, and as he hopes it will be.

Question: What was the condition of the Tribune last August?

Answer: The circulation was down to 158,000 and dropping rapidly, sometimes by as many as 1,000 subscribers a week.

Question: In its better days, what was its highest circulation?

Answer: In the 1960's, it approached a quarter of a million.

Question: What accounted for the decline?

Answer: The newspaper had lost touch with its community and had lost its sense of mission.

Question: And what is the circulation today?

Answer: It now is back to 200,000 —

Question: In just that short time? What did you do?

Answer: We had to do three things. First, redesign the newspaper so that it was physically more attractive. We created a new morning edition, *Eastbay TODAY*, and gave it distinctive features and a distinctive appearance.

Question: And the second thing?

Answer: Staff morale was as low as any I can remember encountering in the newsroom of a major daily newspaper. We had to rebuild the confidence of the staff — indeed, rebuild the staff. We hired more than thirty journalists, and assigned women and minorities to positions of responsibility never before held by women and minorities. We had to turn the staff around — from looking backward, at what had been, to looking forward, at what could be in a new era of responsible and responsive journalism.

Question: And third?

Answer: The newspaper and the community enjoyed no affection for each other. When I first came, someone wrote an article about the challenge facing the new editor of the Oakland Tribune. The piece likened the atmosphere within the newspaper to that of a funeral parlor, and said that the reputation of the newspaper in the community was a joke. People told me the newspaper was so bad they read it more for laughs than for news. In fact, I received a telephone call from a wire service bureau chief in San Francisco. He said he thought I would be pleased to know that his office now subscribed to the Tribune. I said, "You mean you have not been subscribing?" And he said, "No,

our reporters and editors felt it was a waste of time and money. We never got any stories out of it."

Question: I take it they aren't laughing now. What did you do to change the perception of the newspaper in the community?

Answer: First, of course, we began to cover the community. It had been the belief of the previous editors that covering such events as the city council and the school board meetings was a waste of time because they were, after all, "just meetings." Second, I felt the editor of the newspaper should be a visible presence in his community. In the beginning, I attended as many as fifteen public meetings in a week. I tried to explain what we were doing to rebuild the newspaper, and that we wanted the cooperation and understanding of the community because, after all, it is their newspaper.

Question: How were you received?

Answer: More warmly than I had any right to hope. People started to become turned on by the idea of a newspaper dedicated to the concept of service. School children began reading the newspaper in record numbers. The community was made to feel welcome in our plant. School children were taken on tours. We made all of our reporters available to visit in the community and explain what we were trying to do.

Question: Do you take a direct role in writing for the newspaper?

Answer: Yes. I write a letter from the editor every Sunday. Some call it "Maynard's Sunday sermon." That is where I try to outline the purpose of the newspaper as an instrument of community understanding.

Question: Meaning what?

Answer: By that I mean the newspaper plays a special role in the life of the community. We touch more lives more directly and more consistently than any other institution. Television reaches far more people, but it does not provide the service to its audience that we provide to our readers. We can be the vehicle by which people from disparate backgrounds understand each other better by sharing that which they have in common and that which is distinctive to particular communities.

Question: This business of diversity in the press has been a long-time concern of yours. You headed the Institute for Journalism Education, which works for the employment of minorities in newsrooms. Why is that important?

Answer: Because we are a pluralistic society with a one-dimensional press that does not reflect our population either in numbers of writers and editors or — more important — in the quality of what is reported about women and minorities. It thus gives us a skewed version of ourselves as a society. Women and minorities suffer from misportrayal in the press. We are not seen accurately. The

result of this skewing means that the entire society suffers. We don't get to see each other properly. What I hope we can accomplish at the *Tribune* is nothing less than to show that a healthy mix of people will produce a healthier newspaper, editorially and economically.

Question: Why hasn't this been done before?

Answer: Because there has been a prevailing myth that there are no qualified minority journalists. Several years ago, the Institute set out to demolish that myth and replace it with sound economic reasoning.

Question: Namely?

Answer: That this is an issue of demand and supply. You cannot have a healthy supply of any commodity in the absence of a marketplace demand for it. The only anomaly of which I can think in our recent economic history is the hula hoop. There was a supply for which a demand was created. Ordinarily, our economic history has functioned the other way. If there is a demand for a better mousetrap, someone will build one. If editors show a sincere concern for hiring minority journalists, someone will train them. More important, minority college students will begin to consider journalism seriously as a profession with a future for them. Until recently, the opposite was true. Minorities perceived of newsrooms as places that were inhospitable to their aspirations, so they went into law, medicine, education and engineering instead — fields in which they felt more certain of being welcomed on merit.

Question: You said, "until recently." Did you mean to imply the picture is changing?

Answer: Yes, in two significant ways. More minority journalists are being hired. When we began working on this problem in the early 1970's, the number of minorities in professional newsroom jobs was seven-tenths of one percent.

Question: And today?

Answer: It is now approaching 5 percent. Following a recommendation of the Institute, the American Society of Newspaper Editors has set a goal of 20 percent by the year 2000. We are not quite on track, but the trend is decidedly up. The other encouraging sign is that *more* newspapers with circulations of less than 100,000 are now employing minorities in increasing numbers. Since there are more such newspapers, there are more potential jobs.

Question: And that is the traditional training ground for the larger newspapers, isn't it?

Answer: Yes, of course. But important as it may be, I don't want this effort to appear to be primarily one of employment. The fundamental issue here is equality of presentation of the news. Everyone should share in telling the story of America. The idea that only white and middle-class people should tell America's story cuts against the grain of what our society means and begs the question of

what the First Amendment is all about. How can we in the press defend the First Amendment as the people's right if only some people participate? That is a fundamental contradiction to constitutional principles.

Question: Let's get back to the *Oakland Tribune*. Specifically, how many women and minorities have you hired?

Answer: Of the thirty people we have hired, more than half have been minorities and two-thirds have been women. Both these groups now share with their white male colleagues in producing the *Tribune*.

Question: Has there been conflict?

Answer: None whatever. I believe the addition of those people previously excluded has added a vitality to our effort and made the *Trib* a better newspaper than it could possibly have become otherwise. It now enjoys the respect of those who once considered it a joke. It is in touch with its community as never before — all segments of the community. That seems to be universally recognized and universally appreciated.

Question: Did you not think you were taking quite a chance?

Answer: Not in the least. I am persuaded that one of the most serious shortcomings of our profession is that we consistently underestimate the intelligence of our readers. Too many editors fear that candid and accurate descriptions of social problems will drive their readers away. I am persuaded differently. I believe the reason newspaper readership has been declining is that our readers suspect we are not being straight with them. They doubt our credibility. When we learn to cover our community accurately, I think we will be better trusted and more widely read.

Question: Does that formula apply beyond newspapers?

Answer: I am afraid it does. I think it applies to our political leadership. I have the impression that politicians study the polls too much and try to tell people what they think they want to hear, rather than what they must hear. Just as newspapers tend to hide such problems as minority inequality and poverty, so I think our political leaders would prefer to pretend those problems no longer exist. We address them only when they explode.

Question: Do you think that about international reporting as well?

Answer: No question. We have tended to treat the Third World only in terms of "hot spots," and we have failed to convey the historic concerns of other peoples until those concerns boil over and become points of international crisis. This has been especially true with the continent of Africa. We only know the countries there that have had traumatic experiences.

Question: Is there a solution?

Answer: Yes, better and more thoughtful editors, better and more thoughtful correspondents. Here again, I think the minority journalist has a critical role to play. Until recently, there were hardly any black resident foreign correspondents in Africa and elsewhere in the Third World. Now, there are several. As a result, I hope we see an increase in sensitive reporting from some of those countries — an increase that will assist us in getting to know the peoples of the world better than we now do. We live today in a more interdependent world than ever before. But I am afraid the American public only dimly perceives the implications of that for our economy and our whole society. Again, the irony of the First Amendment presents itself. We have the freest press on earth, and yet ours is among the least informed populations where foreign affairs are concerned.

Question: And so we have come full circle. You started out by talking about adding the dimension of service to the *Tribune*, and now you say you think that same notion applies to the way we cover the world?

Answer: Absolutely. The issue is fundamentally the same. I should hope that as minorities have an increased say in this country, they will help to make the decisions about what we see of the whole world. It is not difficult to see the need to cover the whole community, as we are trying to do in Oakland. For the same reason, we should want to see a new coverage of the whole world that helps bring people into focus and relate their concerns to our own.

Question: Would you call yourself an optimist?

Answer: Yes. Not incurably, I trust, but an optimist all the same. I live with a certain conviction that if we work diligently at our problems, we may, in time, solve some of them; if we assume nothing can be solved, nothing will be tried. Therein lies the formula for failure and defeat.

Question: Is that the attitude it takes to turn around a declining newspaper?

Answer: A newspaper begins to turn around on the day the editor believes it can be turned around. It takes more than faith; it takes resources and hard work. But resources and work alone won't do it. Somebody — meaning especially the editor — must feel in his bones that it can be done and is worth doing. The pursuit of excellence is a never-ending process.

Question: But it must also be exhausting.

Answer: Oh, yes, yes. Sometimes. But I think it also keeps us young when we have something for which to strive. Those who cease to seek tend to dry up. Those for whom there is always yet another mountain to conquer often forget to become weary or old. I say, work and dream, dream and work. □

MEDIA RACISM

Last March, the Nieman Foundation and the Boston Association of Black Journalists sponsored a panel discussion at Harvard University on media racism, domestic and Third World coverage, and relationships among black and white journalists in newsrooms.

The panelists were Dexter D. Eure, Sr., director of community relations and assistant promotion manager at *The Boston Globe*; Phillip W.D. Martin, currently studying American foreign policy, international law, and African political and diplomatic associations at the Harvard Law School and at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University; Gayle Perkins, editorial director of NBC Television Stations Division, Washington, D.C.; and Charles Seib, former news editor and former ombudsman, *The Washington Post*, and Institute of Politics Fellow at the John F. Kennedy School of Government.

Acel Moore, reporter on leave from *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and Nieman Fellow '80, organized the proceedings. The audience of students and journalists was predominantly black; Charles Seib was the only white person on the panel.

The panelists' comments have been edited for publication.

Dexter Eure

I would first like to acknowledge something: I am not a journalist, but I do work for *The Boston Globe*, a large, metropolitan, white newspaper — although maybe the last part of that description isn't necessary, as all the large metropolitan dailies are white.

For the record, I have two titles: Director of Community Relations, which is a corporate slot at the *Globe*, and Assistant Promotion Manager. I participate in a \$2 million department budget, which gives me some influence. At *The Boston Globe*, a whole revolution is taking place. Of eleven editorial page staff members, three are black. And they are quite a variety, too — good, bad, in-between, what-have-you. But the fact remains that we aren't locked into a single mode.

Maybe because I am older than most of you, I don't have some of the frustrations that you have. I feel wonderfully blessed; I think this is a great and dynamic country. One reason for this might be that I understand what makes the capitalistic system click. For example, last Saturday night, my wife and I were at Satch's (a Boston restaurant, whose owner happens to be black) and we were eating the native bird and doing the funky waltz and having a good time. A friend tapped me on the shoulder while I was dancing and told me she had stopped taking the *Globe* because of lousy delivery. Instantly, I stopped dancing, got my pencil and paper, and heard her grievance. Some 24 hours later, she was receiving the *Globe* again — with tender, loving care.

That is what I am talking about. I am talking about being serious with my job. More often than not, a lot of blacks spend their time rapping, being mad, being angry — but at the same time, spend more time playing than working or studying. We talk out of two sides of our mouths: "Who needs whitey," and we break our neck coming to Harvard and "To hell with white folks," and then we, too, dress up in our three-piece suit like "the man."

I, too, like scotch and soda — the good things in life. But I think we first have to give serious thought to our agenda. I have been to American Society of Newspaper Editors conventions — ASNE truly is the white press — and I was the only black there, except for another token brother once or twice. I've been to the American Newspaper Publishers Association at the Waldorf Hotel and I was the only black in the house. I've been to national conventions of circulation and promotion directors and here again, blacks were practically nonexistent. I'm not talking about the 1960's, right after the Kerner Report; I'm talking about recently.

Now that the whole world is dominated by white folks and their power, we have got to begin to deal with them, to educate them, and at the same time, to learn their system. I contend that white folks are not going to move unless you burn them out or zap them out. I'm not going to zap whitey out right now because I don't have the necessary tools to do it just yet.

The smartest thing I have seen in recent history was after the Egyptians took over the Suez Canal. You may recall that after they knew how to operate the canal, after they were in full control, they asked the white folks to leave.

In the same vein, Zimbabwe recognizes that skillful whites are needed to help with the change of command. South Africa realizes that it has to deal with an angry black continent and a rapidly-turning-civilized white society that is quite nervous about treatment of blacks and coloreds in that country. These agendas aren't necessarily promoted out of goodness; love has nothing to do with it. And that isn't something exclusive with whites, mankind hates each other throughout the universe. Maybe when blacks get in charge, we'll kick each other's ass, too.

Many of you have already gone to a prestigious school — you may be journalism majors or English majors — and you may be really hip, but I think you have been blind to what the media establishment is about. Have you ever had a letter to the editor printed in *The New York Times*? Have you ever taken time to look at the five largest advertisers who use the *Times*? If you were a credit card holder in good standing with a company who was a *Times* advertiser, and you let it be known that the *Times* wasn't treating you right, or was ignoring an issue that you deemed important, I am sure that the advertiser would listen and respond to your grievance. Because it is all connected — the news hole, the editorials, the advertising. The folks that run *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, CBS, NBC, ABC — even PBS — are all interested in the mighty green dollar and don't really care what color skin you happen to have. A common complaint to the *Globe* is about coverage — that we don't cover this or that. But you must remember that the decision-making and news judgments are influenced by financial interests. If you aren't pleased about some of the things that the media does with its reporting, make some effort to do something about it, even a single consumer protest. You don't always have to be loud or violent to get a positive response from companies. Here are some high-powered credit cards — they are active because I pay my bills every month. The energy brigade — Exxon, Sunoco, Gulf, Mobil — is well-represented. None of them will take the cards back as long as I stay in good standing. So I have a choice, if I want to put some heat on them. If we felt we weren't being listened to by the medium that one of these companies advertises in, your parents and I could decide to protest by sending a dozen or so credit cards back to the company. And I'll bet my next two weeks' pay that the company will attempt to respond in a favorable manner. That is, in part, one of the true meanings of black power.

We are talking about understanding what the world is all about. And Harvard students work especially hard to

understand what the world and its politics are all about; Harvard is making some serious efforts to get in tune with what the Third World's campaign is demanding.

Contrary to some of your frustrations with media racism, everything is not lost. Some wonderful things are happening today. The Iranian people, who have for so long been a poor people, have discovered that under their dried-up desert lie the goodies that will make them highly courted. Mexico, whose citizens have never been considered to be equals with Americans, all of a sudden has a new importance, thanks to super oil gushers. These events raise the awareness of our good conscious Christians. And the media, which normally reflects its own society and self-serving interests, knows that it has campaigned on the wrong agenda.

I would like to share with you some advice that W.E.B. Dubois offered to his granddaughter when she entered a girls' school in Massachusetts. Dubois's advice anticipated the emotional problems many black students would encounter in the 1960's as they entered schools and colleges that were formerly all-white.

You are for the first time going to what is called a "white" school and there are two attitudes which children often develop. One is the feeling of withdrawal and isolation, home-sickness for your own group and consequent unwillingness even to try to cooperate. There is an equally dangerous opposite attitude, that is the feeling that you have come into contact with unusual and superhuman people who can do things better than you and your folks, so that you make every effort to bow down to them. Both of these attitudes are I am sure you see altogether wrong.

Although that was written many, many years ago, I think that it has a bearing on black students today, particularly those at Harvard and other big-time white institutions.

Throughout recent times, we have always had some intelligent black people who have articulated what we are dealing with. In 1972, *The Wall Street Journal* reported on the dilemmas of black journalists. In 1968, Robert Brookins Gore gave a position paper entitled "The Role of Black Journalists in White Media" at the Third Annual Conference on Black Power. A couple of years ago, at the convention of the National Association of Black Journalists, the question was raised, Is there a need for an organization of black journalists? Why should black journalists segregate themselves with so much of the media now integrated? A

lot of us blacks think such an organization is most important. Vernon Jarrett of *The Chicago Tribune* attempted to explain the necessity for the NABJ by insisting that the pursuit of integrated employment at all levels of the media is crucial; however, we must oppose anything that smacks of genocide, whether cultural or spiritual.

You black people who are here studying at Harvard, Brandeis, Tufts, Northeastern, Wellesley, Boston University, Boston College, M.I.T. — you have the responsibility of trying to absorb and understand everything that you possibly can. I don't care how you do it, cheat, steal, get it, do anything to get as much education as you possibly can. Then, come back home and try to have some goals and objectives that those who made it possible for you to receive that education will identify with. Be serious enough to take full advantage of every opportunity that comes your way.

All of you here this evening have a big responsibility to make some contribution to the black community, and to have a relationship in its struggle. We all have got to spend more time in the black community. You are needed as role models, as teachers, as leaders to help get "the man" off our backs. I constantly run into professional black people — doctors, engineers — who don't know anything about black folks, who don't want to be identified as a black American. Yet most black professionals — as well as you black students here — have arrived because so many black parents have struggled and sacrificed so that we could participate in this great intellectual environment.

It is dues-paying time — time for all good blacks to get on board and help by making some non-selfish contributions to help their less fortunate brothers and sisters get into the mainstream.

Phillip Martin

There is a contradiction in the reporting of international issues, ideas, and events in the American press. With the events going on in Iran, Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), and Cambodia, now is a most opportune time to introduce a course in this area to the academic community. There are tremendous contradictions circulating within the press corps in regard to the coverage of a number of countries — those I just mentioned as well as South Korea, Angola, and others.

Because of the institutional nature of the media — *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, CBS — there is a

definite correlation between the way things are covered and the particular mentality of the people who control the means of coverage. This was stated emphatically by Herbert Gans in his book, *Deciding What's News*. A sociologist with some journalistic background, Gans delivers a clear explanation of who decides the news in this country and for what reasons.

Frequently, we talk about reporting in this country as being "objective." And many people feel that while news coverage in this country is objective, the reporting in Third World countries is totally subjective. But many countries don't pretend to have objective news coverage — either their apparatus is controlled by the state, or there are very definite types of coverage, for example, *The Economist* in Great Britain, which says right up front, "We have very conservative, right-wing positions." But quite often in this country our principal media institutions say, "We're objective — and if you want to respond to a certain point, simply send us a letter." Has anyone in this room ever tried to get a letter in response to an issue published in *The New York Times*? You will find it extremely difficult.

Let's talk about what I consider to be a contradiction in regard to the coverage of Iran. In January, the Iranian revolutionary committee ordered U.S. journalists to leave the country. The American press was accused of distorting the coverage of events in Iran.

In terms of the actual events occurring in Iran — the taking of the embassy, descriptions of the embassy and the clothing that the Iranian guards and students were wearing — the press did an excellent job. However, I think that the issues that count were, for the most part, overlooked. What has been totally missing from the coverage of Iran is the passion of the Iranian people and their reasons for anger. There are of course some exceptions: Mike Wallace, on "60 Minutes," did an excellent job of relating the shah's atrocities — which are often called mistakes by the American press, or which are referred to as "alleged," although they have been documented by Amnesty International and others. Wallace's exposé also touched on American collaboration with the shah in committing these crimes.

Although Iranian people had been saying for years that America had a tremendous relationship with the Iranian government in the repression of the Iranian people, all of a sudden it was news. The American-Iranian relationship was not only in 1953 — as President Carter would have us believe — but carried on up to the very day that the shah was forced to leave the Peacock Throne.

I am sure no one would condone the taking of the hostages but we cannot condone the mass murder of people in Iran — for no matter what so-called national security reasons. According to Cyrus Vance, we had to support the

shah to protect the precious oil fields in the Persian Gulf, and to offset the threat of the Soviet Union on the northern flank of Iran. But this support was manifested into physical and psychological torture. President Carter spoke of a violation of human rights — but at the same time supported that violation.

The media, instead of offering outright support for these violations, would often use code terms, thereby undermining the struggle against those conditions. One of these terms was “mob.” Mobs that hung around the embassy, mobs that chanted “Death to the shah.” Now sometimes the use of the word “mob” is totally appropriate — for example, when a group is rushing toward your home with crosses and burning torches and ropes, then you know that is a mob, coming to string you up. But the term mob is a very subjective term, and is defined as being a disorderly crowd of people; a criminal group of people; an uncultured group of people.

Let’s take a look at those characterizations. Disorderly? The people who came to protest in front of the embassy in Tehran were not disorderly; they were very organized. Criminal? They remembered the atrocities committed by the shah. They remembered Abadan, where the theater was burned in January, 1979, killing hundreds. At the time, the incident was attributed to Moslem fanatics; later, Savak was held responsible. A crowd protesting in front of the American embassy in Tehran does not deserve to be called criminal. Uncultured? Iran has one of the richest cultures in the world. Their culture is one we have borrowed from frequently.

“Terrorism” is another code word. Many American journalists use the word “terrorist” to describe guerrillas and Third World freedom fighters, and I think it is a very loaded term. In Czechoslovakia, they would rightfully be called Freedom Fighters. But when you get to places outside the Eastern bloc where people are fighting for their freedom and self-determination, these people are often called terrorists — a word which the American press does not see fit to use in reference to the Phoenix Program in South Vietnam, or in reference to Israeli actions against Palestinian citizens inside Lebanon.

It comes as no surprise that many people in America are incredulous when they learn of the role their government played in propping up repressive governments in other nations. We need more black, Hispanic and oriental reporters to come out of their conscious bag and report the truth. That means a real, live, honest-to-goodness lobbying effort to get more people of color into reporting and editorial positions on national and international desks. That is the only way we are going to get something close to verisimilitude — or near objectivity — when it comes to covering the Third World.

Gayle Perkins

About two years ago, I started to say to my black colleagues in Washington, “We are decreasing in numbers.” Every time I saw a black man or woman get a promotion, go to another market, or get fired, I looked for a warm black body to fill their place and I was not seeing that happen. I am referring to the pool of minority on-air talent as well as blacks in management positions.

The apparent trend is towards hiring white women on both the local and network level. White males are making a comeback into the work force as on-air news talent. For a while, one would hear frequent rumblings of resentment that stemmed from a feeling of reverse discrimination as black men and women were hired to do jobs that white men had sole claim on for years.

A study recently published by the Radio and Television News Directors Association covering the employment picture on women and minorities from 1972 through 1979 bears out my feelings. The statistics reveal an obvious situation: white women made great strides from 1972 through 1979 while black women were still struggling. In 1972, 57 percent of the television stations had one or more women. By 1979 that figure had increased to 92 percent. In 1972, 20 percent of the radio stations had women. In 1979, 50 percent of the stations employed women.

The RTNDA report confirmed my gut reaction to the employment picture for blacks in media. It is bleak. Sixty percent of the television stations had black employees in 1972. That number increased to 71 percent in 1976 but, ladies and gentlemen of the press, that number has not moved for the last four years and there are indications that the number is decreasing. Radio has had no growth in black newsmen since 1972. Today, only one-fifth, 20 percent, of all radio stations have black people. The 1980’s really look bad.

The U.S. Commission on Civil Rights published the first document of its kind, a major report on women and blacks in the industry, “Window Dressing on the Set,” in 1977. It was fabulous, a document to be kept forever. Now the commission is so laden with work and so understaffed that they could not come up to par with the 1979 update to that report. The losers are you, me, and the public.

The greatest tragedy and biggest joke of all is that while blacks have been and still are window dressing on the set, few strides have been made to put blacks in the decision-making process. Consequently, there are very few minority broadcasting executives in this country. The fast track that many young white broadcasting executives are

put on is a closed lane to minorities. While women are entering the labor force in large numbers they are also making strides into mid- and upper-level management positions. The emergence of women on the management scene is an additional deterrent to the upward mobility of minorities.

Racism is manifested in the media in a number of ways. While racial tensions flared in this country, radio and television stations realized the most effective way to cover key stories was with a black reporter. Columbia University conducted a summer training program for blacks who wanted to enter the media. A significant number of success stories in the media today got their start in that program. The Columbia program continues but no longer in the same form as it once did.

Public affairs programming, which at one time in urban centers across the country reflected the needs and interests of black people, has a different focus today.

Seldom — if ever — are black reporters assigned to cover the White House, the State Department or Congress. When these assignments are made, it is on an infrequent basis. Network correspondents are disillusioned because they are often second-string on a major story or beat — and it is not uncommon for them to be replaced by their white colleagues on key stories.

The situation is bittersweet for minorities who hold top-level management jobs at television and radio stations. The bulk of the minorities who have these jobs head non-revenue-producing departments and often there is little or no vehicle for training them for a higher position. In the future, without blacks in management positions to hire and fire, there will be very few jobs available to minorities. The battle will have to be fought again, only this time minorities will have to fight for bigger stakes. ABC, NBC, and CBS do not have a plan of action for systematically grooming and placing minorities in powerful policy-making positions. There is some movement among print journalists, I am happy to report, to get equality in the newsrooms, on the editorial boards and in management. But the fact is that they are at least ten to fifteen years behind broadcasting.

Woodward and Bernstein might have been the greatest thing for journalism since sliced bread but they were the worst thing that could have happened to aspiring minority journalists. One of the hottest degrees of the 1970's was a degree in communications or journalism. To keep pace with the white schools which were offering these degrees, black schools started to do the same thing. As a result, there are now more than a dozen black colleges that offer a four-year education in communications or journalism.

This is excessive in light of all the good and not so good white schools that have the same academic offering. The result is disillusioned students in a job market that was

tight even before the Watergate era. In an effort to crack the job market, graduating students are going to have to look towards broadcasting jobs that are in line with the economy of the 1980's. Cable and satellite communications are just a few of the offerings. Since its inception, commercial television has had a strong impact on the public, but in this decade that influence will be weakened as the networks and cable television compete for their share of television advertising revenue.

In the 1980's it is the responsibility of broadcasting executives to, at a minimum, maintain the gains in hiring and promoting talented minorities. It is incumbent upon minorities to understand that they must realize the ever-changing demands of our profession and comprehend expanding technological changes. Those of us in the industry have a responsibility to share the nuances of all aspects of media management and manipulation. Those of us in positions of responsibility must be role models for those who want to walk the same road.

As minorities move forward in their careers, they should nurture, develop and encourage others to join them and, eventually, take their place.

Charles Seib

Here you see a white establishment journalist in all his glory. When Acel Moore asked me to be on this panel, it caused me to think back to the years when I was running the news operation at *The Washington Star*, which is the Washington paper that is not the *Post* — never has been and I'm afraid never will be. In the middle and late 1960's and early 1970's, we suddenly discovered that there was a substantial part of our city — a majority, in fact — who we weren't paying any attention to and who were getting very unhappy. We realized that we had better get religion in a hurry and start covering the entire community as it should be covered, but we found that many members of the black community wouldn't talk to our reporters — all of whom happened to be white.

We decided that we needed black staff members and began our floundering efforts at recruiting some. We set out to find black reporters who would perform like white reporters — who would know what we wanted, who would know our ways, who would measure up to our standards. There were a few black reporters like that around, but suddenly they became very, very popular with news organizations. One black reporter I interviewed at that time told me, "For years I couldn't get a job and now I can ask for \$25 a week more than any white man with my experience — and get it."

I remember this as our Ernest Holsendolph period. Now, I guess, Ernie is with *The New York Times* — he was previously with *Fortune*. We hired some of these established black journalists, but the problem was that too soon after we hired them, they were lured away to other news operations. We would have reporters for about six months, then *Time* or *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* would come and hire them away.

We weren't getting anywhere. We had a stream of good black journalists going through, but our level wasn't changing.

That is a period I look back on rather sadly because we had a good idea but we didn't know how to make it work. We decided the thing to do was to train bright young black people to be journalists. They could be high school graduates, they didn't need to have any college education; we planned to bring them in as sub-reporters, train them in our white ways, according to our standards, and make reporters out of them.

And we really worked at it; we brought in about half a dozen. It was not only management trying to meet a need, but a number of young white reporters felt very strongly about racial matters and they joined in and became sort of godfathers — in the pre-Mafia sense — to some of the recruits.

We all tried hard, but as I look back, I must say it wasn't particularly successful. I think only one of the original six is still at the *Star*. A couple went into government; one has written a book; some are in journalism in other places. Probably the most talented of the bunch was a young man who came to us out of jail and made quite a name for himself as a feature writer. He is now on the streets again, I am told.

One of the problems, of course, was that we were trying to do the impossible — we were trying to remake black people in our white image. We were unsophisticated, but we really meant well — and there was a lot of good feeling then between the white reporters and the black recruits. On balance, we probably did more good than harm, because we helped some people get along.

But that's enough about early efforts at the *Star*.

Actually, things have improved in the print media in recent years. Gayle Perkins said that things are slipping back in television news, but I don't think that is happening in the print media — although I am not saying that we are surging ahead by leaps and bounds. As I recall, in 1972 there were about 250 black journalists working for white establishment papers. I believe that in 1975, *The Washington Post*, with about 30 black journalists, had nearly 10 percent of all the black journalists working on white commercial papers in the country at that time. In 1978, I checked the figures again for a column, and found

that there were 1,000 black journalists in the country — four times what there had been six years earlier. But that is still not a very significant number; I think it represents about 4 percent of the number of establishment print journalists.

At the time I wrote that column in 1978, there were 30 blacks on the *Post* reporting and editorial staff — out of a total staff of 350. That is about 8 percent. Today, the figure is 41 out of 355 — 11.5 percent.

I called one of my friends at the *Star* today to see what has happened there lately. He says there is still a training problem, but now there is also an equal opportunity suit. The black reporters say, I gather, that they haven't been moved ahead fast enough.

There is another side to this that should be mentioned: the number of black executives. In 1978, there were four black executives on the *Post* news department. Today, there are either four or five — depending on how you draw the line. So this really is a problem, this business of getting people up into management positions. It is a long process. You find an encouraging figure, then you see the other side, and it isn't so encouraging.

The American Society of Newspaper Editors — which, of course, represents the white press — says that by the year 2000 the number of black journalists should be proportionate to the number of blacks in the population — around 18 percent. There is a long way to go, because the figure is only about 4 percent now.

These figures are from the ASNE *Bulletin*: Blacks make up about 16 percent of the college age population. About 12 percent of college journalism students are black. But one-third of that 12 percent are in black colleges, which have very weak channels to the white press. Fortunately — if they follow through on it — white editors are beginning to recognize and strengthen these channels by promoting internship programs and similar efforts to bring some of those black journalism students out of the black colleges into the mainstream.

Finally, I would like to close by saying that for the past five years I was ombudsman for *The Washington Post*. (My predecessor there was Robert Maynard, who is doing pretty well in the newspaper business — he is editor of the *Tribune* in Oakland, California.) The ombudsman on the *Post* handles complaints from the public about the paper's performance in areas of accuracy, balance, and so on. I had a rather interesting job in that my office looked right out on the newsroom, yet I had no part in the news operation. I was a watcher. One thing I noticed was that the black journalists stayed pretty much together in their office socializing — as did the white reporters. It was not that one group was ostracizing the other; they just seemed to like it better that way. I don't think that has any real significance except that it indicates the long road that is ahead of us. □

Walter Lippmann, Cub Reporter

RONALD STEEL

Once you touch the biographies of human beings, the notion that political beliefs are logically determined collapses like a pricked balloon.

— Walter Lippmann
A Preface to Politics, 1913

When he graduated from Harvard in 1910, Walter Lippmann was a radical — he had founded the University's Socialist Club — and an aspiring muckraker. His first model was the crusading journalist, Lincoln Steffens. At Steffen's suggestion, the young Lippmann took a job as cub reporter on a new-born weekly newspaper called the *Boston Common*. Espousing a moderate Progressivism in the form of public ownership of utilities and railroads, the *Boston Common* promised its readers to be "optimistic as a matter of habit." Such a sunny approach to politics was quite appropriate to the paper's sponsor, the Boston — 1915 reform movement, organized by department-store philanthropist Edward A. Filene, and supported by such eminent citizens as Richard Dana, Louis D. Brandeis, Robert Treat Paine and Charles Cabot. These men wanted reform: it was good for business, good for the city's image and good in itself. They were eager to expose corrupt politicians and the more shameful malefactors of privilege. It did not, of course, occur to them to make any fundamental changes in the economic structure

— a structure that served them well, and whose workings they so conspicuously represented.

Lippmann had signed on enthusiastically, feeling that for all its good government ("goo-goo," as cynics said) liberalism, the paper would give him valuable journalistic experience. It did not work out that way. Publisher Ralph Albertson, despite his earlier involvement with *Twentieth Century Magazine*, knew little about putting out a weekly paper, and editor Charles Zueblin, the dashing socialist orator-about-town, knew even less. Lippmann soon grew discouraged. "I have been with the paper since the beginning," he wrote Lincoln Steffens toward the end of May 1910, after only a few weeks on the job, "and I see clearly that would be a serious waste of time on my part to stay with it after the summer." His boss, he complained, had a one-sided notion of fairness "identical with the baldest statement of facts...any attempt to find the meaning, or the tragedy, or the humor of the story is rigorously edited out as an expression of opinion which belongs only in the editorial columns. The result is that I sit all day in the office, reading newspaper clippings, and trying to restate the facts as colorlessly as possible...The work is so mechanical that I am learning nothing. I might as well be attached to a clipping bureau."

Lippmann was doing more than complaining; he was angling for a job. He had first met Steffens in the fall of 1908 when the journalist was in Boston at Filene's invitation, alerting the citizens to the corruption around them and admonishing them, with his peculiar brand of Christian Socialism, to open their hearts to goodness. During that year he had lectured at Harvard several times, twitting the students for letting their teachers make decisions for them. Lippmann, not one to let a great man

Ronald Steel has written extensively on American politics and foreign policy, and is the author of several books. He drew on his conversations with Lippmann and on exclusive access to his private papers for the biography of the man hailed as the greatest journalist of his age, Walter Lippmann. Ronald Steel spoke at the formal dedication of Walter Lippmann House in September (NR, Winter 1979).

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pass by, cornered Steffens with earnest questions about corruption in high places.

A professional gadfly who had won a national reputation for his exposés of municipal graft, Steffens had graduated from the University of California at Berkeley the year that Lippmann was born, sampled German universities for a few years, then returned to New York to become one of the great journalists of the day. His book *Shame of the Cities*, based on a study of corruption he had written for *McClure's* magazine in 1902 and 1903, responded to and helped push a wave of civic reform. Yet he was no ordinary do-gooder. In his sardonic way, he enjoyed shocking people by insisting that everyone was corrupt, the good people no less than the sinners. The only way to salvation, he maintained, lay through confession and Christian redemption.

Steffens knew everybody, from reform politicians like Tom Johnson of Cleveland and Brand Whitlock of San Francisco, to the bosses at Tammany Hall. He spoke their language. Although well traveled and educated, Steffens was quite devoid of intellectual pretense. He loved to talk, to shock the innocent, to indulge in paradoxes. If anyone epitomized the era of the muckraker — its high-minded indignation, its low-level search for sensationalism, its earnest exposés for mass-circulation magazines — it was Steffens.

"What I have dreamed of doing is to work under you," Lippmann wrote Steffens that May from Boston. "Can you use me in your work? There is no position I should go at with more eagerness, because there is no kind of work that appeals to me as much as yours does." Money, he added, "does not happen to be an important consideration for me at the present time. Opportunity to work and learn is the thing I am looking for."

Lippmann's letter could not have come at a better moment. Bored with the semiretirement he had sunk into after his year in Boston, Steffens had joined the editorial staff of *Everybody's* magazine to do a new series of investigative articles. This time he would analyze financial power, as he had earlier focused on municipal corruption. He needed a young reporter to help him. And he also wanted to prove one of his pet theories: that a bright young man could learn to be a good journalist, even if he never covered night court or wrote obituaries. Steffens made a bet with his editors. "Give me an intelligent college-educated man for a year," he told them, "and I'll make a good journalist out of him."

Now Steffens was ready to try his experiment. "I was going to look for a man something like you," Steffens responded to Lippmann's letter, explaining his bet with the editors of *Everybody's* and warning that the job was less glamorous than it sounded. "My assistant would have to

put in a lot of time getting stuff for me and typewriting and doing a whole lot of menial labor," he warned. "But my present subject is interesting: . . . It would amount for you to making an investigation of the business and the politics of Wall Street under my direction. You would have to learn to investigate. But all the while I would be trying to get you ready to go and do likewise for yourself." The pay was low, only fifteen dollars a week, but opportunities to learn were unlimited. "I'll try to be square with you, but I want you very, very much."

Hiring Lippmann was no snap decision. When Steffens started thinking about an assistant, he asked around Harvard, as he later related, for "the ablest mind that could express itself in writing." Three names came up and after a bit of discussion everyone agreed on one. "I found Lippmann, saw right away what his classmates saw in him," Steffens recounted. "He asked me intelligent, not practical, questions about my proposition. . . . He caught on right away. Keen, quiet, industrious, he understood the meaning of all that he learned; and he asked the men he met for more than I had asked for. He searched them; I know because he searched me, too, for my ideas and theories."

Lippmann did not care about the pay. He had an allowance from his parents and was willing to live simply. Meeting with Steffens in Riverside, Connecticut, he liked what he found, quit his job on *The Boston Common*, and early in July 1910 moved into a small room at a club around the corner from Steffens's house. Aside from an assistant, Steffens also wanted a companion, someone he could go fishing with in the afternoons to get out of the house where his chronically ill wife, Josephine, lay slowly dying.

Through the summer and fall, and most of the following winter, Lippmann worked with Steffens on the investigation of financial power. The series, which Steffens called "It," was meant to be a continuation of Tom Lawsons's famous exposé of Wall Street manipulations, but delving deeper into the structure of the business world. Lippmann was Steffens's legman. Commuting between lower Manhattan and Riverside, burrowing through

financial reports and interviewing scores of people from stockbrokers to messenger boys, traveling through the East and Middle West to Washington, Chicago, Kansas City and Cleveland, Lippmann gathered his data. On these trips, and at Steffens's side in New York, he met some of the leading figures in the Progressive movement, men like Francis Heney, the California prosecutor; Rudolph Spreckels, the sugar-trust liberal; Fremont Older, the crusading San Francisco editor; Tom Johnson, the retired reform mayor of Cleveland, and his successor, Newton D. Baker; and the writer-politician Brand Whitlock. After a few months of fact gathering, Lippmann drew up a detailed report showing the secret arrangements between New York banks and the major financial houses on Wall Street.

"We were looking not for the evils of Big Business, but for its anatomy," Lippmann later explained. Steffens had made a "bold and brilliant guess" that running a business was like running a city. "We found that the anatomy of Big Business was strikingly like that of Tammany Hall: the same pyramiding influence, the same tendency of power to center on individuals who did not necessarily sit in the official seats, the same effort of human organization to grow independently of legal arrangements." At the end of the trail was the great banking house of J.P. Morgan, which controlled some forty banks. The economic life of the country was organized by small groups of men, "making short work of all legal formulae, and exercising sovereignty regardless of the little fences we erect to keep it in bounds." The material Steffens and Lippmann unearthed helped trigger the Pujo committee investigations, which in turn paved the way for the attempt to control the giant banks through the Federal Reserve Act of 1913.

By the time Lippmann joined Steffens, the great days of the muckraking era were over. Muckraking had been based on the populist strain of Progressivism — essentially a rural and small-town revolt against the big city and big business. The Populist-Progressive movement directed its anger at the industrial trusts, the city political bosses, and the robber barons beyond the reach of the law. This loose and disparate coalition of reformers believed that men were essentially good and that a just society could be legislated into existence. To do this they sought wider public participation through such electoral changes as initiative, referendum and recall, the regulation or public ownership of utilities, and the destruction of the urban political machines.

The muckraking journalists were the watchdogs of this movement. Exposing the corruption of political machines, detailing the stranglehold of the giant corporations, crying shame on the cities where immigrants and blacks were exploited, these journalists roused the middle-class conscience and made reform a mass movement. Through mass-circulation magazines they transformed scattered discontent into a national crusade.

"We were looking not for the evils of Big Business, but for its anatomy," Lippmann later explained.

Such magazines as *McClure's* — which featured Ida Tarbell's famous series on the Standard Oil Trust, Ray Stannard Baker's account of the Colorado mine strike, and Lincoln Steffens's report on city government — attracted a wide audience avid for tales of graft and corruption. At ten or fifteen cents a copy, these journals reached millions of readers.

Though the muckrakers' criticisms ran deep, their solutions were shallow. Dedicated to a preindustrial form of capitalism, they celebrated the virtues of the small entrepreneur, free competition, and equal opportunity for all. They were quite baffled by the new forms of industrial organization, and their impulse was to preach against it — hence their frequent appeals for confession and redemption, as though a change of heart would eliminate exploitation and privilege. Only the socialists, with their big-city base, looked beyond the mere symptoms of corruption toward a fundamental change in the social system. Eventually Steffens himself adopted this view, moving left until he ended up in the 1930's among the communists.

Steffens had made his reputation on paradox, extolling the party boss over the "goo-goo" reformer, arguing that the common man was just as corrupt as the monopoly capitalist or the Tammany politician. To prove his point he decided, in December 1910, to show that Riverside's neighbor, prosperous, civic-minded Greenwich, was as

corrupt as any place in the nation. The Greenwich elders took up his challenge and arranged a town meeting for him to detail his charges. The press was, of course, alerted — by Steffens himself — and on the appointed night the hall was packed with people who had come to watch Steffens try to prove the inconceivable. New York reporters scurried for front-row seats, prepared to give blow-by-blow accounts of how the great man had made a fool of himself.

But Steffens had done his homework. He had assigned Lippmann to burrow through town records and interview people for evidence of shady dealings. He had also hired a black gardener to hang around street corners and

One who seriously proclaimed that crooks were more honest than good men and that the path to honest government lay through emulating Jesus was “too whimsical for a permanent diet.”

eavesdrop on conversations. When the great night came around, Steffens was ready. As he stood on the rostrum explaining to a skeptical crowd how corruption could infect even the cleanest town, an attentive Lippmann — described by the press as “an admiring young man with glasses and an imposing collection of documents” — drew a diagram of corruption on a blackboard. The audience shifted uneasily as Steffens explained how the people themselves had sanctioned a system that gave special privileges to banks and big business. Properly chastened, the audience dutifully passed a resolution declaring that Greenwich was indeed as corrupt as any town in the country. Steffens concluded the meeting with a sermon, telling the somewhat incredulous gathering that “the remedy of all these things is Christianity.”

Although Lippmann was then “an admiring young man,” he later grew critical of Steffens’s evangelical side and his intellectual laziness. “He enjoyed his own somewhat paradoxical style and the writing of articles in

that style more than he did the task of trying to collect facts, analyze them, and read hard, difficult books about the facts,” Lippmann later said. While Steffens was “a man of great sweetness of character and kindness to people, he didn’t work hard, he became increasingly a kind of Christian anarchist saint, detached from the realities of the world.” One who seriously proclaimed that crooks were more honest than good men and that the path to honest government lay through emulating Jesus was “too whimsical for a permanent diet.” Nonetheless some of Steffens rubbed off on Lippmann: his skepticism about the inherent goodness of the average man, his belief that corruption was an inherent part of the system, his insistence on uncluttered declarative writing, his emphasis on intelligence, his admiration for strong leaders, and his faith in science.

Lippmann had done his job well, and Steffens was ready to collect on his bet. When William James died in the summer of 1910 Walter had written a tribute to the philosopher that Steffens had submitted to the editors under his own name. After the article was set in type, he revealed that the real author was his young cub. Steffens had proved that he could turn an untrained reporter into a polished journalist. In this case he had had a head start. Lippmann was a good writer when he came to the magazine, but was even better when he left. A year with Steffens had taught him some rules that he never forgot: that whatever he said had to be solidly based on the facts, that he should know exactly what he wanted to say before he sat down to write, and that, as he later said, “If I wrote a paragraph about a fire down the street, I must write it with as much care as if that paragraph were going down in one of the anthologies.”

Lippmann may not have gained a great deal intellectually from Steffens, but he learned something important about tolerance for human foibles and a bemused acceptance of life’s absurdities. “You often asked me whether the year had been worthwhile,” he wrote Steffens when they had finished the series.

Lord, if I could tell you and make you believe it. You’d know then why “Everybody who knows you loves you.” You gave me yourself and then you ask me whether it has been worthwhile. For that I can’t write down my thanks. I shall have to live them. Whenever I understand a man and like him, instead of hating him or ignoring him, it’ll be your work. You’ve got into my blood, I think, and there’ll be a little less bile in the world as a result. . . . You gave me a chance to start — you know what that means to a fellow who has an indifferent world staring him in the face. □

Elsinore on the Potomac

MORTON MINTZ

Will Shakespeare and Dick Nixon — Hamlet Illuminates Watergate

In early 1975, when I was working on a book on unaccountable power, I had a visit from an old and dear friend, Professor Homer D. Swander, a Shakespearean scholar at the University of California in Santa Barbara. The subject of the book being what it was, Watergate — and how to deal with it — was much on my mind. At dinner, I asked my friend where in Shakespeare I would find the brightest illumination of Watergate. I more or less expected him to say *Richard III*, because of obvious parallels that already had been drawn. Instead, after a few moments' reflection, he nominated *Hamlet*. I recall being incredulous. My mentor began on the spot to improvise the connections assembled below. I confess that I was enraptured; I find this kind of thing great fun. Indeed, I persisted too long in clinging to the notion, rejected by clearer minds, that the Watergate/*Hamlet* material belonged in the book. I even imposed on Professor Giles E. Dawson, also an Elizabethan scholar and friend, but unlucky enough to live across the street and thus unable to escape me. In any event, here is the unpublished Watergate/*Hamlet* material.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Hamlet exclaimed when his father's ghost materialized before him on a platform of the castle at Elsinore.

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape. . . .

Morton Mintz, Nieman Fellow '64 and a reporter with The Washington Post, is the author, with Jerry S. Cohen, of Power, Inc.: Public and Private Rulers and How To Make Them Accountable, published by the Viking Press in 1976 and Bantam Books in 1977.

The apparition has a tale to

... unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

The tale was of course of the "foul and most unnatural murder" of Hamlet's father by his brother, Claudius:

The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet: O my prophetic soul!

The ghost also tells Hamlet that while his father lived, "the royal bed of Denmark" had been "a couch for luxury and damned incest."

Under the terms of my self-issued literary license, my fancied parallels and analogies need but stimulate and please you, not be perfect or complete. To begin, who was the ghost bringing "airs from heaven or blasts from hell"? My nominee is "Woodstein," the questionable shape given the names of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the then little-known, young reporters whose platform was *The Washington Post*. They told a horrified Hamlet — Congress, and, by extension, all of us — a tale to harrow the soul and freeze the blood: The President had stung the Founding Fathers (our license does not permit us to omit that they had been stung, not fatally, before). For Hamlet as for Congress:

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!

Hamlet, in the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy known to almost every school child, agonizes:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. . . .

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. One so like the other that Queen Gertrude mistakes R. for G. By their deeds one could as easily mistake one clean-cut Nixon White House aide for another, or the CIA for the FBI. R. and G., perceived by Hamlet as his "excellent good friends!", are above all the personal servants of Claudius and Gertrude:

Guildenstern: We both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

The services R. and G. are prepared to perform include hustling their old friend Hamlet off to England. Surely the interchangeable Nixon cleancuts, not to mention the CIA/FBI, were prepared to render services no less demanding.

To R. (or was it G.?) the king was everything:

That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. . . .

To the President's agents and agencies *he* was everything. Had he not said, "The average American is just like the child in the family."?

Polonius was wholly dedicated to his sovereign, holding "my duty as I hold my soul / Both to my God [and] to my gracious King." In this regard, he may well be superior to those in Washington who have defined duty solely in terms of one or another president, with no thought of God. But what makes Polonius linger in the memories of most are the lines in his farewell to his son Laertes:

This above all — to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

But was Polonius a self to whom thou would care to be true? Was he not one of the things that was rotten in the state of Denmark? Consider that, after dumping a heavy ballast of homiletics onto Laertes, he then acted as might have a prototypical FBI or CIA director, dispatching Reynaldo, his servant, to follow Laertes to Paris and there to snoop on him:

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer. . . .

Becoming more specific, Polonius instructs Reynaldo even to hold out the "bait of falsehood," such as making a claim to have seen Laertes entering a brothel. Thus would Polonius, through his agent, catch the "carp of truth" about whether the behavior of his son accorded with the precepts he sanctimoniously had imparted. Finally, Polonius is killed in the act of eavesdropping; he was to his own self being true.

Laertes returns from Paris, hot to avenge the death of Polonius. He is armed and leading a mob which cries that he shall be king. The rabble break down the castle doors; before them, helpless, is Claudius. He is, Laertes says to his face, "vile." Yet Claudius is magnificent — regally unafraid, serene; Gertrude, frightened, tries to restrain Laertes. The king says:

What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giantlike?
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.

The relevance of this great scene grows out of Claudius's crime. It never had ceased to torment him; it had, he said, "the primal eldest curse upon't." How, he wondered, could he even pray for forgiveness:

. . . since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder —
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above.

Nonetheless, he kneels to pray, tries to be penitent, but on rising despairs:

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Yet, when he majestically stands off Laertes, when he tells Gertrude, "do not fear [for] our person," he is able to say:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. . . .

Claudius had been anointed. To raise one's hand against him — God's deputy — was a sin as well as treason. And so, even though he knew himself to be a foul murderer, Claudius instinctively donned the impregnable armor of divinity, the heritage of kings. Richard Nixon, fending off the insistent courts and House Judiciary Committee so as to cover up his crimes, clothed himself in "national security" and Executive privilege, the ill-fitting legacy of presidents.

In the background, offstage but present, was an insufficiently explained, seemingly stupid, and assuredly bloody war in which only "honor" appears to be at stake. Hamlet sees an army marching on a plain in Denmark. Curious, he questions a captain and learns the men are Norwegians. "How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?" Hamlet inquires.

Captain: Against some part of Poland. . . .

Hamlet: Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Captain: Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it. . . .

Hamlet is struck. Here are men going off to face death in a senseless war because "honor" requires them to do so; he, with every reason to act, cannot. His inaction anguishes him:

How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! . . .

Later in the same soliloquy:

. . . Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Being devout, Hamlet had good reason to be deeply fearful. His belief in God was perhaps clearest in the scene in which he came upon the king kneeling in what Hamlet mistakenly presumed was penitence, but in fact was only an attempt at prayer. Hamlet could have killed Claudius at that moment but did not, because murder at the moment of penitence would launch the soul of the king toward heaven. Only because this untimely murder would defeat the purpose of Hamlet's revenge did he refrain. His devoutness was the root of a deeper problem. He had no evidence — no Claudius tapes — with which he could finally eliminate the possibility that the apparition had been not the spirit of his beloved father, but a demon who would lead him to commit a regicide of a true agent of God and thereby condemn himself to eternal damnation.

No such profound theological implications weighed on Congress. It had to deal not with a sovereign who was a deputy of God, but with a co-equal chosen by the sovereign people to be their temporary servant in the White House. The choice was not whether to impale a monarch on a sword, but whether to impeach — merely to indict — an elected leader. The consequence of error would be not everlasting hellfire, but possible retribution at the polling place. When through the play-within-a-play Hamlet felt he knew, at last, to a certainty that the apparition was his father's spirit, he made Claudius, at the first real opportunity, accountable.

In weighing its solemn obligations, Congress early on had been free of authentic doubts about the true nature of Richard Nixon. The Constitution laid on an unambiguous duty to impeach when the evidence of impeachable conduct was sufficient. Congress had the evidence in absolutely overwhelming bulk before it got the Nixon tapes. Without the tapes, however, Congress would not have done its clear duty; cravenly, it craved a smoking gun. The robes of grandeur hung better on Hamlet than on Congress — and better on Claudius, who did not try to excuse his crime, than on Richard, who did. □



Places and Place Books

EDWARD C. NORTON

It used to be, back in the Jurassic Age, an American could step off *The Flyer* in any town in the republic, and if the traveler wanted to know what was going on, the answer was a couple of pennies for the local newspaper. Nowadays the wash-and-wear traveler stranded in a strange city has a choice. The traveler can pick up the local sheet for a quarter, or the curious can splurge a dollar or more on a copy of the *New Journalism* — one of a raft of city-county-state magazines that have proliferated on airport newsstands.

There may actually be a place in the nation so backward that it doesn't have its own magazine, but I haven't heard of it. Los Angeles, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, all have city magazines, while Orange, Fairfield, Broward, all have county magazines. Ohio, Texas and even New Jersey have state magazines. All are thick with ads and editorial content. They are the *New Journalism* because they are thriving while the daily press is having difficulties keeping its readership.

The Place Books make interesting reading, even the worst of them. Like American airports, they all look alike, but some contain the best reportage being done in the United States, a fact not marked by any Pulitzer Committee. (Strangely, despite the proliferation of such magazines, editorial content, including film reviews and major articles is locally produced. It is understandable that a local gourmet should rate the area's eateries, but no syndicate seems to serve this flourishing publication market.)

Anyone who studies these magazines realizes that the granddaddy of the crowd is *The New Yorker*, founded way back in the 1920's. It was unique for its time, but it didn't spark a wave of imitators. The reasons were simply economic. No one expected *The New Yorker* to survive the 1920's and the Depression. When it did, the argument went that such a sophisticated publication could only survive in New York, and that there was room for only one in the country. *The New Yorker's* writing and illustration standards were placed very high. Even now, the editors never pander to taste or low intelligence. In the general run of publishing — both newspapers and magazines — that is refreshing.

In the 1960's Clay Felker was named editor of the Sunday supplement to the *New York Herald-Tribune*. The supplement seemed moribund, a then virtually ad-less, thin afterthought. Felker, for reasons that probably had more to

do with economics than philosophy, turned to the cityside staff for Sunday magazine articles, and the rest is history. Suddenly, writers like Tom Wolfe and Jimmy Breslin had a chance to do expanded, and expansive, reportage. The supplement was called *New York*. It died with *The Herald-Tribune* in 1966, but Felker revived it as a separate weekly a few years later, with the same writers.

Few thought the magazine would survive in the real world, without the wrapping and support of a daily newspaper. *New York* aimed for an audience of youthful strivers in their twenties and hit the target. Its editorial direction became "service" — the "How To" article. Or, "Where to Find . . ." (fill in the blank). It worked.

Elsewhere, there were magazines with city names, usually the publications of the local Chamber of Commerce. They were mostly ponderous, filled with pompous articles about leading real estate rajas, bank barons, and industrial ayatollahs. They generally repelled readers — even those in pain in dentists' offices.

It seemed that the last thing that the editorial boards of these Chamber of Commerce magazines wanted was growing, interested readership. They shunned any inquiry into the place of publication, or desire to offer readers "service." The only service they seemed to provide was to the egos of the few gentry they wrote about. A small number of these magazines survive today, trussed up only by financial transfusion from local backers.

By the late 1960's *New York* was the leading light of what soon came to be called "boutique journalism" because of the service content. *New York*, however, soon changed its editorial content. The Wolfes and Breslins moved to other pastures. *New York* provided a mishmash of articles on how to find a good restaurant, a good laundry, a good pair of shoes, and a good shampoo. Some critics said the magazine presumed that its readers were too stupid to look in the Yellow Pages. In the mix, however, was some original investigative reporting, and the first of the "trendy" articles which caught the beginning wave of public interest in The Media. Sometimes these articles were shallow — gossip about Walter Cronkite, that kind of stuff. But it worked, as the new Age of Narcissism broke in the 1970's.

In Philadelphia, a gutsy local magazine made a name for itself with articles about local scandals and politics not adequately exposed by daily newspapers. By the mid-1970's the formula for Place Books had been cloned in a dozen towns and cities, and the fever spread rapidly.

Some of the imitators had good raw material to work with, some not. It's easy to make San Francisco sound like

Edward C. Norton, Nieman Fellow '73, is a frequent contributor to Nieman Reports.

an exciting place to live and work; the entire Western World agrees with the suggestion. But try Boise. As the exciting places got their magazines, so did the merely comfortable, or businesslike places.

Soon the traveler could hop from one place to another, and see on the newsstand magazines which look and read alike. First the name. It must scream the name of the town at the reader. For our example, we'll use: *Topeka*.

The cover must be a color photo of a young woman, preferably curvy, engaging in, or about to engage in, some local activity — skiing, sausage-making, or snuff-dipping. Across this photo must be blaring headlines which advertise the contents. For example: "Ten Best Ethnic Restaurants in Topeka" — "The Makers and Shakers in Topeka" — "Where Young Topeka Hangs Out"

Variations on these themes can keep a Place Book going for at least twenty issues. The editors fill in the cracks with "service" articles — listings of restaurants, barrooms, deadfalls, and cultural events within commuting distance of the center burg. The fact that these listings usually duplicate information already available in the daily press does not keep the magazine's editor from sleeping at night, or from spilling type down endless pages.

Unfortunately, there is a residual Chamber of Commerce mentality apparent in some of these magazines: they have no bad words for anything. The local Board of Health may have padlocked the town's third-best barbecue dive twice last year, but it will get a good review. And, when you turn the page, chances are you'll stare at a full page color ad from guess-what-restaurant.

After a semi-scholarly study for a few years, I've come to some conclusions about Place Books.

- The more desirable a place is to live, the less likely it is to have a first-rate magazine. Sometimes this is true of its newspapers, as well. San Francisco is an example. Los Angeles, on the other hand, has a good magazine, and a good newspaper.

- Place Books are proof how homogenized U.S. culture has become. No American wants to feel that he or she lives in a crossroads so blighted that it doesn't have its own magazine. No one wants to feel that none of the local restaurants measure up to Lutece. Or that the third company of the road show of a 1977 Broadway hit won't come to town. The worst sin in America today is to be Out of It.

- Readers will spend up to \$2.50 for a Place Book because it has a long shelf life. The type doesn't darken their fingers, and the magazine can lie around the house for days or weeks until read. Newspapers are designed to darken one's fingers and implode after a day.

My semi-scholarly survey of Place Books shows that their editorial coverage differs from traditional American magazine story themes of (a) serious social problems; (b) in-

terviews with the famous and powerful; and (c) light fiction.

Few Place Books hit serious problems, but they all highlight "personality" profiles, and the more gossipy the better. One area that a bulging majority seem to find fascinating is dirt about the local press. The ups and downs of editors, reporters, anchormen and anchorwomen seem to be a major concern. Some of the magazines delight in playing peeping Toms into newsrooms, and one must assume that readers find the stuff fascinating. Newspapers, and local television, on the other hand, have not responded in the same way. In most places it is a one-way gossip situation.

Advertising experts say that Place Books are a profitable medium, for both publishers and advertisers. They provide an advertiser with a four-color opportunity (usually only available on Sunday in the daily press) for a strictly local message, and the books promise to deliver what is called in the trade an "upscale" audience. While some magazines depend on heavy newsstand sales, most aim for mail penetration. The book gets into the home, and publishers, editors and advertisers know that to do that successfully it has to pass muster with women.

The tipoff that newspapers see the books as a threat is the proliferation of new packaging for what used to be called "Women's Pages." These insensitive sexist afterthoughts in most papers were good evidence for anyone who doubted that newspapers were designed and edited by men who said, Sure, there was a place for society notes and recipes, but only after they printed the news from the Balkans, Washington and the local sports stadia. In recent years there has been a spreading realization among editors that they had better have lifestyle sections that are sex-blind. The realization was helped in no small part by the success of Place Books. Newspaper editors discovered that many men and women don't care a fig about the latest wrinkle in the SALT talks, but they might be interested in a story about one-parent families, the latest gadgets for the kitchen, or ways to beat the IRS. In the nation's toughest newspaper market, for example, *The New York Times* is succeeding well with a revamped package that is heavy on supplying editorial matter about readers' personal interests.

The advertising specialists say that today is the most difficult time in recent history to start a new magazine. They say that postal rates, the cost of printing and initial startup costs kill most new publications before they reach the agreed-on two year break-even point. Yet, a week doesn't go by that my mail doesn't contain another brochure announcing a new book in the realm of politics, science, natural history, or international news.

But my mail, and an informal survey of the United States, show that most of the "places" have been taken. □

Rating the Place Books

A semi-scholarly survey

My yardstick in this personal survey is calibrated on how well the book captures the spirit and essence of the place, and on the quality of its reporting. Although it is probably unfair, unwise and unpopular to rank the Place Books, here goes.

The Tops

Texas Monthly. A success in every respect — big, brash and interesting, just like the region it serves. Texas is a youthful state, smack in the middle of the Sun Belt, and *Texas Monthly* covers it all — the politics and the problems — and, best of all, doesn't take itself, or Texas, too seriously. *TM* does fads and fancies, but it also does long, elegant reportage — for example, an article on why Houston is the best place in America to be sick (because it has the best hospitals and surgeons). *TM* travels well, too. Texas has local city magazines, but they aren't as readable or daring as this monthly.

Ohio. A latecomer — first published in 1978 — Ohio tackles the state with intelligent good humor and a respect for fine reporting. A well-edited publication, *Ohio* captures the spirit of this state with a farm-city image, where football is a secular religion. Writer John Baskin's monthly "Country Journal" column alone is worth the price of a subscription. You don't have to live in Ohio to enjoy the magazine.

In the same state, *Cleveland Magazine* celebrates a municipality with political, industrial, racial, and climate problems, and it does it well. There may be some sort of subliminal, editorial rule of thumb here: It is easier to publish a gritty magazine in a town widely known for its gritty reality.

The Washingtonian. A place book about the Super City that has surpassed New York as the center of action and may surpass New York as the media center. As befits the new Hollywood-on-the-Potomac, *The Washingtonian* takes itself, the city, the media elite, and the rest of the establishment(s) very seriously. It also provides interesting reading about the town John Kennedy once called the city of Northern charm and Southern efficiency.

The So-So

New West and *L.A. Magazine*. The problem is there are too many Californias: the California of the Media (television and the movies), California of the Suburbs, and then there is San Francisco. California is also a farm state, a timber state, and a state of hedonism. *New West* — a Clay Felker idea whose time may never come — purports to cover California with two editions, North and South. *L.A. Magazine* does a far better job of explaining the city to the rest of us.

New York. After Rupert Murdoch eased Clay Felker out, the magazine kept going on its initial momentum, but in 1979 began to falter. There have been internal problems, and the mix is not what it used to be. Felker had an unerring skill at deciding what was both decadent and interesting; now *New York* seems just plain decadent.

Boston Magazine. For eons a place from which recently graduated youngsters fled, in the 1970's Boston became a "hot" city. *Boston Magazine* is graphically bright — perhaps too much so. Its issues are thick with ads and articles, but most of the latter are like the proverbial Chinese meal — they don't stick with you.

The Boring

New Jersey Monthly. The main problem with this book is the same problem with the state — it is actually two states, one in the New York orbit, the other in the Philadelphia sphere. It is tough, if not impossible, to tie the two together. The magazine is published in Princeton, which is not a typical New Jersey town. The articles are generally old hat to newspaper readers, or so soft as to slide off the page ("Winter Tennis: A Complete Guide").

Broward Life. Attractive locations don't always spawn energetic publications. Broward, just north of Dade County, is undergoing explosive growth, and major problems, yet these topics are not prominent in the magazine's pages. The ads grab your interest more than the editorial content does. The November 1979 issue had a "hard" story about efforts to clean up the Fort Lauderdale strip, but the article was interrupted by eight pages of color photographs of women's fashions. The piece was smothered by boutique style.
—E.C.N.



Passport to Controversy

STEVE BRANDT

Packed in the baggage —
scruples, souvenirs or satisfaction?

For Jim Boyd, it was an "image problem." For Bob Timberg, there were "little red flags popping up in my head."

For Judy Nicol and Acel Moore, there was no way the boss would say yes.

These four members of the Nieman class of 1980 were among eight U.S. Niemans in a class of twelve to turn down a trip to Canada last January paid for by the Canadian government. In June, seven of the same twelve rejected a trip to Japan that has been so popular with past classes that an elaborate lottery system was devised to select the travelers.

Travel to Canada, Japan and other destinations has been a perk offered to Niemans since the early 1970's. But the number of Fellows who reject such travel is growing; their skittishness toward accepting such gratuities from a foreign government is matched by Nieman Advisory Committee members.

Such wariness is a recent development. Eugene Carlson, NF '76, can't recall a single member of his class turning down travel to Japan or Canada as a matter of principle. Carlson himself strongly favors Nieman travel.

Carlson argues that taking a Nieman year is a way of stepping out of journalistic shoes and donning the robes of a scholar. "It's a little farfetched to suggest that we would sort of take this and the minute we got back on the job write

a fast story on Canadian energy," he asserted. "I don't see why anybody ought to be worried about what their managing editor in Minneapolis or Los Angeles or Omaha thinks."

So what did Carlson gain by touring Canada and Japan?

"The most important thing is a flavor," he said. "I can't sit here and give you the yield per cubic meter of tar sands in the northern part of Alberta. I know what it looks like. I know what it smells like. I know what it feels like at thirty below zero."

"A fundamental problem with American journalists is that we are all inward-looking," maintains the former UPI reporter who earlier this year completed four years with *The Asian Wall Street Journal*. "Any sort of opportunity that we can avail ourselves of is terribly helpful."

"I don't think there is much danger of a conflict of interest," he said. "If you draw the lines that way, then you don't leave yourself much to do but lock yourself in Widener Library."

Carlson's internationalist viewpoint is shared by Nieman Curator James C. Thomson Jr., who must mediate between an advisory committee of journalists who generally frown on foreign-financed travel and a faculty committee whose members know such travel as a way of life.

Thomson's attitude is that Nieman Fellows are on their own during their year on campus, that he has no control over their activities when classes are not meeting, and that they may check with their employers for guidance on travel if they feel so compelled.

Steve Brandt, Nieman Spouse '80, covers state government for the Minneapolis Tribune.

But several outspoken advisory committee members take a sterner view.

"I believe that junkets are provided as a means of influencing the news," said Richard Dudman, NF '54 and Washington bureau chief for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Dudman views foreign-financed travel as a temptation that shouldn't be offered. "It's very hard for a person to perceive a danger of bias because we each think of ourselves as being objective."

Wallace Turner, NF '59 and San Francisco bureau chief for *The New York Times*, is equally blunt. "Do you think that the Canadian government has some great affection for these people? Do you think they'd pick up the check if these people were bank clerks?"

"It's unwise for a reporter to be in hock in any way to a foreign government," said Robert Manning, NF '46, and editor in chief of *The Atlantic Monthly*. "We turn down invitations every year from the Israeli government, West Germany, from the Scandinavians."

Such strongly held views resulted last year in the addition of a sentence in the prospectus mailed to Nieman applicants. It reads: "Acceptance of such invitations is left up to the individual Fellow and may depend on his or her employer's stipulation in this regard."

Two other fellowship programs for journalists, the National Endowment for the Humanities programs at Stanford University and at the University of Michigan, have been receptive to foreign travel invitations. But while Harry Press, NF '56, the Stanford program's managing director, is an enthusiastic backer of trips to Japan and Canada, recently retired Michigan director Ben Yablonky, NF '46, now calls himself "violently and unalterably opposed to freebies for journalists whether on leave or working."

The Michigan program dropped travel north of the border several years ago after three such trips when participation began to decline and "I began to get qualms," Yablonky said. Looking back over a career in broadcasting and newspapers in which colleagues routinely accepted favors, Yablonky said, "I've seen how we were corrupted."

Press's view is that Stanford Fellows already are taking a government freebie by accepting a U.S. government-funded fellowship. "If they accept that, they really should have no problem with accepting money to travel from a foreign government," he reasons.

Press noted that the trip has borne fruit in terms of further coverage of Canada by Stanford alumni. In one case, Bernie Shellum, then of the *Minneapolis Tribune* and now of the *Detroit Free Press*, returned to the Dominion for seven weeks at his paper's expense after his fellowship ended, producing a 14-story look at the nation's people and problems. Shellum said he sees nothing wrong with his

actions, conceding that he was intrigued by the country because of the trip.

"I was not an employee of the *Trib* at the time," he said of his leave of absence. "Tell me what I've done that violates standards."

Frank Wright, the *Tribune's* managing editor, said he was not aware of Shellum's Stanford travel when the series was proposed. Since becoming managing editor in 1977, Wright said, his policy is that "we foot the bill ourselves and do not accept what would amount to free travel from another party, whether it's from a foreign government, our government or business."

Like Shellum, Mike Kirk, NF '80, hopes to return to Canada to produce a television documentary.

In other cases, editors advised their Niemans to travel. Paul Lieberman of *The Atlanta Constitution* called his boss before deciding to go to both countries: "I made the case against it and he said to go."

Paradoxically, Lieberman said if he had been in his editor's shoes, "I would probably not permit it." His mixed sentiments are typical of both those Niemans who traveled and those who stayed home. They are echoed by Timberg, who stayed home from Canada, partly for reasons that had nothing to do with ethics, and then toured Japan. His managing editor also encouraged him to go. After turning down the Canadian trip Timberg worried that his decision was self-defeating and that he was missing out on a valuable experience.

"I think cultural exchange is a very good thing," said the new Washington correspondent for *The Baltimore Evening Sun*.

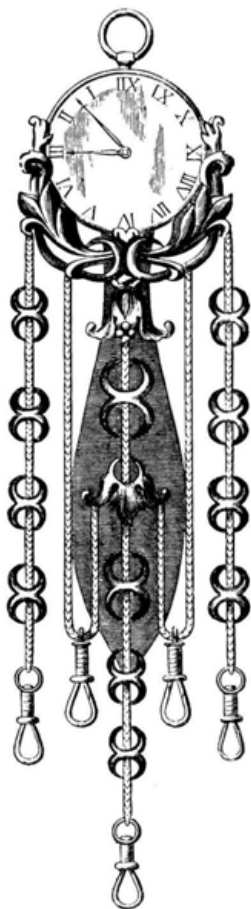
Added another Nieman, Jan Stucker of *The State* (Columbia, S.C.), who traveled to both countries: "If I had been a working journalist, I wouldn't have considered it. The difference is whether you were working or not working. I was supposed to be learning other things, traveling and growing."

The declining participation of Niemans in such travel has led to speculation by some of this year's travelers that the Canadian government will end its Nieman affiliation. But Wayne McEwing, the public affairs officer for the Canadian consulate who serves as liaison for the trip, said he knows of no plans to end the arrangement.

He also explained the desirability of visiting journalists from a Canadian viewpoint.

"The more people know us, the more they'll understand us. The level of knowledge is appalling. Any knowledge that we can promote, we will."

For some Niemans, there is a gain in self-knowledge as well. "You learn a lot about yourself," said Lieberman. "You're forced to. You learn about yourself by finding out what you're not." □



The Muse: Trysting by Day or Night

WILLIAM M. PINKERTON

Can clock-watching make you a famous author?

Maybe you don't write in the morning much, the way some well-known authors do, as Caskie Stinnett found a couple of years ago when he surveyed writing lives. Robert Penn Warren told him: "I write every day, or at least

that's my preference. Usually I start around nine o'clock in the morning and I keep at it until two or a little later." Lillian Hellman "writes in the morning, preferably in her apartment in New York where she has her secretary intercept all her calls until work is finished for the day." Shirley Ann Grau "claims to go to work immediately after breakfast, and stick to it for six hours or more every day."

This sampling brought a hearty endorsement from Ken McCormick of Doubleday: "The writing habit that I've observed the most among the real professionals, such as Edna Ferber, Paul Gallico, Somerset Maugham, Irving Stone, and that group, is that the morning is absolutely inviolate and anybody better have a strong motive to interrupt the morning creative hours."

There are more similarities between members of that group. They all like to have some altitude when they write. Gallico worked on a porch in Lichtenstein "looking out from his own private alp." But he didn't look; "he sat with his back to the scenery, his face to the wall, working from seven to twelve." Maugham in Villa Maresque had to brick up the window looking out over the Mediterranean in his study.

"He didn't want to be disturbed during his writing time." He figured he could see all the scenery he needed after lunch. In his study "looking out over a sensational view of Beverly Hills," Irving Stone turns his back — but "does allow himself a swim in the pool once an hour if it's hot, the pool being just outside the door." Edna Ferber locked herself up in a small room of her New York apartment with her back to the window. We aren't told what floor she was on, but she resisted "lots of opportunity to hang out the window and figure out where people were going on Park Avenue." (View or no view, we all learned as children to turn away from the sun's glare when writing, and let the light fall over the left shoulder.)

John Kenneth Galbraith, typically thorough, revealed his writing habits in an essay. "All writers know," he confided, "that on some golden mornings they are touched by the wand — are on intimate terms with poetry and cosmic truth. I have experienced those moments myself. Their lesson is simple: It's a total illusion. Such is the horror of having to face the typewriter that you will spend all your time waiting. . . . The meaning is that one had better go to his or her typewriter every morning and stay there regardless of the seeming result. It will be much the same."

James T. Farrell gave his testimony, too: "I start writing between eight and nine in the morning, and I continue until I get tired. I worked until four in the morning twice in a row this week. It was going very well."

Aha. Morning, afternoon, night, and *more* morning.

Where I worked, I did some writing, but seldom in the morning. Then I did what Janet Flanner did with mornings in Paris, flipped through six or eight newspapers. I was also answering the phone. Since the place was a university, the phone brought in demanding questions, such as, "What is

William M. Pinkerton, Nieman Fellow '41, is retired and lives in South Orleans on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

the name of the president of your university?" I sometimes wrote a little at the end of the afternoon. If the subject was important, however, I would take my notes home, and start writing after dinner. This had its advantages. If someone called at one in the morning to ask the name of the president of the university, I was up and didn't have to get out of bed to answer the phone. Nobody claimed the result was literature.

With the evidence clear that morning was the time to write, two years passed before Lillian Hellman remarked that "most writers differ about the best hours for work, morning, night, night-day."

John Dos Passos confessed: "I spend a large part of every day in this occupation. . . . I'm always a little behind in what I'm doing and can never afford to take time off."

Of the labor of a novel, Frank G. Slaughter, doctor and historian, confessed: "Just the thought of another four to six months of sitting down to work every morning at nine and quitting every afternoon at six-thirty, can tie a knot in your stomach."

Helen Thurber told her husband's biographer of their life in Litchfield: "Jamie was no morning worker. . . . He worked in the afternoon, and if a piece was going well, he worked straight through. I'd have to stop him so he'd eat."

In New York, the day begins for Fran Lebowitz at 12:35 P.M. "The phone rings. I am not amused. This is not my favorite way to wake up. My favorite way to wake up is to have a certain French movie star whisper to me softly at two-thirty in the afternoon that if I want to get to Sweden in time to pick up my Nobel Prize for Literature I had better ring for breakfast. This occurs rather less often than one might wish."

Still, when *The New York Times* marveled at the activity of the novelist Julia Marcus, who also runs a small press and is an editor of *Browning Institute Studies* ("I do a lot in odd hours"), it could report "morning hours are reserved for writing."

For the morning shirks, Alva Johnston years ago offered some other possibilities: "Ring Lardner said it was a matter of selecting pencils of the right colors. Anthony Trollope said it was a matter of attaching the writer's pants to the chair with beeswax. Goethe attributed his output to a chair in which it was impossible to get into a restful position. In the vast literature about Dr. Samuel Johnson, only one practical rule of writing is to be found, and Dr. Johnson had that from an old schoolmaster; the rule being that, if you think any sentence you write is particularly good, strike it out."

Maybe writing should be done in the morning because,

like slopping the pigs and cleaning out the cow-stalls, it isn't much fun. Few working writers share Pippa's holiday enthusiasm for spring mornings at seven.

"Whoever writes English is involved in a struggle that never lets up even for a sentence," George Orwell said. "He is struggling against vagueness, against obscurity, against the lure of the decorative adjective, against the encroachment of Latin and Greek, and, above all, against the worn-out phrases and dead metaphors with which the language is cluttered up."

Writing anything at all is a hell of a chore, E. B. White told Harold Ross. The act of writing has its satisfactions, he conceded to another correspondent, but "is often a pure headache." In *The Elements of Style* he gave the grim prospect a manly cast: "Writing good standard English is no cinch, and before you have managed it you will have encountered enough rough country to satisfy even the most adventurous spirit."

Of the aftermath of writing, Thurber testified, "Little apt sentences come to you in the night, paragraphs reshape themselves, ideas take off their dancing shoes and sit down so you can see what they are. Meanwhile the piece has been locked in the forms and there you lie remaking the living room of the story, putting in rock gardens, selecting new wallpaper, and on and on."

"If anyone has an alternative to writing for a living, he should take it," John McPhee told *The New York Times*. "No writer likes writing. And it gets harder and harder the older you get." Led on, he admitted, "I do get a kick out of writing — about two minutes a day."

The doing of writing offers little joy for the doer. The writing, once done, may become a personal hazard. "The man of letters is unsuccoured," Voltaire observed; "he resembles a flying-fish; if he rises a little, the birds devour him; if he dives, the fish eat him."

In his day, Alexander Pope had similar thoughts: "I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth, and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake."

Pope went on: "I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last."

But then, Pope was a poet. □

Mr. Lyons Goes to Washington

A Tribute



Louis and Totty Lyons were the guests of honor at a dinner given on April 17 by members of the Nieman alumni/ae in Washington and environs. Approximately two hundred friends gathered at the National Press Club to celebrate the occasion.

Among the other special guests were: John I. Taylor, president, Affiliated Publications, Inc.; Samuel H. Beer, Eaton Professor of the Science of Government, Harvard University; and Jack Nelson, Washington bureau chief of *The Los Angeles Times* and Nieman Fellow '62. Jack Landau, director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, Supreme Court correspondent for *Newhouse*

Newspapers and Nieman Fellow '68, was chief organizer of the affair, and served as the master of ceremonies. John Taylor had been asked to reflect on Louis's days as a reporter for *The Boston Globe*; Sam Beer, to comment on Louis's curatorship and the relationship of the Nieman program to the Harvard faculty; and Jack Nelson, to speak on behalf of the Nieman alumni/ae. Morton Mintz, reporter with *The Washington Post* and Nieman Fellow '64, made a special announcement at the close of the evening. The opening comments were made by Tenney K. Lehman, executive director of the Nieman Foundation. (Some texts have been lightly edited.)

Tenney Lehman

Two things, briefly: First, thank you for inviting me to this celebration. It feels comfortable and right to be here.

In traveling about and meeting Niemans, one of the rewards is in the warm first question so often asked of me, "How are Louis and Totty?"

Most of us participants — past and present — in the Nieman enterprise seldom have a chance to follow up on this — to step out of the daily routine and let Louis and Totty know what a great contribution they have made.

Tonight we can stop long enough to relax, to enjoy each other's company, and to say thank you.

Second, I was given a message to read from Jim Thomson, as he could not deliver it in person.

Greetings from China!

Every risky enterprise in a jungle like Harvard or the press needs a lion — ideally lions — as friends and guardians. By great good fortune the Nieman Foundation in its first hazardous years had a real Lyons named Louis — and later a lioness named Totty.

My personal sadness, as a cub Curator, is that

I cannot be with you tonight to celebrate the accomplishments of these two people.

But assuredly all of us, including Louis's successors, will always understand that our Nieman program's most enduring and indestructible endowment is not actually money; it is, instead, the person, standards, and example of Louis M. Lyons — who put the Nieman Fellowships forever on the map, at Harvard, in the nation, and worldwide. His achievement will be remembered for all time.

John Taylor

More important people tonight will tell you about Louis Lyons the Curator and what he accomplished at Harvard. Let me tell you a bit about Louis Lyons the reporter.

In 1923 Harvard announced that it was going to have a business school. Louis was sent out to interview the man who was named to be the dean. In the course of the

interview Louis asked: "Will you teach anything about the newspaper business?" Replied the dean-to-be: "My God no! Journalism is nothing but the gift of gab!"

Well, it took about fifty years, but Louis changed all that. You will be glad to know that about five years ago the Harvard Business School, having filled up half the board rooms of America with men who knew nothing of the media except that it was treacherous, evil, to be mistrusted and hated at all times, finally built up three cases on business-media relations and made them required reading for all students.

Back in the 1920's and 1930's Louis was the best reporter we had, and maybe the best reporter anybody had. James Morgan, who was our grand old man in those days — and a most remarkable newsman in his own right — once told me that Louis was the most complete news reporter he had ever known. I asked him to explain that. He said a complete reporter could go out on any assignment, become completely informed on the subject matter in a day or two, come in and write a story with total objectivity, and go out the next day on a totally different assignment and do the same thing.

In his *Boston Globe* days, Louis covered the biggest stories of his time — the Scopes Trial, the Lindbergh tragedy of 1927-28, the great Mississippi floods, and many more, and he covered them superbly.

Once in the middle 1930's, when the textile industry was evacuating New England, Louis found himself on a train with Vice President Wallace. It was a time of totally empty mills in cities like New Bedford, Fall River, Manchester, New Hampshire, and all the rest. Wallace said in a nutshell, "I'll tell you what's wrong with New England's textiles. Your textile families are into the third and fourth generation. They have run out of brains, ability and guts."

Louis, of course, got off the train and filed about two and one-half columns to *The Globe*. In those days it was a very big New England story, indeed. Unfortunately the slot man that day was not up to Louis. His story ran on page 27 and at that time 28 pages was a big paper.

When he moved to the Nieman, Louis also made waves as a television newsman. He made them on WGBH-Channel 2, Boston's educational station. He was a free spirit. Once, when he was running overtime, a young director was trying to cut him short, using his arms and hands to get Louis off the air. Louis stopped in midsentence and said: "Don't wave your arms at me, young man. I'll let you know when I have finished."

When Louis was on television, he broadcast from a desk and, in case he ran short of copy, he always had a batch of UPI or AP dispatches in one of the drawers. One night he did run short, opened the drawer and found it

empty. "No news there," snapped Louis, and he slammed the drawer shut, and straightened up to continue talking. Unfortunately he had slammed the drawer on his tie, and we are lucky tonight that his head is still attached to the rest of him.

Louis, you conquered two very tough groups. You persuaded the Harvard faculty that it was a good idea to have a group of Nieman types wandering around the Yard stealing intellectual pies off the kitchen window sill. You also persuaded the publishers of America and elsewhere that the Nieman program was good for their properties and for their business.

Louis, you laid the foundation for what became last year Lippmann House, at One Francis Avenue, Cambridge. If some of you have not seen it yet, the next time you are within fifty miles of Boston, it is worth a visit. It is a magnificent home for the Nieman.

We all thank you, Louis Lyons.

Samuel Beer

Jack Landau has asked me to say a word about what the Nieman program meant to Harvard during Louis Lyons' days as Curator, and more particularly about what Louis did to give the program its meaning for what Jack calls "the Harvard academic community."

I can't imagine a more welcome assignment.

But I must set one thing straight at the start. Harvard is not and, in my recollection, never has been a community in any proper sense of that meaningful term. It is rather — if we must have a morphological classification — a holding company. Quite possibly the best of its kind in the world. Composed of enclaves of specialized knowledge which extend far beyond Cambridge but rarely touch one another in Cambridge. Like any successful holding company, it is not fueled by sentiment and does not exude good fellowship.

And yet — and yet — on some occasions, affection, gratitude, even friendship, do break through. A dinner in honor of Louis Lyons is an occasion for such a breakdown of norms and breakthrough of feeling.

Thinking back to those years when Louis was Curator, and especially to the formative years after the war, I am reminded of the excitement and illumination that the Nieman program brought to Harvard. Why did it have that impact? And in what way was Louis Lyons responsible?

The program was, of course, a great success and became a model to which committees looked in later years when designing other arrangements that attempted to bring Harvard and the world into a less distant relationship with one another. I recall, for instance, those meetings late in 1963, not long after President Kennedy's assassination, when a number of people were trying out ideas of a memorial to him; and how those discussions continually referred to the Nieman program as a model and a benchmark of success.

Moreover, the program was not only a great success. In my experience, it seemed also to be an immediate, effortless and almost inevitable success.

Now, that surely was not the case. In the beginning the Nieman idea was a very chancy proposition. As Louis has recalled, publishers were hostile. In their view at that time, what were professors but a bunch of Ichabod Cranes, given to perpetrating such absurdities as the then-recent Hutchins report. And why should up-and-coming reporters be willing to surrender their opportunities for training and advancement on the job for an irrelevant year in the Ivory Tower? Or, looking at the proposal from the other side, what place could be found for reporters in the scholarly world where the most crushing blow with which you could smite a colleague's work was to call it "mere journalism"?

In those days the academic and journalistic worlds were far apart and contributed little to one another. Among the members of the first class under Louis's curatorship, only three of the fourteen had college degrees.

People did sometimes claim to see a connection. As I learned. In the fall of 1935, fresh out of college, where I had spent a good deal of my time studying medieval history, I came down here to Washington to get a job. To my surprise and alarm, prospective employers asked what my qualifications were. "Are you a lawyer?" "No." "Are you an economist?" "No." And so on. Finally, the question: "What is your specialty?" In desperation, I told the truth: "My specialty is the Third Crusade." "Oh well," was the reply. "That settles it. You are a journalist." And so I was for a short time.

Although this was not quite the worst mistake in manpower allocation ever made by a government agency, it will suggest the gap in understanding between the common room and the city room which made the success of the Nieman program something of an achievement.

Conant's idea for the program was right. Not courses in journalism, nor even any organized curriculum, but self-directed study, in the words of the severe and scholarly Jerome Greene, Secretary of the Governing Boards and of the Nieman Committee, divested "so far as possible of the credit scoring motive" and emphasizing "the actual

opportunities offered, rather than...formal academic credits."

Good, old Harvard laissez-faire, but leaving a great deal of blank canvas. Between the idea and the achievement moved Louis Lyons.

What kind of person was he at that time? How did his tastes and talents shape the program? And in such a way that the members of the academic holding company so quickly and wholeheartedly gave it their support?

His own application file for a Fellowship in the first year of the program, 1938, contains helpful data. The recommendations are varied.

His managing editor at *The Globe*, Lawrence L. Winship, said simply: "Louis M. Lyons is the ablest journalist of his generation I know." Felix Frankfurter ended his praise, saying: "He is direct and simple, but neither seasons his pieces with paprika, nor assumes that his audience is largely moronic."

Another referee was more discriminating. After assuring the committee of selection that he had not known Mr. Lyons in "a personal or social capacity," so that what he was about to say was "therefore, based upon objective observation rather than upon personal friendship," he briefly cited the candidate's merits and concluded: "In short, Mr. Lyons seems to me to belong clearly to the group of newspaper men who are possessed of a reasonable amount of intellectual baggage rather than a mere shoestring of superficial brilliance only."

Here surely we are getting closer to the heart of the matter. So let us ask: What was the more precise character of that "intellectual baggage" unmarred by "superficial brilliance" which Louis Lyons brought to Harvard?

His own words offer some clues. "As a farm boy," he writes, "I gathered news for the local weekly." That set him on the path. After taking a B.Sc. at Massachusetts Agricultural College, he wavered briefly. For a time he even prepared to teach. Following a stint at reporting, he served as an editor in the extension service of the College. "But," he continues, "it was too sheltered a life for one who had tasted the raw meat of the news chase."

That's it. The conversation of people who had fed on "the raw meat of the news chase." That was the first thing that the Harvard professor could get from the company of Louis Lyons and of the Nieman Fellows shaped in his image. They had actually been there — at the trial, the hearing, the convention, the flood, the fire, the riot. Knowledge gained from books, documents and computer printouts is different from knowledge gained from direct personal encounter. To their questions and their answers in Harvard classes and other gatherings, the Niemans brought a powerful reality sense.

In his application Louis also reports how he had

"worked all around the shop" on the *Globe*. And accordingly one of his referees, James Morgan, also of the *Globe*, praises him as "equally well equipped to report a criminal trial, like that of Hauptmann, the inauguration of a president, a discussion at an interview on political, sociological and economic subjects and to write a leading editorial."

(Parenthetically, would a Nieman selection committee today be likely to get such a recommendation? And would it be a help to the candidate?)

This *variety* of experience was another reason why the Nieman presence was exciting and educational. Some accounts of those days suggest that the Fellows brought a persistence, even rudeness, to their questioning, in contrast with the diffidence of the undergraduates. In my experience, that version does justice neither to the Fellows nor to the undergraduates. Certainly, when George Weller rose in my class on British government to put a question, he was not rude. But he might well be unexpected. As unexpected as his claret-colored velvet jacket in a Harvard classroom.

Unexpectedness arising from variety of direct experience. That is my generalization to account for the excitement and illumination which the Nieman Fellows brought to Harvard in the years of Louis Lyons's curatorship. It identifies the quid pro quo which they traded to the members of the academic holding company in exchange for its own sort of "intellectual baggage."

Jack Nelson

Before arriving at Harvard a young Nieman Fellow used to get briefings from former Niemans on the type of fellow who ran the program.

You'll really get to like Louis Lyons, they were told, but it takes a while for him to get to know you — or for you to get to know him. The fact is — and we all found this out — when you first meet Louis Lyons he looks at his feet. And when you really get to know him, he looks at your feet.

Over the years, though, we've all gotten to know Louis even better and now we occasionally catch him looking directly at us.

Louis's quiet ways and somewhat grumpy exterior made a number of Niemans worry at the beginning of the year whether he really liked them. Dick Dudman recalls that he and every member of his class worried about this in the beginning.

One day Dudman offered to drive Louis and Totty to Waterville, Maine, where they were going to hear Irving Dilliard deliver the Elijah Lovejoy lecture at Colby College.

On the way up Dudman tried every approach he could think of to engage Louis in conversation. Louis would always answer — if he answered at all — in terse comments, sometimes with just a grunt or one word.

Finally, from the back seat, Totty said, "Louis, you're chatting away so much we can hardly get a word in edgewise."

Louis didn't look up and didn't turn around, but said, "Didn't know I was expected to talk all the way up and back."

Louis Lyons has had to put up with a lot as Nieman Curator for twenty-five years and as Nieman Curator Emeritus for sixteen years — with all us Nieman Fellows, for example.

And through it all he and Totty — who's also had to put up with a lot — have remained an inspiration to all of us. They're a major reason we have so much respect for the Nieman program and for Harvard University. And that's why tonight this dinner really is held in tribute to both Louis and Totty.

But before going on in too serious a vein, I should tell you, Louis, that I contacted several Niemans, including some who could not be here tonight, so that they would have a personal hand in this tribute. And their admiration for you notwithstanding, not all of what they remember of you and their Nieman years is terribly serious.

Niemans, of course, traditionally are proud of their own classes. And they want to know how they stack up with other classes. Howie Simons and Norm Cherniss put the question about the class of 1959 to Louis one day. And Louis, in his usual dry manner, said, "It was all right for 1959."

Several Niemans recalled Louis's breathless, hyped-up, rapid-fire delivery of the news over Channel 2. And some of them couldn't resist doing an imitation of Louis Lyons the newscaster:

"Well, let's see here, here's an important story. 'Moslem students stormed the U.S. embassy in Tehran, seized more than 50 Americans and vowed to stay there until the deposed shah of Iran was sent back from New York to face trial.'"

But parodies and light remarks aside, the Niemans agree, as Howie Simons said, that Louis "gave the news the way it was, showed exceptional editorial judgment, and in short had the best damn news program on TV." And we're glad you're still doing a radio show.

I don't mean this to sound too much like "This is Your Life," Louis, but do you recall the time Bob Donovan (then

of *Herald-Tribune*) and Professor Ernest May were scheduled to appear at a Nieman function and you had never met either one? Well, Peter Goldman and Bob Toth remember it vividly and say that when May arrived Louis took him around the table, "I want you to meet Dr. Donovan," and poor Professor May thought everybody in the room was named Donovan until the real Bob Donovan showed up.

Louis, I know you'll be pleased to hear that when I tried to telephone Roy Reed at his farm in Hog Eye, Arkansas, I was told he was out in the vineyards. But he returned the telephone call and said to tell you and Totty he's teaching journalism at the University of Arkansas, has got a forty-five-acre spread, a bull and seven cows and some mighty fine grape vines for wine-making. And he doesn't miss *The New York Times* a bit. He said y'all come down and see him.

Folks like Roy and Gene Roberts and John Herbers and other Southern Niemans all have a special affection for Louis, I think, because he always took a special interest in the problems of Southern journalists as they sought to come to grips with covering racial problems and the civil rights revolution of the 1950's and 1960's.

John Herbers and Gene Roberts were among the Niemans who wanted to be here tonight, but could not because of circumstances beyond their control. But they wanted me to say to Louis that he has had as much impact on Southern journalism as anyone in our time. As a member of a class that had six Southerners among eleven Niemans, I couldn't agree more.

As Herbers said, you often stuck your neck out for Southerners. Some of us desperately needed the education, of course, so we qualified in that respect even if our credentials were not always the best.

Louis also moved early in the Nieman program — long before any public pressure for equality — to see that minorities and women were represented.

In his introduction to *Reporting the News*, Louis tells how he and Arthur Schlesinger bulldozed Harvard President James Conant on the question of including women in the Nieman program.

Schlesinger argued with Conant that because women were reporters and women were at Harvard, women should be included among the Niemans. Louis filled in the details of women in journalism. As Louis recalled it, Conant at least had *heard* of Anne O'Hare McCormick and Dorothy Thompson and he finally yielded on the point. But Conant's parting words to Louis were, "the blood be on your own head."

"So we had two women in the 1945-46 Nieman group," Louis wrote, "and several after that and the program survived."

Another characteristic about Louis recalled by several Niemans was the way he would take on publishers in a critical, but constructive way. He never hesitated to confront the business side of newspapers and insisted on

More than any single person, Louis has left his mark on American journalism as practiced by leading reporters, writers and editors.

editorial integrity and on a newspaper's obligation to provide a public service. That service simply was to report the news accurately and fairly without fear or favor.

Julius Duschka calls Louis Lyons "one of a half dozen people I have known in my lifetime who I have great admiration for. There are so many phonies in the world, but Louis is a man of true substance."

I'm sure a lot of us agree with that sentiment. And I could go on and on about Louis's contribution to journalism, his steadfast defense of press freedom, his publication of *Nieman Reports*, the way he and Totty both devoted their time to locating housing for Niemans and to helping on other personal matters, and to Louis's sensitive handling of Niemans from foreign countries.

But before ending, I'd like to quote Ed Guthman who said that when he went to Harvard from Seattle as a young man he was somewhat in awe of this New Englander with the gruff, austere surface.

"But I found that he had a great heart and instincts and was a man of real intelligence," Guthman said. "It made you like him personally and respect him enormously."

Since Louis Lyons attended the first Nieman class in 1938-39, there have been 641 Nieman Fellows. Those of us who served when he was Curator sometimes refer to ourselves as Louis Lyons's Niemans. But whether a Nieman served when Louis was in charge is not really the point.

Louis Lyons's imprint on the program is broad and deep, as I'm sure both Dwight Sargent and Jim Thomson would agree. And when you look at what Louis has done over the years — when you consider all of the journalists who have studied as Niemans — I think it's fair to say that more than any single person, he has left his mark on American journalism as practiced by leading reporters, writers and editors.

Louis and Totty, we appreciate your coming, and we'll see you at next year's reunion.

Louis Lyons

Well, I'm sure you've all been as entertained and informed as I have at this eloquent fiction of the last few minutes. I know how Fred Merk felt on his retirement when the Nieman Fellows of that year made a presentation, and at the same time editorials about wagon wheels began rolling around the country. Fred was quite overcome. He finally got out, "You Fellows have made me famous."

Mac Bundy, having to speak at a testimonial dinner, once observed that the Nieman Foundation had gathered up young bright newspapermen from all over the country, and dropped them in Washington. I was resistant to that at the time, but I guess he may have been right.

I had a wistful moment or two on hearing all this elocution, that it might somehow be transmitted to that master of the obituary, Alden Whitman, for use at the appropriate time.

I just happen to have brought some notes for an emergency. I though you might be interested, a little, in this time of revisionist history that some people deplore, in something about the origins of this institution that you and I belong to. It begins with this funny title of Curator. Once I had to follow Earnest Hooton speaking to an alumni group, and Hooton as a Parthian shot at me said, "I always thought a curator dealt with old bones." But it has more of a story than that.

When this money came along to Conant's great surprise, he said it was at about the bottom of his priority of wishes to do anything about journalism. The first people who had their hands out were the librarians. They wanted to start a collection of newspapers from all over the world, that they were going to call the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism. Well, the war came and it never got started and in a few years we bought 'em off with a capital sum. But Conant had this in front of him as the first proposal under "Nieman." It suggested a title for the Nieman program. A collection called for a Curator. That idea fitted into Conant's philosophy at that time. His favorite words, some of you may remember, were fluidity and mobility, which were not quite in line with the academic permanency of tenure. He thought it would be much nicer to have a rotation. Of course they do rotate chairmen, if they can get anybody to take it, at the expense of his own career.

So when Conant persuaded Archibald MacLeish away from *Fortune* magazine, he called him the Curator of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism. If he'd been hiring a professor, he'd have had to go through all the rigamarole of a departmental recommendation and then a big *ad hoc* committee meeting, but he could go right out and hire a Curator for half time.

MacLeish claimed he never could get his half of the time to write Pulitzer Prize poems, but at the end of the year, Roosevelt got Archie down to Washington under the guise of the Librarian of Congress. Really, to write speeches for the president, and to do the kind of thing that Bob Manning and Hodding Carter have since been doing. And I'm sure Archie told him, when Conant asked, "What am I going to do now?" "Well, here's Louis Lyons right in Boston. He could fill in while you're thinking about it." So Conant asked me to do that, but he had to think of the catalogue where they put in titles with some relation to their importance, and compensation. So he called me Assistant Curator, and he thought it was amusing that I was going to be assistant to a nonexistent Curator of a nonexistent collection. He did have the grace to shorten my title to correspond to the size of my stipend. The shortened version has endured.

At the end of the first year I thought that was it. Conant was off much of the time making bombs, which kept him off the rest of the war, so I seldom saw him. But at the end of the first year, he asked if I would get the *Globe* to let him have a third of my time for another three years. "Because," he said, "that'll be five years, and I've thought of this as a five-year experiment, and in an experiment you don't want to have any variables." Winship said, "Oh, go ahead. It's easier than getting you a raise." So I was the invariable element until he could make up his mind. Years later, when he got me to come over fulltime, I reminded him of a remark he'd made at the time, "I suppose eventually we'd want a wise old professor." Conant said, "Oh, did I ever say that?"

About the only time I ever saw Conant that first year was once walking across the Yard, because he was away all the time. He said, "How's it going? It's going all right, I hear." Which was quite typical of Conant. "I have one problem," I said. "We have so many senior journalists who want a sabbatical year, it's going to be very hard competition for the younger men." "Oh," he said, "why don't you put on an age limit — say forty." So that was it.

Conant had, I think, a lot of administrative genius, that he could start something, and then leave it alone. Which he certainly did in my case.

I've always thought that this title of Curator of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism must have eased Archie's way through confirmation by the Senate. It certainly sounded like a librarian. He became, of course, a very creative one.

Conant not only invented the Nieman scheme, but he also saved it at a critical time, which must have been about the end of my three-year stint. The war was on, we were in it, and the notion was quite rife in the faculty that that would mean the Nieman Fellowships would be suspended.

If a publisher had had half his men drafted, he wouldn't be apt to want to let somebody else go on a leave of absence. And one group, I think mostly in the government and sociology departments, Carl Friedrich leading, had a proposition to use the Nieman funds during this period for a kind of propaganda war-morale thing. I don't know quite how they had it worked out.

But Conant was a good "No" man, which was quite well-known, especially among the alumni who had given him a crystal ball he had on the end of his desk, and if you came in with a project that didn't quite fit his own agenda, he would say "Oh, let me look at the crystal ball." It had "No" printed on the bottom of it.

So Conant wasn't quite ready to settle for this. The fellowships were a scheme that he'd started and well, maybe he didn't have to give it up. He asked me to find out. So I wrote to a lot of publishers and editors — by that time a good many of them had been up to Nieman dinners — asking their advice. The returns were about fifty-fifty. That was good enough for Conant. And we kept on. If it had been suspended, I was then very doubtful, and by hindsight still am, *that it ever* would have got going again, at least in the freewheeling way we all enjoyed.

Archie didn't have any office. The Nieman Fellows had the lounge in the old Strauss Hall where we used to park our briefcases. We'd use the telephone over in the News Office to bother Art Wild. Archie used to meet us there about every noon, and we'd talk a bit about who we were going to get for the next Nieman dinner. He'd go to lunch with anybody who said he had a problem.

He used the stenographic pool at the top of old Holyoke House to write letters. But when I got in, somebody told me there was an office up there, or part of an office. A fellow named Charles Siepman had the rights to part of it, and to part of the time of a secretary whose name was Dorothy Bevan. He was on a second year of a two-year study financed by some foundation. A study of television. People were more optimistic about television in those days. Thought you could do something about it.

Anyway, there was part of an office and a part of a secretary, and I moved into a kind of squatter's rights. Nobody said I couldn't. And when Siepman left at the end of the year, I stayed there. Dorothy stayed there. So we were there, and some of you may remember the old elevator. But I was still working on the paper then, and not there much the first year. I had a habit of telephoning, dictating to Dorothy, to people we wanted to get for Nieman dinners. One of them was Arthur Krock of *The Times*. He said he couldn't come then but he hoped for a raincheck. He'd come later. As he did. And in a P.S., "By the way, my name is spelled with a 'K'." So that cured me of dictating by telephone.

People were more optimistic about television in those days. Thought you could do something about it.

When I was new around there and there weren't any other journalists, in quotes, Conant used to use me one way or another, off the Nieman thing. He'd show me a speech or a report that he was going to make, and I remember the first time. He said, "The thing is to see there are no headlines in it," meaning that couldn't be pulled out of context. Well, that was a chemist's view of journalism. After the war Conant, who'd been less than happy with the people who'd been running the News Office, asked me to find somebody else. We got Bill Pinkerton to come up from Washington and Conant would sometimes ask us to come over to talk about something he was going to do.

One time he was going to make three speeches to Alumni groups, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, something like that. When he showed us his manuscripts, Bill said, "You said three speeches but here are only two speeches." "Well," Conant said, "the other one's off the record." Bill said, "Well, how big an audience is it?" Conant said, "They say about seven hundred." Bill started to laugh — off the record to seven hundred people. So Conant said, "Well, if you fellows are so smart, take these two speeches and make me a third one." Which we did, without too much trouble. It was the nearest thing I ever saw Conant come to ghostwriting.

He would stay home the first couple of hours in the morning, which he called his secret weapon, to work on anything that was important, and then come into the office around ten o'clock. In another affair we had with him, he was going to the University of Virginia to make a speech, but he also was going to make a speech in Boston just after that on a matter that had given him great concern. It was a time when there was much agitation for public support of parochial and private schools, and Conant's view was that this would destroy the public school. Although he went to a private school himself, he was a great champion of the public schools. But having this other speech to make, and not wanting to make two, he wanted to use it down there. Bill had a request to send them an advance copy of the speech. Conant told Bill, "Well, wait as long as you decently can, before you send it, and maybe it won't get out." Well, we both laughed at him. Ridiculous, that a speech by the president of Harvard down at the University of Virginia wouldn't get out, when they wanted it in

advance. He thought it over and said, "Well, I think I'll take the chance." As he did. We watched the papers for two days, and never a word got out as far as we could see. He came back and made the speech in Boston, and it just blew up, as he wanted it to. All of his private school friends considering him a traitor. I remember that sly grin he had the next time he saw us. He'd got away with it.

The series of weekly seminars started on the law and the press, but branched out into most anything of public interest.

The only time we had any presidential intervention that I can remember in the Nieman business, was when Pusey was president. It was over the selecting committee. I had sent him the list for his appointment — editor and publisher types. But for the first time I could get no faculty member to serve. Pusey phoned to say, "But you haven't any member of the faculty on it."

I explained that I'd tried. But everyone said it was just the worst time of year. They couldn't manage it.

"Well," he said, "try some other faculty, maybe the Law School. I just want these newspapermen to know our faculty is interested."

So I got Arthur Sutherland in the Law School and he got interested in us and, some of you may remember, he set up the series of weekly seminars over there. We had Archie Cox and Charlie Haar. This started on the law and the press, but it branched out into most anything of public interest. He'd send us over a brief in advance, so we could work at it, and they were awfully good. At the same time, the Littauer School, John Dunlop in particular, would send us over a postcard announcing what they were going to do at their next meeting. We'd stick it up on the bulletin board.

Then Henry Kissinger in his International Affairs opened it to the Nieman Fellows, and strangely enough, it seems now, Henry and I teamed up one time, when I think he got perhaps his earliest lesson in diplomacy. This against a gentleman named Lester Markel, Sunday editor of *The New York Times*, who was a take-hold, take-charge man. Markel was coming up to Boston to make a speech somewhere. To economize on his time, he offered himself to speak at a Nieman dinner, and also at Henry's seminar. We'd just had Scotty Reston, and my budget wouldn't allow two *Times* dinners in the same week. Henry felt the same

way about his schedule, and we grieved over the telephone. Finally, Henry's last words I can remember, were, "What'll I tell him?" Well, what he told him was all right, because the next phone call I had was Markel from New York, "Are we still friends?" Between us, we kept him off.

As we got into the war, with Conant's blessing to keep on, we extended the age limit. Took it off altogether for a couple of years (1943-44 and 1944-45) and we got Bud Guthrie that way, and Houstoun Waring. We just had a letter from Hous from Colorado. Sorry he couldn't come here, but telling me he just got an honorary degree for his contribution to journalism in Colorado. We also had an older man in that group who ever since has signed his letters, Nieman Fellow, Emeritus. The only Emeritus Nieman Fellow I know.

In the early days I never knew anything about budgets. Budgets are so much in the air now, that may seem hard to realize, but Conant appointed Jerome Greene, the secretary of the governing boards, to be the chairman of the first committee, and then Dave Bailey after Mr. Greene. When Conant got me over there full time, David insisted I should be chairman, but in the early days I would simply ask the chairman in Mass Hall how much money we had available. And he'd tell me, and I'd translate it into the number of fellowships. One time a foundation, Carnegie, I guess, decided they'd like to have a conference on educational reporting, which was then new, and they asked me to set it up and run it. Well, this meant a budget. Two weeks at the Business School, about fifty people, board and room, and fees for the speakers and all that. When I got it set up, I took it over to Mac Bundy, then dean, to get it authorized, and Mac said, "Yep, O.K.," and then he added a figure of twenty-five hundred dollars, and I said "What's that, Mac?" "Oh, that's overhead," he said, "just for being here." "Well, O.K." So I sent them the word on the money they needed to send to the Nieman Foundation to cover this, including the twenty-five hundred dollars. A few years later, when I had occasion to poke into the budget, I found that twenty-five hundred dollars was still in our account. Mac had forgotten to tell anybody. Nothing had been done about it.

I had another budget problem that wasn't quite so happy. After a while, Harvard thought they ought to tighten things up and got a comptroller. And then for the first time I discovered, through him, that Harvard had always charged the Nieman Foundation tuition for the Nieman Fellows. I don't know whose idea that was. It wasn't a very good one. But at the beginning the tuition was only four hundred dollars, then six hundred dollars, and so on. It wouldn't be very visible. When it got up into four digits, it naturally would have been. But the comptroller discovered that, though we had been charged all this tuition, nobody had

ever deducted it from the Nieman Foundation. And his solution was that we might pay it on the installment plan. It was then a hundred and some thousand dollars, and he thought we might have two fewer scholarships a year until this was paid off. Well, I was thinking that this is about time to leave, maybe. But before I got around to it, I had a call from the treasurer's office saying that the President and Fellows had voted to forgive us the debt. So we got out of that one.

Sam Beer said I had something to do with the atmosphere at Harvard, and the Harvard faculty. Besides Conant, the Fellow who had most to do with this at the beginning was Ed Lahey. Ed was from the *Chicago Daily News*. When he got to Cambridge he wired back, "The ivy's got me."

Ed was one of the people in the early days who had never been to college. He'd never been to high school, although he wrote like an angel. While he was in Cambridge Ed managed a strike — waitresses, I think it was — in his spare time. He had 'em pushing baby carriages in the picket line all around the place. Everybody got to know and appreciate Ed Lahey.

Years later, when we got him on a selecting committee, Bob McCloskey, Professor McCloskey, asked me, "Can't you arrange so I can sit next to Ed on the plane? I want to hear him talk." Everybody wanted to hear him talk.

The News Office at Harvard was and still is, I think, just a News Office. It's not a public relations office. Gives out announcements, and so on. One of the early Fellows thought that wasn't very modern and sophisticated; Harvard ought to do better than that, and he sent Conant a suggestion of an organization chart, for a public relations office. Conant put a big red question mark on it and sent it over to me. Conant said, "If your policy is sound, you don't need public relations. If it isn't sound, all the public relations in the world won't do you any good." That was his philosophy about that.

I think I've used up my notes, and probably used you up, too. Sam or John mentioned the Lippmann House, which for those of you who remember the elevator in old Holyoke House, would seem indeed sumptuous. For a long time, as long as I could, I kept a shelf of books by Nieman Fellows, until there just got to be too many of them for my shelves, and then I gave them to the Lippmann House Library where they have plenty of room. I'm sure they'll skip some of your books, as I must have too. I hope you'll see that they get one every time you get a book out. I'm sure by this time they'd fill quite a number of shelves.

Well, we keep up with you through press and television and your magazine articles and books, and you keep us up to date on what's going on in the real world. It's great to see you.

Morton Mintz

I have a short and happy announcement to make. It is that the Louis M. Lyons Award for "conscience and integrity in journalism" is being re-established, and it will be awarded about a year from now.

The Class of 1964, of which I was a member, was the last under Louis's curatorship. We took advantage of the times when Louis would leave our afternoon seminars to go make his broadcast, to talk about what we thought was an important and serious problem — and that was, how we could translate the love and admiration we felt for Louis into something enduring and tangible. We talked about all of the ideas that I think would have occurred to any Nieman group. After much discussion and consultation with such esteemed patron saints of the program as Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., we did decide to establish this award. We were ambivalent, as I think newspaper people ought to be about a lot of things, and we masked our ambivalence in some conditions and qualifications about the award.

First of all, we tried to ensure that there would be no vested or continuing interest in nominating or selecting recipients. Consequently, we recommended to each successor class that it, alone, would decide on the nominations, and would choose from nominations made by any Nieman, whether persons or institutions or corporations that should get the award. The next class would make its own choices, and so forth.

We also thought that it should be open to foreigners as well as Americans, and we wanted it to be a kind of check or audit or contrast, as the case may be, with the Pulitzers, so we suggested that each class at least consider the idea of having the announcement of the recipient made on the night preceding the day when the Pulitzers were announced.

After a lot of serious talk and telling Louis about what we proposed, our class chose three correspondents in Vietnam — David Halberstam, Malcolm Browne and Neil Sheehan — as the first collective recipients. We then left the plaque, which I have here, and went on our way.

The award was made in 1965 posthumously to Edward R. Murrow, and in 1966 to Wilson Minor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. Then the award just receded....

Tonight I'm glad to tell you that Jim Thomson — without any pressure or urging and after much deliberation and discussion — has asked me to announce that the Louis M. Lyons Award is being re-established, and a recipient will be chosen by a consensus of the Nieman Class of 1981. I'm happy to say that! □

The Final Vindication

PERCY QOBOZA

Percy Qoboza, Nieman Fellow '76, was editor of *The World* and *The Weekend World* in Johannesburg. After his Nieman year, he returned to South Africa and resumed his position with these newspapers. In the Pretoria Government's nationwide crackdown on dissenters on October 19, 1977, Percy was imprisoned, along with his deputy editor, Aggrey Klaaste, and other journalists.

Mr. Qoboza's newspapers were banned, that is, neither the names "The World" or "The Weekend World" can ever be used again, and the newspapers themselves cannot ever again be published.

When the South African government released ten detainees on March 10, 1978, Percy and Aggrey were among those set free.

Percy Qoboza is now editor of *The Post* in Johannesburg. Aggrey Klaaste was awarded a Nieman Fellowship in the Class of 1980; he is deputy editor at *The Post*.

A full account of the events that led up to their release from prison appears in *NR* Winter/Spring 1978 and Summer 1978.

Johannesburg, March 15. — *Last week Parliament debated the Cillie Commission report, a backward look at the June 1976 riots. Percy Qoboza tried to warn the country's leaders of the coming explosion. He was seen as the great villain, he writes in this editorial, which appeared in The Sunday Post, which he now edits in conjunction with The Post Transvaal.*

So the Cillie Commission report has finally been tabled. It is a horrifying report and it carries with it ominous warnings about the possible conflicts facing the nation as long as the government pursues its present political path.

For newspapers and pressmen — particularly black pressmen — the report is a final and sweet vindication from the legacy of lies hurled against them, the torture of being thrown into jail without trial, and the ultimate price of having two innocent newspapers banned and wiped off the streets.

Those two newspapers remain banned up to today. The Cillie Commission report has categorically stated that their investigations showed press reports and editorial comment

at the height of the conflict were well-balanced and responsible. The only small item Mr. Justice Cillie had misgivings about was that some of the reports may have helped to encourage acts of irresponsibility. But on the whole his commission came out strongly in favour of what the press did in general at the time.

How pathetically far from what we were told by the then Minister of Justice, Mr. Jimmy Kruger, to be joined later by the former Prime Minister, Mr. John Vorster.

Casting my mind back three years I am filled with horror. Horror that the lives of nearly 600 people and damage amounting to millions of rands have had no impact on this nation.

We continue on a day-to-day basis as if nothing has happened. We mock the forces of social change and political repentance with shameless insensitivity. While we indulge in semantics, the clouds — very dark clouds — are gathering around us. Just the same as I warned they were just before that fateful morning of June 16, 1976.

This entire holocaust could have been avoided — if only the politicians had been sensitive. The Cillie Commission has in fact found there were far too many people in government who had prior warning of the worsening situation. They did nothing. Their arrogance took the upper hand.

They kept on indulging in fantasies and dreams of a happy, content black community out there. They blamed the unhappiness on communists, agitators and their fellow conspirators. Well, the Cillie Commission looked very hard for these communists and agitators and came to the conclusion that the riots were not sparked off by these faceless and indeed nonexistent men, but by genuine grievances and reaction to a vicious system that denigrates men and strips them of their dignity.

What the judge is saying is in fact what *The World* and *The Weekend World* had been saying all along the line. Instead of being thanked for bringing to our countrymen the real grievances of our people, we were given the eternal National Party treatment reserved for those who dare tell the truth.

The ensuing hate campaign against the newspapers and against me personally, was spearheaded by people like Mr. Kruger and Mr. Vorster, articulately abetted by that power specialising in character assassination — the South African Broadcasting Corporation.

In the wake of the emotional aura they managed to create against us at that time, none of them dared tell the country that:

- Alarmed by the rising wave of anger I, at the expense of my newspapers, flew to Cape Town and had long consultations with members of the opposition parties who subsequently persuaded the then Deputy Minister of Bantu Education, Dr. Andries Treurnicht, to see me.

- I desperately appealed to this man to at least postpone the implementation of the Afrikaans directive until the air was cleared and the parents and children given an opportunity to discuss the matter fully.

In spite of the grave dangers I tried to bring to the attention of the Deputy Minister, his final and definitive attitude was, I quote: "Surely, Mr. Kwabuza, if we pay for the education of your people, we must at least be given the right to decide how and what they are taught."

In utter desperation, I attempted to appeal directly to the Prime Minister. With the help of my colleague, John Patten, who was our parliamentary correspondent, an appointment was clinched for me that afternoon in Mr. Vorster's parliamentary office. I told the Prime Minister the very same thing I had told his cabinet colleague.

Half listening to me and half watching the proceedings in Parliament through the closed-circuit television, he gave me what was to be my most shattering statement: "Mr. Kwabuza, rest assured that law and order will be maintained at all costs."

There was no question of ditching the Afrikaans directive.

Just a few days later Soweto exploded, just as I had warned Dr. Treurnicht and the Prime Minister it would. But instead of saying that I had warned them of this, they saw me as the great villain. I was the guy who was fomenting all the trouble. They then turned all the state agencies, including their ever-faithful newspapers like *Die Beeld* against us.

As I stand in our newsroom today, seeing all those men and women pounding away at their typewriters, the question I ask myself is not which of these young and dedicated men and women has been to jail, but which of these young men has NOT been to jail.

The majority of them, in one way or another, have been tossed into jails at various times. They accept this philosophically. It is the price they have to pay for believing in a free press and the right of their people to know.

I still remember the hurt and agony of going to their various families assuring them they were all right — and I was damn lying because I had no way of knowing they were all right — and that everything was being done to secure their release.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months and in

The Cillie Commission

The Cillie Commission was appointed by the South African government to look into the causes of the upheavals that tore the country apart from June 16, 1976 onwards into 1977.

Most people had thought the Commission would come out strongly against the several black organisations that were banned after June 16, against the black leaders who were detained, and also against the two black newspapers under the editorship of Percy Qoboza, *The World* and *The Weekend World*, which were likewise banned.

Instead the Commission barely made mention of the fact that some of the reports in newspapers may have helped to encourage acts of irresponsibility, but that the press had otherwise conducted itself in a balanced and candid way. This has vindicated Mr. Qoboza and his reporters who were subjected to sustained harassment and intimidation from the Minister of Justice and his department during and after the uprisings.

It also vindicated the rest of the press. In fact, the report placed the blame on the government and its officials for their tardiness in the face of such potent indications of impending trouble so aggressively reported by Mr. Qoboza's paper and others.

—Aggrey Klaaste

some cases, months into 18 months. At the end, their families did not have me any more feeding them with hollow consolation. I too was taken away. Five and a half months of my life was arbitrarily taken away from me. Like my colleagues, not because I had committed any crimes but because of lies, lies, and more lies being spread deliberately across this nation by some politicians. The last three years while we were waiting for the report of the Cillie Commission have been sheer hell.

We were like accused waiting for three years for the sentence to be delivered. It has now been delivered through Judge Cillie. He has found us not guilty. He has vindicated our integrity and has supported our honourable intention to tell the people exactly what is happening.

As we look back, we are not ashamed of our role. If the Government had intended to intimidate us, it was a bad miscalculation. Press freedom is such a noble and worthy cause that going to jail for it is the most honourable thing to do in the experience of any self-respecting journalist.

It the light of the Cillie report, the most honourable thing left for the Government to do is un-ban *The World* and *The Weekend World*. As long as these remain banned, it remains an ugly blot on this nation. Particularly because the reasons for banning them were based on lies. □

Sic Transit Gloria Emmy

DANNY SCHECHTER

Television is the medium that everybody loves to hate, and hates to admit that they love to watch. I was one of those people until I became a television reporter and then producer.

For years, as WBCN-FM's "news dissector," I railed at the insulting quality of most television news and entertainment shows. Publicly, I was a marginal member of a growth industry called television criticism. Privately, I wanted to be on the inside as a creator. I was in awe of the magnetic power that this electronic wallpaper holds over our lives. Yet I doubted that I would ever be able to break into the industry, or that it would change anything if I could.

For one thing, I don't have that Aryan look or the prettiest hair on the air to qualify for an eyewitness news assignment. For another, I feared that my point of view was probably too far out in left field for the conservative consultants and salesmen who seem to run most television newsrooms by remote control.

Fortunately, Boston has an alternative form of broadcast journalism: public television station WGBH. It was there in June 1978 that I landed a temporary reporting job on "The Ten O'Clock News." I quickly learned that even at alternative stations, reporters don't have that much control over how a story is to be played, and the producer molds most stories behind the scenes.

My first day on the job, five men were murdered in the basement of the Blackfriar's bar in downtown Boston. When I asked to cover the story, I was told, "We don't do crime." But later, I was finally given the assignment. I questioned the initial police assessment that the multiple murders were a gangland slaying. The bodies seemed too messy for that. I consulted with Joe Oteri, a nationally known defender of people charged with drug crimes. Oteri also thought the crime had a drug link — in fact, he knew two of the victims personally. One of them, Jack Kelly, had just that week signed on as the producer of a television talk show that Oteri was to host for Channel 56.

Danny Schechter, Nieman Fellow '78, is producer of "Freeman Reports," a national news interview program for Ted Turner's cable news network.

Not only did Oteri help me get a better story, but he launched my television career by asking me if I would be interested in that suddenly vacant producer's job. "You're in television now," he said. "Why not try it?"

There I was, a novice's novice with less than a day on the job, and I was being asked to start at the top. I accepted. Grisly as it sounds, I got my job through a Magnum .44.

A year and a half later, the nationally syndicated "Joe Oteri Show" was honored with an Emmy as the most outstanding New England public affairs series. It was also canceled. Unable to juggle the demands of his legal practice and television commitments, Oteri was forced to withdraw as host.

At the beginning the show was overloaded with guests, each of whom rarely had a chance to say more than a few words. Conversations ended just as they got interesting. (Oteri said he felt like a traffic cop; occasionally, he forgot who he was talking with.)

But for some guests, even an eight-minute segment was too long. Television time is not like normal time — a few seconds can seem like hours. Many authors and advocates do poorly on television because they don't know how to summarize their message for a brief format. Others simply freeze, or allow themselves to get sidetracked.

My in-house credibility would fluctuate from week to week, depending on how well my guests performed.

The show's associate producer, Vicky Gregorian, and I tried to make our program distinctive while working within the budgetary limitations imposed on an in-studio show at a UHF station. We did this largely through the selection of guests and the topics they addressed, often aiming at issues that television treated superficially, if at all. We provided a platform for dissenters of all stripes, from Jane Fonda to an exclusive interview with fugitive Abbie Hoffman. We took on political problems and cultural questions in what was often an irreverent and outspoken way. Despite his polished professional manner, there is still plenty of the street kid from South Boston in Joe Oteri, and it showed in his angry and sometimes contemptuous questions to various defenders of the status quo.

We also featured our share of psychos and psychics, oddballs and innovators as guests — from the lady who claimed to have been taken aboard a UFO to the man who planned to have his body frozen at the moment of his death so he could “come back” in the future. I think it was a combination of our guests and an unpredictable, anything-can-happen flavor in Joe’s conversations that attracted a small but loyal audience in the five cities where the program aired.

Although we were beginning to get quite a bit of mail and calls from those viewers, sometimes we felt that we were pumping the show out into a void, a black hole of viewer apathy and industry indifference. Our ratings were never anything to write home about. The show aired on Sunday evenings when the networks fought the rating wars like sharks, pitching blockbuster programs against big movies. We never had a chance of building “good numbers” and the lack of promotion by the station didn’t help. We who produced the show criticized it endlessly and were supercritical about its limitations.

And then the unexpected happened. We were advised that a committee of television people in San Diego — who were evaluating all of Boston’s public affairs shows for that year’s New England Emmys — had nominated us for Best Public Affairs Series along with Channel 7’s “Prime Time” and Channel 5’s “The Baxters,” a nationally celebrated soap-opera-with-a-message that had just been bought up for national syndication by Norman Lear. “The Baxters” was the odds-on favorite to win, in fact, the people who did the seating for the awards ceremonies at the Berklee Performance Center put us way in the rear of the hall because they didn’t think we had a chance of winning anything more than a free meal.

When Dalia St. Marie opened the Public Affairs envelope and read our name, bells went off in my head. This wasn’t supposed to happen! Our show was on the way to the television graveyard; it had been canceled effective the end of December.

I raced to the stage with none of the aplomb of my more practiced and polished colleagues. In a poor Chevy Chase imitation, I slipped twice. This performance didn’t miss this critical eye of the *Herald’s* television writer, Monica Collins, who gave me a “lead shoes” award in her column a few days later.

On stage — what to say? Should I emulate Jane Fonda and use the occasion as a political forum? Should I rebuke the industry in some pompous burst of predictable rad-crit and insure that I never got a job in broadcasting again? Or should I behave like a normal nominee, and read off the ritualistic list of thank-yous?

I panicked, and ad libbed. “A year ago on my regular commentary on WBCN radio, I denounced these Emmys as

an outrageous spectacle in which this industry honors itself.” I could feel the crowd stir nervously, waiting for some more overzealous pomposity. I changed gears — and inflection. “But I have completely changed my mind. I now think this is the best process ever developed for evaluating program excellence.”

Everyone laughed. The sarcasm was probably too covert to be effective. Later, WGBH President David Ives told me that I deserved an Emmy for the best acceptance speech. I smiled, laughing at myself. I was still out of a job.

I haven’t seen that little Emmy statuette since I clutched it so briefly in my fingers that night. Apparently, the manufacturer of the trophies didn’t get them done in time for the ceremonies, so all the winners actually received the same few gold-plated icons — then returned them so they could be re-presented. Ultimately, the station ends up keeping the little bugger — you get the glory, they keep the property.

The television awards are great PR — and ultimately, a deception. They conceal the industry’s essential business: racking up higher and higher profits and overloading the airwaves with more and more junk. When will the television academy start to honor the people who key industry insiders really respect the most: the accountants, the advertisers, and the ratings keepers at Nielsen and Arbitron? Can you imagine an Emmy for the best balance sheet? An award for the most sales-effective commercial? A prize for the Nielsen family who has done the most to keep “Happy Days” on top?

The awards process should be opened up to critics and viewers alike. Television consumers — the people whose eyeballs are sold to advertisers — deserve more access and input to the awards. What does the public want? What does the public have a right to expect from the broadcasting companies that use the public airwaves? Critics too could be invited to share their thoughts on the people and programs that should be honored. Most important, the people in the television business should be able to find out how and why programs are selected so that industry standards can be elevated.

For all the criticism I have of the Emmys, I am not an ingrate. In the end, Emmy winning sure beats Emmy losing. □

Since this piece was written, the wayward Emmy has finally found its way into the author’s hands. He reports, however, that the gold paint is peeling.

Touchstones: The Reporter's Reality

EVERETTE E. DENNIS

Reporters who live in ivory condominiums may never come down to earth.

H. L. Mencken made a telling point more than a generation ago when he declared that "the average newspaper, especially of the better sort, has the intelligence of a hillbilly evangelist, the courage of a rat, the fairness of a prohibitionist boob-jumper, the information of a high school janitor, the taste of a designer of celluloid valentines, and the honor of a police-station lawyer." Mencken may have scorned such low-rolling mentality, but he probably would have admitted that, for all its deficiencies, the paper he described was in touch with its audience and gave them what they wanted.

For contemporary newspapers and broadcast stations the idea of staying in touch is infinitely more complex. To some it means that the press and its audience must have shared values, and resonate to similar interests. Others disagree, but acknowledge the need to empathize with the audience without crassly pandering to public taste. The debate is set against the economic realities of news organizations that employ a marketing approach and rely on ratings and readership studies. And increasingly the leaders of these organizations refer to their publications and broadcast news shows as "packages" and "products."

Everette E. Dennis is professor of journalism and mass communication at the University of Minnesota, where he is director of graduate studies. He was a Visiting Nieman Fellow during the summer months of 1980. The above article is based in part on a speech he gave last February to the staff of The Milwaukee Journal.

There is also the matter of accountability which has both ethical and legal implications. While president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1979, John Hughes remarked "Editors grandly proclaim that their newspapers represent the people. They believe this. On the best newspapers, this is true. But this declaration requires that newspaper editors account to the public for what they do in their name [and] . . . far too few do this, or at least do it effectively." Certainly the claim of representation, which was once mere rhetoric, has taken on greater importance as the press argues for special privileges not available to individual citizens under the First Amendment because it "stands for" and "acts for" the public.

While the newspaper of Mencken's day could intuitively stay in touch with its audience and its community of coverage, the modern news media are being pushed toward more thoughtful and systematic connections. And for good reason. As media owners and managers make assertions about their social importance, they invite criticism, which they get in abundance. There are critics who say that the media do not provide a representative account of the day's news; that their coverage of most subjects and issues is deficient; that portrayals of special interests and minorities are inaccurate and that the selection of reporters is grossly unrepresentative of the population generally. Critics who connect such castigations of news coverage with staffing patterns believe that the more representative the staff is, i.e., in line with the ethnic and social makeup of the community — the more likely it is that representative coverage will result. Readership studies add fuel to this argument because they show a disparity

between what people say they want and what the press actually delivers. Such criticism conflicts sharply with one of the sustaining myths of American journalism: that the reporter both represents and is representative of the public, having an almost instinctive ability to discern what will interest people.

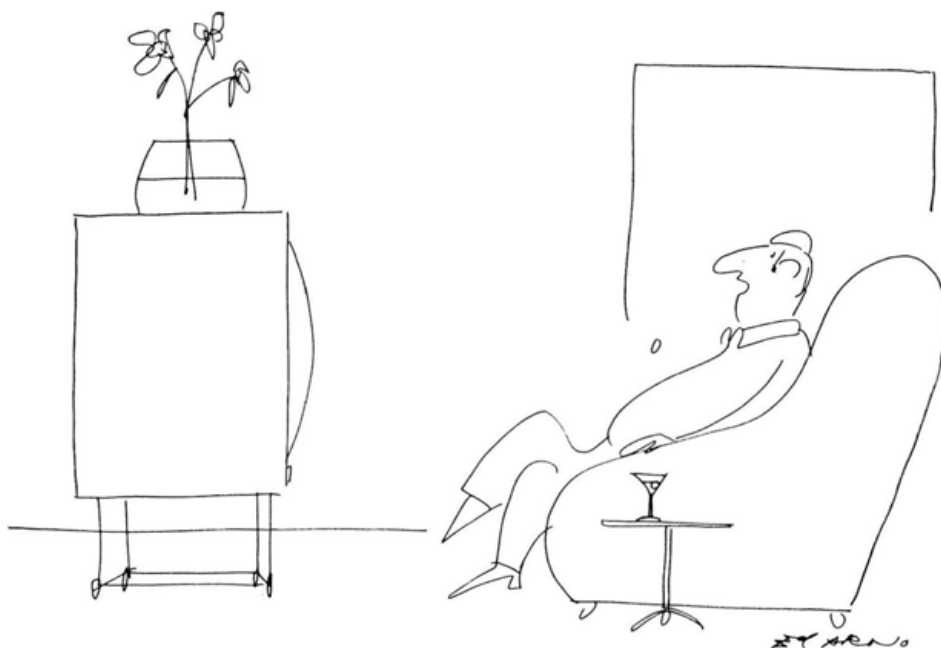
Like most myths, this one is hardly an accurate reflection.

In the first nationwide study of the American journalist, sociologist John Johnstone and two colleagues at the University of Illinois reported in 1976 that the newspeople in this country weren't average citizens at all. They were better-educated, better-off economically and socially, and tended to come from the same ethnic group — not surprisingly, nearly all were WASPs. By almost every indication — age, sex, geographic origin, parents' occupation, political and religious leanings — the American journalist was about as unlike the rest of the population as it was possible to be.

How deep do these differences go? And should we care? In an attempt to find out, this writer and a colleague surveyed more than one hundred newspaper and television reporters in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota. Like Johnstone, we found that reporters were quite unlike the average citizen, both in their demographic characteristics and in their views on a variety of public issues. At a time when confidence in various American institutions was by no means high, reporters demonstrated a deeper distrust and cynicism than did the public. Our study showed that reporters were well-off financially and highly educated. Their lifestyles were different, too. They were more likely to be single, to live in urban apartments and shun suburbs. Further conversations with many of these same reporters demonstrated the disturbing degree to which they were out of touch with the mainstream of community life and how little they really knew about it from personal experience. They had little direct knowledge of how people unlike themselves worked, lived or played.

Although it may be desirable for newspaper and broadcast reporters to be more representative of the population generally, it is doubtful that this group will ever approach a national median in its demographic profile. There may be greater ethnic and racial representation, but it may be that professional demands will always make reporters strikingly different from the rest of the population. Still, it is time to end the pretense that reporters have an instinctive empathy for, and understanding of, people. Reporters are an elite who are not representative and who cannot magically conjure up news coverage that reflects social reality and social interests. In reporting, a field where planning and systematic analysis has largely been taboo, it may be necessary for the individual reporter to give much greater attention to an orderly process of "staying in touch" with the community and the audience.

Many reporters may deny it, but the possibility of losing touch with the audience is alarmingly real. It isn't difficult to find labor reporters who rarely enter a mill or factory, education reporters who haven't been in a classroom for years, reporters covering housing and real estate who rarely visit new housing projects and developments. It is certainly legitimate to ask whether a



"I said that years ago!"

Drawing by Ed Arno; ©1980
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

reporter who never uses public transportation, or visits bowling alleys or discos, laundromats or fast food restaurants can really have any feeling for the rest of the citizenry.

LISTENING TO THE COMMUNITY

What can be done to stay in touch? Proposals have included a complex expansion of the ascertainment process (used in broadcasting) that would include regular surveys and careful monitoring of social indicators. Some commentators have urged the press to develop a more systematic form of "agenda forecasting" to assure that important issues and problems are not overlooked. These well-intentioned proposals may be desirable, but they are impractical for the reporter who works somewhat independently as an individual. There are some less comprehensive, but more practical possibilities, though. They involve regular observation of and exposure to important aspects of community life. Some of the elements of this process include the following:

Consider statistical baselines. While statistical data may seem dull and uninteresting, it provides a quick sketch of any community. Some reporters we talked to knew so little about the composition and context of their communities that they would do well to consult such standard sources as statistical abstracts, government-produced data books and other available sources that tell what the community looks like: how large it is, the composition of the population, the nature of work, economic conditions, income levels, homes, education, and other useful details. This cold, statistical sketch may provide a rough approximation of the community as well as the basis for distinguishing it from other cities and towns of similar size. And this is something that every reporter in America ought to do as the 1980 census data becomes available.

Learn how people live. The folk song "Little Boxes" suggests a sameness to American housing, but it overstates the case. Housing patterns can differ markedly from community to community. There may be important ownership vs. rental implications, differences in social values, and in types of housing, structure and design. This may mean knowing something about housing conditions, who lives where and why, the relationship of apartments to single-family dwellings. Well beyond a substantive understanding of the community, knowing how people live and under what conditions tells the alert reporter a great deal about what needs the newspaper or broadcast report must fulfill and what physical space it must invade.

Look at the workplace. Where do people in a particular community work? Which businesses and industries employ what proportion of the population? What are the workplaces really like? Many reporters who have a good intellectual understanding of their communities admit that they have never actually been to the primary workplaces. Visiting these places, observing the assembly line and the actual process of the work gives one a sense of what workers face and how they spend their working hours.

While statistical data may seem dull and uninteresting, it provides a quick sketch of any community.

Monitor public gathering places. Where do people spend their time away from home and work? An obvious question, but in many instances the answer is, not in the same places that reporters do. Patterns vary markedly from community to community. How do people spend their leisure time? How much of this activity is visible? How can it be observed? Remember that beyond recreation, various service and consumer activities take up people's time too. The prescription for the reporter who wants to stay in touch in this realm may mean visits to a laundromat, car wash or beauty parlor. Of course, visits to various bars, restaurants and other gathering places point up dramatic class differences.

Use public transportation. How do people in a particular locale transport themselves from place to place? What is the role of public transportation? In some rural areas there may be little or no public transportation, while in many urban centers a large segment of the population may rely on mass transport to get to and from work and home. It would be difficult to imagine a reporter in New York who didn't use the subway, but in many cities reporters may have little contact with citizens who do not drive cars. It is important to be exposed to public transportation at different times of the day and night to see different segments of the population.

Watch pressure points. A Boston psychiatrist once suggested that newspapers needed "psycho-social weather reports," that would measure the psychological state of the community with some of the same vigor that goes into weather reporting. This would mean monitoring such indexes as hospital admission rates, crime statistics, public

attitude studies and other indicators on a regular basis as well as making comparisons over time. Although this idea has never caught on, it does have considerable merit. Health and crime statistics can be added to the list of data sources that tell something about a community. What are the pressure points of any community, the places where social casualties occur? Many reporters are initially oriented to their jobs by riding with the police in a squad car to get a look at what police do. They also might visit hospital emergency rooms, shelters for runaways, jails and other settings. Again, it is not sufficient to do this once in a lifetime, but to do it with some regularity over the years to discern changes or — perhaps more disturbingly — to see where no changes have occurred.

Observe popular culture. Leisure time and consumer patterns come together in the realm of popular culture, which includes everything from television fare to fast foods and popular art. National and local television ratings tell something about public taste. In finding common reference points for readers and viewers, a soap-opera character may have more salience for many people than a prominent politician. Books and magazines that sell in a particular place are also a good indicator of people's interests. Some cities are regarded by publishers as "good book towns" while others are not. Some fast food chains succeed in a particular locale, but fail elsewhere. The field of popular culture is now attracting considerable scholarly interest and

A Boston psychiatrist once suggested that newspapers needed "psycho-social weather reports," that would measure the psychological state of the community with some of the same vigor that goes into weather reporting.

a book on the subject may be the place for a reporter to start. A popular culture inventory of any community may provide a useful perspective on community life and take the reporter far from his or her usual haunts and interests.

Note fads and social trends. Although most reporters are relatively young, it is not difficult for them to be completely out of touch with youth, so fast are the changes.

Schools and various youth gathering places — discos, fast-food restaurants — bear watching if the reporter wants to get a fix on fads, fashion, hair styles, games, hobbies, dances and other characteristics of the current generation. Communities are not composed only of adults.

These are a few of the indicators that the alert reporter should consider in trying to achieve the fullest possible understanding of a community. These are largely obvious points, but they need to be stated because they are most often not done, or not done regularly or with any systematic purpose. Reporters who develop a personal method for observation and assessment will distinguish themselves from colleagues who see their communities as a hazy image from a distant grandstand.

KNOWING THE AUDIENCE

If it is important for reporters to know their communities, it is equally vital for them to know their audiences. Knowing the community is essential in getting the information or stuff that news is made of, but knowing the audience provides cues about how to communicate it. Market researchers who look at audience characteristics have compiled data that profiles average readers and viewers of particular news presentations. Much of this information is available to reporters and editors who ask for it. The components of this information can be particularly noteworthy. First, the socioeconomic characteristics of the audience help define the news. Age, income, ethnic identification, and other factors provide insights about the interests of the audience as well as the most effective method of presentation. Secondly, literacy levels and language uses in a given community must be understood if one is to communicate effectively to a particular paper's readers or station's viewers. This information may be ascertained from formal studies, from conversations with English teachers, visits to libraries, or simply listening to conversations in public gathering places.

It is entirely appropriate that the news media are competing vigorously against each other by appealing not to an unidentified mass, but to particular people with particular interests. For newspaper reporters especially this will require a radical change in their perception of the audience. It will mean learning to distinguish clearly between the audience and the community while understanding and carefully monitoring both. It is this demand, perhaps more than any other, that will necessarily push reporters toward a realignment of realities, with the ultimate result of making the press more representative in the process. □

The Importance of Being an Egoist

ROBERT H. YOAKUM

Reflections on "The House of the Prophet"

Writing a novel based on the life of Walter Lippmann, as Louis Auchincloss has done, requires not only a high level of narrative skill, but knowledge of the elusive subject and more than the usual amount of self-confidence. It isn't hard to imagine such a book — dealing with a man who was the archetypal intellectual — turning out to be dull, or, as a result of straining to avoid dullness, hyped. But in *The House of the Prophet*, Auchincloss pulls it off, and provides an account of how that same kind of confidence was an essential ingredient in the making of Walter Lippmann.

Ronald Steel's long-awaited biography of Lippmann is now available, but Auchincloss's fine fictional account should also be read by those who have wanted to know more about the conditioning which followed the genetic mix of Jacob and Daisy Baum Lippmann to produce one of this century's most articulate and influential men.

Lippmann's thoughts were set forth in at least 10 million words in the form of more than 4,000 newspaper columns, some 2,000 editorials, 26 books (a 27th, tentatively titled *The Ungovernability of Man*, was halted by a series of strokes, then death at the end of 1974), and 300-plus magazine articles.* Another 10 million words, or 20 million, or more, have been written

by others about these thoughts. They were microscoped, analyzed, and dissected; they were praised and damned by influential people all over the world (and ignored by most ordinary people); they were studied by two generations of teachers and students, quoted by two generations of journalists, debated by two generations of politicians. But of all the words about Lippmann over all those years, precious few were devoted to the life of their author.

Does it matter? Should readers care whether a man whose fame depended so completely on the intellect lost his temper, had affairs, or cared about his social status? The answer is that it matters to those who are afflicted with the average amount of curiosity about the private lives of the great (Lippmann himself enjoyed gossip about those he considered important — a qualification, admittedly, that would have excluded nearly everyone who appears in *People* magazine, most of whose names he wouldn't even have recognized) and it matters to those who would like to emulate the great, or if that prospect tires, at least hope that their offspring will do so.

The novel's Lippmann-like figure is called Felix Leitner, and the story of Leitner's life is told by his young research assistant and biographer, Roger Cutter.

At one point, Cutter writes "I am not going to get into Felix's philosophy. That will be another book, a bigger one, my second. This one is addressed to his personality." But this is a ploy. The quote, as a matter of fact, comes at the end of this paragraph:

Felix had regarded the atom as the ultimate challenge to mankind. According to him, it had changed all our concepts of war and survival and required entirely new mental and emotional processes. Man could no longer afford the romantic luxury of fighting a vicious enemy to the death; a greater courage had to be found in compromise.... There could be no more unconditional surrenders, no more... but I am not going into Felix's philosophy. That will be another book....

One virtue of the novel is the canny way in which it weaves Leitner's ideas into the story. Passage after passage link Leitner's personality with his philosophy. But the emphasis is on personality, and in his exploration of that unfamiliar territory, Auchincloss serves as a splendid guide.

In describing the construction of a major writer's ego, Louis Auchincloss is working familiar territory. His own prominent family and financial security provide the background he needs to write confidently about the elite. Without that confidence, who knows what Auchincloss would have done? What Leitner or Lippmann would have done? To those few who remain indifferent to the nature of the genius behind the masterwork — who don't care about the sources of tributaries that lead to the giant river — this novel will be of less interest and value, but well worth reading nonetheless for its many virtues, not the least of which is the nearly humorous, occasionally sad, always

*Figures on Lippmann's lifetime production were taken from *Washington Post* articles. Other articles use other figures, including, for example, the "31 books and close to 10,000 articles" mentioned in the *Newsweek* obituary.

intriguing ambivalence with which Roger Cutter goes about his Boswellian task:

• Cutter is sometimes jealous of his subject: "And you strike me as being ...so complete. You're strong and handsome. You play wonderful tennis. You're a happy husband and father. All that in addition to the finest brain of our time." But Leitner is above jealousy.

• Cutter is unmarried and sexually impotent — a physiological condition brought on by diabetes. But Leitner had two wives, affairs, and a hearty sexual appetite. ("Never," he writes in a manuscript prepared for Cutter about the liaison that led to his first divorce, "had I thought or written more clearly or cogently than in the first months of our affair.")

• Cutter, 25 years younger, thought of himself as a writer with little promise. But Leitner's fame as a writer overshadowed all others in his field for nearly half a century.

• Finally, above all, Cutter was often uncertain of himself — even of his true feelings about Leitner. Now and then Cutter saw Leitner as "a cold-hearted egotist, who wanted all the good things in life for himself," and whose single-minded pursuit of the truth made him "like the saints, excused from the petty duties and loyalties of everyday living." But Leitner had an ego as sturdy as the Maine pines of which he was so fond.

Lippmann too was sure of himself from the beginning. This is not to say that he was an absolutist: Heywood Broun, a classmate at Harvard and columnist for the *New York World* when Lippmann was its editor, once complained that Lippmann was able to see so many sides of a question that he could "score a field goal for Harvard and a touchdown for Yale on the same play."

Nor was Lippmann unaware of his presumption in telling the world, beginning in his adolescence, how to

behave: In a speech on his seventieth birthday he recounted a daydream in which a critic began, "Is it not absurd that anyone should think he knows enough to write so much about so many things?" (He went on to give the critic three paragraphs to air his attack, then, evenhandedly, gave himself three paragraphs to make the rebuttal.)

Nor did his ego prevent him from admitting error: He admitted to several, the greatest of which, he said in an interview, was the suggestion made in several articles in 1940 "that we go to war with the Soviet Union over Finland. That was bad judgment on my part. It was emotional, and, potentially, the biggest mistake I ever made."

Nor did he pretend that he was free of the penalties imposed on newspaper columnists by the limitations of space and time. "I have found myself writing about critical events with no better guide to their meaning than the hastily improvised generalization of a rather bewildered man. Many times, I wanted to stop and find out what really happened."

But Walter Lippmann suffered few doubts and fewer embarrassments. From every account we have of Lippmann's childhood — the most complete of which comes from the psychiatrist Carl Binger, who was a classmate of Lippmann's from the day they both entered the first grade of Dr. Julius Sachs's School for Boys in New York City until they graduated from Harvard — the self-confidence was always there. Auchincloss makes sure that we remain aware of Leitner's similarly mountainous ego all the way through, from the home of his infancy to a nursing home eight decades later.

"When I knew Felix better," the author has one of Leitner's associates say, "I learned to recognize the opaque look that I now saw in his eyes. It was the mark of his limit. He could be charming, persuasive, wonderfully

amiable, up to a certain point. And then, suddenly, he would stop. And when he stopped, nothing — bribes, arguments, love, sentiment, torture, death — would move him. The ego was solid, closed, complete."

Lippmann wrote with the same sure hand as the master painters he so admired. That sure hand began turning out work for Miss Estvan, teacher of the first-grade class Lippmann and Carl Binger entered in September 1896. "Walter," Binger wrote sixty-three years later, "soon became her pet." From then until the two men graduated from Harvard in 1910, Lippmann was every teacher's favorite scholar. Binger wrote, "I don't suppose he ever got less than an A on any examination in his life."

We don't learn a lot about Leitner's earliest days, but what does come through is essentially the same as the sketch of Lippmann's childhood provided by Binger: "I suppose that in many respects his character was already formed before I laid eyes on him... I believe that with him, as with most of us, the plan of personality is laid down very early in life. The fact that he was an only child had, of course, much to do with his particular development. He never had to suffer the arrows of sibling rivalry. He was, moreover, from early childhood the center of interest and devotion of three adoring adults — his parents and his maternal grandmother, who lived with them. They saw to it that he had 'every advantage.' There was always money enough, not only for comfortable living in New York, but for travels abroad in the summers on the best steamers and visits to the best hotels."

But Auchincloss weaves in and out of Leitner's adolescence and university years an element in his conditioning that Binger curiously never mentions in the chapter "A Child of the Enlightenment," which he contributed to the book *Walter Lippmann and His Times*. Why would Binger fail to say

that his friend was Jewish? It did matter. As Ronald Steel said at the dedication of the Walter Lippmann House, "Lippmann had come to Harvard expecting that all doors would be open to him" because of his intelligence, attractiveness, wit, and background of wealth and culture. Most doors, though, "were automatically closed...he was not invited to join social clubs...only later did he become that insider he aspired to be."

In *The House of the Prophet* we are occasionally introduced to evidence by Roger Cutter that Felix Leitner was a snob. In his ambivalence, Cutter combats the evidence, sometimes by saying that what appears to be snobism is at the worst justifiable intellectual hubris, sometimes by saying that even if Leitner was a snob it was understandable in light of those earlier racial slights.

Like Lippmann, Leitner was surprised and hurt by discrimination in university. (Auchincloss sent Leitner to Yale.) Like Lippmann, he became increasingly concerned with injustice and at first turned to socialism for answers. He became increasingly aloof. He continued to strive and surpass. Both men, in other words, were affected — but unswayed — by anti-Semitism. Their egos were the stabilizers that helped them stay the course.

As in some of his other books, Auchincloss helps us understand the kind of unexamined self-assurance that shaped generations of outstanding people. In Great Britain such achievers emerged from a class that produced a disproportionate number of able men and women — along with some Oxbridge defectives, like Kim Philby, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean and no small number of Bertie Wooster-like twerps. In America's relatively classless society, a larger number of pundits and politicians and professors have come from the lower orders, but to see the advan-

tages of choosing the right parents we have only to look at Lippmann; Lippmann's classmate T.S. Eliot; the Roosevelts; the Rockefellers; Adlai Stevenson; the Lodges; the Lowells; the Cabots; the Lamonts; Benjamin Bradlee (whose father was also in the Harvard class of 1910 and remained a close friend of Lippmann's); several other editors (but far more publishers); a disproportionate number of Supreme Court and other federal judges, secretaries of state, senators, professional people, university presidents, and, of course, the biggest businessmen.

That accidents of birth result in unfair advantages is hardly news; the bitterness over the quirks of birth would be better spent in making the best of what one has. (In talking about Roger Cutter's impotence, Leitner says, "We are all dealt different hands to play. If we are to be judged, it must be on how we play them. Surely it is no great thing to make a grand slam if you hold all the high honors.") But the boost provided by a fortuitous birth is too often ignored or squandered by people who were its beneficiaries.

Auchincloss has served us well by using his gifts and his heritage to remind those who need reminding that, as Samuel Johnson said, "self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings." There is no way of knowing how much of this element was intentional, and the author never had Leitner say, as Lippmann occasionally did, that no nation could invest its resources more profitably than in efforts to increase the self-confidence and self-esteem of ordinary citizens. For what Lippmann saw in the 1920's, along with Alfred North Whitehead and a few others, was that conditions of life were changing so fast for all but the most isolated peoples that mankind was becoming seriously muddled. Sturdy psyches were being bent and broken by the accelerating winds of change.

In *Adventures of Ideas*, Whitehead wrote that people of his generation were the first to grow up "warped by the vicious assumption" that they could live according to the precepts of their parents. In *The Good Society*, Lippmann wrote that the "sheltered thinkers" of the early 1900's had misled the average reader: "The certainties they taught him to take for granted are in ruins. The organized routine upon which he so much depended that he regarded it as the natural order of things is disrupted, and his constant attempts to put it together again baffle his intelligence and break his heart. For there is no longer a general understanding among civilized men: they cannot fall back upon a common allegiance to assuage their partisanship; they have no consensus of accepted ideas. Yet these things they must have if they are to restore the civilized order."

To restore the civilized order? It now seems unlikely. Wherever change is felt — wherever ancient beliefs are undermined and the already insubstantial egos of ordinary people are eroded by uncertainty — we see a desperate search for absolutes. One wonders whether Whitehead and Lippmann, neither of whom had much contact with the lower orders, really understood the explosive power of the process they described so early and so well. Neither Leitner nor Lippmann were really familiar with the people at those lower levels, except as abstractions. They knew there was tumult and trouble down there, and they cared, but they couldn't identify with it. Unlike Christopher Rand, of the *Herald Tribune* and later *The New Yorker*, who never visited chiefs of state but always walked through the countries about which he reported, or Adlai Stevenson, who prowled the marketplaces, most well-born intellectuals remained, like Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "like the God of the creation, who remains

within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails."

The role of the detached political philosopher is, as Lippmann said of the correspondent's role toward the end of his seventieth birthday speech, "no mean calling." It was Lippmann's view, expressed in another speech made twenty years earlier, that "The world will go on somehow, and more crises will follow. It will go on best, however, if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be anxious or too much concerned, who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer past and a longer future."

There is nothing in *The House of the Prophet* to indicate that Felix Leitner was ever deeply concerned over the possibility that we would be blown up by swiftly spreading nuttiness and nuclear proliferation. And Lippmann, while growing pessimistic with age, always seemed to believe we could think our way out of the ultimate mess, that "the world will go on somehow." The suicidal signs always were there though. It was never enough to say

that the increasing lead of scientists over philosophers and politicians equaled self-destruction. But when the increased rate of change — and its unsettling effect on the ego — was added to the formula, was the outcome ever in doubt?

Whence, then, came the eternal optimism of Leitner and Lippmann? It came, for the most part, from two sources:

No man, not even the most secure, can stare into the void and continue to care whether, for example, tariff agreements are weakened, or payments balanced, or the navy expanded, or the Electoral College reformed. Without optimism one wouldn't bother to comment on current affairs, or hold public office, or do much of anything else except to live comfortably and enjoy oneself. A perfectly detached philosopher needn't be affected by the certainty of catastrophe; he can still speculate on the meaning of it all. The newspaper columnist, though, would be instantly immobilized.

The second source of optimism, paradoxically, came from egos that remained sound even as the walls began to crack and the foundations to

shake. "Paradoxically" because it is the insecurity — the disintegration of egos — at the lower levels that has made the chain reaction impossible to contain.

If the future is not to the ego and self-control, but to the id and idiocy, it is in part the fault of generations of people who had money and self-assurance and education and power — and who used it for paltry purposes.

Lippmann at least tried. And if he didn't turn the world around with the exertion of his intellect it was not only because faith and confidence were crumbling below but because his peers were indifferent and wasteful of their good fortunes.

Auchincloss chose as the title of his book an excerpt from Matthew 13:57, which reads: "And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house."

The next verse is also to the point: "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." □

Robert Yoakum, a syndicated humor columnist, was a friend of Walter and Helen Lippmann.

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Books

Enter the Sweden-Watchers

Sweden: The Middle Way on Trial

by Marquis Childs. Yale University Press, 1980. \$12.95.

by TÓMAS DILLEN

The reviewer sets two scenes:

It is 1976, the year when Sweden got a bourgeois government, and a record of unbroken rule by the Social-Democratic Party was set to forty-four years. In the last hours before leaving his office to his successor, the prime minister, Olof Palme, has a long conversation with the 75-year-old American journalist, Marquis Childs, Washington correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a syndicated columnist and a friend of presidents and many influential people. Later Childs is among the first to interview the new prime minister, Torbjorn Falldin, the leader of the bourgeois coalition.

It is 1980 and during ten days in May, Sweden changed. Six hundred thousand workers are kept away from their jobs. One hundred thousand begin to strike. The conflict widens to stop all transport, to darken the television screens, to hit hospitals and schools. Factories come to a standstill and the food delivery system is threatened. On the first of May one million workers are out demonstrating. The headlines in American papers speak

of when "trouble came to paradise" or "reality's revenge," etc., while at that very same time a book on Sweden by Marquis Childs is published — *Sweden: The Middle Way on Trial*.

The strange thing in this almost eerie timing is that the author who puts Sweden, the middle way, on trial did not grasp himself what he had the opportunity to witness at close range: a change of government and a political shift of direction that was potentially explosive.

More than fifty years ago a young reporter named Marquis Childs went to Sweden, where he became one of the greatest admirers of that country. In 1936, *Sweden: The Middle Way* was published in America. In it, he praised the Swedish ability to balance between the political extremes of the 1930's: fascism and communism. In his book, he commended the pragmatic Swedes who were reasonable and willing to compromise.

Childs visited Sweden many times after *Sweden: The Middle Way* was first published, and revised editions appeared well into the 1960's. What especially impressed Childs were the emerging cooperative movements, the non-aggressive manners of the labor leaders and the government's reasonable, yet purposeful, engagement in private enterprise. He described Swedish social democracy as having an ideology other than what could be motivated by practical and reasonable action in order to solve problems with industry and political opponents in a spirit of concord.

Surprisingly, the book became a best seller in America and prepared the way for many a myth about us, the Swedes. Besides our reputation for

sexual permissiveness and our cool temperament, we are thought to commit suicide in inordinate numbers. President Dwight Eisenhower who, as many other Republicans, had vested interest in an attack on the welfare state that was emerging as an ideal for the progressive people, picked up this piece of nonsense in a speech and had to apologize later for having been misinformed.

Nonetheless, no political reporting has contributed more to the American image of Sweden than Childs's book. Childs became the most successful advocate of Swedish politics in the land, and the Swedish government expressed its appreciation by bestowing on him the Order of the North Star.

Unfortunately, Childs transmitted a simplified happyland image of Sweden — a place where political opposition was rare and the class struggle was rhetorical rather than actual. Childs's analyses often ended in a psychology in which the Swedish national character was responsible for much of the success of the welfare state. His faith in the middle way that Sweden staked out between doctrinal socialism and unfettered capitalism remained unshaken.

In *Sweden: The Middle Way on Trial* — albeit a gentle trial — Swedish industry stands as the prosecutor. The defendant, Swedish social democracy, is hardly heard from at all. Without attempting a critical appraisal, Childs repeats all the arguments that the capital cites as the causes of the economic crisis in which Sweden now finds herself: tax pressure is too high and people do not have enough initiative to work; salaries are too high and Sweden loses her part of the vital export trade; welfare costs are too high and Swedes live above their income. The one consequence of the social care system is that Swedes use their

benefits in a manner that hurts production. For example, Sweden with her complete-coverage health insurance also has the highest absenteeism due to illness in the whole industrial world; the public sector expands to the detriment of the private sector, and so on.

None of these claims stands unambiguously. Some are not even factually correct. Childs seems to say that the bourgeois coalition coming to power does not change the political main course. The welfare structure and the principle of distributed economic justice will remain in force. But with such argumentation, the strike in Sweden in 1980 — the biggest ever in the history of Sweden and an event the likes of which has not occurred since 1909 — becomes hard indeed to explain. Had Childs listened to other voices, to the social democrats and to the people in the unions, he could have predicted a stormy course ahead for Swedish politics. Perhaps then he also would have revised his view of Sweden as the country where problems were and are solved in a spirit of cooperation and compromise.

Towards the end of the 1930's Sweden became the country that had obtained "labor peace." Before that time the country topped world statistics columns for labor conflicts. When the social democrats in 1932 secured their position as the ruling party, the shift in power was to the advantage of the wage earners. Then the foundation of the Swedish model was laid whereby the social democratic government in collaboration with a strong trade union movement could negotiate acceptable compromises with those who held the economic power. In the fight for a fair share of the resources, both management and labor could count on government support on the side of the wage earners. After the first period with the bourgeois coalition in power — a time that incidentally and unfortunately to a great extent

was determined by the debate whether or not to have and to hold nuclear power — it became clear that the conservative party, the one farthest to the right called the Moderate Party, advanced aggressively and was allowed to shape the politics used. The wage earners had to conclude that the government now shares the point of view of management and has moved to its side. The door to political pressure was shut to labor and they were forced to fight with their own means. This is what happened when the big strike paralyzed Sweden for ten days in the spring of 1980.

Marquis Childs, in putting Sweden of the middle way up for renewed scrutiny, has totally missed this development. Yet his intent must have been to discuss the actual problems of welfare-Sweden. And these are precisely the options given to the bourgeois government in a weak economy with strong labor organizations that never will nor ever can accept that the welfare society is put in mothballs, a change of direction that would be to the advantage of those who already have, pushing the have-nots out of society.

Nevertheless, I do believe that Marquis Childs' own heart feels for the democratic socialism. His new book is very favorably inclined towards Sweden and he is impressed by her prison reforms, her communication systems, her aid to underdeveloped countries, her policies and programs for immigrants, her efforts to break the monotony at the assembly belt in factories. His knowledge of Sweden is vast and the first part of the book gives a kaleidoscopic recapitulation of the emergence of the welfare state that at times becomes too rich in detail for an ordinary reader. He has done fine reporting but the analysis is lacking. Not until two pages before the end of the book does he raise the main question: "...one way to put it is to ask whether a welfare system cradle-

to-grave-security can be sustained in a society where the means of production are so narrowly held. Or does the existence of a privileged owning class make the full step to socialism inevitable in a democratic state?"

That is a good question. □

Tómas Dillen, Nieman Fellow '79, is executive producer and director, Swedish Broadcasting Corporation, Stockholm.

The editors wish to acknowledge with thanks the work of Britta Stendahl, who translated the original text of this review from the Swedish language into English.

The Spirit of the Forty-Niners Survives

Gold Dust

by Donald Dale Jackson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1980. \$13.95.

by ROBERT de ROOS

First, a personal note: I spent the 1948-49 college year at Cambridge and my first surprise was to find how inquisitive — and informative — the supposedly buttoned-up New Englanders were. They asked questions about the faraway West and, in return, volunteered confidences about their family affairs, including the antics of the demented uncle most of them seemed to have.

The second great surprise was that almost everyone I met — they were quick to spot my California license plates — wanted to know what California was doing about the centennial of the gold rush. They wanted detail: what festivals, what fireworks, where and when. This puzzled me be-

cause, in my provincial way, I thought the gold rush was peculiar to California, sort of a neighborhood affair. I finally asked, "Why is everybody around here so interested in the gold rush?"

Silly question. I got a long appraising look and the answer: "Why not? We're the ones who rushed, aren't we?"

Now comes Donald Dale Jackson [NF'66] with a rich, serious and merry account of the gold rush. *Gold Dust* once and for all proclaims that the 1848-49 madness belonged to Dedham and Sag Harbor, Paris and London, to Chile, to Hawaii, to Mexico and as many points along the way as you can imagine. My neighborhood affair was, in fact, a worldwide frenzy.

Jackson's book takes the gold rush out of its historical niche to tell a wonderful story of those who found the gold and the romantics who rushed.

Nobody believed it at first. Even in San Francisco the wise guys scoffed. In France and England great fun was had over the trumped-up story:

*But we hope this golden move
really is all true, sirs*

*Else will Yankee Doodle prove
a Yankee doodle do, sirs*

*Every one who digs or delves,
stout and tough and brawny*

*Buy a pick and help yourselves —
off to Californy.*

While sober citizens doubted, the '48ers, already arrived in California, went into the hills and pulled out around three million dollars worth of gold. By the time President Polk put the official seal on the discovery, late in 1848, the stampede was on. Instant Eastern experts organized companies of would-be miners for the long haul across the plains. Any old hulk which could float advertised for passengers to Panama or for the voyage around South America. Chileans sailed into San Francisco by the hundreds;

Mexicans from Sonora; French and English entrepreneurs organized companies to tap the bonanza.

As Jackson says, the gold rush came at exactly the right time. Hadn't our great country just whaled the tar out of Mexico? America's destiny was official — manifest not only for the country but for every individual with some get-up-and-go. It was no accident that the gold had not been discovered when California was Mexican; Providence obviously had waited until its favorite people could benefit. No self-respecting American could stay at home when gold glittered on the California hills.

So the "Californians," like the red-blooded Americans they were, headed for Golconda where they could get rich before breakfast and take the rest of the day off. Jackson looks at them all. The Founding Fathers and Mothers are all here — Marshall and Sutter and Brannan — but Jackson mostly zeroes in on little-known individuals.

The first gold seekers were young and fairly affluent, born to democratic ways and resolute in the faiths of New England. The hardships of the trail, the disappointments, the homesickness and physical sickness they encountered changed their mood. By late 1849, golden California had become a dogfight — every man for himself. Ministers of the gospel hurried to this fertile field — never before had there been such an opportunity to harvest souls; never so great a failure.

Donald Jackson took on a stupendous job of writing and research. To pinpoint the travels and troubles of thousands of people converging on California over more than two years is a prodigious job and Jackson brings it off with a flourish.

He tells us about the rotten food; the perils of the desert crossings; about cholera; about the chill of the rivers and the back-straining work in the diggings; about the lucky strikes;

about the gold seekers who failed. Nothing like it ever happened before, Jackson says; likely nothing like it can happen again.

I wondered what moved him to take on such a difficult job. I reached him in Connecticut. "I must have read a dozen books about the gold rush," I said. "What moved you to do another?" His answer was firm:

"There have been many books but most of them were written from kind of middle distance," he said, "the historical, analytical point of view. I wanted to get to the primary, direct materials left behind by the people who took part — to get as close to them as possible. Anyway, I thought it was a good enough story, worth telling again."

It is a very great story, well told. *Gold Dust* brings the gold rush closer home than any book I have read. It is an important book and a joy to read. □

Robert de Roos, Nieman Fellow '49, and retired columnist with the San Francisco Chronicle, works as a freelance writer from his home in Hillsborough, California.

The Precarious Privilege

The First Freedom

by Nat Hentoff. Delacorte Press, New York, 1980. \$9.95.

by MICHAEL GARTNER

In the early 1940's, a young fellow named Nat Hentoff was editor of the *Northeastern News* at Northeastern University in Boston. Some school officials didn't like what he and his colleagues were writing, and the officials tried to censor the students. Most of the students resigned in

protest, but the events left their mark on Hentoff. "I never lost my sense of rage at those who would suppress speech, especially mine," he says.

Now, Hentoff has written a book. *The First Freedom* is about his right and your right and my right to think, to say and to write what we want. It is a series of profiles in courage, and it was, says Hentoff, inspired by those censors from his college days.

So thanks, censors, for fueling Hentoff's rage. You've done well for your country — if not your cause — after all.

Hentoff's book is subtitled "The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America," and, indeed, that history is tumultuous. Hentoff takes us on a roller coaster ride showing the heights and thrills of freedom and the depths and despair of oppression.

All of the good guys are here, from John Peter Zenger to Erwin Kroll; from Thomas Jefferson to William O. Douglas; from Benjamin Harris, whose newspaper was banned in Boston in 1662, to Mary Beth Tinker, who wore a black armband to junior high school in Des Moines 300 years later and finally established that students have rights, too.

The bad guys are here, too. From the folks who proposed and passed the Alien and Sedition Acts to Joe McCarthy; from the lawyers, doctors and bankers who formed the vigilante committees that bloodied the Wobblies to the fatherly Hugh Stuart of Nebraska, who gagged reporters a mere five years ago.

Some of the cases and causes are famous — you know the stories of Elijah Lovejoy, shot to death in 1873 for printing an antislavery religious journal in Alton, Illinois; of Zenger, jailed in 1735 for daring to criticize the royal governor of New York; and of Kroll, censored in 1979 for trying to show how much unnecessary secrecy is being maintained in the name of national security.

But do you know about Charles James, a teacher of eleventh-grade English in the village of Addison, New York? James, then age 41, decided in 1969 to wear an armband of black silk to protest the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. The school's principal told him to remove the armband because it would create controversy among parents. "You mean," said the teacher, "they'd be upset by my asserting my rights but they wouldn't be upset if you took my rights away?" That is what the principal meant, and that is what happened. An emotionally and financially costly ordeal for Charles James and his family followed. But he prevailed — finally — in a grand victory for teachers and lovers of the First Amendment.

Hentoff's book is a chrestomathy of sorts, providing the freedom fancier with all kinds of lovely and lofty quotes about the wonders of the First Amendment and freedom. Here is a sampling you should engrave in your mind:

- "The most effective antidote to the poison of mindless orthodoxy is ready access to a broad sweep of ideas and philosophies. The danger is in mind control." —Federal Judge Joseph Tauro, in rejecting a Massachusetts school's efforts to remove a controversial book from the school's libraries.

- "The only social order in which freedom of speech is secure is the one in which it is secure for everyone." —Aryeh Neier, formerly executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

- "Without freedom of thought, there can be no such thing as wisdom; and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech. . . . Whoever would overthrow the liberty of a nation must begin by subduing the freeness of speech." —An anonymous London essayist quoted by Ben Franklin.

- "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively

calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought — not free only for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought we hate." —Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- "The rights of the best of men are secure only as the rights of the vilest and most abhorrent are protected." —Judge Cuthbert Pound of the U.S. Court of Appeals.

- "Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? . . . Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched?" —Thomas Jefferson.

- "The press may be arrogant, tyrannical, abusive and sensationalist, just as it may be incisive, probing and informative. But at least in the context of prior restraints on publication, the decision of what, when, and how to publish is for editors, not judges." —Justice William J. Brennan.

And so it goes. But despite those noble sentiments sprinkled throughout Hentoff's compilation, the book is depressing. It is depressing because you would think there wouldn't be any need to write about First Amendment freedoms in 1980 — you would think that by now they would be taken for granted, and the matter settled. It is depressing to realize how precarious our freedom remains today. It is depressing to realize the harassment that men and women — and boys and girls in school — must still go through today as they stand up for freedom.

It is depressing to realize that we still have censorship, oppression and wrong-thinking judges.

But it is nice to know that we have Nat Hentoff as our chronicler of all this. It's just too bad that we need him. □

Michael Gartner, editor of the Register and Tribune, and president of the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company, is also a member of the New York and the Iowa State Bars.

Disclosures of Penmanship

Scribes and Sources; Handbook of the Chancery Hand in the Sixteenth Century

by A. S. Osley. David R. Godine, Boston, 1980. \$25.

by **WHITNEY GOULD**

As a child, I used to sit beside my grandfather at his big oak desk and watch raptly as he penned his bold, beautiful script on Hammermill bond. The letters, sloping gently like unfurled sails, had a Gothic grace that beguiled me even as they mocked my own awkward scribbles.

"A fine handwriting," my grandfather liked to remind his awestruck little companion, "is the mark of a well-bred lady or gentleman. Don't let anyone tell you it doesn't matter."

Whether he knew it or not, my grandfather was heir to a rich tradition that peaked in sixteenth century Western Europe. Handwriting, as A.S. Osley's engaging book makes clear, has historically been more than just a convenient tool for communication. In its golden years, it was regarded variously as an emblem of nobility, an art form, an evocation of divinity, a reflection of geometric principles, and an expression of human values.

Osley focuses on the chancery hand, the ancestor of today's italic script. Its origins date to Carolingian times, when Charlemagne's monks copied sacred and classical texts in clear, upright letters. Eclipsed by the Gothic script in the Middle Ages, the chancery hand took on new life in the fourteenth century as scholars like Petrarch and Boccaccio rediscovered Carolingian manuscripts.

After the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, the style fast became the predominant form of lettering and was taken up by papal chanceries, diplomats and scholars. As bureaucracy flourished over the next century and the demand for secretaries grew, so, too, did the profession of the writing master. Once a lowly scribe, the teacher of lettering became a kind of high priest of this early communications explosion — playing a role, in Osley's view, akin to the computer systems analyst or programmer of today.

In sixteenth century Italy, handwriting acquired strict geometric conventions and rules of spacing. Writing masters — many of whose texts are translated here — dispensed detailed advice on the proper way to cut and trim a quill, on how to position the fingers for writing, even on how to sit. Nor was the choice of paper or the

composition of ink to be taken lightly. (A common list of ingredients included gall nuts, ferrous sulfate, soot, gum arabic, alum, vinegar and urine — the latter to prevent the ink from drying out.)

Each writing master was fiercely protective of his techniques. For some, like Sigismondo Fanti, a nobleman from Ferrara, handwriting was a craft to be passed on to a select few; others, like Augustino of Siena, saw writing skill as a way for men of lowly birth to improve themselves.

By the mid-sixteenth century, the chancery hand was already in decline, an emerging casualty of changing techniques and fashions. Some writing masters were churning out letters of unprecedented narrowness and angularity. Giovan Francesco Cresci of Milan stirred a minor revolution in 1560 with the publication of his *Essempiare*, which attacked many of the old geometric conventions and stressed visual judgment instead.

Softer, rounder outlines would come with the spread of copper-plate engraving. The publication of Marcello Scalzini's *Il Secretario* in 1581, a kind of do-it-yourself guide to rapid writing, sealed the fate of the writing master and his craft.

Osley, who deftly weaves social and political history into the fabric of his study, sees these changing trends in the context of a classic struggle between standards of craftsmanship and the demands of the marketplace.

After reading his wry, lively treatment of a scholarly subject and savoring the elegant lettering reproduced in the text, one cannot help but share the author's view, as well as his hope that the current surge of interest in fine handwriting will endure. Handwriting is, after all, one of the most direct expressions of human individuality. No mechanical substitute can convey such immediacy, idiosyncratic charm and occasional beauty.

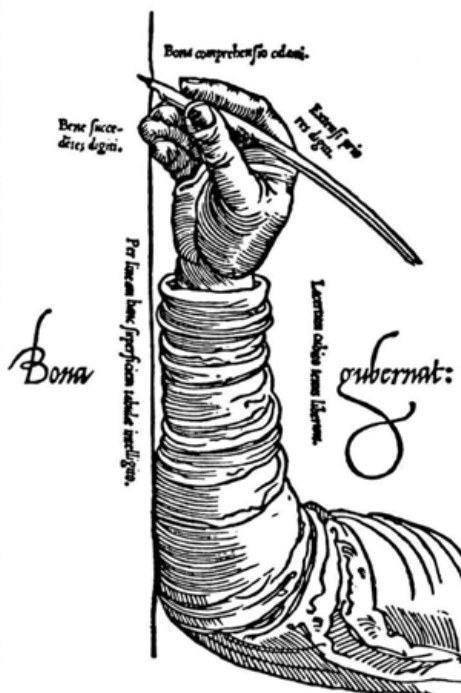


Illustration from A. S. Osley's *Scribes and Sources Handbook of the Chancery Hand in the Sixteenth Century*

Osley has made an important contribution to keeping an ancient, honorable art alive. □

Whitney Gould, Nieman Fellow '74, is currently writing editorials and reporting on architectural trends for The Capital Times in Madison, Wisconsin. In addition, she writes a beautiful hand.

The Press of Business

The Newspaper Industry in the 1980's

by Benjamin Compaine. Knowledge Industry Publications, Inc., White Plains, N.Y., 1980. \$29.95.

by LOREN GHIGLIONE

Before reading *The Newspaper Industry in the 1980's* — after only skimming the preface and glancing at such scintillating chapter titles as "Circulation" and "Newspapers as Part of the Mass Media Milieu" — I was ready to dismiss this tome as the dullest press book of 1980.

The book began life as a Ph.D. dissertation in mass communications. Strike one.

The author, a newspaperman turned academic, calls himself "executive director of the media and allied arenas" at Harvard University's Program on Information Resources Policy. Allied arenas? Strike two.

The book contains 11 charts, 64 footnotes, 1 appendix ("Technology Utilization Survey"), and 31 tables, including "Retail Linage in Daily Newspapers in Three Fast- and Three Slow-Growing Retail Markets in the Largest 50 Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas, 1972 and 1975"; the final chapter — intended as the pièce de

resistance? — lists the holdings of 17 large newspaper chains and analyzes their performance, e.g., "The New York Printing and Publishing Analysts rated Dow Jones the best managed company in the newspaper industry — a designation which shows up in the strong price to earnings ratio of the company's common stock." Strike three.

In fairness, Benjamin M. Compaine chose to focus on the daily newspaper as a business, not as a disseminator of news and opinions. He collects much interesting information:

- Although some think of the rise in the price of papers to 20 or 25 cents as outrageous, prices have changed little in relative terms: the average price of newspapers in 1978, expressed in 1967 dollars, is 8.4 cents; papers of 1889, 87 years earlier, averaged, in 1967 terms, 8.5 cents.

- The offset-cold type revolution has brought newspaper production expenses, for the first time, below editorial expenses. On one small daily unhampered by union contracts, editorial expenses in 1978 were 64 percent more than production costs.

- To newspaper readers, the ads may be as important as the editorial content. A 1974 survey found that 75 percent of women respondents agreed with the statement: "When I read the newspaper, I am about equally interested in the advertising and news stories."

- Extraordinary editorial copy may translate into circulation increases. In a nine-year period, 17 metros that won three or more Pulitzer, Sigma Delta Chi, or Overseas Press Club awards upped circulation 18 percent; 81 metros that won no such awards lost 16 percent.

But Compaine presents the material with all the excitement and literary grace of daily commodities' listings. You know — "pork bellies, 12-14 lb Mdw lb fob, .43, and hominy feed, Ill. ton, \$79."

Dissertationese dies hard. For verbs, Compaine chooses "utilizes" (never "uses") and "interfaces." He writes about "the perceptions and needs of their [newspaper chains'] dual reader (and nonreader)/advertiser constituency."

Compaine effectively pulls together other researchers' work but seems unwilling to proceed very far down unwalked paths on his own. He repeats the opinion of one analyst that paid suburban weeklies, direct mail, and shoppers present an even greater threat to dailies' local advertising base than does local television. But all those competitors get short shrift.

Compaine competently describes why newspaper groups continue to buy dailies and why independents sell. But he seems to accept without much concern the consolidation in ownership. (Coincidentally, perhaps, his dissertation committee included the chairman of the Ottaway Newspapers subsidiary of Dow Jones and the director of special projects for Lee Enterprises, another group.)

Compaine appears to subscribe to the philosophy of Frank Munsey, who wrote in 1908: "There is no business that cries so loud for . . . combination as that of newspaper publishing. The waste under existing conditions is frightful and the results miserably less than they could be made."

But after quoting and praising Munsey's approach, Compaine never tells his readers where that philosophy led Munsey, who managed to buy and then kill the *Boston Journal*, the old *New York Daily News*, the *Philadelphia Evening Times*, and so many other dailies that he came to be known as the great executioner of newspapers. When he died in 1925, William Allen White wrote: "Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the great talent of a meat packer, the morals of a money changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his

kind have succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an eight per-cent security. May he rest in trust!"

In summary, Compaine's analysis won't surprise you. It is thorough, reasonable, fair. But, now that I've read the whole book, page by page, chart by chart, footnote by footnote, I can also say it's a bit uncritical and, yes, a trifle dull, too. □

Loren Ghiglione is editor and publisher of The News, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

The Top of the Craft

Best Newspaper Writing

by Roy Peter Clark. Modern Media Institute, St. Petersburg, Florida, 1979. \$4.95.

by JOHN PAINTER Jr.

Best Newspaper Writing provokes both admiration and dismay: Admiration that such fine, crafted writing still appears in the American press; dismay that too many reporters and editors do not seem to realize that the use of the English language in most newspapers is pedestrian.

The stories in this soft-bound volume, written by the four winners (out of 400 entries) in the competition sponsored by the American Society of Newspaper Editors, are shining examples of what talented writers can produce, under deadline pressure and after reflection.

The winning entries fall into four broad categories: News/deadline, Features, Non-Deadline and Commentary. The winners were Richard Ben Cramer of *The Philadelphia In-*

quirer, whose dramatic stories from the Middle East also won him a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting; Mary Ellen Corbett, a syndicated columnist whose entry was sponsored by the Fort Wayne, Indiana *News-Sentinel*; Thomas Oliphant and *The Boston Sunday Globe*, and Everett S. Allen, who has spent 41 years at the New Bedford, Mass., *Standard-Times*.

The subjects covered by the winning stories sweep across the face of human experience. There is death and the threat of it in Israel. There is a struggle against it in the warm Pacific waters off Hawaii. There is Boston — The Hub, Beantown — paralyzed, politicians and all, by a crushing, no-holds-barred blizzard.

Then there is the juxtaposition of images in Allen's 1978 essay about the onset of spring in a New England marsh:

The new season is still little more than an aura, sliding in sideways, almost as if one bird and one bud at a time tested the hospitality of the atmosphere, yet spring is like corn in a popper — first, nothing, and no sign of anything, then one white, full-blown kernel, and suddenly an explosion of them, beyond counting. Branches are still bare, yet they have the dark tones of winter, the attitude of suspension, and there is now some promise in their waving.

(Former Premier Aldo Moro, considered Italy's most influential politician, was kidnapped today by gunmen who killed all five of his protective escorts. A telephone call to ASNA, the Italian news agency, said the kidnappers were from the Red Brigade, Italy's most feared guerrilla group.)

What the winning stories share in common is a freshness of approach; a willingness to forego the time-tested safety of formula newspaper prose. The stories are carefully organized,

but not so overly crafted as to appear contrived. They are dramatic, but the drama is not overdrawn. It speaks for itself. In a tightly woven first paragraph Mary Ellen Corbett packs terror and desperation against a suggestion of celebration: "It was New Year's Eve in the shark-inhabited waters off Hawaii's Kona Coast, and Hal Corbett was preparing to die."

The stories also possess a momentum and rhythm which carry readers along without fanfare. A tone, once struck, is maintained. Unless done deliberately for effect, there are no competing rhythms to disrupt the flow of the stories, a characteristic that is important if readers are to be lured through a long piece. Similarly, none of the stories have what I call "flat spots," where the storyline suddenly falters and transition breaks down, confusing and discouraging readers.

The stories demonstrate that good journalistic writing is best performed by good journalists. The winning stories have a richness of detail which allows the reader to be almost a participant.

Describing a no man's land between Palestinian forces and the Israeli army in 1978, Cramer pulls the reader to his side:

Here, everything is frozen in time, like Pompeii without lava. Crates of oranges are stacked, unattended, next to empty houses. Telephone wires dangle broken and useless from their poles. An open spigot pours an endless stream of water onto a swamp that was once a garden.

Here, the mere whoosh of a breeze through the leaves can make you sprint for cover, scanning the skies for warplanes until you dive into orange groves . . . only to emerge a moment later feeling foolish and shaky from the rush of adrenalin.

(One item that escaped Cramer's

editors, however, is that Pompeii was buried in volcanic ash, not lava.)

The prize-winner for non-deadline news shows what a newspaper can do with a talented writer (in this case, Tom Oliphant) and the proper use of its resources.

To chronicle the 1978 blizzard, the *Globe* recalled Oliphant from its Washington, D.C., bureau and assigned him the task of writing a narrative of the storm while twenty other reporters served as his eyes and ears. The result was memorable.

The quality of writing in the book raises disconcerting thoughts about the state of the craft in American journalism. Most newspaper writing is no more than adequate. Drama becomes overstatement. Whimsy is heavyhanded. A poignant tapestry is replaced by a neon sign. Straining to fashion a clever lead, too many writers become corny instead.

Perhaps the blame should not be put onto writers, but onto their editors. It is editors — generally middle-level editors, at that — who set the literary standards for their publications. If they are wedded to the inverted pyramid, then quality will be accidental. If they are timid, the writing will be boring. If their sole concern is filling the news hole, the extra space needed for superb writing will not be reserved. If they view their reporters as so many interchangeable cogs in a news-producing machine, writing talent will not be recognized and nurtured.

Whatever the reasons, much of the writing in the nation's newspapers has a starling quality about it — drab and often annoying. That need not be the case. The work of ASNE contest winners demonstrates that newspapers can be delights, as well as duties, to read. □

John Painter Jr., Nieman Fellow '77, is a staff writer with The Oregonian in Portland.

Institutional Nightmares

Cold Storage

by Wendell Rawls, Jr. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1980. \$10.95.

by FRANK SUTHERLAND

Wendell Rawls's *Cold Storage*, an account of atrocities at Farview State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, raises two kinds of credibility problems for the journalist.

First, the victim of these atrocities is the mental patient, whose word society accords little value, especially when it is counter to the word of a physician. Rawls recognizes this problem when one of his characters, Malone, attempts to expose injustices at Farview: "Who would believe an illiterate black ex-con former patient in a hospital for the criminally insane?"

Rawls solved this problem with old-fashioned legwork. As a reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, Rawls and colleague Acel Moore [NF'80] interviewed more than two hundred people, not only patients and former patients but guards, staff, families, and politicians knowledgeable about the hospital. Rawls's and Moore's account was judged of sufficient thoroughness and accuracy to merit a Pulitzer Prize, and the work seemed natural for a book.

The second and far more controversial credibility problem involves the technique Rawls adopted for the book: the semi-fictional journalistic style so often debated these days, which includes reconstructed dialogue, composite characters, a novel-like narrative form, and depictions of the inner thoughts and feelings of the participants in the tale. This controversial technique characterized Woodward's and Bernstein's *Final Days*, but *Cold Storage* takes it one step further. We

knew Nixon and Kissinger as real persons, but we don't necessarily know Garth and Night Train as real patients.

Like *Final Days*, *Cold Storage* borders on fiction. In general, good journalists scrupulously avoid the stigma of fiction to protect their credibility. Yet Rawls has unabashedly adopted the fiction writer's tool to write a more engrossing book. He acknowledges and justifies his approach in the introduction:

"To the best of my knowledge, everything in *Cold Storage* is true. All names, except for Acel Moore's, have been changed, along with the identifying features of the people involved. Many of the patients are still alive and have a right to privacy. The families of those who died at Farview have the same right."

Rawls says the scenes are based on factual accounts. Dialogue, recreated to maintain the "tempo of the book, . . . was taken from interviews or directly from documents, letters, memoranda, reports and sworn testimony. For me this format was necessary in order to take the reader behind the brick walls and barred windows and into the minds of those who lived and died inside Farview, a place where man's inhumanity to man was limitless and where everyone, staff members and patients alike, had to live every day in a system based on hustles, extortions, thefts, brutality and fear."

To judge the credibility of *Cold Storage*, readers must weigh Rawls's credentials (his peers know him as a tough, fair-minded investigative reporter) and the facts and thesis presented in the book. Rawls's involvement in the Farview story began when Gene Roberts [NF'62], the first-rank editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* asked him to join fellow reporter Acel Moore in an investigation for a former Farview patient's story. Taking the man's story seriously, Rawls,

Moore, and the *Inquirer* documented sadistic assaults, thefts, neglect, drug abuse, and the "ultimate discharge" of four patients. Although hampered by opposition from local officials, a grand jury investigation returned indictments against 36 people in 20 cases, including the four murders. Through the assistance of the Prison Research Council at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, scores of patients were released or transferred. As Rawls notes, not one fact in the newspaper's accounts was ever challenged.

From this solid foundation, Rawls built his book, using a direct journalistic style. Sometimes his metaphors are overblown, and his language, when taken out of context, may seem unnecessarily brutal, but as a whole *Cold Storage* is an effective portrait of a hopeless and inhumanly cruel existence. Rawls demonstrates the fatal failings of both the system and the people running it.

Like most mental hospitals, Farview was traditionally administered by the state's correctional department, rather than by medical personnel. In *Cold Storage*, Garth, a state prison inmate transferred to Farview for striking a guard, discusses his plight with Kirchoff, a 28-year veteran of the hospital:

"I heard this place was a son-of-a-bitch, but what kind of hospital is it where they beat the shit out of you soon as you get here?"

Kirchoff put his glasses back on and looked out into the room.

"First of all," he said, still not looking at the younger man beside him, "it isn't a hospital. They call it a hospital, but calling it one doesn't make it one. It's just another prison. They say it's for the criminally insane. I guess most everybody here has been charged with some kind of crime, but not everybody here is crazy. That's for damn sure."

At Farview, as at many other mental hospitals, patronage, not professional qualification, played the key role in employee selection. Guards at Farview regularly stole everything from food to cigarettes to money from the patients. One unwritten code called for any guard who witnessed the beating of a patient by a staff member to join in so that all witnesses would share equal guilt.

The central horror of Rawls's story is this sometimes blatant, sometimes subtle sadism of the guards. Toilet paper was no less their tool than were senseless beatings. The paper was dispensed by the charge guard — "sometimes one square, sometimes none, never more than two. Control of the paper reduced the opportunities for a bona fide nut to set fire to a roll or clog the toilets. But the policy had another benefit. It forced a patient to come to the guards for yet another basic need, to come hat-in-hand asking for something to clean his butt with." Similarly, guards regularly denied patients showers, shaves, toothbrushes, or changes of clothing. The more sane among the patients knew what was happening to them and hated their tormentors. "The guards knew it and enjoyed it — almost depended on it."

The thing most feared among the patients was what they called "taking the floor" — human cockfights, often with racial bases, that usually ended in humiliation, broken bones, solitary confinement, and sometimes death. Patients and staff alike gambled on the outcome of these gladiatorial battles, and the loser was beaten and kicked again after his defeat by guards angry at their betting losses.

Victims of these fights and other assaults rarely received medical attention. A special investigator found twenty-one deaths of a suspicious nature at Farview over a period of two decades.

Those of us who have written about, worked in, or been patients in mental hospitals recognize the composite characters, the details of the setting, the inadequacies of the system, and the mood of hopelessness that pervades this kind of hospital. Given these elements, the abuses that Rawls documents develop in an understandable sequence. But the legal and political systems fail Farview, and illogical acquittals result from the trials. As Rawls notes in the epilogue, knowledge of the truth doesn't always set the right people free.

The facts of *Cold Storage* have not been challenged, adding to the credibility established by the *Inquirer* series. The question is: Would *Cold Storage* have had the same impact, the same credibility, had it been written before the newspaper accounts? That is doubtful. The book's forcefulness as a record of fact hinges in great measure on Rawls's reputation, which was established by his journalistic work and attested to by the Pulitzer before the first chapter of *Cold Storage* was written.

Rawls's book is the exception to the journalistic rule that maintains credibility by drawing a firm line between fact and fiction. Any journalists of lesser reputation who attempt to publish comparable material in comparable form without first having "legitimized" their reporting leave themselves open to attacks from skeptics and scoundrels alike. In the final analysis these journalists are likely not to be believed, the worst possible fate for reporters working to reveal society to itself. □

Frank Sutherland, city editor of The Tennessean, Nashville, and Nieman Fellow '78, won a Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award in 1974 for his stories based on his experience as a "mental patient" for thirty-one days at the Central State Psychiatric Hospital in Nashville.

Nieman Fellows, 1980-1981

FRANK G. ADAMS, 40, Helena bureau chief of the *Great Falls (Montana) Tribune*. Mr. Adams, a graduate of the University of Utah, plans to study constitutional, criminal, and civil law, as well as legal psychiatry. He and his wife, Mary Lou, have five children.

CARLOS AGUILAR, 33, reporter with KENS-TV, San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Aguilar holds a bachelor's degree from Trinity University. At Harvard he will focus on the media and the law, politics in the United States, and economics. Carlos and his wife, Teri, are the parents of two daughters.

PETER J. ALMOND, 34, reporter with the *Cleveland (Ohio) Press*. Mr. Almond is a graduate of Woolverstone Hall School, Ipswich, England. His course of study will include the economics of production, capital investment, attitudes and organization of the work force, the effects of public policy on economics, and the clash between energy and the environment. Peter's wife, Anna, is a nurse. They have a son.

GERALD M. BOYD, 29, reporter in the Washington, D.C. bureau of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Boyd has his degree from the University of Missouri, and at Harvard he will concentrate on the government structure in urban politics, aspects of public administration, modern political ideologies, sociology, and American history. Sheila Rule, Gerald's wife, is also a reporter.

ROSE M. ECONOMOU, 34, producer, WBBM-TV, Chicago, Illinois. Ms. Economou is a graduate of the University of Illinois. She plans to study factors of environmental safety and occupational health in the School of Public Health, as well as international trade and foreign relations.

MICHAEL E. HILL, 36, an editor in the Style section of *The Washington Post*, holds degrees from the College of St. Thomas and the University of Minnesota. His studies will focus on courses at the School of Business Administration, particularly in the areas of personnel management, decision-making, problem-solving and fiscal planning.

DAVID S. LAMB, 40, Nairobi (Kenya) bureau chief, *The Los Angeles Times*. Mr. Lamb, who has his degree from the University of Maine, will study the emergence of Third World nations as economic and social forces, the Spanish language, and American literature. His wife, Sandra Northrop, is a film editor.

DOUGLAS N. MARLETTE, 30, editorial cartoonist, *The Charlotte (North Carolina) Observer*. Mr. Marlette is a graduate of Seminole Community College. At Harvard, he will examine the emergence of awareness of the unconscious in Western thought, and its implications for politics, economics, and international relations.

LAUREL SHACKELFORD, 33, assistant city editor, *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky. Ms. Shackelford holds a degree from the University of North Carolina. Her study at Harvard will center on the effects of the Vietnam war on American society, and will include literature, drama, modern art, political science and creative writing. Donald Anderson, Laurel's husband, is a teacher and photographer.

HOWARD S. SHAPIRO, 31, reporter and editor, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Mr. Shapiro is a graduate of Temple University, and he will study urban affairs, American history, U.S. government, and sociology.

JAMES D. STEWART, 33, reporter, *The Atlanta (Georgia) Constitution*. Mr. Stewart received his degree from Auburn University. While at Harvard, he plans to study law as it applies to the press, the ethics of attorneys, corporate law, and the privacy of individuals. Jo, Jim's wife, is a banker. They have three children.

NANCY C. WARNECKE, 32, photographer, *The Tennessean*, Nashville. Ms. Warnecke is a graduate of Peabody College. She will concentrate on the study of urban and rural societies, the sociology of groups, and the historical, political, and cultural factors which have built racial barriers.

The 1980-81 class of Nieman Fellows was nominated by a Selection Committee whose members are: Donald R. Dwight, publisher and vice president, the *Minneapolis Star* and *Minneapolis Tribune*; James D. Ewing, publisher of the *Keene Sentinel*, and president of the *Valley News*, Lebanon, and the *Argus Champion*, Newport, New Hampshire; William Hilliard, assistant managing editor, *The Oregonian* in Portland; Gerald Holton, Mallinckrodt Professor Physics, Harvard University; Lance Liebman, Professor of Law, Harvard University; Jack Nelson (NF'62), Washington, D.C., bureau chief, *The Los Angeles Times*; Jo Thomas (NF'71), Miami and Caribbean bureau chief, *The New York Times*; Emily D.T. Vermeule, Samuel E. Zemurray Jr. and Doris E. Zemurray-Stone Radcliffe Professor, Harvard University; and James C. Thomson, Curator of the Nieman Foundation, who served as chairman of the Committee.

Announcement of the appointment of Nieman Fellows from other countries will appear in the next issue.

Letters

Readers write on "Writing with Light"...

That is a terrific issue of *Nieman Reports*, the best in my memory. Even a non-visual person like myself learned something about photography.

Best of all, for me, was Alexandra Dor-Ner's "Confessions of a Paparazzo."

Anthony Lewis (NF'57)
Boston, Massachusetts

The *Nieman Reports* special issue on News Photography is a superb and fascinating collection of photographs and articles; I enjoyed it immensely.

I wish that somehow or other the issue could reach the thousands of young men and women interested in photography; they would love it.

Stefan Lorant
Lenox, Massachusetts

I am very impressed by the latest issue of *Nieman Reports*. I particularly like the special photo section and enjoyed the pieces by Steve Northup. Steve worked for me when I was the editor of "Newsroom" on Channel 26 in Washington and is a really fine photographer and person.

William J. Woestendiek (NF'55)
Tucson, Arizona

Please allow me to be upset by what I feel is sloppy journalism. It was displayed in the story on how Jessie Tarbox Beals obtained her first camera. She did not, as stated in your report, "One day she asked a neighbor for the coupon redeemable for a camera that came with soap." What a

flight of someone's imagination! Since this appeared under my name, the misinformation unfortunately is attributive to me.

Another point of misinformation, rather laughable, is the translation of the word "photography." While it is true that the Greek word *graphe* has a double meaning, that of, "to write," and that of, "to draw," from the very inception of photography, every historian and writer on photography used the word, "to draw," since photography is pictures. Thus the title should have read: "Drawing with Light" instead of "Writing with Light."

Alexander Alland, Sr.
North Salem, New York

A recollection about the "good old days," when cameras like Jessie's first one were given as premiums with soap coupons, accidentally was transposed into substance and thence into the introductory comments for "The Picture Taken Lady." The editors apologize for this inaccuracy.

The last issue of *NR* was super.

Frank Sutherland (NF'78)
Nashville, Tennessee

NR is looking spiffier and spiffier every quarter. Congratulations!

Murray Seeger (NF'62)
Brussels, Belgium

The special issue on news photography was beautiful — a fine combina-

tion of good word pieces and instructive photography. Congratulations.

I think the reason Howard Sochurek was the first cameraman to be a *Nieman* was that his was the first application with a substantive plan of study and good reasons for pursuing it. Until the Carpenter Center came along, of course, Harvard had little to offer specifically on the craft of photography.

William Pinkerton (NF'41)
South Orleans, Massachusetts

It's a wonderful issue.... This should give you the impetus to look at other single-topic issues. There is a place for such quality.

William Mares
Burlington, Vermont

Nieman Reports quality keeps reaching new heights of excellence. I'm glad you're including "Nieman Notes."

Neil Davis (NF'42)
Auburn, Alabama

We found your *Nieman Reports* special issue on news photography most interesting. It had a lot of historically informative information and you are to be complimented for this issue.

Charles Cooper
Executive Secretary
National Press Photographers
Association, Inc.
Durham, North Carolina

Those of us who are involved in the day-to-day dissemination of photographs or video sometimes tend to forget the social implications of our art and craft. I especially found the article of "The Role of Photojournalism in Social Reform" to be very enlightening. Publications like yours help to put our work back into perspective.

Larry Hatteberg
President, NPPA
Wichita, Kansas

Most of us in news photography have seen much of the material you carried on news photography before. I guess the important thing is that photography seems to be carrying a higher priority with the Foundation than it used to.

The story detailing the objectives of the *National Enquirer* crew covering Sinatra in Israel proves very graphically what many of us already know about most national news magazines. They create the story at home and then send the photographer out to make the pictures happen.

I think you have scored a first by running a story about Weegee without using one of his pictures.

It was all good reading.

Kerl Cooke
Past President, NPPA
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Thanks for another splendid issue of *Nieman Reports* — Writing with Light. It has the imaginative, poetic quality *NR* needed for a long time.

Thanks also for the acknowledgments list of names printed on page 83, giving credit to the people who helped with the special issue on news photography.

Frank Kelly (NF'43)
Santa Barbara, California

Catching up...

On the theory of better late than never, I finally got around to reading "China Homecoming" by James C. Thomson [*NR*, Winter '79] which had been buried for quite some time under an accumulation of magazines and reports. I found the piece fascinating both because Jim Thomson writes so well and because I went to China with ASNE III in September 1978 and had many of the same experiences.

But Thomson's return to Nanking, his meeting with friends of his father, his visit to his old home, were poignant passages which I found fascinating.

William Block
Publisher
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette
Pennsylvania

The *Nieman Reports* are as enjoyable now as they used to be and I am enclosing a check for a one-year subscription. I had originally thought I would subscribe for my son — one of the new breed of journalists — but after reading the publication, I decided to get it mailed to me and I will pass it on to my son.

I was very pleased to see that Louis Lyons is still with us. We lived in Boston in the early 1960's and one of the highlights was to watch and listen to him present the news, jacketless and his collar open, the antithesis of the slick news readers on the commercial stations.

Al Pinsky
Morrisville, Pennsylvania

Nieman Convocation



Approximately every three years, the Nieman Foundation sponsors a convocation for alumni/ae, Associates, and friends of the Nieman program. As was mentioned in the Curator's Spring 1980 letter, the next reunion is scheduled for April 25, 26, and 27, 1981, in Cambridge.

Following our customary format, the opening reception will be held Saturday afternoon, April 25.

Panel discussions Sunday morning, April 26, will be followed by an informal lunch. That afternoon, participants will have a chance to explore the Boston and Cambridge area, visit Lippmann House, or see a videotape of last year's Lippmann

House Dedication ceremonies.

The Great Hall of Faneuil Hall Marketplace on Boston's renovated waterfront will be the scene of Sunday night's dinner.

Brunch will be served Monday morning, April 27, at the Harvard Faculty Club.

A limited number of rooms at hotels in Cambridge and Boston have been reserved for the use of those attending the convocation.

More detailed information will be mailed in the near future. In the meantime, please note the dates: April 25, 26, and 27, 1981.

We look forward to seeing you in Cambridge.

Nieman Notes

To our delight, we continue to receive letters, cards, phone calls and visits from Niemans. This outreach is the source of much pleasure at Lippmann House, and adds a vital part to our efforts to keep the Nieman network lively, informative and useful.

We thank you, yet again, for your news items, anecdotes, and presence.

— T.B.K.L.

— 1942 —

NEIL DAVIS writes that he has been sworn in for a five-year term on the Alabama State Ethics Commission and he has "taught my last term at Auburn University." Davis is the retired owner of the *Auburn (Alabama) Bulletin*.

— 1943 —

The following excerpts are from JOHN F. DAY's speech delivered as the third annual Joe Creason lecture last April at the University of Kentucky. (See Nieman Notes, Summer 1980.) Day is chairman and editor of the Exmouth Journal Ltd., Devon, England.

"To [comment on] the British press as compared to that in America, I should say that the range in quality of newspapers from awful to superb is about the same in each country. If one puts the best newspapers in Britain against the best in America, I think Britain would win. But if one started at the other end of the scale — the most contemptible — I think Britain would easily win there, too.

"...When I compare representative dailies in the smaller cities of Britain and America, and representative weeklies among the many in both countries, I would make two points: (1) the American newspapers carry more advertising, and the British newspapers have larger circulations; (2) the British papers tend to have broader news and feature coverage.

"It is difficult to make a sweeping judgment about the current relative quality of the training of journalists in the two countries. But it is probably still better in the U.S.

"...There seems to be more guerrilla warfare between the press and the public in Britain than in America; and the 'status' or standing of the reporter in society is higher in America than in Britain....

"I think the American press does not appreciate how fortunate it is. And although I used to serve on 'Freedom of the Press' committees in the U.S., I do not share the current conviction of at least parts of the American press that such freedom is absolute beyond anyone else's rights, and that the judiciary has declared war on the press.

"When it comes to the use of modern printing technology, there is no question that the Americans are far ahead. But whether this has meant, or is meaning, better journalism, I am far from sure. I think that case is yet to be proved.

"...The quality of British television over-all is so far superior to American television over-all they cannot properly be mentioned in the same voice....British television is conscious of ratings, but not obsessed by them. American networks' news and public affairs staffs are fully as capable as British, but up to now they have not been given equivalent air time. It gives me great pleasure to forecast that that time is soon coming.

"Except for a very small number of stations, American radio is not only a wasteland; it is an abomination. It constitutes probably the greatest insult to American intelligence ever perpetrated....It is worth living in England for the BBC alone...."

FRANK K. KELLY has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the National Peace Academy Campaign, a four-year-old voluntary membership non-profit association, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Conceived by a small group of persons who were convinced that means must be developed, taught and practiced which could resolve domestic and international conflict without violence, N-PAC has members in nearly every state of the Union.

Kelly is a former vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic

Institutions and a principal architect of the *Pacem in Terris* Conference. He currently heads the Santa Barbara community action committee for the Peace Academy.

The work of HERBERT YAHRAES appears in *Families Today: A Research Sampler on Families and Children*, published this spring by the National Institute of Mental Health. The two-volume treatise of family problems and their solutions was edited by the late Eunice Corfman. Yahraes writes that he contributed "about a third of the forty chapters."

— 1946 —

BEN YABLONKY will retire in September after twenty-one years as professor of communication at the University of Michigan, where he has also been director of its National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowships for Journalists, since the program's inception in 1973. For the last eighteen years the University of Michigan radio station has recorded his weekly commentary, "The Press and World Affairs," for eighty American stations, the Voice of America, and the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service.

Yablonky was honored at a banquet in May when friends, Fellows and students from past years gathered to celebrate his career; I.F. Stone was the speaker.

Yablonky, who says he is "still a romantic" about journalism and is "looking for a newsroom to go back to — preferably in the Third World," will be succeeded at the University by Graham Hovey, a correspondent in the Washington bureau of *The New York Times* and former member of its editorial board.

— 1947 —

JACK FOISIE, correspondent in Johannesburg for *The Los Angeles Times*, wrote in June: "The last six months I seem to have spent much of my time in Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, and in May I was with guerrillas in southern Angola...." He continues, "My wife Micki and I will be in Boston in early July visiting our ex-Harvard daughter, Patsy, now in her second year of law at Boston University."

ERNEST H. LINFORD has been recalled the seventh time since his retirement in 1973, for faculty duty at the University of Wyoming, this time to serve as adviser of student publications. He also writes weekly columns for *The Salt Lake Tribune* and the *Laramie Boomerang* for which he was editorial page editor from 1948 to 1967, and editor, from 1938 to 1948, respectively.

— 1956 —

JOHN L. DOUGHERTY, who retired early in May after nearly forty-one years with the Gannett Rochester Newspapers, died on May 11 of a blood infection, an illness complicated by pneumonia. He had been managing editor of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* for the past thirteen months, and before that was managing editor of the *Times-Union* for twelve years.

Memorial contributions may be made to the John L. Dougherty Scholarship Fund of the Rochester Chapter, Sigma Delta Chi, care of Chris Landauer, 55 Exchange Street, Rochester, NY 14614, or the Infectious Disease Unit of Rochester General Hospital. The scholarship fund was established last year in honor of the veteran editor.

HISASHI MAEDA, professor of international relationships, Sophia University in Tokyo, is the author of "A View on International Disarmament Problems," a research paper published by the Institute of International Relations for Advanced Studies on Peace and Development in Asia, and a new acquisition in the Nieman Library at Walter Lippmann House.

Maeda writes, "The history of disarmament negotiations and the basic principles that govern them have long been of particular interest to me. This paper is the initial part of a more comprehensive study I have undertaken, and was written for my seminars at Sophia University..."

— 1957 —

G. K. REDDY, chief of Delhi Bureau, the *Hindu*, and Mrs. Reddy visited Lippmann House in June. "G. K." had not been back to the Cambridge-Boston area since his Nieman year, so took good notice of all the changes. After an absence of 23 years, he was gratified to find Harvard Yard virtually the same.

— 1960 —

RALPH OTWELL, editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has been named an executive vice president. He will have direct supervision over the news and feature departments of the paper and serve on management and planning committees.

Otwell has resigned his membership in the National News Council, citing editorial duties during the presidential election. He is a charter member of the Council.

— 1961 —

ROBERT P. CLARK, editor of the *Jacksonville Journal* and the *Florida Times-Union*, was the organizer of a three-day seminar on editorial operations in Jacksonville, May 22-24. More than one hundred and fifty editors and reporters attended.

ROBERT TOTH, staff writer in the Washington bureau of *The Los Angeles Times*, has been appointed a senior writer to replace Robert Gillette. (See Class of 1976.) Senior writers serve three-year terms and meet with senior editors for discussion of editorial policies and techniques.

— 1962 —

MARTIN GOODMAN, president of Toronto Star Newspapers Ltd., gave the keynote address at the annual meeting of the International Circulation Managers Association in Kansas City in July. His main message was that the newspaper industry is not producing newspapers that are exciting enough to make the general public want to read them every day. More than five hundred newspaper circulators ignored the one hundred-degree temperatures to attend the gathering.

MURRAY SEEGER, European economic correspondent in the Brussels bureau of *The Los Angeles Times*, has been selected by the University of Iowa to receive a 1980 Distinguished Alumni Achievement Award during Alumni Reunion Weekend in June. Seeger writes, "Six of us in this group and there have been fewer than one hundred overall."

— 1966 —

HODDING CARTER III resigned his post as State Department spokesperson effective July 1. He had held the post for

more than three years, and said he offered to resign to enable Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie, Cyrus R. Vance's successor, to select his own spokesperson.

Carter will become anchorman and chief correspondent of a new weekly public television series that will examine the performance of the press. Tentatively titled "Inside Story," the half-hour programs are expected to be ready for the Public Broadcasting Service in early 1981.

Carter is the former editor and associate publisher of the *Greenville (Miss.) Delta Democrat-Times*, and presently resides at his summer home in Camden, Maine.

The *New Orleans Times-Picayune* and the *New Orleans States-Item*, both owned by Newhouse Newspapers, merged to become an all-day newspaper on June 2. CHARLES L. FERGUSON, editor, *States-Item*, was appointed editor of the newly-combined newspapers.

ROBERT C. MAYNARD, editor of the *Oakland (Calif.) Tribune*, has been elected a member of the National News Council to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Ralph Otwell. (See Class of 1960.)

— 1969 —

GISELA BOLTE has been transferred from the New York office of *Time* magazine to its Washington bureau, where she will cover international business and economics.

J. ANTHONY LUKAS, author and journalist, reflected on his 25th reunion in June at Harvard University. He recalled how he had wanted to follow in his footsteps of his uncle, Paul Lukas, the actor, who won an Academy Award in the 1940's. In the summer of 1951 Tony starred in *Papa is All*, a summer stock play at Bass Rocks in Gloucester, Massachusetts. The review in the *Gloucester Times* praised him as "taking the audience by storm."

"That worried my dad," Lukas said. "He wanted me to go to college and on to a profession. So he called my uncle and told him to get up to Gloucester and set me straight. Well, Paul Lukas, my idol, said I'd never be a great actor, and I entered Harvard the next year."

Lukas won a Pulitzer in 1968 while a reporter with *The New York Times*; he is now at work on a book about school

desegregation in Boston. (See *NR*, Summer 1978.)

— 1972 —

DAVID GREENWAY, national editor of *The Boston Globe*, was one of three reporters to be awarded Bronze Stars in June by the Marine Corps for an act of heroism while covering the Vietnam War. Greenway, then with *Time* magazine, Alvin Webb of UPI, and Charles Mohr of *The New York Times* were covering a battle in Hue on February 19, 1968, when a Marine was shot through the throat. The reporters, accompanied by a Marine sergeant, carried the injured Marine to safety. Greenway and Webb were wounded by an enemy rocket during the rescue.

The medals are the first to be given to civilians for Vietnam War heroism.

— 1973 —

WAYNE GREENHAW writes in July from Montgomery, Alabama: "Sally and I are working hard and enjoying the one hundred-plus degree weather of the Sun Belt. Sally is now director of the Medicaid Fraud Office of the Attorney General's office, putting people in jail, and giving them general hell.

"I am continuing to teach and freelance. To do an in-depth study of the paper industry and its problems in the Southeast, I was given a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism and am enjoying the summer of digging up good stuff on the big boys. I am also finishing a novel and just sold a short story to Bob Manning at *The Atlantic* . . . I also have a piece in next month's issue of *The Writer*."

— 1974 —

ELLEN GOODMAN, syndicated columnist with *The Boston Globe*, was one of three reporters presented with an American Society of Newspaper Editors Distinguished Writing Award in April at the ASNE Convention banquet in Washington, D.C.

She was also the featured speaker in July at the Eleventh Annual National Training Program sponsored by Federally Employed Women in Washington. The evening's theme was "Women in the Department of Defense — Development and Advancement in Defense of our Nation."

Additionally, Goodman has been named "Best Columnist of 1980" in *Boston*

magazine's annual "Best and Worst" awards.

— 1976 —

YOICHI FUNABASHI, economics reporter with *Asahi Shimbun*, formerly in Tokyo, last February was named correspondent to its Peking bureau. He writes, "It is a very exciting and challenging assignment but it's also very tough to be a journalist here."

ROBERT GILLETTE has been named chief of *The Los Angeles Times*' Moscow bureau. As of June 1 Bob, Elizabeth and their two daughters Amy and Carolyn, will have a new address: Los Angeles Times, 12/24 Sadovo-Samotechnaya, Apt. 37, Moscow, USSR.

Gillette formerly was a science writer in Los Angeles for that newspaper.

MAGGIE SCARF's newest book, *Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women*, was published in June by Doubleday and Company. She had won an Alicia Patterson Foundation grant to complete this book.

Her collection of essays, *Body, Mind, Behavior*, published in 1976, won an award from the American Psychological Association. In addition, her articles on scientific subjects have won two national media awards from that same organization.

— 1977 —

JOHN PAINTER, reporter with *The Oregonian* (Portland) writes, "...I spent last evening with CASSANDRA TATE who was in town from Seattle doing some research on Portland's innovative energy conversation program. The Porterfields ('79) were our house guests recently. He's working this summer with the *Springfield* (Oregon) News.

"Life goes on here in boring fashion. We are sick to death of ash from that damned volcano, but the fallout here has been light compared with that of Eastern Washington. The most recent fallout is a finer material and just won't go away. You hose it down and the minute it dries, it is resuspended in the air. We have had no summer here since the mountain's first huge eruption May 18 — literally no sun.

"When the mountain blew, I was sitting on my deck in Portland's West Hills having a champagne brunch in the last bright

sunshine we have had. No suntans this year around here."

— 1978 —

DANNY SCHECHTER, former producer of WCVB-TV's "Five All Night Live All Night" in Boston, has joined Ted Turner's cable television news operation in Atlanta, Georgia, as producer of "Freeman Reports," a news/interview program.

— 1978 —

FRANK SUTHERLAND, city editor of *The Tennessean* in Nashville, writes "Natilee gave birth to a 9 lb. 3 oz. boy June 23. His feet were so big, his footprint would not fit in the allotted space on his birth record. We named him Daniel Ernest Franklin Sutherland. He is healthy, and Natilee is well, too. Kate, our Nieman baby, is almost 3, and she has taken to her baby brother."

— 1979 —

NANCY L. DAY and Thomas B. Waggener were wed in San Francisco on July 26. The ceremony took place at the Spreckels mansion, and among the wedding guests was Nancy's Nieman classmate, MICHAEL McDOWELL.

Also in July, Nancy was transferred from the *San Francisco Examiner's* capital bureau in Sacramento back to the San Francisco office.

Tom has his Ph.D. from Harvard in bio-engineering. He is a research fellow in the Cardiovascular Research Unit of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco.

MICHAEL McIVOR writes from Toronto: "Carol is well and Joshua is fabulous. He is a good kid . . . he has a bit of a temper but rarely cries. He crawls, stands up, chatters baby-talk all the time and best of all, he laughs a lot. Sound like a proud father? Well, maybe, but I know his failings — he has no teeth! . . . Carol has had very little time to do anything outside of Josh and the house, although she did get a couple of articles written and published. She is starting the research for a second book. . . ."

JOHN MOJAPELO, deputy news editor of the *Rand Daily Mail* in Johannesburg has been named assistant to the editor.

In July he wrote from St. Moritz: "I am sure you are surprised to receive a letter from a South African from Switzerland. The explanation is really simple. I am in Switzerland. I am in a group of six South African journalists at the invitation of the Swiss government. We are on a ten-day tour. Some of the group members are: TERTIUS MYBURGH ('66), *Sunday Times*; HARALD PAKENDORF ('69), *Die Vaderland*; OBED KUNENE ('78), *Ilanga*; and TED DOMAN ('74), *Cape Herald*... The sixth member of the group is an Indian reporter from East London."

FRANK A. VAN RIPER, Washington bureau correspondent for the *New York Daily News*, and Lars-Erik Nelson of the same newspaper, shared the first prize in the Merriman Smith awards from the White House Correspondents' Association for excellence in presidential news coverage under deadline pressure. Their winning story was on President Carter's early strategy in the Iranian crisis last November and his freezing of Iranian assets in the United States. The awards were presented during the 66th annual dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association.

— 1980 —

STANLEY FORMAN, staff photographer for the *Boston Herald American*, received a first place award in Spot News category on June 14 at the Boston Press Photographer Association's annual dinner. He won the award for a photograph of a South Boston man who was saved from a ledge after threatening to jump. It was the third time in five years that Forman has won the Ramsdell Trophy for spot news. In addition, he won third place for a picture story and honorable mention for another spot news photograph.

Forman also won the top accolade of the National Press Photographers' Association on July 1 in Rochester, New York. He was the recipient of the Joseph A. Sprague Memorial Award, given by the association to a working news photographer. His citation noted in part: "Having dedicated himself to being 'on the scene' in the best tradition of the street photographer, this young newspaperman has distinguished himself by winning unprecedented successive Pulitzer Prizes. Through his newspaper, the *Boston Herald American*, he has

won, in addition, the NPPA Regional Photographer of the Year, and is holder of the Distinguished Service Medallion from the Society of Professional Journalists."

ATSUSHI KUSE, reporter in the Osaka bureau of *Mainichi Shimbun* and *Mainichi Daily News*, wrote in July: "I and my family returned to our native country safe on June 8 via Honolulu. We spent one month at my parents' home in Hokkaido to review our life in Cambridge. We returned back home last week and I resumed working at the *Mainichi* on Monday.

"Everything was there as it should be. My desk was where it used to be with thick dust and a huge pile of mail... A chair was there too, but it was not mine. Somebody changed it with a broken one during my absence. A long-time absence means quite a lot in Japan..."

PAUL LIEBERMAN, investigative reporter with the *Constitution* in Atlanta, Georgia, sent a postcard in June from Thailand. "S. YOON is a fine host, who gives his greetings, along with mine. Am seeing Bangkok, Thailand, some refugees and many Buddhas. Work may seem a bit dull after this, I'm afraid..."

DANIEL PASSENT, columnist and editor in chief of foreign trade monthly supplement, *Polityka* weekly in Warsaw, wrote to the Nieman staff in July from Poland.

"Thank you very warmly for all the signs of memory you have given us since our departure, for the Nieman publication and the pictures. I miss you and Harvard very much. [Daughter] Agatha is getting ready for school and I am writing my columns and books.

"Professionally I achieved one success. At the Institute for Literature of Polish Academy of Science, a Ph.D. dissertation has been defended on 'the columns of Kazimierz Chedowski, Antoni Sonimski and Daniel Passent.' Chedowski was the first XIX century Polish columnist, Sonimski was our most famous columnist before World War II..."

EVERETTE DENNIS, professor and director of graduate studies, School of Journalism and Mass Communication, University of Minnesota, was appointed a Visiting Nieman Fellow and a Bush

Leadership Fellow to pursue administrative and management courses at Harvard during the summer of 1980.

Dennis has his B.S. degree from the University of Oregon, his M.A. from Syracuse University and his Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. He has also been a Visiting Scholar at the Harvard Law School. He is a media consultant; the author of numerous magazine and journal articles in law reviews and scholarly journals; and he has contributed several chapters to books on journalism. He is the author of *The Media Society: Evidence about Mass Communication in America* (William Brown Company, 1978), and he has been co-editor and co-author of seven other books.

RANDOM NOTES

PEGGY ENGEL ('79), government reporter in the Washington bureau of the *Des Moines Register*, sends news of some of her classmates. FRANK VAN RIPER has visited Marie-Christine and DOMINIQUE FERRY (Hachette Publications) in Paris. KATHERINE "KAT" HARTING, now with Boston's Channel 2, has returned from the international women's conference in Copenhagen, where she gathered the material for a half-hour film documentary. She remarked that the television station had given her thirty-six hours' notice for the trip to Denmark.

Peggy also mentioned that when she goes to New York to cover the Democratic National Convention, she expects to see fellow Fellows PEGGY SIMPSON (*Boston Herald American*); MICHAEL McIVOR (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation); and GRAEME BEATON (News Limited of Australia, Washington bureau); and FRANK VAN RIPER.

By coincidence, and unbeknown to each other, two members of the alumni from Korea visited Walter Lippmann House within a matter of days during the summer. HYUCK-IN LEW ('71) of Seoul had not been back to Cambridge since his Nieman year; and YONG-KOO KIM ('63) of Seoul was also returning to Harvard for the first time since he was a Fellow. Both alumni had similar reactions and remarked on the new buildings in the area, and spoke of the poignancy of re-visiting familiar territory after a long absence. □

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