

n i e m a n

autumn and winter 1975



Focus on South Africa

The Practice of Journalism—Benjamin Pogrund
The Plight of the Press—John Corr
Transkei Charade—James Thomson
The Political Logjam—Gatsha Buthelezi
U.S. and Angola—Percy Qoboza

Focus Elsewhere

Canada

A Strange Case of Libel
Stuart Keate

India

Aspects of Democratic Order
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USSR

A Press Like Ours?
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United States

A Reporter's Reflections—Richard L. Strout
Newsweek v. Newsweek—William H. Read
Media Responsibility—Louis Banks
J-Schools: A Nouveau Riche Environment?—Ronald T. Farrar

News: Type and/or Tube—William Leonard & Richard Wald

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Editorial

Why South Africa?

Why an issue of this journal devoted largely to South Africa?

In part because South Africa is a uniquely cruel and unjust society in which one-fifth of the people lawfully subjugate the other four-fifths *solely on the grounds of color*. Such a society deserves special scrutiny.

In part, however, because South Africa's rulers nonetheless tolerate—although with reluctance—the freest and most lively press to be found anywhere on the African continent. It is sometimes a very brave press as well. And portions of that press have served for two decades as the functional equivalent of an opposition party in a *de facto* one-party state.

Fifteen years ago the Nieman Foundation for Journalism began a relationship with South African journalism. At the suggestion of the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program (USSALEP), it was agreed that one South African newsman would come to Harvard each year for nine months of study as an Associate Nieman Fellow. USSALEP, a privately funded outfit formed by educators, clergymen, and businessmen from both countries, would nominate and finance each year's fellow.

Since 1960, 16 South Africans (not including the current Fellow for 1975-76) have studied at Harvard on this program. Thirteen have been white, two black, and one—by South African classification—"Coloured," i.e., of mixed blood.

Of the 14 who actually returned home, all have done well, and some extremely well. One is chief editor of the nation's largest newspaper (*The Sunday Times*); three are also chief editors—of another national Sunday paper and two major dailies; four are deputy editors of other major dailies; one is regional editor for a national magazine, one is political correspondent of the leading Afrikaans newspaper, and one is financial editor of a large Sunday paper. (Two Nieman alumni left journalism and are leaders in the business sector; and a third is information officer for a great university.) In terms of the nation's white linguistic divisions, seven of the journalists now work for English-language media, four for Afrikaans-language media.

As noted earlier, 14 of the 16 returned home. What of the other two?

Well, they were blacks (or "Bantu," as the Pretoria government styles them); and in each case—first in 1960, and then again in 1964—these Nieman fellowship recipients

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News: Type and/or Tube

Readers of the Summer, 1975, issue of Nieman Reports may have seen the title, "Type and Tube," over an edited transcript of remarks made during one of the freewheeling seminars with last year's class of Nieman Fellows. Some who read the article might have concluded that a more apt head would have been "Type Versus Tube."

That same combative spirit flashed again this year in October, when the current class met with William Leonard, CBS News Senior Vice President, and Richard Wald, NBC News President.

The following transcript of that evening's discussion of television news has been edited by Foster Davis, Nieman Fellow '76, and correspondent for CBS News, Los Angeles.

William Leonard: I'll try to get us started thinking about the seriousness or the place or the role of television. It's very simple as to how I got into this business. I got into it because when I got out of college, having run a not very good college newspaper, I went to 48 newspapers in 1937 and didn't get a job, so there was really nothing left but to go illegitimate.

As we begin to sort out what we're talking about here, perhaps we should have a few ground rules. What are we talking about when we discuss serious journalism in the broadcast media or in the print media? Are we talking about *The New York Times* and its function versus NBC or CBS News at its journalistic best or its journalistic average? Or are we discussing the whole spectrum of ethics in print, which I suppose ranges from *Screw Magazine* to *The New York Times*, and in broadcasting from television stations which are merely relay stations, performing no serious function beyond the relaying of basic information and basic entertainment? But, I suppose, we will inevitably get down to talking about the best. Is the best fulfilling its

function? No matter how I emphasize what I consider to be the desperate inadequacies of local broadcast journalism in this country—while pointing out the desperate inadequacies of much local print journalism—you're not going to let me do that, I know you're not.

I know we're going to be talking about whether pictures convey a sense of emotion, whereas words convey a reality that is far truer. But I'm going to try, for just a moment, because I feel very strongly in the media that I operate in that we are failing to meet our journalistic obligations at the local television level. The average person has no concept whatsoever that there is a difference between what comes over Channel X prepared in Boston, and what is prepared at the network level, just as they have no concept when they read a newspaper as to what's the wire service story and what's generated locally. But there is a difference and all of us in this room know it.

One of the frightening things that's happening in local television news is that it's become successful. For many years, television news was a service provided begrudgingly, something offered so you wouldn't lose your license; that's no longer true. Television news today in many local stations represents the major thing which distinguishes that station from any other station in its community in terms of revenue, image, and ratings. Since 1970 the average amount of time devoted to news on American television stations has increased about 45 percent. You may say well, that's pretty good, isn't it? It means the public is better informed. That may be true, but it also may not be. The significant thing here is the motivation of a local station's management. The motivation is money. Perhaps 50 percent of the local revenue of the station comes from those news hours. Furthermore, the news programs affect the entire rating picture—translate that as circulation.

I don't apologize for the word "rating," but it becomes so desperately important that it frequently distorts the fundamental purpose of journalism, which is to inform the public. At many local stations, if informing the public honestly and frankly works, so much the better; but if it doesn't happen to work—a change in format, a change in look, a change in pace, a change in style, may put that broadcast station in a better competitive position. The stakes are high enough that

. . . We're going to be talking about whether pictures convey a sense of emotion, whereas words convey a reality . . . far truer.

there is grave danger of journalistic considerations going right out the window! I think we've seen that happen in station after station in this country.

Now, I'm knocking my own game, but if you want to get at where the danger lies, it's in success and not in failure. It was true in the old circulation wars in the early days of journalism in this country. That is where the danger lies. Far from failing, broadcast journalism may get successful. We in network news are always anxious to get more time.

We command—I guess it's about the same at NBC or CBS—about eight percent of the prime-time schedule at CBS News. Most of us hope that someday we'll get an hour of news instead of a half hour. A half hour is a pathetically small amount of semi-prime-time in which to inform this country of what's happening to it, or what may happen to it. There should be more time.

But I rather dread that day. I dread the day when news, instead of being a responsibility, becomes a profit center, which could happen—if we get a larger and larger portion of the broadcast schedule for the news. It may be, for instance, that in the next year the program *Sixty Minutes* may be put into prime-time as a regular thing and we're all very excited about that possibility. But if it does, I view that with mixed emotion because suddenly a program is put into the competitive maelstrom, rather than enjoying a rather unique position in a part of the schedule in which the competitive pressures are not so great.

We are in a strange dichotomy, Dick Wald and I, and the others of you who are broadcasting, and it's very difficult to keep the lines from being blurred. We are in the news business, but we are a part of the broadcasting business. The broadcasting business is what nourishes us, what supports us and 90 percent of the network broadcasting business is the entertainment business. We are beholden to the success of the entertainment business. You see us immediately next to it. You have to make a wrenching adjustment to go from

the CBS Evening News to *All In The Family* or whatever and yet, it is essential that we who are part of the broadcasting business do not become part of the entertainment business. The greatest threat to broadcast journalism is not that we can't do the same things that print can do; there are many parts of print that can't do the same things we can do. That's all right. Our problem is to resist being part of the entertainment business.

So I'll say right now that I regard the question not as is there something fundamentally incompatible as journalists between broadcast journalists and print journalists? I think at the top, our standards are the same, our ends are the same, our desires are the same, but the question is, can we handle it in the particular framework of the broadcasting business, and, for that matter, can print handle it in the peculiar problems that you have in a changing and modern world?

I hope that we are all journalists and that our standards at the top—and I would think that this room represents the top—are precisely the same; the threats to all of us are manifold, and ours are just a little bit different from yours.

Now with those thoughts, I'll be glad to talk about anything.

Question: What is the print equivalent of the 90 percent entertainment challenge that you face? Comics, Dear Abby?

Leonard: The equivalent is the 60 percent of advertising.

Comment: It's partly true and partly not true. It's partly true in the sense that those of us who are in the newspapers, in print, are dependent on the fact that the other side of the office sells advertising and fills 60 to 70 percent of your newspapers, depending on how high the standards of your proprietor are; that's what pays for it. It is different, in the sense that the purpose of the newspaper is news and the *raison d'être* of television—I think Mr. Wald will agree with me—is entertainment.

Richard Wald: No, the *raison d'être* of television is whatever the fundamental business of a newspaper is: printing information, but the fundamental business of a broadcasting network is, among other things, to broadcast information—but among other things! I don't know how to change that.

Question: I was concerned that you seem to express a dread that news might have to compete with entertainment on television. Shana Alexander was on television and she mentioned that *Sixty Minutes* had outdrawn the entertainment offerings of the other networks, and it seems a contradiction. Why are you afraid for the news to compete with the entertainment part of television when your network has done reasonably well?

Leonard: I said I was afraid. I'm hopefully afraid, if you follow me. *Sixty Minutes* is a remarkable freak in the history of television journalism which, by the way, is an extremely short story. The average documentary in prime-time draws about half the audience of the average successful entertainment program. That's a hell of a lot of people, but it's still only 50 percent and would not have a chance in the competitive world of commercial television. Now *Sixty Minutes* does 50 percent better than that. *Sixty Minutes* has a higher rating than any series in the history of television news by far, and that is a phenomenon that we don't quite know how to cope with, frankly. Is it a changing time? Does it mean that people are looking for that kind of information? Does it just mean that it's a very attractive broadcast? Is it the time period it's in? What is it? I think it would be very dangerous to draw the conclusion that the world is now ready for serious television at that network entertainment level. I wish it were true. I'm afraid it's not true. I think Dick Wald would agree.

Wald: Well, *Sixty Minutes* used to appear on Tuesday night when NBC also had a magazine program and the net result was to make Marcus Welby the best known television program in America.

Leonard: That's not quite fair. It's been tested but actually it was on every other week. But it has been tested during the summer at 9:30 Sunday night and did very well, extremely well. But I would be under no illusion that if you put *Sixty Minutes* up against two crackerjack NBC and ABC entertainment programs, it would get high ratings. It would get a certain audience, but it would not hold its own.

Question: If television news is too successful, are you saying that it will then start to be judged by standards against which you would rather not see it judged?

Leonard: That is correct. I have to tell you that there is no sound economic reason for there to be any news programming in prime-time. No economic reason at all. Every time it's been done, it's been because of a commitment by top management, not news management. It's done because either top management feels it should be done, or it has to be done, and that's a commitment, by the way, that's been made for a long time. That's not a decision that's being weighed every year. But it's never been made for any other reason. If you wanted to do the very best you could in terms of circulation, you would never have an informational program in prime-time.

Question: How do you look upon the difference between newspapers being free to do their own thing—right or

wrong—versus the electronic media being licensed by the government and the FCC? How free are you? How free are the networks to do their own thing?

Leonard: I think the answer is: quite free. Very, very free. "Their own thing" is one of those phrases. If you mean within the sense of journalistic responsibility, which has fairness built in, which, I hope, has objectivity built in, which has forthrightness built in, and which has accuracy built in, I think we are remarkably free. I think that, but I'm scared to death. Let me say that if there had not been a Watergate, free journalism in the broadcast media might have either disappeared or been so distorted that you wouldn't recognize it, and that can happen any time in the next thousand years.

. . . The loss of credibility is death.

Comment: I'd like to hear your thoughts on that hunting documentary, *The Guns of Autumn*. I consider myself a half-way decent hunter. The way the show was presented is that it's a bunch of trash.

Leonard: 'A half-way decent hunter' is one who misses when he fires?

Comment: Sometimes you sit in a duck blind all day long and you don't shoot a single shell, or you go out on an elk hunt or—

Leonard: Why did you go out with a gun if that makes you happy?

Question: The question here that I see is it seems that you consider that CBS is above the people, and that you don't have to answer responsibly to the people for, if you will, misrepresentation of certain things as you did in *Guns of Autumn*. Are you not ultimately responsible to the people? Are you above your readership?

Leonard: I don't think seriously that anyone is above his readership. I don't think any journalistic organization can exist over a long period of time and be above its readership, certainly not someone whose readership, if you will, is an enormous electorate. Sooner or later—probably sooner rather than later—if CBS News generally lost credibility, we wouldn't be around very long, we really wouldn't. And I take some comfort in the fact that the credibility of the broadcast journalistic organizations when measured against the credibility of other institutions in this country—all insti-

tutions ranking quite low, by the way—is high, and that CBS News is as high as NBC News or the highest. And that Walter Cronkite, who is the symbol, I suppose, of our organization is the “most believed and believable.” I don’t think we’d last very long without that, but I could be wrong.

Question: Could you explain a little bit more about the pressures you felt you were under before Watergate? Let’s assume that Watergate did not occur and that Spiro Agnew was not taking thousand dollar bills in envelopes. Where would you have had to compromise, and why would you have been in such jeopardy? What are the mechanics inside your industry that would have made you vulnerable to this kind of attack that we were seeing in 1971?

Leonard: I think that had taken several forms. One of those forms was the direct intervention of White House people in top management (not at CBS News, but at CBS) to see that our news broadcasts were more reflective of the administration’s point of view. That soon gets translated in other countries as the national interest. There were plans to make it very easy for other networks to be started. Other networks encouraged, other news organizations more conducive to the administration’s point of view to be encouraged, to be given stories, to be deliberate discrimination against news people. The Daniel Schorr incident is well known. I could spend all night talking about small things. I think that had we resisted—and we would have resisted—it would sooner or later have gotten down to a very serious nut cutting. Do you agree with that, Dick [Wald]?

. . . News programs affect the entire rating picture—translate that as circulation.

James Thomson: Could I just say that Richard Wald is uncharacteristically quiet. It may relate to a letter he wrote to our office after the last evening when he spoke on this same subject. He said, “In part payment for my services, I wonder if it would be possible to enter a footnote in the next edition of Nieman Reports.

“I read in the issue just received, my remarks at a dinner in Cambridge last year, and was struck by the need for a footnote to explain that I was blind drunk at the time and therefore not responsible for any of the contents.” Richard, you must, representing Brand X, speak up.

Wald: I feel that Bill is an able spokesman for most of the points which have been raised. There are a couple of things I’d like to speak to.

Somebody asked, what were the economic pressures to which we are subject and were we in fact chicken, or whatever the best word is. It is true that we are subject to economic pressure, such as most people have who operate a private business, insofar as businesses tend to be private. If you don’t make a profit, you go out of business and if you go out of business, as I learned once before, it winds up in mass unemployment, particularly in my family. Aside from that, there has never been to my knowledge any occasion in which an advertiser or the obvious wielder of economic pressure exerted, or successfully exerted influence. (I don’t know if anybody ever tried), but at NBC never to my knowledge, and probably at CBS never, has an advertiser had anything to say about the content or the framework or the whatever of a news program.

Another economic problem is that most of the people who do this work tend to make a fairly good living and tend to have similar economic outlooks. You find very few disenfranchised poor as anchormen. There is that general sense of a class economic; that is true, of course, for television, but it’s also true for most newspapers, most printed material. I don’t know what *Boston After Dark* pays people, but I notice that the people who are employed there do receive a paycheck. In that sense, there is possibly an economic blind spot.

The essence, however, of an economic problem for broadcasting is broadcast licenses. When you ask what was the problem about Watergate, what was it that broadcasters were worried about, it’s a very interesting question, because it was never really published. And that question is, do you have a license? A license is a thing—I don’t know how much a license fee is—it’s about \$100 or \$150—but it’s worth a great deal of money. If you have a license, you can broadcast in an area, and if you don’t have one, you can’t. If you can broadcast in an area you can make a lot of money. The FCC handles the licensing.

During the period when the White House was actively worried and interested and engaged in shaping the effect of broadcast news in the United States, its main thrust was to threaten the networks and all the stations with loss of license. The effect of losing a license would be an enormous economic debacle.

In fact, the prime Watergate reporting was done by *The Washington Post*, and it was challenged. Two of the *Post*’s television stations were challenged, one of them not successfully, but seriously, in Jacksonville, Florida. The interesting thing I think was the point at which this all became kind of academic, because the Federal Communications Commission really didn’t respond. But the White House wanted more pressure put on the stations and the FCC—a body with which constitutionally I have terrible problems—said “I’m sorry, but we’re not going to do anything about those

licenses. We are not going to act against them." And I think insofar as that went the bureaucracy resisted the White House.

If there had been no Watergate, if there had been a complete second term, if, and if, and if, it is possible that there would have been actions against the licenses that underlie the stations that the networks own. That would have been a very serious problem. It would have been so serious a problem that I am not sure that the independence of the networks would have been preserved.

. . . The purpose of the newspaper is news and the raison d'être of television . . . is entertainment.

I think that the managements of these very large and very lucrative organizations really believe in broadcast news. I'm not sure that's always going to be true and one of the things that makes us put news on the air is license requirement. I don't like licenses; I don't think they are a very good idea. I think there are a whole lot of reasons why they are bad, but I think that somewhere buried in them there is a sensible point. That is to ensure against the possibility that somebody might own them and just decide to milk them for everything they're worth.

If there had been a successful change in the FCC, and that successful change had been politically motivated, it probably would have resulted in bringing the networks to their knees and turning them to the purposes of the White House, into a conscious instrument of social control. If that had happened, I think we would have had a system here quite like the French system, which is ostensibly free, but actually controlled. And if that were the case, I think that we would have been in terrible trouble.

Question: What's the answer to that? To protect against that possible consequence?

Wald: I don't know.

Question: Why doesn't NBC, CBS, and ABC each sell their station affiliates for however many millions of dollars they would bring them and get out of the position of leaving hostages with the Federal government?

Leonard: It's a possible answer.

Question: I mean, why should you come to us and complain about having hostages in the hands of the Federal government when you put the hostages there and you could sell the hostages tomorrow?

Leonard: I think you're being naive. I think that if we had none, we would be even probably more vulnerable as a network. If enough pressure was applied to the 50 largest stations that CBS does not own, or NBC, we would be in very serious trouble. Selling the stations would solve nothing. I'm no expert in networking, but I don't think that would solve anything.

Wald: That's an interesting question, but, as Bill says, you get into practical problems. As I say, I'm not of a single mind about this—like the Fairness Doctrine. I don't like the Fairness Doctrine. I think that it is giving too much editorial control to people who shouldn't have editorial control. On the other hand, it is a reasonable impulse. I think there should be fairness in the world and I think that you get into terrible areas here, where what you're saying essentially is, "Look, I've got this goddam tiger, and it's in the living room. And this tiger I figure is very, very strong, and I don't know how strong I am. And I figure this tiger can just rip me into shreds any time. So I'm going to put

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up all kinds of bars around me." Now, if you're the tiger, maybe you think, "I'm not going to rip that guy to shreds. I'm just going to walk up and down. I'm not going to do anything. Furthermore, the Constitution says I can walk up and down." Well, who knows? Maybe the tiger is just going to walk up and down. It's a terrible problem.

I believe the history of journalism indicates that what happens in truth, in what you see before you, is that people are afraid to lose credibility and the loss of credibility is death. What you see in the course of American journalism, starting with the invention of the rotary press and mass media, is that you get huge circulations and great waves of—God knows what it is—in the development of a yellow journalism, and it dies.

What has survived out of the 1910, '20, '30 eras? It isn't the press lord who said, "You just send the stories, I'll give you the war." It isn't the people who printed the most lurid accounts of everything. It isn't the *Graphic* in New York, or a whole lot of other things that you can think of. What it is, is generally the better parts. Not the best the world could invent, but the best that was available. That's what actually happens. Don't judge it by a theory of what might, but by what actually did. When those things survive, they present themselves to you as the best of what's available. I am the survivor of a dead newspaper. It was a very good newspaper.

Question: Name it?

Wald: *The New York Herald Tribune*, may it rest in whatever peace it can get. But it wasn't better than *The New York Times*. I believe that the *Journal-American* wasn't better than *The New York Times* or the *Daily News*. I believe that the *World*, *Telegram* and *Sun*—three dead papers—weren't better than a whole lot of other papers. That's my specific experience. I look at Boston. I remember the *Herald*; I don't remember it in any glory. I look around me and I see what has gone, and I say a hell of a lot of it was very good, in parts, but basically, what you get in this kind of marketplace we operate is—maybe not the survival of the fittest—you get survival of monopolies in a lot of places—but the things tend to work out better.

Comment: I'm not sure that's correct. As long as you own five stations and are putting the thing out over our air—not yours—you've got to guarantee success.

The average documentary in prime-time draws about half the audience of the average successful entertainment program.

Comment: I just want to remind—I guess suggest to—this group, which is still, thank God, primarily print—I'd like to suggest a footnote on the subject of what if there had been no Watergate. I don't think anybody who works for a newspaper ought to be in one minute's doubt that the same treatment is available for all of us as for television. Now, you had to matter to the Nixon administration to get singled out. You had to be syndicated; you had to have national circulation; you had to have a lot of people reading you; you had to have the ability to hurt them. But it's all on the record in those areas, if you read all five volumes* and go through all the papers and all the transcripts, it's all there about the newspapers. It was just a matter of time, and we ought not to think that this was a little game that the administration was playing with television because they had FCC licensing. Because they had advertisers, they had the ability to put the pressure on The New York Times News Service and on the Washington Post News Service, which between them serve hundreds of daily newspapers. The longer you look at it and the more carefully you look at it, however overwhelming it may seem, it was all there.

And we don't have the FCC to worry about and we have the First Amendment—or what's left of it after the current Supreme Court gets through playing with it. But it was all there, and it was not a light matter for newspapers or solely

a matter for the networks. I had the pleasure of working in Washington for a long time and I had the pleasure of feeling what the White House can do to a reporter, even for a provincial newspaper which doesn't have a lot of clout, if they want to make life hard for you. They can make it hard for you with your advertisers, who buy your bread, and with all the other things. Generating letters, and all the rest of it. All I'm saying is just don't underestimate the kind of thing that can go on under the umbrella of the First Amendment.

Question: I would like to come back to the point of the discussion. I was in New York when Nixon resigned and I watched all the TV programs and I was amazed. It was very great, great journalism and I have to say that television can be as good and as serious as the press. But I feel that we have the wrong discussion here. For example, in Boston today, there are a lot of people who are not paying their electricity bill. Why do I have to buy *The Real Paper*, or *The Phoenix*, to know something about this? I didn't read anything about this in *The Boston Globe*; I didn't hear about it on the television news programs. I'm asking—is television covering the right problems and the real problems and topics of the people living here? There's the same problem in France and I think in that sense American television is as compromised as French television.

Leonard: There are very few towns that you can go to in this country and listen to the radio and television and come away and say, "Now I know what makes this town work." We don't do the job. Also, I think there are many towns in which you can go in and pick up all of the newspapers and you still won't know what really is happening in that town.

What that says is that broadcast journalism is imperfect, particularly at the local level, and that print journalism is imperfect for all kinds of reasons. We haven't begun to develop broadcast journalism at the local level, and we've only begun to develop it at the network level. We are, after all, a trade—if not a profession—that is extremely young. Television journalism is only about 25 years old. We don't know how to do all these things. You're quite right.

Question: Is it necessary to project the amount of violence that is shown on the networks?

Leonard: To eliminate what you perceive as some kind of unalloyed evil, I suppose, would take a cure that I think most of the people in this room would consider worse than the disease. And that is, some self-appointed group, presumably as higher authority, such perhaps as yourself, in power who by fiat or decree could do that. It's done all over the world. Insofar as violence is concerned, that, I think, is

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a debate that is going to be settled in the general court of public opinion.

A lot of people consider that the violence of Vietnam that was on television—the first war that has ever been portrayed as anything like what was happening—may have been responsible for the general revulsion against what was happening and might have gotten us out of the war. So it cuts both ways. But the general debate on violence, and violence in television, is something that, among other things, should be looked into journalistically. And one of the documentaries we have on the books is violence on television. We should examine it; it's a national issue and I don't know the answer to it, but I think journalistically that's one of our jobs.

Thomson: Of course. Percy Qoboza comes from a country—the Union of South Africa—that has held off television for a very long time, but was about to introduce an experimental period nationally in January. Unfortunately, the people who control the television in his country, being the South African government, will have a certain viewpoint. And they will try to administer that viewpoint through television and that's, I guess, the problem.

Comment: Let me try to state the question. As I understand it, if you have been dumping shit in the stream, then it seems to be true that you don't stop until you really get into trouble. I don't see any evidence that you haven't been dumping shit in the stream. If you have to have a special on

. . . We have the First Amendment—or what's left of it after the current Supreme Court gets through playing with it.

television, saying that dumping shit in the stream isn't so bad, just like the paper company in New Hampshire saying that actually not too many fish die from the shit in the stream, that is that.

Somehow, I have the sense that the issue is so far from that. I can't imagine you'd stand up and express it that way. We have so many different issues that it's difficult and complicated and we don't blame you for reporting those badly, if only they would be reported most of the time in a usable way. That means you have to spend hours and hours on them. Frankly, I don't think you're in that kind of position. So I think the position is weak. I'm afraid that in terms of the defense of the networks and so on, the incompetence of the academic to cope with you in a setting like this will not protect the network.

There are a bunch of very important issues around and we

are impressed—maybe we're all wrong—but we are impressed with the importance of the papers and the networks, and particularly, I think, with the networks, at least to alert us to the problems.

Leonard: What do you think we should be doing that we are not doing? Is it a question of more?

Answer: I can't distinguish the news from the ads, that's the point.

Comment: Most people can.

Answer: Well, I can't. Except that the ads are better—increasingly more truthful and better.

Comment: They're better propaganda, that's all. You're not watching. And that's a major complaint, I think. People bitch about television, but people who are doing the most bitching are doing the least watching. How much do you watch?

Answer: How much time do you want me to spend?

Leonard: Give me a concentrated half-hour a day and you will know a lot more than you do now, because you're not watching now.

Comment: Come on. What do I watch a half-hour a day?

Wald: Well, you tell me. What do you watch?

Answer: And if I watch NBC news a half-hour a day what do I get?

Leonard: Spare us the questions: just tell me what you watch.

Answer: No, no. What do I get if I watch?

Audience: Come on, what do you watch?

Answer: Okay, I'll tell you the truth. I watch the morning news.

Question: Which station?

Answer: I won't tell you which channel.

Comment: Come on, this is your time for candor.

Answer: No.

Comment: Let me ask about something else. CBS paid Bob Haldeman to appear, and Bill Leonard said that they did. Now my question is twofold: first, why after the administration did what it did would you do that; and second, do you have second thoughts about it now?

Leonard: Well, the answer is that we did pay Haldeman. One other man and I made the decision to do so for a simple reason. I felt that Haldeman was news. I felt that he was, for a long period of time, the second most important man or the equivalent in the United States, that we probably, after having spent a long time with him, were not going to advance the story a great deal, but we might. I felt that there had been times before when a man somehow revealed himself under questioning and the camera. There were a lot of things that we needed to know about Haldeman and about that whole thing.

I can assure you that in my mind there is not a great deal of difference between paying him and not paying him. I didn't want to pay him, because I don't like to pay anybody. I felt that it was important to show him, I hoped with all his warts laid bare, to the American people. I thought that was part of our responsibility. The only way I could get him to do it, was to pay him. That's why he was paid. I don't really care politically, because that's not our job—whether the money was used for his defense, whether anybody liked Haldeman or didn't like him, or whether anybody thought he should be dead, or even the possibility that he might use us. Everybody on our air, tries to use us. Every man interviewed by every print journalist tries to use the journalist. We're all familiar with that, but our job is to try to advance the story.

I asked Mike Wallace to do the interview because in most opinions, including mine, he was the best man for the job. I don't think he laid a glove on Haldeman and he doesn't think he laid a glove on Haldeman. And I don't think we advanced the story too much—a little—but not very much. I think we succeeded in arousing the reactions—purely, mostly emotional responses. I think we would have been criticized almost as much if we had put Haldeman on and not paid him. I don't think it makes a hell of a lot of difference.

In retrospect, I'll tell you, I am 180 degrees out of phase with my boss. In retrospect, I would have done it again. Because at the time I did it I was trying to move a very important story ahead. My boss has already apologized for doing it, so I don't feel like it.

Question: I'd like to ask both Mr. Leonard and Mr. Wald if they'd pay Nixon for a couple of hours?

Leonard: Well, we haven't and I think we're in a terrible box on that one because Nixon is going to go on the air and he isn't going to go on our air. And maybe nobody will lay a glove on Nixon, but leaving aside any consideration of whether we pay him or not, I know that everybody in this room—whether he appears on WCCC in Topeka—is going to be looking at that thing that night, in the hope that the story will in its general sense move ahead.

Comment: As a matter of fact, Nixon was on CBS tonight. We all missed it. He played golf and talked.

Comment: A couple of people mentioned that if Nixon hadn't had his downfall the networks might have been up the creek—might have—and that the newspapers would have soon followed.

It struck me that if the networks were in such bad shape and newspapers are quickly to follow, that if we need to rely on people like Richard Nixon for existence, then we're all in trouble. It reminds me of a story that Abe Rosenthal told me one time.

We were talking about the publication of the Pentagon Papers. Abe said that it was so important at the time to publish the papers. You know, everyone on *The New York Times* had the feeling that if it didn't appear in the *Times*, it didn't happen, but I really felt that if the *Times* didn't publish it, maybe *Boston After Dark* would publish it. And that would have been as great a thing.

Maybe that would have been better, because maybe the *Times* and maybe all these great establishments—because they are establishments—are kind of moving on and have had their day. So I'm not really worried if the *Times* doesn't

. . . Is television covering the right problems and the real problems. . . ?

publish something or that the networks are worried and need Richard Nixon for their existence. I think there is going to be somebody, I would hope in this country, who would publish this kind of stuff. And that we could put it on the air somewhere; ideally, with the advent of cable TV we could put a lot of stuff on the air that you guys would be scared to death of.

Wald: I think A, that I have been misunderstood; and B, that you are on the wrong track here. The point I was trying to make was simply, do not underestimate the size of the guy you're going to meet in a dark alley. That's the only

point I'm trying to make. It is very easy for me to go to the publisher's office and tell him that he has got to risk his investment in his newspaper so that he will let me fight everybody's fight.

Comment: My point is that there is always going to be someone who accepts the risk and maybe he is the better person to listen to.

Thomson: The formal proceedings are drawing to an end, but there are some people on my secret list—Dick Wald has equal time—the Fairness Doctrine or some such—and now over there—

Question: Since you started that talk about local news, I'd like to know your opinion of these consulting firms that all of the local television stations seem to be using. As you travel across the country there is Newswatch Six, News Scene Six, the sameness—And in my home town, New Orleans, there was a station that was first in the ratings. They hired one of these consulting firms that couldn't understand these local personalities that the people seemed to adore and they talked the station into getting rid of them, and they dropped from first to third place. What do you think about this trend toward consulting firms?

Question: Could you, incidentally, for those of us who are foreign, say a little about what consulting firms are?

Leonard: What she is talking about is the rise of a group of three or four or five consulting firms who will come in and tell you what is wrong with your news operation and how to raise your ratings. Really, how to increase your popularity. Some of them are far more professional than the news organizations that they study, and so not all of the suggestions that they make are either frivolous or journalistically improper. But, the danger is, and the bottom line is, that fundamentally they are there to increase the revenue of the station in a competitive market, and that if this is done by a better news program, then so much the better.

If it is done by some kind of news abortion, so much the worse, but the fundamental desire and the fundamental attack is not a journalistic approach of how can we, over a long period of time, be a better news organization—and better inform this community—but how can we make the 11 o'clock or the six o'clock news more popular immediately.

I stress the word 'immediately' because they are in and they're out and never mind about three years down the road. Now, you cited a failure, but I can assure you that there have been successes. And if there weren't successes, this breed of cat would be out of business shortly. It's nothing new. You can hire consultants in the newspaper business. It

has just gotten a little more notoriety in television. Fundamentally, however, they are not there to tell you how to be a better news organization, and that is why I object to them.

Question: Mr. Leonard, you started out by deploring news media turning toward more popular local news broadcasts.

Leonard: No—no.

Comment: I misunderstood you, then. It seemed you thought there was a danger in the trend in that it commandeered an awful lot of the resources. It walked dangerously close to the narrow line between entertainment and news. On the local news that I watch in Washington, which is now a full hour, the stations have somebody in Prince George County, somebody in Montgomery County, they've got a consumer reporter now. They are spending a lot of time with a lot of people and paying a lot of salaries to try

. . . There had been times before when a man somehow revealed himself under questioning and the camera.

and cover the local news. I'm not so sure from the economic standpoint how they can do that without spending a lot of money and going after the ratings and the advertising. That, I would say, is question number one.

Leonard: Well, first, I didn't say that all local news operations were bad. Now, there are news operations, local operations, that make a real effort. Most of them don't make a very good effort. What I was saying is that the profit of the news operation becomes an important part of the station's financial picture. Then there is always the danger—not necessarily the reality—that news considerations will be second to the cosmetic or entertainment considerations inside a news broadcast.

Question: Second question—and I will be very brief—it's late—you talked about the credibility problem and you said that if you didn't have it, you wouldn't last long. Now, it seems that the Coors family thinks you've got a credibility problem. They weighed in with a lot of money and are trying to build a fourth network and, politics aside—if indeed you can divorce politics from this particular issue—with the licensing problems, the money involved, is it possible for anybody to build a fourth TV network?

Leonard: I don't know, but I think it possible: yes. Probable? Not very. You can't build a network on news anyway. So. . .

Section I

Focus on South Africa

The Practice of Journalism

Benjamin Pogrund, assistant editor and political columnist of the Rand Daily Mail, Johannesburg, South Africa, gave the following address last spring at Michigan State University. The editors of Nieman Reports reprint his remarks with the kind permission of the College of Urban Development at that university, under whose auspices the lecture was given.

Don't look for logic in South Africa. The country is a crazy patchwork of contradiction—and the situation of the press faithfully reflects this.

In a country where personal liberties have been eroded to the extent that has occurred in South Africa, the press should not expect to have the slightest vestige of freedom. Yet the press in fact has a remarkable degree of freedom.

In the nearly 27 years in which the present Afrikaner Nationalist Government has been in office, the press—and especially the English-language press—has been subject to repeated and sustained attack and threat. Yet even while the noose has been gradually pulled tighter, there are still newspapers which strive to remain faithful to their calling.

Journalists and newspapers do not, of course, exist in a vacuum. They are part and parcel of their particular society and are as much subject to the laws and mores of that society as any ordinary individual. Perhaps in the United States, where free speech is an integral part of the Constitution, that principle does not apply as much as it does elsewhere. Certainly though in most other countries, South Africa included, the press will have just as much freedom as a society, or more specifically, a government of the day, decides to grant it. It is an unhappy fact that a substantial portion of the world's press is subject to rigorous restraint of one form or another.

Regarding South Africa, the press enjoyed largely unhampered freedom from the early 19th century onwards, after winning a struggle against the then British Governor at the Cape. How the press exercised its freedom was another matter because newspapers, again reflecting the society in which they existed, were simply an extension of the overweening White authority.

With the accession of the Nationalists to government in 1948, White power became more deeply entrenched and extended. And still the press—with a few exceptions in small newspapers of the far left—concerned itself largely with the maintenance of White privilege. Blacks were invariably referred to only when they entered the news as perpetrators of crime or during times of political upheaval.

It began to change in the late 1950s, after a new militancy on the part of Black political organizations coinciding with an upswing in White liberal thinking. Gradually, at least some papers came to handle Black news in much the same way as any other news.

While this was happening, one racial law after the other was put on to the Statute Book, classifying and separating South Africa's peoples into their different color groups; and simultaneously, a series of "security" laws to defend White authority while naturally also serving to buttress the existing government.

The Nationalists argued that there were evil forces, Communist-led, which wanted to overthrow the state by force. So in 1950 they enacted the Suppression of Communism Act with the immediate aim of banning the Communist Party of South Africa. But the Act gave the government extensive power to operate by Ministerial decree

and over a period of time that power was used against Communists and non-Communists alike. Even known anti-Communists considered to be challenging authority did not escape. In what has been called a process of action, reaction and counter-reaction, government actions led to resistance which in turn called forth still stronger punitive measures. The interests of the state have been the imperative, with individual rights sacrificed to this end. The result has been a creeping flow of authoritarianism, going across the color line and affecting the rights of all South Africans. Thus the terrible irony that, in maintaining the White-controlled state, Whites themselves have been deprived of essential liberties.

The press has suffered with the individual. There is no direct censorship; but newspapers are gravely circumscribed. After these years of Nationalist rule there now exists a maze of laws whose effect is to impede the right of the public to know what is happening. The press is either expressly forbidden to publish, or as a result of the existence of various laws, is afraid to publish.

A former editor has aptly said that editing a newspaper in South Africa is like walking blindfolded through a mine-field. It is indeed a minefield of legal hazards. These are among the main provisions:

The *Official Secrets Act* contains the provisos normal for any country wishing to protect its security. The South African version, however, adds bland references to "any military, police or security matter." No one can be quite sure what these phrases mean—except that they demand extreme caution in reporting anything about the operations of police and security bodies.

The *Defense Act* virtually prohibits the reporting of information concerning the defense of the country except with official permission. News agency reports from abroad which deal with South African defense cannot be published, even though the same reports appear throughout the rest of the world.

Editing a newspaper in South Africa is like walking blindfolded through a mine-field.

The *Bantu Administration Act* was first enacted in 1927 but has been updated and makes it an offence for anyone to "promote hostility" between Whites and Africans. At first sight, an excellent concept for South Africa's multi-racial situation; the drawback, however, is that it is the Blacks who are struggling for rights so it is their utterances and those of their sympathizers which draw the fury of the law. Hence, too, newspapers must take care not to publish statements which could bring about prosecution.

A Few Basic Facts

South Africa's population is 25 million, comprising about four million Whites, nearly 18 million Africans, 2.3 million Coloureds and 700,000 Asians.

In the White Group, about 60 percent are Afrikaans-speaking, and 40 percent English-speaking. The Afrikaners are descendants of the original Dutch and French who started settling at the Cape of Good Hope in 1652.

Africans are the black-skinned indigenous peoples; the Coloureds are a racially mixed group; the Asians derive from Imperial India.

Blacks is a generic term for Africans, Coloureds and most Asians.

South Africa is governed by a Parliament to which only Whites can be elected by the all-White electorate. The ruling party is the National Party representing mainly Afrikaners. The main opposition groups are the United Party, the Progressive Party and the Reform Party, which oppose apartheid to varying extents.

In terms of the current Government's policy of apartheid—now officially known as separate development—each of the country's different African tribal groups has its own "homeland" with its own form of limited local government. These Bantustans have been promised eventual independence. The Coloureds and Asians each have their own "representative councils."

The *Riotous Assemblies Act* has a similar provision but broadens it considerably. First, if a meeting is prohibited it is an offense to publicize or encourage it. Second, if anyone is prohibited from attending a particular gathering, nothing he says or writes, whether it be in the past, present or future, can be reported. Third, a newspaper can be banned if in the government's opinion any cartoon, picture, article or advertisement is calculated to engender hostility between Whites and Blacks. Fourth, it is an offense to publish anything which could have the consequence of inciting others to violence. It is no defense to plead that a newspaper had no intention of inciting.

The *Criminal Law Amendment Act* again deals with "incitement" and makes it an offense for anyone to say or do anything calculated to cause another person to contravene the law by way of protest against the law. In practice this means that if a newspaper publishes information in advance that an illegal strike is going to take place in protest against apartheid (and it must be remembered that, in general, strikes by Africans are illegal), it risks being

charged with incitement. Similarly with sympathetic comment on an inflammatory speech. The penalty, for the editor, includes jailing for up to five years and/or a whipping of up to ten strokes.

The *Suppression of Communism Act*, as earlier mentioned, extends far beyond the scope of its title. A newspaper deemed to be "furthering the objects of Communism" can be banned. People can be "banned" under this Act, so that they may not attend meetings of any kind, whether political, business or social; they can be confined to a specified area and ordered into house arrest so that they must remain indoors within set hours—a form of do-it-yourself jailing. And nothing a banned person says or writes can be quoted. The prohibition applies to the banned whether alive or dead, whether living in South Africa or abroad.

This has two effects. First, an entire spectrum of political opinion is seldom heard in public: there have been up to 800 banned people at one time and the current figure is probably around 200—with perhaps another 200 or so who cannot be quoted because they are "listed" as members of banned organizations. Second, the threat of a banning, which would make writing impossible, hangs constantly over the heads of journalists.

Advocating a boycott or interfering with traffic could form a charge of terrorism.

The *Unlawful Organisations Act* was enacted in 1960 to ban the two premier African organizations, the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress. These two movements now operate in exile; it is illegal to publish their views in South Africa.

The *Sabotage Act* specifies that the act of sabotage is also committed by anyone who incites, instigates, commands, aids, advises, encourages or procures anyone else to commit sabotage. The problem faced by newspapers is: at what point does the mere reporting of events stray across the line into these dangerous areas?

To deal with potential saboteurs—and others if need be—there is provision for *detention* of up to 180 days without trial which can be repeated indefinitely. Habeas corpus is specifically rendered impossible.

Extending this is the *Terrorism Act* of 1967 which allows for indefinite, incommunicado detention. As the title would indicate, the main purpose of the Act is to deal with terrorists. But it places an unusually wide interpretation on the meaning of terrorism which could encompass comment and reporting. Essentially this comes down to any action which could endanger the maintenance of law and order, such as doing anything likely to have the effect of encouraging forcible resistance to the government; causing general dis-

turbance; furthering any political aim (including social or economic change) by forcible means or with the aid of any foreign government or body; causing feelings of hostility between Whites and Blacks; promoting the achievement of any object by intimidation; or prejudicing the operation of industry and commerce. Advocating a boycott or interfering with traffic could form a charge of terrorism.

To establish that the accused intended to endanger law and order the state simply has to show that the accused's action was likely to have any one of these results. In this event the onus switches to the accused to prove that he did not have that intention. A finding of guilty on any charge means compulsory minimum five years' imprisonment; the maximum penalty is death.

Like many other parts of the world, South Africa does not extend any protection to journalists who plead their professional ethics in concealing a *source of information*. Anyone who is believed to have information needed by the police can be brought before a magistrate and questioned. Refusal to testify previously meant jailing for eight days at a time, repeatedly. It is now up to a year's jailing, repeatedly. There are suggestions that in political matters this will be extended to five years' jailing.

The *Prisons Act* prohibits the publication of photographs* of prisoners, or prisons, or even police vans without permission. This applies even after a prisoner's death; a photograph of a prisoner taken perhaps 60 years before as a baby is prohibited. More importantly, it is an offense to publish any information about prisons knowing that such information is false or without taking "reasonable steps" to ensure accuracy. The onus of showing that reasonable steps were taken rests on the accused.

Just what constitutes "reasonable steps" is uncertain. The *Rand Daily Mail* some years ago published a major series of reports on jail conditions after taking sworn statements from ex-prisoners. In a series of court trials over a period of four years the *Rand Daily Mail* and its informants were found guilty of contravening the Prisons Act. The paper was judged not to have taken reasonable steps—but it was never made clear what those steps should have been. It would seem that it means that if a newspaper receives accusations about the Prisons Department, it must go to the department—and only if the department confirms that

*The ban on the publication of photographs and sketches of prisoners was lifted on August 31 after representations by the Newspaper Press Union. The Minister of Justice said the ban would be suspended for a trial period of seven months. Photographs can now be published provided they will not, in the opinion of the police, impede investigations. The prohibition on taking photographs of prison buildings remains.

the accusations are correct can they be published. This situation effectively prevents the publication of independent information about jails.

Freedom of movement is restricted in a range of ways, with a material effect on the ability to collect information. Africans have the greatest difficulty because their entire right to live and work anywhere is controlled by the "pass" laws. An African journalist, for example, who has the right to live in Johannesburg cannot legally enter any other city area for more than 72 hours at a time unless he has official permission. Regarding Whites, there is an absolute prohibition on entering any African area without permission, whether in the city or rural districts. To control new newspapers, the government can demand that a deposit of \$28,000 be lodged for registration if it is believed that it might later be necessary to ban that paper. If banning does take place, the deposit is lost.

Finally, it is worth noting that South Africa's *defamation laws* derive from English law and are therefore far more restrictive in allowing free reporting than is the case in the United States.

People can be "banned" . . . and nothing [they] say or write can be quoted.

The effects of this battery of laws are sadly predictable. Not only do they directly deprive the public of information which it is entitled to have but too often, even where there is no law specifically preventing publication, the reaction of editors will be to cut out details or to drop a story rather than risk any possibility of trouble. Adding to the tension is the presence of Security Police spies on newspaper staffs. Occasionally their identity is known; more usually it is only suspected, with worry about the information they will carry back to their masters.

Given all this, there is the astonishing fact of the extent and depth of the reporting which occurs as a matter of course in South African newspapers. There are also papers—admittedly only a handful, but still they exist—which will push the law to its limits and gingerly step round the pitfalls to ensure that the public's right to know is fulfilled to as great an extent as possible. News reports lay bare the effects of apartheid and editorial comment is strong and frank. Certainly South African papers do not convey any impression of being a restricted press—provided one overlooks that an extreme leftwing weekly was banned a decade ago and another leftwing paper was harassed out of existence.

In speaking about the press, an important feature is that the South African press is deeply divided. First there are the English-language newspapers which account for about

70 percent of total circulation. All, with the exception only of one weekly financial paper, are opposed to apartheid and committed to upholding individual rights. Of them, it is fair to say that the *Rand Daily Mail* of Johannesburg is the most liberal and outspoken newspaper in the country. With a circulation of 142,000 the *Mail* is the biggest morning paper and the second biggest daily. It is the paper which, in 1966, under the editorship of Laurence Gandar, was honored by the American Newspaper Publishers Association with the World Press Achievement Award for services to journalism.

The English press is hardly, however, a picture of perfection. Depending for existence on advertising and circulation it is necessarily part of the establishment. Despite editorial stances there are too many papers which fail to present a fully rounded picture of South African society, or which shrink away in fear from stepping off the path of conformity, or which crumble too easily when faced by government threats. We all suffer from fear: it is only the degree of fear which determines our actions.

Second are the so-called Black papers. This is a misleading term for there is no genuinely Black paper if the term is to have its proper meaning. All the papers aimed specifically at Black readers are White-owned and controlled.

Third are the Afrikaans papers. They all support the government, have cabinet ministers on their boards of directors, and some indeed are official organs of the ruling party.

In general, strikes by Africans are illegal.

Traditionally the Afrikaans papers have been utterly faithful to their party and their people, always loyal, never uttering a critical thought, carefully screening the news to conform to the party's ideology. They played a fundamental role in the growth of Afrikaner nationalism and its rise to power. In one of the most significant changes in South Africa, the slavish adherence to party is no longer what it used to be. Starting about two years ago, several Afrikaans papers have been embarking on voyages of discovery about their own country—and have been plainly dismayed at what they have found. Those dreadful stories about the way the "pass" laws affect Africans and about the extent of deprivation caused by poverty wages which the English-language press had published for so long and which had drawn the mockery and the fury of their Afrikaans colleagues . . . suddenly, Afrikaans newspapermen have been finding it out for themselves.

Together with this, their news columns are opening up to divergent views—a previously unknown phenomenon. And editorial comments even express criticism, however muted, of government actions.

The change in the Afrikaans press reflects the confidence and the maturation of the Afrikaner people. They have exercised virtually untrammelled power for so long that group ties have begun to loosen. Dissenters can now be tolerated—at least up to a point—where only a short time ago they were cast out as traitors to their people.

With this there has been a fierce commercial battle between Afrikaans press groups in the north and south of the country in which they have raided each other's territory. In the struggle to succeed and to capture circulation they have had to aim at producing newspapers instead of restricted party journals.

Certainly South African papers do not convey any impression of being a restricted press. . .

The movement towards a form of free thinking took a major step forward only last month when a leading member of the Cabinet publicly attacked the Afrikaans press for its handling of sensitive issues. The papers' response was to declare that, while they certainly still accepted the correctness of National Party policy, they no longer regarded themselves as handmaidens of the party. The Afrikaans press remains a prisoner of ideology; but it now, increasingly, feels free to criticize the method of its application.

Most important of all, perhaps, it is preparing Afrikaners for the inevitability of change. It was through the Afrikaans press, for example, that the shift in South African government thinking on Rhodesia first became evident, with a torrent of reports and editorials in December and January warning that White domination could no longer be justified or maintained in that country, and urging Mr. Ian Smith to treat with African leaders.

One result is that the Afrikaans press is more aware than before of the need to defend press freedom. Previously, when the English press, and more especially the *Rand Daily Mail*, was under attack, the Afrikaans papers adopted the attitude that the government was quite right: the English press was disloyal, treasonable even, and needed to be disciplined.

There is a lot more anxiety among Afrikaans pressmen these days when attacks are made. They have recognized that a restriction of one applies to everyone. If press rights are diminished they will be unable to exercise their newfound freedom. This identity of interest is likely to be put to a stern test in the time to come. For in the developing

South Africa the press faces entirely new challenges—and the way it responds could bring down on it the wrath of the government.

In the first two decades of Nationalist rule, in the 1950s and 1960s, the major issue was the defense of liberty. As the Nationalists methodically circumscribed rights to live where one pleased, to work as one pleased, to consort with whom one pleased, erecting one racial barrier after the other, the voice of the *Rand Daily Mail* was a dominant one. More than any other paper the *Mail* stood steadfast, opposing and attacking. In putting forward its view of a shared South Africa, free of racism, it was a lonely voice. It did have admiring friends and to Blacks it was a shining light of hope. But it was hated and abused by its many enemies. In this period the *Mail* above all others magnificently discharged that great and vital function of the press as the watchdog of public liberty.

Now, in the mid-1970s, its function and that of other newspapers is different because the situation is different. The defense of liberty—of remaining liberty—is still basic, even more so perhaps because many South Africans have become accepting of violations; one does not know whether it is because they are punch-drunk or frightened.

But at other levels, South Africa is changing. There is political change, social change, economic change. Just how meaningful are the changes at this stage? It is open to argument: some say that there is nothing more than peripheral change and that the essential structure of South Africa remains unaltered; others say that the country is embarked on a tide which cannot be checked.

Certainly the rigid, monolithic society of the 1960s is perceptibly easing up. The aggression with which African leaders speak out, albeit within the confines of government-created frameworks, is one manifestation of this. The government has declared that it intends doing away with racial discrimination, and indeed apartheid is being nibbled away at. Racial barriers have come down, totally or partially, in a wide range of areas, from public parks and libraries in some cities, to hotels and sports fields, to the acceptance of diplomats and visitors from abroad.

The Afrikaans press remains a prisoner of ideology. . .

Past certainties no longer exist. Mozambique, on the country's eastern border, has fallen and an African government is soon to take over. Rhodesia, guarding the north, is within sight of Black majority rule. International pressure on the Southwest African issue is contributing to change. It is in this entirely new situation of uncertainty that, suddenly, the press can play a potent role. For it must be remem-

bered that during these long years of Nationalist government, the English press has been singularly ineffective in promoting change: even while, as noted earlier, these papers dominate circulations and have campaigned hard against the Nationalists, the government's majority has simply kept on going up in the White elections.

It is different now. Merely by reporting events the press is furthering change. By reporting that "White Only" signs have been removed from park benches without racial riots ensuing, the press gets people accustomed to going a step further. And above all, it is at this time that the press can zero in on the contradictions, the hypocrisies, the absurdities and the injustices—and find an audience more willing to pay heed than at any time in the past.

Three or four years ago few cared about poverty wages. Intense press publicity accompanying widespread African strikes has created a climate of concern in which there can be hope of progress. The mass removal of Africans from their homes under race and land laws receives wider attention today than ever before—and the government is more embarrassed by the publicity than ever before.

That does not mean that the press is now all-powerful. Hardly. Despite constant publicity these past five months about the incommunicado detention of Black radicals, their release was not secured. Perhaps at best it has con-

It is paradoxical . . . the more the press tries to do, the less likelihood . . . it will be allowed to be effective.

tributed to a somewhat greater sense of public unease about arbitrary arrest, causing the government to tread slightly more carefully. Perhaps. It is paradoxical, and typical of the contradictions of South Africa, that the more the press tries to do, the less likelihood there is that it will be allowed to be effective. This arises from the fact that, while it is clear that the government accepts the need for change, it is equally clear that it is determined to have change on its terms, at a pace it dictates and in a direction it decrees.

Anyone who does not conform to the approved pattern risks being in the front-line of attack from a government armed with fearsome power. The press obviously stands in particular jeopardy. Even more so because it is an old local custom to blame the mirror rather than the ugly subject which it reflects. In recording the presence or result of some form of odious racial discrimination the press is accused of a lack of patriotism and of fomenting racial unrest. And if, tragically, there should be any major racial disturbances, it will be the press which will be singled out as the cause of it all.

Indeed it is at this level of inter-race relations that newspapers are currently under pressure. Some 18 months ago Prime Minister John Vorster warned the press, in utterly non-specific terms, to "put its house in order" or face direct government action. The dilemma of how to respond to this has been acute. The entire Afrikaans press and a substantial part of the English press has believed that the Prime Minister should, in effect, be bought off. Hence the Press Code of Conduct, first adopted in 1962 by the Newspaper Press Union, the organization of proprietors, has been tightened up in regard to the issue of racial incitement and a severe financial penalty for offenders introduced.

"Those who feed the crocodile risk being eaten by it."

The rest of the English press, including all nine editors of the South African Associated Newspapers company—the group which owns the *Rand Daily Mail*—has come out publicly against the changes to the Code, warning of the danger of yielding to the Prime Minister's pressures. As the *Mail's* editor, Raymond Louw, has put it: "Those who feed the crocodile risk being eaten by it."

The revised Code has been introduced and now everyone is sitting around waiting to see how it is going to work in practice. Merely by pushing the newspaper owners into stiffening it, however, the Prime Minister has won: yet another warning notice has gone up to inhibit free reporting.

The changes in South Africa will go on. In whatever shape or form they are, they cannot be entirely resisted or avoided. By its nature the press has a function to perform in this period of transition. Merely by informing the public the press fulfills a role as an agent of change. That role can be still further sharpened and directed by striving to open men's minds; by questioning comfortable acceptance of the status quo; by ceaselessly pounding away at the theme that all in society are entitled to a just portion of riches; by praising progress when it occurs yet remorselessly pointing to injustices; by constantly holding up for all to see a vision of the future—which I believe to be a shared, non-racial South Africa.

The press as innovator is perhaps the most challenging role open to it.

Yet in living up to this responsibility the press in South Africa puts its very existence at stake.

Dare it shirk its duty? I believe not. Whether it will, remains to be seen.

The Plight of the Press

During two months in South Africa, I was on the staff of the *Pretoria News*, the only English language newspaper in that capital city. I worked with another Nieman alumnus and classmate, Andrew Drysdale, a solid professional and a man of considerable courage. As editor, he is called upon almost daily to make decisions American journalists may not face in a lifetime.

The South African government repeatedly makes the point that newspapers there are "free." And they are, to the extent that there is no direct censorship. However, the newspapers operate with caution so extreme as to amount to self-censorship. And they are repeatedly warned to be cautious and "responsible" by a government that periodically threatens official censorship.

They do not have the free access to information that is taken for granted in America, and they must abide by a network of laws that limit the sorts of stories they may print. Violations have been punished by fines and imprisonment.

All stories dealing with the armed forces or national defense, for example, must be submitted to the government for pre-publication censorship.

However, in spite of the great and sinister shadow of the government that is cast across every newsroom, the English language press does print the truth as it sees it, does criticize the policies of the government as much as it dares, does detail the manifest cruelties of the twisted South African society. Reporters and editors daily risk—and occasionally incur—fines and imprisonment.

Another depressing aspect of working on a South African newspaper is that almost all of the news deals in some way with race, the issue that pervades every aspect of society there. You can't do a story on public transit, for example, that is not essentially a story about the black migrant labor system, about the segregation of buses and trains, about fare rates that may be a pittance for whites but an impossible extravagance for blacks. Needless to say, every political story is about race. Every time a politician or a government minister delivers a speech, it is essentially about race.

The strange mixture of courage and caution that typifies much of South African journalism contrasts sharply with aspects of "early Chicago" journalism generated there by the fierce competition for circulation. The newspapers operate under great economic as well as political pressure. Readership is comparatively light, and newspapers rely on street sales. The struggle for street sales gives even the most serious newspapers a peculiar appearance. In some ways, they re-

Important Note

The editors regret to report that despite a six-week effort to elicit a promised response to John Corr's South African reportage from a United States-based correspondent for an Afrikaans-language publication, that commitment was broken at the last minute. Hence the delay in this issue of Nieman Reports.

The columns of this journal will of course remain open in our future issues to responses from Afrikaner—as well as other South African and American—viewpoints.

mind one of American newspapers of the 1950s, although South African newspapers are generally more graphically attractive.

Spicy "love nest" stories are common. Lurid sex trials get extensive coverage if they involve white people, but the weekly hangings of blacks in the prisons go largely unreported. Color pictures of beefy beauties in bikinis are a staple feature (and the color reproduction is superior to that of most American newspapers). In a country where magazines like *Playboy* are banned and possession of pornography is a criminal offense, girly pictures sell newspapers.

Sports coverage is much more extensive than in America and a rugby match is page one news. The only "extra" edition of the *Pretoria News* published while I was there was prompted by a France-South Africa rugby match.

For the most part, the writing in newspapers reminds one of the style that dominated American newspapers of the 1950s and earlier—clipped, terse and dry. There is a heavy reliance on the "five W" brand of formula writing. There are some exciting exceptions, and there are journalists in South Africa any American newspaper would be happy to employ.

In general, I came away from South Africa with a genuine respect for the cool professionalism and the courage of South African journalists and for the courage of scores of others I met there whose lives are an almost daily battle against the repressiveness and cruelty of their government's policies.

—John Corr

Mr. Corr, Nieman Fellow '75, is a columnist and feature writer for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. During his stay in South Africa last summer, he wrote for his home newspaper a four-part series of articles which Nieman Reports presents in the following pages.

Inside a Land of Oppression

By JOHN CORR
Inquirer Staff Writer

PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA—To one living, working and traveling in this rich and wretched land, the same idea keeps coming back:

This is what it would be like if Hitler had won.

A stern and harsh government imposes rigid controls on the society and, except for the master race, life is hard and bleak and bitter.

Johan Swart is a member of the South African master race—a member of the white tribe called Afrikaaner—and he enjoys a life of luxury and privilege, but not of peace.

Even the master race is not safe from anxiety in South Africa.

Swart, a mining supervisor, is a descendant of that legendary, almost mythical band of pioneers, the vortrekker, most of whom came to Africa from Holland. During the "great trek" of the mid-19th century they drove their covered wagons from Cape Town into the interior to fight the Zulus and settle on vast cattle farms in the "highveld."

The vortrekker—also called the trekboer—like the pioneers of the American West, braved the wilderness armed with rifle, Bible and a furious sense of destiny.

His descendants now number more than two million, a distinctive, dynamic and increasingly frightened minority living among some 18 million black Africans. It is for the 18 million that life is so bleak and bitter.

The vortrekker were a pastoral and pioneering people who fought a gallant and futile war against the British empire and who, until recent years, were themselves seen as second-class citizens by the two million "English" South Africans who controlled the wealth of the country and were its social and cultural leaders.

But the English victory of 1902 in the Boer War was only military and only temporary. It dissolved in the face of the Afrikaaner folk movement.

The Afrikaaner had developed his own language—Afrikaans—and his own institutions. The Dutch Reformed Church—a fundamentalist, Calvinist denomination—was the spiritual arm of the folk movement; the National Party the political arm.

In 1948, the National Party finally won a majority in the House of Assembly, formed its own government and has been solidifying its position ever since.

Its position has been strengthened through scare campaigns stressing that survival depends on white supremacy. This is commonly called "swart gevaar (black menace) politics." In addition, the party has disenfranchised two million "coloured" voters of mixed race and has arrested or banned political dissidents. Black Africans have never voted in South Africa.

Gradually, the Afrikaaner has moved into positions of power and influence in business and industry, gaining more and more control over the fabulous wealth of his country.

South Africa produces 75 percent of the world's newly mined gold and controls the world's largest gem diamond deposits. It has some of the largest known deposits of uranium, manganese, asbestos, high-grade iron ore, nickel and titanium.

Its coal reserves are estimated at 75 million tons, enough to last hundreds of years.

South Africa's per capita income is five times that of the rest of Africa, despite the fact that the mass of its people live in grim poverty.

Johan Swart is not one of the mass. He does not live in grim poverty.

Instead he lives in a four-bedroom rancher in the attractive suburb of Waterkloof. The interior appointments range from the lavish to the vulgar.

Swart has a wife, four children, two dogs and a swimming pool. He employs a full-time maid at 30 rands (\$42) a month. Her name is Mary Mbazi. She is 38 and speaks English, Afrikaans and Swazi. Once a month she visits her three children, who live with her mother in a black "township" 20 miles away. She lives in a room behind the Swart garage.

Swart hires other household help when work on the grounds is required or when he holds a dinner party, which is about every two weeks.

Dinner parties are the most common social activity for South African whites, both English and Afrikaans. They tend to be rather formal and bounteous affairs. Other popular diversions are the movies, called the bioscope here, and rugby games.

On Sundays, Swart likes to invite a few friends for a braaivlies (pronounced bry face), an open-fire cookout featuring steaks and two traditional Afrikaaner delicacies—boerewors (sausage) and biltong (strips of dried beef).

Conversations on Race

After a few bottles of local beer or Cape Province wines—which bear comparison with any in the world—the conversation will turn to race. All conversations inevitably do in South Africa.

Often, conversation starts with a joke, the butt of which is either a black servant or farmhand or Van Der Merwe. Van Der Merwe (pronounced fonder merva) is perhaps the most common Afrikaaner name, and the Van Der Merwe joke is the equivalent of America's ethnic jokes.

"Van Der Merwe sees a black woman kneeling in his Ned Geref Kerk (church) and tears in and screams at her, 'What the bloody hell you doing, hey?' And she says, 'Scrub the floor, master.' So Van says, 'Good. I thought for a minute you were praying.'"

Then the talk turns grim. The black take-over in Mozambique and Angola. The expected collapse in the next few years of white rule in Rhodesia. The fast-approaching day when South Africa will be the only "white" nation in Africa, bordered on three sides by the sea and on the north by "black Africa."

There will be talk of "detente," the new foreign policy of accommodation between South Africa and her hostile neighbors. There will be praise for the efforts of Prime Minister John Vorster, who was jailed during World War II as an avowed advocate of Adolf Hitler.

Since Swart's home is near the Waterkloof Air Force Base, the conversation undoubtedly will be punctuated by the roar of practicing Mirage fighter jets.

And the roar of the jets reminds everyone that white South Africa confronts black African nations and the 18 million blacks in its midst from a position of imposing strength.

South Africa spends a substantial portion of its great wealth—12 to 16 percent each year—on defense. It spent \$3.4 billion between 1970 and 1975.

The extent of the country's defense establishment is classified, but it is widely believed to be more than a match for the combined military might of all black Africa.

"We would go through them in a month," a military man said in an off-the-record conversation.

So, when the conversation turns to revolution at Johan Swart's braaivlies, the talk is hard and confident:

The ivory tower liberals, they say, don't know what they are advocating when they call for a revaluation for blacks. They don't know that the white South African will fight to the last man, the last child. He will use everything and anything he can. It will be a bloodbath. Millions will die and, win or lose, millions more will die of starvation in the aftermath.

If you are an American, the white South Africans undoubtedly will tell you that South Africa will never tolerate the urban riots of Newark or Detroit. Their track record supports that contention.

When several hundred blacks gathered at the police station at Sharpeville in 1960 in a relatively peaceful demonstration against the "pass laws," the police fired into the crowd with Sten guns, killing 69 and wounding 178.

(Pass laws require all blacks to carry reference books, known among blacks as "the book of life," identifying them and specifying which area they may be in and under what circumstances. As many as a half million cases a year are prosecuted under the pass laws.)

After the Sharpeville massacre, there was a rash of arrests and harassment of blacks. About 30,000 marched peacefully into Cape Town to protest.

The secretary of justice agreed to meet with the march leader, Philip Kgosana, if the crowd returned to the black "town-

ships" outside Cape Town. The crowd retreated quietly, and police and soldiers moved in to cordon off the townships. When Kgosana appeared for his meeting with the secretary of justice, he was arrested.

Johan Swart believes that incidents like Sharpeville and the Cape Town march will not occur again. Apartheid—the forced separation of the races—has done its work.

Most blacks who work in South Africa's cities—several million of them—are housed in townships miles from those cities.

Every day, these millions cram into buses and trains and ride into town to work. At nightfall, they are taken back to the townships.

More millions are forced to what the government calls "Bantu homelands, where they live according to cultural and tribal traditions and values and where they will, eventually, exercise political independence."

In the meantime, blacks in the townships are considered "temporary" resi-

dents in white areas, even if their families have lived there for generations.

If an urban black loses his job or runs afoul of the authorities, he may be sent to his homeland, even if he has never been there or has no more cultural or historic affinity with it than a black in Philadelphia.

A black must have worked for one employer 10 years or a number of employers 15 years before he is entitled to reside "permanently" in a white area. Even then, the permanency of his residence there is at the pleasure of the authorities. He can be "sent home" at any time.

So when the friends at the Swart braai-vies hear the jets roar by, they can feel secure, at least for now, in the knowledge that the system protects them from the growing, largely mute majority that shares their land.

Still, as the Swart fire dies and the Southern Cross appears in the night sky, the talk may turn to some long-term problems for which apartheid does not have ready answers.

The black homelands, for instance, comprise only 13 percent of the land area and will never sustain the vast and growing black population.

The urban blacks, increasingly sophisticated and restless, have no permanent place in the scheme of separate development, and there are a great many of them—9 to 10 million by some estimates.

And then there are over two million "coloured" people who cannot be assigned a tribe or a homeland and 700,000 other people of Indian ancestry who are neither white nor black and, therefore, also do not fit into the separate development scheme.

How long will all these people remain quiet and subservient? Nobody, of course, knows. So the conversation, blocked by the rock arithmetic, either switches to lighter subjects or breaks up in favor of a few rousing traditional Boer folk songs.

Finally, the fire dies and the guests say goodnight and drift away into the dark.

NEXT: Life for the urban blacks.

Squalid Desperation of a Migrant

Second in a Series
By JOHN CORR
Inquirer Staff Writer

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa—Joseph Mkwanazi smiles at everybody, calls every white man "baas" and swings his four-pound pick with a willing heart.

He is so happy to have this one-year job on a road gang in Johannesburg, making 65 rands (\$91) a month, so happy to be living in a hot, dirty barracks with hundreds of other men in Soweto, and so happy to be out of Nqutu, his "homeland."

Nqutu is where Mkwanazi, a Zulu, will achieve what the government calls "eventual political independence and self-determination" under the separate development policy of South Africa. There, the "cultural integrity of his people" will be protected, according to the government.

Actually, Nqutu is a section in one of eight separate homelands, or states, of which the South African government wants all of its blacks to be citizens.

The trouble is that Nqutu is badly eroded and overcrowded. According to the government-appointed Tomlinson Commission, Nqutu could support 13,000 people if fully developed.

The present population is estimated at 86,000 and may reach 120,000 by 1980.

There are only about 1,500 jobs available in the district and, since subsistence farming cannot support the population, food from outside must be purchased in the stores.

Life without cash is impossible, and with so few jobs there is very little cash. So most of the able-bodied people of Nqutu are migrant laborers, like Mkwanazi.

To get his job, Mkwanazi registered at the labor bureau in his homeland, paid a

tax of \$3.50, and had his "book of life" stamped to designate him as a work-seeker.

What happens at the homeland labor bureaus, was described in an article in the Johannesburg Star, a newspaper often critical of the South African regime.

"They wait for days, weeks, months. Then the recruiting agent . . . arrives. He walks along the line and beckons those he chooses. This one looks strong, this one looks young and teachable, this one is too old, that one looks too thin."

"This one says he doesn't want to work for R8 (8 rands, or \$11.20) a week because he was paid R11 in his last job. He is too cheeky, and the agent does not want cheeky boys."

"Those not picked must wait until the next agent comes. The cheeky one won't argue next time."

Mkwanazi is glad that his book is stamped laborer. He could have been designated farm worker, a job paying as low as R5 (\$7) a month.

He signed a contract to work for one year, after which he must return to Nqutu and re-register before taking another job.

Dr. Francis Wilson, in his book *Migrant Labour in South Africa*, estimates that there are 1.3 million workers like Mkwanazi.

Generally, they spend as little time as possible in the homeland, a place of women and children and old people. In the beginning, they send home as much of their wages as possible, after paying for food and clothes and transportation between the townships in which they are forced to live and the job. Often, after being in the city for a while, they send less money home and keep more for themselves.

Dr. Wilson visited a new hostel and described it as typical:

"The inmates live in four, six or eight-bedded dormitories with no tables or chairs, no heat and one overhead light per room. Five must share one gas ring and 14 share one toilet."

"Apart from one lounge holding 300, no provision is made for inmates to be anywhere but on their own beds. There is no privacy, no comfort, no security of person or property."

These conditions result in crime, prostitution and homosexuality, he said.

But, just now, swinging his pick in the big, bright and new city with money in his pocket and a new shirt on his back, Mkwanazi is happy. He would like to be able to work in Johannesburg permanently and live in Soweto.

Michael Senone, who lives permanently in Soweto, snorts derisively at that. Life in the homelands, he says, "must be very bad for somebody to actually want to live in Soweto."

Senone is a messenger for a printing firm and earns R120 a month. He has lived in Soweto all his life. He hates it, and he hates the idea of his children growing up there.

Soweto, which stands for South Western Township, is one of the dormitory communities for blacks that have been built near urban centers since 1950. Blacks with permanent jobs in the cities live in such "townships." Migrant workers must return to "homelands" after each one-year work period.

Soweto is a strange, vast and dismal city of more than a million people, all black. At its nearest point, it is 8 miles from the center of Johannesburg; at its farthest, 20 miles.

It is the fourth largest city in South Africa, and yet it is more of a compound than a city. There are few stores or shops and no sidewalks. Recreational facilities are rare.

People live six and more to a house and the houses are small brick boxes that march across the landscape in seemingly endless rows. Most of the streets are unpaved.

The houses range from the common, cramped and despised four-room "pondokkie," to the spacious, self-built homes of a handful of rich blacks who make their money running the few stores and the cinemas in Soweto.

The only plentiful "amenity" in Soweto is beer halls. These are run by the government and they sell "Bantu beer," a government-brewed drink that tastes like mildly alcoholic yogurt. (The government says Bantu beer is nutritious and healthful.)

But Michael Senone seldom goes into the beer halls, which are large, open and noisy rooms resembling gymnasiums. He says the halls are cold and unfriendly and people are afraid to speak their minds because of informers.

The South African secret police force was called the Bureau of State Security until the government became sensitive about the acronym BOSS and changed the name to the Bureau FOR State Security.

"Whatever the range of activities of BOSS, most people believe that its agents permeate the society. I know of at least four journalists who say privately that they have been asked by BOSS agents to spy on colleagues.

Senone drinks—when he can afford it—in "shebeens," Soweto speakeasies. He

patronizes only those near his home because he fears Soweto's notorious criminal element.

During a recent six-month period in Soweto, there were 255 murders, 366 rapes and 3,652 assaults.

Despite South Africa's vast riches, most people in Soweto live in ugly poverty. Seventy-nine percent of the heads of households in Soweto are semi-skilled or unskilled laborers.

A recent analysis set the average salary of semi-skilled and unskilled workers in that area at \$84 a month.

The Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce estimates that a Soweto family needs \$126 a month just to survive on the "poverty datum line" if no money is spent for furniture, cooking utensils, amusement or personal hygiene and grooming. The University of Natal places the poverty datum line at \$132.70 per month.

Soweto is only the largest of the satellite dormitory communities built for blacks who work in the cities. It is estimated that nine or ten million blacks live in similar circumstances in the vicinity of white urban areas.

And despite the conditions of life in these townships, rural blacks want in, and urban blacks dread being "endorsed out"—assigned to their "tribe" in some rural homeland, whether or not their ancestors came from that part of the country and whether or not they have ever thought of themselves as members of a tribe.

There are 17,000 families waiting for houses in Soweto alone. And these are only those who qualify to live in Soweto by having worked in Johannesburg for at least 10 years.

Migrant laborers, like Joseph Mkwana, will never qualify to live in Soweto.

And no matter how long Michael Senone lives in Soweto and works in Johannesburg, he will never have the "right" to stay there. If he should lose his passbook, his "book of life," or if he should anger the wrong white man or lose his job, he just might be "endorsed out."

Being an urban citizen with little regard for his tribal ancestry, Senone might well be sent to one of the government's new "rehabilitation" centers in whichever homeland he is exiled to.

He would then be held for up to three years to "improve his physical, mental and moral condition."

He would be released from the center when the authorities were satisfied he had been:

"1. Trained in the habits of work and industry.

"2. Reoriented to the traditions, culture, custom and government of the national unit (tribe) to which he belongs.

"3. Generally cultivated to the habits of social adaption . . . including an awareness in regard to the observance of and the necessity for the laws of the country."

Once "rehabilitated," Senone would be turned loose to find a way of surviving in the homeland. Doubtless, his first stop would be at the labor bureau, where he would stand in line with the others hoping to be picked by one of the recruiting agents from the nearest city.

Living in Soweto is not the worst thing that can happen to you in South Africa.

Tomorrow: South Africa's Coloureds

'Coloureds' Evicted from a Decent Life

Third in a Series
By JOHN CORR
Inquirer Staff Writer

CAPE TOWN, South Africa—Mary Thomas, one of the bastard children of white South Africa, returns to her old neighborhood twice a month to see her sister.

Mrs. Thomas is "coloured," and her sister is "white."

She is afraid to visit more often. The white people who now live in her old neighborhood, Mowbray, might not like coloureds coming and going—might report her sister to the authorities.

If that happened, the same calamity that Mrs. Thomas endured could burden her sister. The sister could be declared coloured, although her skin is lighter than Mrs. Thomas'.

If that happened, she would have to leave Mowbray, an attractive hillside community overlooking beautiful Table Bay at the tip of the African continent.

She would have to move out with the other coloureds of Cape Town in the desolate Cape Flats. If her husband kept his white identity, they would have to be divorced. Otherwise, he would lose his job.

The sister's children would have to leave their white school, and they and all their descendants would be forever designated coloured, a prospect that fills her with dread.

The authorities must never know, said Mrs. Thomas (not her real name), that she and her sister are related.

There are more than two million coloureds in South Africa, most of them in Cape Province, the result of whites mating with Africans and Malay slaves.

For almost 300 years, until the National Party came to power in 1948 and introduced apartheid, most coloured people lived in Cape Town.

Then, in a quick succession of government orders, they lost the right to vote, or to use white hotels, restaurants, bars and public facilities. Finally, they were even forced out of Cape Town and into

the Cape Flats, a sandy stretch 10 miles from the city that is divided into several coloured townships.

Most of the people evicted were from neighborhoods like Mowbray and District Six, crowded and busy urban areas with many shops, cinemas, bars and hotels.

The coloured people of Cape Town were known as excellent musicians and artists with a flamboyant and intensely social lifestyle. The abrupt relocation to the barren Cape Flats had a profound psychological effect.

A recent comprehensive psychiatric study among the coloured population found that more than one in 10 suffered "serious psychological disturbances" and half of those were "disabled" by the symptoms of these disturbances.

The rate of alcoholism is 18.2 percent, compared with 4.3 percent in America and 1.9 percent in Canada. Public drunkenness is common in Cape Town.

The shock of relocation was in addition to the many social upheavals caused by the racial registration of the population in the 1950s.

Shading Alone

At that time, some people were designated white and others coloured. Designations were often made only on the basis of skin shade. Thus, families were split because some members with lighter shading managed to obtain white identity cards, and remain in Cape Town for the sake of their jobs and their children.

Others who had been holding white jobs and whose children were attending white schools were declared coloured and forced out. In some cases, engaged couples were given different racial designations and could not marry.

Bitterness and division grew in coloured neighborhoods when those designated coloured informed on others who had managed to pass for white.

To house those who could not get a white identity card and who were moved to the Cape Flats, the government put up thousands of cheap houses and apartment buildings, but not enough.

In July, there were 26,652 families—about 150,000 people—on waiting lists for homes. Some Cape Flat townships do not maintain such lists, however.

A clearer indication of the extent of the housing problem can be seen in the squatter camps, where 27,092 families live in incredible filth and privation, many of them waiting for housing.

The shacks in the camps are made of scraps of tin and wood and are without water, electricity or heat. Furthermore, a family must pay rent for the privilege of erecting a shack in one of the government-approved, squatter areas.

It is conservatively estimated that the government will have to build 100,000 homes by 1980 if it intends to house the displaced coloured people, but it apparently does not intend to do so.

Prof. S. P. Cilliers of Stellenbosch University near here conducted a study for the government and concluded that 40 percent of the coloured people were inadequately housed. "Cave dwellers who lived in this area in pre-historic times," he wrote, "were better sheltered than the people living now in the squatter camps."

Coloured people interviewed on the Cape Flats do not list apartheid itself when you ask them about their problems. They talk of hunger and no schools or recreational facilities and the distances they must travel to see friends or family.

More than anything else, though, they talk about crime.

The level of crime and violence on the Cape Flats is staggering.

The murder rate in the Cape Town area is double that in New York City. There were 19.3 violent crimes reported for every 1,000 people in 1974. On the Cape Flats, alone, in 1974, there were 504 murders, 1,024 rapes, 5,110 assaults and 2,429 robberies.

One section, Bishop Lavis Township, is commonly called "Kill Me Quick, South Africa."

Young coloured people who reach the university level attended the segregated University of the Western Cape. It had an enrollment of 1,440 in 1974, whereas the two white universities in the area, Stellenbosch and the University of Cape Town, enrolled 17,733.

Coloured students interviewed generally contended that the society had a radicalizing effect on young coloured people. An officer of the student representative council said:

"Our people traditionally have aspired to be like the whites. A light skin was seen as a sign of merit. Now that has been completely reversed among the young people.

"We see ourselves as black South Africans, and our destiny is with the so-called Bantu people of this country. When the day comes, we will die with them and not with the whites."

That day, he conceded, does not seem to be imminent.

"How can we fight? They have us by the throat. We can hardly breathe."

The two million coloured South Africans are an embarrassment for the government. They do not fit into the ideology of separate development. That ideology proposes that each "nation," such as the Xhosa, Zulu and the whites, will rule itself in its own section and will protect its own interests.

(The 18 million blacks have been allotted 13 percent of the land for their "Bantustans." The four million whites have the rest.)

Because the coloureds are not a tribe but an urban people with much the same cultural heritage as the whites, they can not be assigned a "Bantustan," a homeland in which to develop "political independence."

Therefore, it is difficult to cite the theories of "separate development" as the reason for disenfranchising and dispossessing them.

'Parallel Development'

Dr. Connie Mulder, Minister of the Interior, attempted to explain the inconsistency by saying the government policy for the coloured population was one of "parallel development" as distinct from "separate development." Parallel lines will never meet, he hastened to add, even if extended "into infinity."

Coloured people, he said, can "exercise political expression" through the Coloured Representative Council, which was designed to advise the white government, but they are not permitted elected representatives in the ruling white Parliament.

An election of council members was held in 1969. The election was won by the Labor Party, which had campaigned on a platform urging abolition of the council and direct representation in the white Parliament.

The government quickly appointed 20 council members, giving the other party, the Federal Party, the council majority. The Federal Party does not believe that the council should be abolished.

The consensus among students at University of the Western Cape was that the council "is a joke."

A middle-aged man encountered on the streets of Cape Town was asked what he thought of the council.

"I don't know nothin' about it, baas. I don't know. I'm just the white man's dog, baas."

NEXT: Changes in South Africa

Token Benefits Veil Increasing Oppression

Last of a Series
By JOHN CORR
Inquirer Staff Writer

PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA—Blacks can now rest on park benches here. That concession by the ruling white oligarchy is part of the contrived "era of change" campaign.

The government tells the world, and those South Africans naive enough to believe it, that the rulers are encouraging and gently guiding the primitive black man toward equality and independence.

Because the government is interested in "detente" with black African nations, it attempts to give the impression that its domestic life is changing in a liberal direction.

And there have been some cosmetic changes recently. A theater in Cape Town now admits "coloureds." "Bona fide" travelers who are black can sometimes get special government permits to stay in white hotels.

Some "whites only" signs have come down, although they are still pervasive.

Surface Adjustments

But, at its heart, this strange and twisted society remains as rigid as ever.

The massive task of moving millions of blacks into dormitory compounds outside the cities or to the rural "homelands" has been virtually completed.

As long as this separation of the four million whites and 18 million blacks remains in force and the whites continue to hold the power, wealth and weapons, the

government can comfortably make some surface adjustments.

But under the surface:

- The wage gap between white and black widens. Recent estimates indicate that whites in the Johannesburg area earn seven times as much as blacks, on the average.

- Blacks are warned repeatedly that they have "no rights" in white areas, which comprise 87 percent of the nation.

- The government can and does tell people what they cannot read, where they cannot live, who they cannot marry, where they cannot go. It is a criminal offense to have sex with anyone outside one's color group. It is even against the law for a white to go to a black area without a permit.

- Political dissidents are jailed indefinitely, without trial, and held in solitary confinement. Some are "banned," which usually amounts to house arrest, daily reports to police stations and prohibitions against meeting or talking with more than one other person at a time.

- Schools are free and compulsory for whites. But blacks, who have far less money than whites, have to pay for schooling, and it is not compulsory for them.

- "Job Reservation" closes certain jobs to blacks.

- Censorship of movies, books, magazines and other publications is strict and widespread. It is a criminal offense even to quote a banned author.

Routine Executions

Something of the society's flavor is reflected in the fact that five black men were hanged at Pretoria's Central Prison on the same morning, June 24, and that virtually no one in South Africa took note of it. Executions, after all, are commonplace in this country: 36 in the first six months of 1975, 14 more than during the same period of 1974.

Indeed, as the five men were being hanged June 24, there were 70 condemned blacks waiting in the prison's death row, all singing, "Abide With Me."

South Africa has the largest number of "judicial killings" in the world, according to Prof. Barend van Niekerk, head of the law faculty at Natal University in the port city of Durban east of here.

Little attention is paid to executions, he said, except on the rare occasions when the victims are white.

"We are a thoroughly sick and racialistic society," said Dr. van Niekerk in an angry and—in this country—a courageous statement.

"Our charity is racially oriented. The fact that so many black people can be hanged with hardly a murmur of protest shows the kind of inconsistency in our social makeup."

Fearful Protests

The one heartening element in the dreary pattern of oppression here is the South African press, which is relatively free.

The newspapers criticize the government and protest about social conditions. They are not censored, but they are warned repeatedly that the government has "a duty to take such steps as are necessary to safeguard the interest of South Africa."

The press, therefore, works under the schizophrenia-inducing pressure of trying to tell the news fully and fairly without angering the government into taking action against it.

Some reporters have been "banned" or jailed for excesses, and editors have been fined.

The government controls the radio, so there is never a trace of social or political dissent on the "news" programs.

When television becomes available in January, there will be only one station, also controlled by the government. Furthermore, only a small percentage of the population will be able to buy a television set. Color sets sell for about \$1,500.

Now 7 Out of 171

Despite all this oppression, many intelligent South Africans seem convinced that appreciable social change will someday be permitted by the government.

Much is made, for instance, of the fact that the liberal Progressive Party increased its seats in Parliament from one to seven in the last election. There are 171 seats in the chamber.

After the election, "liberals" began speaking as if there was some possibility—however remote—that the Progressives or some other party might some day dislodge the National Party from power.

They speak as if the government would allow this to happen, even though the government has given ample proof that it would stop at nothing to remain in power.

Since achieving power in 1948, it has strengthened its grip by disenfranchising voters, arresting or banning political dissidents and "weighting" votes of sympathetic elements within the society.

Still, opponents of the government carry on political charades as if they believe they can "win."

Almost a year ago, Prime Minister John Vorster made his famous "give us six months" speech, in which he promised great changes within South Africa.

Since then, most of the movement has been in the direction of "bringing the homelands closer to independence."

There are eight projected homelands, populated mostly by rural people. Except

for the Transkei, the homeland for the Xhosa tribe, none is close to self-government, even in areas such as education and the judiciary, where the white parliament has said that it will grant independence to the homelands.

Millions Outside Pale

Except for the Transkei, none of the homelands is contiguous. Each is scattered in relatively small parcels of land that would never support the country's 18 million blacks.

Whatever degree of independence is ultimately given to the homelands, they will always be under the economic sway of the white government.

The only way for the people in these homelands to live is by exporting their labor to the white-controlled mines and industries.

And there is no realistic provision in the "separate development" theory to deal with the nine million or so blacks in white areas—largely urban blacks, with no connection with or interest in the homelands.

Nor is there any place in the separate development scheme for the two million coloured people or the 700,000 people of Indian ancestry who have no assigned "homeland."

Power of Suggestion

Chinese are classified as "Asians," but the Japanese, because of substantial business dealings between Japan and South Africa, are considered "white," giving them access to hotels, restaurants, etc.

The coloureds and the Indian people will have political expression, the government says, through representative councils, which may present the wishes of their people to the government. But the council will have no power to compel the government to act on any of its suggestions.

Since the Vorster "six-month" statement, there has been much publicity along with a number of statements from government ministers concerning the relaxation of "petty apartheid" in South Africa.

This means things like the removal of some, but not all, of the ubiquitous "whites only" signs and the permission for blacks to sit on park benches.

Racial discrimination in the use of buses, taxis, hotels, restaurants and other public facilities is called "petty" here because, by contrast, the discriminatory machinery is so enormous in housing, employment, education and other basic aspects of life.

Transkei Charade

Balthazar Johannes Vorster, South Africa's Prime Minister, has the Teutonic cadences, deadpan humor and pear shape of Henry Kissinger. He is also both pragmatic and enigmatic. And he is trying to practice his own version of detente in relations with the black African nations to the north of his white-ruled fortress.

For some time now he has seen the writing on the wall: about the vast Portuguese territories of Mozambique (now independent, under black Marxist rule) and Angola (about to be the same, though torn by black civil war); and, most painfully for his fellow believers in apartheid, about Rhodesia where the breakaway white minority regime is clearly doomed. But whether Vorster sees the writing on the wall at home—and is willing to practice detente at home, and to do it quickly—is a question that tantalizes South Africans.

Is he ready to move toward the sharing of wealth and power with the nonwhite majority in his own country—mainly blacks, but also "coloureds" (of mixed blood) and Asians—and to get on with it soon enough to avert volcanic violence? This was the ever lurking question among South Africans I talked with this past July. Its answer will shape the fate of four million whites and the 20 million nonwhites they now subjugate.

Those who know Vorster say he is a realist about the pressures at home: rising black consciousness, despite tribal and linguistic divisions; black awareness of and exhilaration about the momentous shifts of power in Mozambique, Angola and, potentially, Rhodesia. In addition he faces the gradual unleashing of black politics via the so-called "homelands" (black reserves), politics long muted since the black protests and white repression of the 1960s. Then too there's the emergence this summer of a new white coalition party of Progressives and Reformers dedicated to the creation of a multiracial nation; and, finally, an uneasiness among even Afrikaner whites about heightened opprobrium from the international community. (It *is* true that nothing has hit the average white South African harder than the widespread sports boycott of his teams and athletes.)

At the same time Vorster's Nationalist party owes its 27 years of unbroken power to a backbone constituency of traditionally conservative (and traditionally rural) Afrikaans-speaking whites of Dutch, French and German descent. Their usually tight unity as a beleaguered *Volk* apart was forged by recurrent wars with black tribes and also with those eventual overlords of both, the British—whose descendants now constitute 40 percent of the white minority. Vorster's Pretoria government also has the biggest

and best-equipped military, police and security forces on the African continent, ready to crush black political aspirations. And Vorster is already pressed, though not yet significantly, by a right wing splinter party that regards both detente abroad and his willingness to dismantle "petty apartheid" at home as a betrayal of his Afrikaner heritage. Petty apartheid encompasses visible segregation in hotels, restaurants, theaters and other public places.

So, does Vorster intend detente at home, and if so, can he produce it rapidly enough?

But whether Vorster sees the writing on the wall at home . . . is a question that tantalizes South Africans.

One test will come a year from now, when Vorster's domestic fallback, the end-product of years of Nationalist planning, will come into being: the newly "independent" black nation of Transkei, occupying some 14,000 square miles of rugged enclave on South Africa's windswept Indian Ocean coast.

Transkeian "independence" will be the crucial move in an elaborate cosmetic shift designed to *look like* detente at home while actually averting true detente. Its aim is instead to perpetuate the "grand apartheid" that is the central underpinning of white supremacy in South Africa: white control of all significant wealth and power.

The Transkei will have a capital at inland Umtata, a Victorian frontier town soon to be refurbished with palatial new buildings; an industrial park at Butterworth; a rather iffy anchorage at tiny, formerly white Port St. Johns on the coast; a prime minister in the person of Paramount Chief Kaiser Matanzima, who has exercised partial "self-government" under Pretoria since 1963; a constitution, a flag and other trappings of sovereignty. It will also have some four million "citizens," mostly of the Xhosa tribe, one of South Africa's two dominant black groupings. Half of those citizens, however, will actually be living not in their own assigned nation but in the black ghettos of the Republic of South Africa; and many of them will have never laid eyes on the Transkei.

Much is at stake in Transkeian independence. For Vorster's Nationalists the Transkei was years ago decreed a "Bantu homeland" (Bantu is the official term for blacks, one despised by them). More important the Transkei is the prize exhibit of the policy of "separate development," the official euphemism for apartheid. As the only one of the nine designated homelands committed to opt for Pretoria's

offer of independence—and also the only one whose territories are all contiguous rather than patches here and there—it is crucial to the success of separate development.

If the Transkei gains some degree of international acceptance—great power recognition, perhaps UN membership—and at least the look of independence, then other homeland leaders, currently very reluctant, may be persuaded to follow suit. At that point Pretoria would be well on the way to the surgical excision from its territory of large clusters of blacks—with 80 percent of South Africa's population re-assigned to 13 percent of the land. Not only excision, but *multiple* excisions, in ways that will leave the blacks not merely separated from South Africa but also nicely divided from each other. Remove-divide-and-rule will have worked. Except, of course, for those millions of blacks left in the urban ghettos, who will then be considered foreign migrant laborers, as deprived of legal and political rights as they are today.

But if Transkeian independence somehow fails, the Nationalists' homeland solution to the race problem will turn out to be no solution at all. And South African politics may suddenly become extremely volatile. Or, as one true-believing Afrikaner academician put it to me, "The alternative is too horrible to contemplate."

Others who have stakes in the Transkei outcome are Pretoria's black collaborators; and also their opponents. In the Transkei itself, for instance, the hereditary Xhosa chiefs—the brothers Matanzima (Kaiser and George)—and their lesser-chief supporters in the Transkei National Independence party have established a mutually beneficial and highly lucrative relationship with Pretoria. This is hardly surprising

the Umtata fat-cat establishment, is that Pretoria is getting something it hadn't bargained for: a truly independent black state, with potential political muscle, that can gradually make its weight felt in behalf of all South African non-whites and eventually, perhaps through federation, achieve a sharing of power in a multi-racial South Africa.

While Pretoria thinks it's using *them*, they are—they assure you, with a wink—using Pretoria. "If they try to push us around after independence," one black entrepreneur told me, "they'll be sorry." "You'll make them ride in the back of the bus?" I asked. "We'll show them," he replied, "that they're riding the back of the tiger." This despite some glaring post-independence anomalies like the perpetuation of control by the Cape Province of Umtata's large modern high school as an all-white institution, also the construction of splendid segregated housing and other facilities for the expected white "advisers."

Remove-divide-and-rule will have worked.

The Matanzimas' critics, inside and outside the Transkei—some white, but mostly black—perceive instead a combination of self-enrichment and wishful thinking, or opportunism and greed. Their central and most searing charge is that the charade of independence will permanently deprive four million Transkeian blacks of their birthright: an equitable share in the wealth and power of the South African nation—a nation in large part created and sustained by the toil of blacks.

* * * *

. . . Nothing has hit the average white South African harder than the widespread sports boycott of his teams and athletes.

since South Africa currently subsidizes 80 percent of the Transkei budget—and will have to do so after independence for the foreseeable future. For nowhere on the horizon is there even a glimmer of economic viability for the enclave, though Umtata's wistful bureaucrats speak glowingly of future competition between Washington and Moscow in providing foreign aid to the new nation, of European investors, even of a possible Pentagon bid for a naval base on the coast.

* * * *

The Matanzimas are regarded by many of their own Xhosa subjects, as well as non-Xhosa blacks, as Uncle Toms or worse. Their response, and that of their followers among

Such is the view of the sad and wise leader of the Transkei's opposition Democratic party, attorney Knowledge Guzana (his brother, a banker, was prophetically christened "Savings"). He is a Methodist lay preacher whose party is now hopelessly outnumbered in the legislative assembly—thanks, so say journalist observers, to old-fashioned Tammany Hall bribery by the chiefs at election time.

Such is also the view of large numbers of younger Xhosas one meets accidentally within the Transkeian bureaucracy. Their articulate fury is impressive. They point out that the Transkeian people were never consulted, just the tribal brass; no referendum was ever held on independence. Furthermore, as one young man put it to me, "Independence means nothing without *freedom*." Freedom from Pretoria's control in economic and security affairs is simply not in the offing; and as for the Xhosa chiefs, few of their subjects believe they will ever rescind the state-of-emergency decree that they invoked more than a decade ago.

These younger blacks speak bitterly of their jeopardized "birthright" in white South Africa. And their frustration takes forms that sometimes shock. For instance: "You should understand that Gen. Amin is a hero to us all." And their fascination with the forbidden topic of Chinese communism is at a fever pitch of intensity; perhaps Maoism, now much admired to the North, can provide *them* with a model? But then comes the sudden admonition, spoken with equal intensity: "We must learn to love the white man." For their nearly unanimous verdict is that there can be no ultimate solution other than a "nonracial" South Africa.

Beyond the Transkei's borders the Matanzima route is also opposed by Pretoria's most bravely outspoken critic among the homeland leaders, Chief Executive Gatsha Buthelezi of Kwa-Zulu, a "homeland" of nine separated territories in the Northeast between the port city of Durban and Mozambique. An able, intelligent and charismatic chief of the Zulus (South Africa's other dominant tribe) Buthelezi is free—so far—to speak his mind and to travel abroad because of the office he holds. And he says things that would quickly bring jail terms to less important blacks. But he walks a delicate path between Pretoria's wrath, on the right, and the blacks to his left who suspect him of selling out.

Buthelezi, a youthful 47, is a sensitive, religious Anglican whose simple office in his hill-town capital at Nongoma has photographs of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. A participant in "separate development," he openly uses it to seek its destruction or redirection and to help create instead one nonracial nation.

And isolated in the mining town of Kimberley, entering his 12th year of detention, Robert Sobukwe also scorns the Transkeian experiment. Leader of the Pan African Congress, Sobukwe urged the passive resistance to the notorious

. . . Their nearly unanimous verdict is that there can be no ultimate solution other than a "nonracial" South Africa.

"pass laws" that resulted in the Sharpeville massacre of 69 unarmed blacks in 1960. (A black's pass, or "reference book," decrees where he or she must live, work and travel, must be regularly endorsed by police and employer, and carried at all times.)

Sobukwe served six years in prison, three of them in solitary confinement on Cape Town's Robben Island, and then, on release, was "banned" by Pretoria—meaning, in his case, sent to a far place, put under modified house arrest, forbidden to write, speak in public, be quoted, or to meet with more than one person at a time. Though long silenced, this man, now 50, remains a great hero and hope to many black Africans one meets throughout the country. (The other detained black hero regularly mentioned is Nelson Mandela,

leader of the banned African National Congress, now a prisoner on Robben Island.) Sobukwe, still strongly anti-Communist, a Democratic Socialist who is confident of the overthrow of apartheid, has nothing but contempt for those who cooperate in the homelands policy.

Finally among whites as well as blacks the Transkeian showpiece—and separate development itself—seems likely to founder on that great unresolved problem: the future of the urban blacks despite and after any homeland independence. Nonwhite labor is essential to virtually every function of white society in South Africa. Mines, factories, farms, transportation, hotels, restaurants and almost every home—all are heavily dependent on black labor; most would grind to a halt if such labor collectively decided to withhold itself.

. . . Here one reaches that critical threshold in South African conversations: the issue of violence.

But then, of course, one is regularly reminded by nationalist whites that the blacks rely on the white man's wages for sheer survival. Those wages and incentives will now be gradually increased; the blacks will be enticed as well as forced into ties with the homelands; and they will continue to be prevented from organizing within those dormitory townships into which apartheid has packed them by the million, sometimes 15 to the standard three-room cabin. Black laborers, one is told, will learn to live as migrants, expecting no rights within the white man's territory where they happen to spend their entire working lives. And wives and children will be forced—as so many are now—to live apart in the homelands.

Nonsense, reply the blacks one meets. It simply won't work for the black man will never accede. He knows that his strength is growing, along with his support abroad; that his numbers are growing faster; and that time is on his side. And unless grand apartheid is abandoned, and true detente applied instead, the black urban ghettos will erupt; and the long-predicted "bloodbath" will finally begin.

And here one reaches that critical threshold in South African conversations: the issue of violence. In a society where all who dissent must assume police surveillance, no opponents of apartheid—black or white—actually advocate violence. Virtually all express the hope that violence can be avoided. Since whites have the fire power, but blacks the numbers, many of both would die—but infinitely more blacks. Yet most predict urban violence, or at least the threat of violence; hope that the threat will be enough to convince Pretoria to abandon separate development; but conclude that, come what may, the blacks will prevail and South Africa will become, within the next two decades, a nation governed largely by blacks.

Censors Get Even with Woody

Top American film comedian Woody Allen has fallen foul of the censors with his book, "Getting Even."

Also banned in terms of the Publications Act yesterday was "A Boy for Hire" by Robert A. Gay.

Other banned publications, according to yesterday's Government Gazette, were:

Problemus Economicos do Socialismo na URSS, by J. V. Stalin; A Historia me Absolvera, by Fidel Castro; Mao Tse-Tung: O Imperador Vermelho de Pequim, by E. Krieg.

How to Avoid Electronic Eavesdropping and Privacy Invasion, by William W. Turner; The Gangsters, by David Chandler; Miriam at Thirty-Four, by Alan Lelchuk.

Gramophone record: Jesus Christ Superstar: A rock opera, by MCA Records Inc., New York.

The Pure Land, by David Foster.

Esquire: The magazine for men, May 1975, Vol 83 No 5 by Esquire Inc, Chicago; Debonair, December 1974 Vol 3 No 12, Debonair Publications Pvt, Bombay; National Lampoon, May 1975, National Lampoon Inc, New York.

Titbits, No 4 647 April 3-9 1975; No 4 648 April 10-16, 1975; No 4 649 April 17-23 1975; IPC Magazines, Holborn, London.

The Dike Twins, by D. W. Craig; The Christening, by Sebastian Shaw.

Gramophone record: Hoe kan het zo Groeien, distributed by Dureco, Amsterdam.

Lesbische Kamergenoten No 11, by Jay Daris; Kalahari Globe May/June 1975 Vol 8 No's 5 and 6, by South West Africa People's Organisation (Swapo), London; Companion, May 1975, by Telegraph Publishers, Paarden Eiland Cape; Insensitive, by Harriet Daimler; Madame and her Slave, by Anonymous.

The Ring, by Marcus van Heller; Jesus on a Stick, by Ian Cochrane; The Lesbian, by Monique Wittig; Getting Even, by Woody Allen.

Simon Rack: Planet of the Blind, by Laurence James; Operation Casino, by Leo Rost; Guns and Game, May 1975 Vol 11 No 59, by Stanley Publications Inc, New York.

Gramophone record: Over-Nite Sensation, (MS2149) by The Mothers, manufactured by Warner Bros Records Inc, USA.

Seducer's Son, by Allan Metson; The Unfortunate Priest, by Marge Berins; Spread Eagle is her Name, by Jackie Dalton; Up and Coming, by Teryl Andrews.

A Boy for Hire, by Robert A. Gay; Homo Oralism '70, by Victor J. Samuels; Nou: 27 June 1975, Republikeinse Publikasies (Edms), Mobeni Natal.

(From a South African newspaper, July 1975)

If the homelands policy is indeed doomed, and violence so costly, there does seem to remain one large rational alternative—a commitment by Pretoria to the creation of one truly multiracial nation. That must mean a nation in which nonwhites have the vote, can own land, can keep their families intact, and are provided with free and compulsory education for their children—all of this now denied them. It must also be a nation in which the shackles of the pass laws are cast off.

Such a breathtaking about-face would seem anathema to even a *verligte* or enlightened Afrikaner. And yet there are some who know Vorster well who see in him the qualities required to lead such a shift if the homelands policy collapses in the wake of the collapse of the northern territorial buffer. He has impeccable Afrikaner credentials in party, state and Dutch Reformed Church; also shrewdness, pragmatism and a strong instinct for survival.

Vorster has counseled those qualities to his white brothers in Rhodesia, pressing them to share power with *their* blacks. It will be an infinitely harder thing to apply them at home. But if anyone can avert the South African bloodbath by persuading his fellow whites to accept detente at home, Vorster may be the man. Whether he chooses to do so will be his ultimate test.

—James Thomson

(Reprinted by permission from The New Republic)

Mr. Thomson, Curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism, visited South Africa last summer under the auspices of the U.S.-South Africa Leader Exchange Program.

The Political Logjam

On November 18, 1975, a major Black South African leader, Chief M. Gatsha Buthelezi, chief executive councillor of the KwaZulu "homeland," met privately with the Nieman Fellows in Cambridge, and later that evening addressed a wider audience of faculty and students at Harvard.

We publish here some excerpts from Chief Buthelezi's remarks.

I will talk, as briefly and as informally as one can, about the political log-jam that exists in South Africa; and I will briefly look with you at whether possibilities of a political dispensation for all South Africa's people is possible—and how I see my people's role in the working out of such a dispensation.

I think I must dispel at once the idea that Africans accept being pariahs, as we are in our fatherland. There are far too many oversimplistic accusations flung at Africans, suggesting that they accept the status quo. To those who are in the habit of flinging these accusations at Black people ever so readily, let me remind them of the so-called kaffir wars in the Cape. Let me remind them of the struggles put up by King Moshoshoe I in Lesotho. Let me remind them of the defense put up by Sekhukhuni. Let me remind them of the Zulu war of 1879. Let me remind them of the struggle of King Langaibalele of the Hlubi in Natal. Let me remind them of the last armed struggle ever put up by Black people in South Africa during the Zulu Rebellion of 1906. Let me remind them of Makana in the Cape, who was killed after being imprisoned in Robben Island. Let me remind them of my own maternal great-grandfather King Cetshwayo, of his incarceration in Robben Island and the Castle in Cape Town. Let me remind them of what my grandfather King Dinuzulu suffered as prisoner in the island of St. Helena towards the end of the last century. Let me add, further, the fact of his being charged with treason as a result of the Bambata Rebellion of 1906 and his banishment to Middelburg in the Transvaal where he died in exile in 1913. Before he died his son-in-law Dr. P. ka Seme had asked him to be one of the patrons of an organization which was to play a major role in fighting for the rights of Black people, of which Dr. Seme was the founder, the African National Congress.

* * * * *

From the moment that famous political marriage of convenience was sealed between the former enemies, the Britons and Boers in 1910, Africans were ignored as if they had

never existed. Whites arrogated to themselves the prerogative of determining a political dispensation for all the peoples of that troubled land. The position has not changed; nor has the mentality of those who govern us even today, changed one bit. And that is why I talk of a political log-jam. It is a statement of what has existed between Black and White South Africans ever since we were beaten through the force of arms, in various wars with the White settlers.

Those who assume that we represent a docile specimen of "black-man" must take a look at the history of the African National Congress to see how we Africans have attempted to fight our oppression in South Africa. Africans who had been taught to respect such great western precepts as democracy, civilization and the Christian faith made their struggle on the basis of a belief that they were dealing with the proponents of these great western precepts. It took a long time before even an organization like the African National Congress moved away from this wrong assumption that our oppressors were democratic, civilized or Christian, as they claimed to be. For many years the African National Congress leadership was, in the words of Professor Jack Simons, "the educated leaders (who) were restrained, religious and skilled in handling Whites with tact and tolerance. Always on the defensive, Congress was constrained to appease an aggressive, bigoted South African colonialism. Dr. Rubusana, on being nominated for the Transvaal seat, declared that his people acknowledged the superiority of the white race. All they asked for was equal opportunity and the open door."

African National Congress delegations to Pretoria, to Cape Town, and to Britain and other parts of Europe which pleaded for a place for the Black man under the sun must be seen in this light. I think it must be assumed that those who formed the African leadership of the day were simplistic enough to see their rulers as White angels. It was the manner in which they had seen the British colonists and the Boers, who had been vanquished during the Anglo-Boer war, reaching such a common understanding only eight years after the war. That spectacle blinded the leadership to the fact that Whites could not, and did not, see Blacks as fellow human beings deserving democratic rights, Christian fellowship and western civilization. Their exclusion seemed determined on the basis of their not having white skins, the ultimate measuring rod for determining who falls within or outside the pale of those who have a God-given right to rule in South Africa.

It is so easy for people to judge others, away from the particular circumstances of those they judge, very swiftly and on spurious considerations. This has been my bitter experience.

The lives of frustration spent by the leadership during that phase of the struggle were not lives spent in futility. If their efforts were not crowned with any rewards, that in

itself proved a point. We remember here the names of stalwarts such as John Dube, Makgato, Alfred Xuma, Allison Champion, Selby Msimang and others.

When the program of action was adopted by the African National Congress, you are all aware of the Treason Trial which followed, the bannings and solitary confinements, etc., which the "civilized Christian and democratic" White minority power elite applied against the African organization with ruthless brutality. That is why I am often amazed that the powers-that-be should be surprised that these ruthless actions did not cause African organizations to fold up, even if they operate today only in exile. This was a phase of resistance and the taking of initiatives by Black people of South Africa with which we associate the names of Albert Luthuli, Zachariah Mathews, Anton Lembede, Nelson Mandela, Wilson Conco, Oliver Tambo, Massabalala Yengwa, Walter Sisulu, Robert Sobukwe, Nana Mahomo, and several other patriots associated with this phase of the Black peoples' struggle.

The present regime has imposed the "separate development" policy on the Black majority. Blacks were not consulted any more than Black people were consulted about the passing of the 1913 Native Land Act and the Native Land and Trust Act of 1936 which sealed the whole dispossession of Blacks, and through which Whites grabbed for themselves 87 percent of our country. Africans never accepted this, although by legislation their dispossession became a fact of life in the South African situation. Africans did not participate in the passing of the Urban Areas Act and other laws which make them temporary sojourners in the developed and richest parts of our country.

The participation of most of us in the "Homelands" policy must be viewed realistically and impartially against that background. Most of you will know that my people, the Zulu people, although comprising the largest single ethnic group, have been the last to comply with this policy. We did so in fact when we were told that we had no option. As much as we do not choose to carry passes, and to live in the reserves and locations, we see no more choice in these policies than exists in the whole series of legislation which comprises the whole outfit for our oppression. Constitutionally-speaking, Zulus are the most backward as far as the implementation of this policy is concerned. This is as a result of our reluctance to be part of this, and because we did so only when this became compulsory.

To those who might say that by complying with these laws one thereby accepts the fragmentation of Black people, let me say that this accusation is belied by the very nature of our being the most backward, constitutionally speaking, of all the Black ethnic groups of South Africa. It is also belied by the fact that we have never failed to state clearly to the South African government that we reject the philosophy of "apartheid." That is why I was among the Black

Circulation Ratings: The Paper Chase

	Sales average July- Dec. 1974 '000s	Change on Jan- June 1974 %	Change on July- Dec. 1973 %
DAILIES			
Star	183	-4.0	-4.2
RDM	141	-2.0	-3.4
Argus	115	-2.1	-4.0
Daily News	103	-1.1	-5.3
World	99	-4.4	-17.0
Natal Mercury	74	-2.8	-5.2
Vaderland	73	+0.4	+9.6
Cape Times	72	-4.0	-6.4
Burger	66	+0.3	+0.4
Transvaler	53	-0.1	+22.3
Volksblad	34	-6.0	-7.1
Beeld	32	(Sept/Dec)	
E P Herald	30	+0.2	+2.8
Pretoria News	28	-6.8	-3.8
Daily Dispatch	28	+4.4	+6.8
Evening Post	26	+0.2	+3.1
Hoofstad	23	-2.2	-7.7
Natal Witness	18	-1.9	-0.1
Oosterlig	13	+1.0	-2.9
Oggendblad	10	+6.2	+4.6
The Friend	8	-4.4	-7.6
Diamond Fields Advertiser	7	-4.5	-8.0
WEEKLIES			
Sunday Times	512	+6.1	+8.0
Rapport	495	-1.0	+2.5
Sunday Express	186	-3.2	-7.3
W/E World	182	-0.2	+1.6
Scope	176	+6.0	-2.1
Sunday Tribune	169	-2.6	-6.4
W/E Argus	143	-3.0	-2.9
W/E Star	128	-5.7	-6.3
W/E Cape Times	102	-3.5	-2.8
Cape Herald	87	-0.7	-0.6
W/E Burger	75	-0.4	-0.9
Ilanga (bi-weekly)	74	+14.4	+21.5
Post	73	+0.6	+4.4
W/E Evening Post	49	-1.2	-0.9
W/E Transvaler	47	-7.1	na
W/E Daily News	45	-7.3	-13.7
To The Point	32	+3.0	+5.5
W/E Vaderland	32	-11.1	-6.1
W/E Volksblad	28	-8.4	-8.9
Financial Mail	21	-0.8	+1.7
W/E Pretoria News	17	-12.6	-11.5
W/E Hoofstad	8	-17.0	-31.7
PERIODICALS			
Fair Lady	147	-3.3	-1.3
Living and Loving	130	+29.0	+46.5
Personality	114	-1.8	+0.6
Darling	67	+11.7	+28.6
Management	8	+2.8	+3.1
RHODESIA			
Sunday Mail	90	+3.9	+9.1
Rhodesia Herald	74	+4.9	+13.4
Chronicle	30	+2.6	+10.4
Sunday News	26	+3.0	+8.0
Umtali Post	3	+0.8	+5.2

leaders who took a lead to have a conference of all of us at Umtata in September 1973. We stated clearly and unequivocally that there was nothing Zulu, Xhosa, Sotho, Pedi, Venda, Tswana, Tsonga or Swazi about Black oppression in South Africa. We decided to have a common strategy which resulted in our meeting with Mr. B. J. Vorster, the Prime Minister of South Africa, on March 6, 1974. We had not expected that the Prime Minister would agree to see us together, but in fact he did. We spent approximately eight hours with him, and Mr. M. C. Botha, his Minister of Bantu Administration and Development, and Messrs. T. N. H. Janson and A. J. Raubenheimer who are Deputy Ministers of Bantu Administration and Development. We discussed the following issues with Mr. Vorster:

1. The meaning of independence under his policy.
2. The basic principles of Land Consolidation.
3. Racial discrimination.
4. The wage gap and disparity in the revenue and expenditure in the so-called "Homelands."
5. The Urban Africans.
6. The medium of instruction in the urban areas.
7. The phasing out of passes and influx control regulations.
8. Departments excluded in Homelands Governments.

I must confess that at the end of this discussion I felt quite depressed because I did not feel that the South African Prime Minister even tried to hear us on these issues. His approach seemed defensive of his policies, and I thought he tried to use the opportunity to justify the policies of his government. The only issue which was a bit encouraging was the undertaking to discuss the problems of our people in the Urban Areas of South Africa. This meeting was scheduled for November 1974, but did not take place for technical reasons until the 22nd of January, 1975.

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The item on that meeting's agenda which I consider to be of vital importance in connection with the present political log-jam was detente in Southern Africa which I will describe in greater detail—and also the plea for the release of political prisoners.

We have during these five years made it clear to the South African Prime Minister that we cannot accept so-called homeland "independence" on the basis of his formula. We have suggested that KwaZulu should not be consolidated only on the basis of purchasing the land promised Blacks under the Native Land and Trust Act of 1936, if the government expects us to believe them. We have rejected the idea of opting for so-called "independence" on the basis of consolidating KwaZulu into ten instead of the present 29, separate and uncontiguous pieces of territory. In this respect

the imminent independence of the Transkei is absolutely and completely irrelevant to KwaZulu.

We have suggested to the government that we would be prepared to consider a federal formula, which would give KwaZulu a limited autonomy as a unit of one federal multi-national state of South Africa. We have made it clear that this would be an interim compromise solution. The Prime Minister has rejected our suggestion out of hand. We on our part cannot see ourselves opting for "independence" of the sort envisaged by the South African government. We do not think this is worth the price of signing away our birthright as South Africans. We do not see why we should decide to make ourselves some poor cousins of White South Africa, on whom White South Africa can fob off crumbs. We admit that even at present what we are getting from South Africa is crumbs; but in our present status, we still have a right to struggle for real decision-making and a share in the wealth of our country as a birthright—which will not be the case once we make ourselves foreigners in our motherland by opting for unreal independence.

It was in the context of this thinking that I presented the Prime Minister of South Africa with a memorandum on detente on Southern Africa, at a meeting of all Black leaders in South Africa with him, on the 22nd of January, 1975. In this memorandum, which I read out to the Prime Minister, I praised his taking of initiatives with President Kaunda in an attempt to defuse violence in Southern Africa. I applauded, in front of the Prime Minister, the United Nations speech by the then South African Permanent Representative at the U.N., Mr. R. F. (Pik) Botha. After saying this I went on to ask the Prime Minister to what extent overdue changes can take place within the borders of South Africa.

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I reminded the Prime Minister of our proposal of a federal formula for South Africa, on the basis of properly consolidated areas. I told the Prime Minister that if consolidation did not take place on a different basis than that envisaged by him at present, Blacks would have to have a say directly in Parliament in Cape Town.

I told him that the alternative to this would be civil disturbance and disruption of services in South Africa. I appealed that such a situation should be avoided as there would be no victors if it arose. I was supported in my presentation by Chief Mangope of Bophuthatswana, Dr. Phatudi of Lebowa, Professor Ntsanwisi of Gazankulu and Chief Matanzima of Transkei.

The Prime Minister reacted very sharply to my statement. He denied that he referred to the internal situation when he asked for "six months," but said that he referred to international relations. He repeated that he did not believe in

discrimination but in differentiation. He reiterated that change would only take place on the basis of his policy. He referred to my mention of civil disobedience and unrest, and stated that I must consider my position and alternatives seriously. He said that there would be law and order, and that people would not be allowed to take law into their hands.

My thinking has not changed since then; I sincerely believe in non-violence. But I sincerely believe that unless there is real and meaningful sharing of wealth and decision-making in South Africa, we will be in for a lot of trouble—which might easily escalate to what the Prime Minister himself referred to as an alternative “too ghastly to contemplate.”

When I tied up the question of the release of political prisoners with his detente moves in Zimbabwe [Rhodesia] which had resulted in the release of Mr. Joshua Nkomo and the Rev. Mr. Sithole, he was adamant that he would not release Mr. [Nelson] Mandela and others who are his prisoners, as he regarded them as Communists.

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There is a lot of excitement in Pretoria about the imminent independence of the Transkei. This is regarded as a great breakthrough for Pretoria's policies. It cannot be regarded as a breakthrough by us, as the Transkei is an exception, and bears no comparison to the other so-called Homeland areas. The Transkeian independence will prove nothing to us, as far as the government's sincerity on their policy of “Homelands” is concerned.

There has now been a complication as we have seen in that the Transkei is scheduled to get independence in 1976. I stated my distress to my brother Chief Matanzima on this decision of my brothers and sisters in the Transkei to go it alone. I wished them well on the path they have chosen. I am, however, quite convinced that this decision is not in the best interests of black liberation in South Africa at this point in time.

I have never seen the struggle of black liberation in South Africa as ethnically divisible. Our destiny as Black people is one. Any hivings off in the name of the so-called “independence” offered from the perspectives of Pretoria can only be used by those who keep us in oppression as proof of their “sincerity.” I stated to the Prime Minister that the Transkei was not a good example for us in proving the sincerity of his government on these policies, as the Transkei is not fragmented—and this is by an accident of history rather than by any act or generosity on the part of Pretoria.

* * * * *

There are many people today who are castigating me for my non-violent stance. They see this as evidence of political naiveté on my part. I would like to remind these people that not even my brothers in the liberation movements, when

they spoke on public platforms in South Africa, advocated violence as a means of hastening a political dispensation for all the people of South Africa. Neither violence nor non-violence have so far been effective in South Africa. That does not mean that either of the two can be judged as an ineffectual method in bringing about a change in South Africa. We are still a bonded people who are completely without political or economic power.

I feel strongly that this is not the time in our history when we should be dissipating our energies in academic discussions on whether violence or non-violence is the answer to our problems. The goal for all the forces for liberation is liberation of Black people from their bondage in South Africa. There must be mutual appreciation of where each of these forces for change operates from.

I will repeat the fact that South African society is a society structured in violence. I am only too aware of the hypocritical screams of people at what they see as the “savage” violence of the guerrillas. They never pause to think of the institutional violence that keeps Black people in South Africa in oppression. The whole denial of human rights by a minority regime in South Africa is an act of violence. The daily assaults which discrimination inflicts on the dignity of Black people in South Africa, day in and day out, amount to violence. Apartheid is one of the most violent and wicked systems ever devised by man to keep others in oppression. The denial of decision-making to Blacks is in itself an act of violence. To deny Blacks equal educational and employment opportunities available to their White countrymen is an act of violence. The effects of the pass laws and influx control regulations on Blacks amount to violence. The effects of the whole exercise of banning people and of keeping them in solitary confinement where they are beyond even the reach of any legal assistance amounts to violence.

It must be realized from the foregoing, therefore, that my decision to struggle with my people where they are is a decision which I have not taken light-heartedly or in a bloody-minded fashion in order to score points off people who do not think as I do. On the other hand, I respect the decision of those of my brothers who are now resorting to violence because quite clearly this is not a decision they have reached easily. Our non-violent stance does not mean that we have ceased being as opposed as anyone else to the hideousness of our South African circumstances. We are not resigned to this wicked system, and the very Draconian measures which the White minority power elite extends every month, and every year, are themselves irrefutable evidence of my people's constant opposition to the system—and a tribute to their determination and resilience.

My people do not interpret non-violence to mean not doing anything actively to shake off the chains of oppression. There are drastic methods—about which I have already warned the South African Prime Minister—which my

people will adopt to get out of the present political log-jam. I believe that my people must be made to see their struggle to the very bitter end. In order to do this I believe that their children have to be educated, for instance. They have to eat, and they must buy books for their children. We have to step up literacy campaigns . . . in order to promote self-awareness, which is so necessary for our liberation. People must struggle and be assisted in grass-roots community development schemes—because in order to be sustained in the struggle which lies ahead, they have got to be self-reliant and not expect anyone to come and liberate them, but know clearly that their liberation is their own business.

I am not as naïve as some people would like to make me to be, when I state this non-violent approach. I realize only too well that even with all the good intentions in the world for the struggle to remain non-violent, one cannot be cocksure that it will not take a violent turn. But I do not think that I should be condemned for trying to do what I think I must do for my people in their particular circumstances. I have also been condemned by the South African Broadcasting Corporation as someone who supports violence, because—as Christopher Rankin commented—I say, “Terrorists such as Oliver Tambo are nice guys.” The South African Prime Minister also reacted publicly last September to my speech in Holland where I said practically what I have said here today. This should indicate to you the devil and the deep-blue-sea I find myself in between on these issues. I, however, trust the African people in South Africa, as they are not resigned to their oppression. I have every reason to hope that it will be more by the people themselves taking initiatives that liberation in South Africa will take place. My hope is that when this eventually takes place, it will be liberation in the true sense of that word. Although we tend to equate the word liberation with freedom, I consider liberation to be much more than just a process whereby we in South Africa gain freedom from want and injustice. To me it also means our involvement in a process whereby we gain a foothold in the very methods of reconstructing a new society in South Africa—so that our liberation will be “freedom from” and “freedom to.” Freedom from injustice, and freedom to enact justice and enshrine it in the institutions of our country.

Liberation in this context means much more than the mere destruction of apartheid. It means the creation of a new society which we Blacks have to play a part in creating. The new society which I hope will be forged through the anvil of my people’s circumstances and time will seek to reconcile South Africa with Southern Africa, with Africa, and with the whole international community.

The U.S. and Angola: How to Turn Black Africa Communist

One of the tragedies of the much-discussed Angolan war is that, among other things, it has demonstrated the ever-widening gulf between the United States of America and the people of Africa. At least two of the leading African leaders—one Nigerian and one Tanzanian—dismissed almost contemptuously letters written by President Ford to them in an effort to whip up American-line support in the dispute.

And in almost every discussion I have had with American friends, the question has invariably steered towards why the open hostility of the Third World towards the United States. Many Americans, quite rightly, are mystified at their country’s apparent loss of influence in continents where support and admiration for their nation was something that came automatically and was taken for granted.

Angola, more than any other place in Africa, has clearly demonstrated and given the answers to the rising wave of anti-American sentiments in Africa. What is normally never discussed is that America lost her influence and her right to assist the people of Angola nearly two decades ago. And Soviet involvement in that country started at about the same time.

The story of the stark brutality the people of Angola suffered under the repressive Portuguese rule will one day be told. And in that story, somewhere occupying a major part of the book, will be the deliberate collaboration of America, and the material as well as spiritual support this country gave the Portuguese. We will also undoubtedly read how the Russians from the outset became active participants in identifying themselves with the lot of the oppressed people. Unlike the Americans, they gave moral and material support to the nationalist movement.

This is where the whole unhappy episode starts.

Let us for a moment examine America’s role as regards Angola and, in this instance, also Mozambique. In 1962, a resolution came before the General Assembly of the United Nations supporting the people of Angola’s self-determination. The United States voted with the majority of the members then, the only opposing factions being South Africa and Spain (with France—as usual—abstaining).

The following year, a similar resolution came before the General Assembly, this time asking for a firm commitment for member countries to refrain from giving assistance to



Portugal that could assist her in continuing the reign of terror against Angolans. The United States voted against it! What had happened in between?

In simple terms, the Americans had to choose between backing up their good words on self-determination and human dignity on the one side, and their interests in Portugal (NATO and bases—particularly the Azores) on the other. They seem to have opted for the latter. One of the unsubstantiated stories going the rounds in South Africa—and never denied by the American administration—is that the Pentagon gave the Portuguese millions of dollars in weapons in the fight against Frelimo and Angola. Now why the sudden moral indignation about Soviet involvement in Angola, and why the sudden pontification about helping

The story of the stark brutality the people of Angola suffered under the repressive Portuguese rule will one day be told.

the people whose oppression you spent millions to guarantee at the hands of your NATO ally, the Portuguese?

The justification, according to State Department sources, has been motivated by the call of both Holden Roberto and Jonas Savimbi. If the administration bothered to look into the histories of the two men, they could easily have found out that they were backing the wrong horses—something which your country seems to have an ever-increasing talent of achieving in her recent foreign policy. Roberto was disgraced almost fifteen years ago as a puppet of interests in the United States; today his close connection with President Mobutu of Zaire—his brother-in-law—breeds deep suspicion; and his flirtation with the hated South African regime is totally unforgivable. As for Savimbi, he has the distinction of being absolutely spineless.

But the biggest indictment of all is America finding the moral strength to fight and support a group that is being backed by South Africa! Strange bedfellows indeed. But not so strange when one looks at the disturbing signs in America's relationship with South Africa, where she displays the same amount of disregard for the Blacks in that country as she did with the Blacks in Mozambique and Angola.

When a deadlock developed at a special session of the Organization for African Unity recently, there were unmistakable signs of jubilation among certain American officials. They implied in their comments that it was a triumph for American efforts, and one newspaper here declared, "Now that the Africans have failed to resolve the Angolan issue, it's up to the super-powers." I frankly did not interpret this deadlock as a triumph for America.

If anything, unfortunately, it was a triumph for the Soviet Union. For 21 of the 47 members of the OAU categorically gave recognition to the MPLA, and none of the other countries came out in favor of the other movements. Why? Because the other movements are getting support from South Africa. That's why. Is it so difficult for Americans to understand that?

So the one factor that seems to escape people's minds is that American friendship with South Africa has driven a lot of Black states and Black people literally into the Communist camp. Thus Angola. For whatever the ordinary citizen's views have been about the MPLA as a political movement, the association of both the UNITA and FNLA's movements with South Africa has decided the issue for them.

Anybody who fails to see and appreciate this disregards, and indeed remains blind to, the intense hatred many Black governments harbor for South Africa. And if the United States is going to play godfather to that country—as she seems determined to do—then many of these states and governments would rather seek friendship anywhere else. What could be more self-destructive at this point in time? To push a whole continent of people who have over the years fought hard to remain non-aligned in the ideological war over to the Communist side.

Indeed, as if the present troubles are not enough, the United States imposes upon the world a man like Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan. His performance in the last few months has been an object lesson on how *not* to make friends and certainly how *not* to influence them. The sensationalism he has brought into his job may find—understandably—a lot of sympathy with some people, but I honestly believe that the vast majority of Americans should be embarrassed by it all.

High Noon may have attempted to present the ultimate in western movie perfection, but that type of swashbuckling trigger-happy diplomacy does very little to influence the positive affairs of the United Nations and achieves very little for the US and the world at large. This is something Ambassador Moynihan will learn in time. I am no admirer of President Idi Amin. I would defend to the last the right of *The New York Times* to label him a racist murderer; but I think it the height of folly for an ambassador charged with the task of diplomacy to echo the same. What is more: to dump the whole people of Africa into a degenerate Idi pot by declaring that "it's no accident that he is chairman of the Organization for African Unity."

The implications of this insinuation are both ugly and sordid and certainly do not deserve to be uttered by a man in such a high position. In the absence of any effective and public repudiation by the State Department, are we to be blamed for assuming it reflects official thinking?

It must dawn upon Ambassador Moynihan one day that the people of Africa have known human denigration and suffering in all its stark brutality. He must be aware that we still experience it today. We have been hardened by these experiences. It does not impress one bit if people threaten us with hunger—as he and Secretary Kissinger have. We *are* hungry, and we cannot get much hungrier than we are. Thousands of our children—even in such a so-called technologically advanced country as South Africa—fall and die at our feet daily of hunger and disease.

We appreciate—and still do—the good intentions of those Americans who sacrificed the luxuries of their country to come and share with us—not in the fluffy-carpeted apartments of the Waldorf Towers, but the naked disease-infested jungles of Africa—their experiences and knowledge. Helping us to help ourselves. We will not forget this, and we would think that the good will that exists between our people and the American people can be translated into good actions—not the berating of us, but discussion with us.

I know too well what terrors Communism can unleash for the gullible, unsuspecting people of our continent. We would merely have replaced one colonial empire with another. It is precisely because of this concern that I would hope that United States politicians and diplomats could adopt a more understanding and positive form of action instead of giving us on a platter to the Communist regimes—as they are doing now. For this, they must refrain from interpreting any disagreement between us as part and parcel of a great international plot sponsored by Communism. If they do this, they undermine our integrity and intelligence—something that draws out grave reaction from Blacks.

Angola is not lost to the Communists. It has never been in danger of being so. To label Alberto Neto's MPLA as a

. . . I would hope that U.S. politicians and diplomats could adopt a more understanding and positive form of action instead of giving us on a platter to the Communist regimes. . .

Communist movement is wrong. They have expressly declared their non-alignment in the cold war, accepting help from anybody who sympathizes with their cause. While the United States was actively assisting their oppressors, the Russians were actively helping them shake off the chains of oppression. How do you expect an MPLA to show its gratitude the day she is admitted as a member of the United Nations? America tried to get into Angola too late. You are about to commit the same mistake in South Africa and Rhodesia. You still have the opportunity to influence the

future course of events in those countries. Or will you wait till the last moment? That would be "benign neglect:" something that would please Moynihan—maybe!

There are disturbing signs that certain people in the administration in Washington are moving towards accepting "separate development" in South Africa as a just and final solution to that nation's problems. Please don't. Separate development is a monumental political fraud. It has no moral basis and is bound to fail; and if indeed the United States is keen to help South Africa, the one thing to encourage among all the peoples of that country is to think of alternatives.

The Transkei is due to be "independent" towards the end of this year. Attempts will be made by South Africa to show the world that this reflects their good intentions and sincerity. The fact of the matter is that the Transkei will be given the trappings of power, but that real power will still remain in the hands of Pretoria—holding at ransom the millions of Transkeians living in the urban areas of South Africa, considering that country as their home. They will not be satisfied with that type of independence; and one can safely forecast that the name [Transkeian Chief Minister] Natanzima will remain a curse on the lips of the people who have been manipulated into the farcical independence. It is indeed an eye-opener that for such a bold step in which people are asked to give up their birthright, no election or referendum was held to test their views. And they dare not hold it.

No doubt an "application" will be made by the Transkei for membership in the United Nations. This will be strenuously opposed by the vast majority of nations. And it is indicative of the mass distrust of the United States that we suspect this country will be among the supporters of the application.

If that happens, then the last bit of American credibility in the minds of Black South Africa will have been lost. I personally will consider it a tragedy that a wedge will have been driven between the Blacks of South Africa and the people of the United States—something I pray will never happen. For whatever happens and however you view the situation in South Africa, our people will one day take their rightful place in the decision-making bodies of our land. It's an inevitable process, one that can never be halted by any power under the sun.

And it will happen sooner than most people realize. When it happens, I hope America will not be caught unawares, as in Angola.

—Percy Qoboza

Mr. Qoboza, editor of the Daily World and of the Weekend World, Johannesburg, South Africa, is an Associate Nieman Fellow in the Class of '76.

1976-77 Nieman Selection Committee

Three journalists and four officers of Harvard University will serve on the committee to select Nieman Fellows in Journalism for the academic year 1976-77. They are:

Patricia Albjerg Graham, Dean of the Radcliffe Institute, Vice President for Institutional Planning at Radcliffe College, and Professor of Education at Harvard University. Ms. Graham earned the B.S. and M.S. degrees from Purdue University and the Ph.D. degree from Columbia University in 1964. She has taught in high schools, at Indiana University, at Barnard, and at Columbia. During the summer of 1972, she was Distinguished Visiting Professor at Northern Michigan University, and she has published extensively in the field of education. She was a member of the 1973 American Friends' Service Committee delegation to the USSR, and in 1972-73, she was both a Guggenheim Fellow and a Radcliffe Institute Fellow.

Robert J. Kiely, Professor of English at Harvard University. Mr. Kiely was graduated from Amherst College in 1953 and received the Ph.D. from Harvard University in 1962. Since that time he has been with the English Department at Harvard, serving from 1972 to 1975 as Associate Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. He is the author of *Robert Louis Stevenson and the Fiction of Adventure* (1964) and *The Romantic Novel in England* (1972). Mr. Kiely is Master of Adams House.

Clayton Kirkpatrick, Editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and Vice President of the Chicago Tribune Company. Mr. Kirkpatrick received his A.B. degree from the University of Illinois in 1937. He joined the *Chicago Tribune* as a reporter in 1938 and, except for three and one-half years of military service, has been in their employ ever since, serving as city editor, managing editor, and executive editor before his present appointment. He won the Edward Scott Beck award for distinguished journalism in 1950 for a series of articles on trade unions; he has been honored as Journalist of the Year by Northern Illinois University, and was selected 1974 Press Veteran of the Year by the Chicago Press Veterans Association. He is a member of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the Society of Professional Journalists.

Robert C. Maynard, columnist and editorial writer for *The Washington Post*. Mr. Maynard has been affiliated with that newspaper for eight and one-half years and formerly served as their ombudsman. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1965-66, and was a reporter and editor with the *York (Pennsylvania) Gazette and Daily* before coming to Harvard University. For the past four years Mr. Maynard has been involved with the summer training program of minority journalists, both at Columbia University and the

University of California at Berkeley. He is the former director of the Columbia program and still holds that position with the University of California.

Richard E. Neustadt, Professor of Government, Harvard University. Mr. Neustadt received the A.B. degree from the University of California at Berkeley in 1939, the M.A. degree from Harvard University in 1941, and the Ph.D. degree from Harvard in 1951. He has taught at Cornell and Columbia Universities and in 1961-62 was a visiting professor at Oxford University. He has served as a member of the White House staff, and was a Consultant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. In 1972 he chaired the Platform Committee of the Democratic National Convention. He is the author of *Presidential Power* (1960) and *Alliance Politics* (1970). He is a former Associate Dean of the Kennedy School of Government and was the first Director of that School's Institute of Politics.

Carol Sutton, Managing Editor, *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky. Ms. Sutton received the B.J. degree in 1955 from the University of Missouri. Since that time she has been affiliated with the *Courier-Journal* as general assignment reporter, feature writer for the city desk, women's editor, and in 1974, managing editor. Under her editorship the Today's Living Section received the J. C. Penney-University of Missouri top award in 1971 for excellence in women's-interest sections among metropolitan newspapers. In 1973 Ms. Sutton was the recipient of the top fashion reporting award in the annual Penney-Missouri contest. She has been a panelist and discussion leader on editing women's-interest/feature pages for various groups including the American Press Institute and the Penney-Missouri workshop. Ms. Sutton is serving for the second consecutive year on the jury for the Pulitzer prizes.

James C. Thomson Jr., Curator of the Nieman Fellowships and Lecturer on General Education, Harvard University. Mr. Thomson was graduated from Yale University in 1953, received the A.B. and A.M. degrees from Cambridge University in 1955 and 1959, and a Ph.D. from Harvard in 1961. He served as an East Asia specialist at the State Department and White House from 1961 to 1966. He is the author of *While China Faced West* (1969).

About 12 Fellowships will be awarded for 1976-77. Each grant provides for nine months of residence and study at Harvard for journalists on leave from their jobs.

The 1976-77 class will be the 39th annual group of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University. The Fellowships were established in 1938 under a bequest from Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

Section II

Focus Elsewhere

Canada

A Strange Case of Libel

It's not very often that a senior official of a major broadcasting corporation sues a newspaper columnist for libel; but it happened in Vancouver, B.C. in February last year with results which captured the attention of national media and established the case as a landmark in Canadian communications litigation.

Plaintiff in the action, and demanding "substantial" damages, was Robert W. (Bob) McGall, boss of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's 482 employees in British Columbia. Defendants were the Vancouver *Sun*, Canada's third largest daily (circ: 250,000), its publisher and more especially, its television critic Lisa Hobbs.

No two protagonists could have more dissimilar backgrounds. McGall, a Canadian, had left school at 16 and became a professional bandmaster with the Royal Canadian Navy. At war's end, he had attended a radio school presided over by Lorne ("Bonanza") Greene and caught on with the CBC, rising gradually to a second-level management echelon in Toronto. Six years ago, and peripherally involved in a raging dispute over the TV program "This Hour Has Seven Days," McGall had asked for, and been granted, posting to the "more tranquil and fruitful" environs of Vancouver, on Canada's west coast.

Ms. Hobbs had joined the *Sun* in 1970 with an impressive list of credits. An Australian by birth, she had worked for the Melbourne *Argus* before removing to San Francisco with her husband, where she had done 10 years with the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* including war correspondence in Viet Nam and Cambodia. She had won a Ford Foundation fellowship for graduate study at Stanford, and the Cal-Nevada UPI, San Francisco Press Club and McQuade awards for distinguished journalism, notably in the field of sociology.

In 1965, Hobbs had become the first American reporter to enter mainland China. This led to her book, *I Saw Red China*, which became a best-seller, achieving 200,000 copies in six languages.

Hobbs began at The *Sun* as a writer of features and political backgrounders. But in January, 1973, managing editor Bill Galt persuaded her to take over an ailing TV column with the request that she try it for a year and "pump some life into it."

Galt got almost more than he bargained for. Within a few weeks Hobbs became intrigued with what she considered to be a slipshod CBC news operation in the provincial capital in Victoria. A new socialist (New Democratic Party) government was in power; bursting with reforms after a lifetime in opposition, the NDP had introduced over 100 new pieces of legislation. It was a situation crying out for vigorous coverage.

To meet this challenge, the CBC had stationed one of its 482 British Columbia employees and one contract cameraman in the capital. The TV reporter, Arch Snow, was also charged with the responsibility of covering CBC radio and the general news of Victoria, a city of 200,000 population. Without mentioning McGall by name, Hobbs pointed out the delinquencies of coverage and urged the Corporation—whose \$350 million budget is 80% supported by taxpayers' money—to sharpen up.

There was no reply. In September, when the legislative session reconvened, the situation worsened. Harassed Arch Snow wrote a plaintive letter to his superiors, asking for help and warning that his health was in jeopardy. A few days after writing the letter, he was taken to the hospital, suffering from hypertension.

The CBC met his request in a curious way. Rather than send a staffer from headquarters in Vancouver, they engaged a man named Henry Besier to assist cameraman Ron Thompson. What they did not know, or claimed not to know, was that Besier was a full-time employee of a competitive medium called Broadcast News (the radio arm of Canadian Press) and that his arrangement was that he would hold up the microphones for Thompson. He would be paid \$15 an item but could not appear on camera for "stand-ups" or analytical reports of the kind filed by the ailing Snow.

The *Sun's* Victoria bureau chief, Marjorie Nichols, promptly telephoned Lisa Hobbs and reported on this "abysmal" (her description) situation. In turn, a Vancouver *Province* political writer named Barbara McLintock reported on a luncheon with cameraman Thompson in which he said: "Something should be done . . . someone should write or complain."

Hobbs, a no-nonsense reporter, weighed in with a stentorian blast on October 4 in which she wrote:

"If the CBC is now running a wretched second to BCTV (the rival commercial television network) in nightly news, which it is, it is the fault of the executives who have not thought highly enough either of us, or their corporate responsibilities, to cover for ailing Arch Snow. . . . If I had to rate CBC's local credibility at this moment, I'd put it at zero, if I were in a good humor. Otherwise, zero plus."

"Something should be done . . . someone should write or complain."

While this assault did not mention McGall by name, he was apparently stung. He invited to his office his chief information officer, Reg Jessup (who heads a public relations department of six) and a letter to the editor of *The Sun* was drafted. McGall signed the letter, which said that Hobbs' accusation was "totally without foundation"; that they had been represented by "an experienced and respected member of the Legislative Press Gallery"; and that their TV coverage had been "complete in all respects."

Now it was Hobbs' turn to be stung. En route to the interior of British Columbia to cover a meeting of the Canadian Radio and Television Commission—a regulatory body which polices licences and performance for the industry—she heard about the McGall letter and sat down to her typewriter with steam coming out of her ears.

From the interior town of Vernon she phoned into *The Sun* a sizzling column in which she said, among other things:

"McGall's assertions are a fraud. Not a misrepresentation or even a delicate evasion. But a lie, a pathetic lie that covers up a pathetic local CBC news situation.

"Here are the facts.

"Some weeks ago, the CBC's veteran Victoria reporter, Arch Snow, became ill and so the CBC had nobody covering the capital of this province. You and I know, just from hacking it through life, that words are cheap and that only action counts.

"*Time* magazine, *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*—all sent reporters here. But the CBC executives in Vancouver apparently did not think Victoria important enough to cover even by the most penurious journalistic standards.

"For the CBC decided not to replace Arch Snow in Victoria when he fell ill.

"Ron Thompson is CBC's Victoria cameraman. When Arch fell ill, Ron covered all legislative events, as well as breaking news events in Victoria, totally alone. He shot his film and flew it to Vancouver.

. . . She heard about the . . . letter and sat down to her typewriter with steam coming out of her ears.

"Let me tell you what happened then. CBC received it, rewrote pertinent wire stories, then dished it up to you and me as professional on-the-spot tax-subsidized coverage of the news.

"Now this type of trashy, cut-rate news operation, according to his letter, is quite acceptable to McGall, but it has its limitations. And that is that it is difficult for an equipment-laden cameraman to hold up a mike.

"So a fellow called Henry Besier was asked if he would do it but he couldn't comment or be on-camera as he was a full-time employee of Broadcast News.

"Broadcast News is the radio broadcast section of Canadian Press. This in no way detracts from the fact that Besier is an energetic and respected reporter. He told me, however, that he needs the 'experience.'

"This, then, is the full-time experienced member of the legislative gallery that McGall refers to—a competent reporter working out of his medium as a favor to a personal friend.

"If this episode were a single occurrence, it might not matter. But it is part of a pattern. There was no CBC reporter present on the night of the Okanagan by-election returns. There was no CBC reporter covering the first provincial tour of Premier Dave Barrett following his election.

"This is not now, and will not be in the future, good enough. For the CBC to feed off a wire service is a national disgrace. For the CBC to depend on anyone, anything, other than itself is totally unacceptable.

"McGall can no longer palm off his responsibilities. His failures are too numbingly familiar. During the war years, he achieved a fine reputation as a trombone player in The Navy Show. If this entertainment still exists might I suggest he practise daily on the slush pump for those of us on the West Coast will no longer stand mute for third-rate treatment by the CBC."

McGall, as it turned out, was in Toronto when the column appeared. It was read to him over the telephone. Within a few days he had deputized an assistant, Hugh Palmer, to demand an apology of the publisher of *The Sun*. The publisher refused. A writ was issued November 2 by George L. Murray, counsel for McGall and a week later a Statement of Claim was filed in the Supreme Court of British Columbia, demanding general damages, punitive damages, costs and "Such further and other relief as to this Honourable Court may seem meet."

Thus the conflict was joined. Sixteen months later—court back-logs being what they are throughout North America—the trial was opened before Mr. Justice John Somerset Aikins.

What seemed to court watchers as a relatively straightforward case—described by defence counsel Peter Butler as "an inter-media fight . . . a tempest in a teapot" and by the Judge as "full of intricate points and strange nuances"—dragged on for two weeks.

"We've seen more red herrings here than there are this side of the Billingsgate fish market."

Rival counsel wandered down some pretty remote paths. Keith Mitchell, for the defence, demanded to know whether the CBC maintained a correspondent in Dar es Salaam. (It does not.) When his partners invoked the shades of John F. Kennedy, the war in Viet Nam, Watergate and even The Great Impostor, prosecutor George L. Murray snorted: "We've seen more red herrings here than there are this side of the Billingsgate fish market."

The ponderous pace of proceedings was attributable both to witnesses who "just wanted to add a qualifying statement" and to the meticulous attention to detail of His Lordship, both in his voluminous note-taking and in his instructions to the jury. A silver-haired veteran of the Canadian Army tank corps, Mr. Justice Aikins is regarded by British Columbia lawyers as "a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman of the old school;" scrupulously fair and determined that the people in his court should know precisely what was going on.

The trial opened to a jam-packed court room, including a

sizeable echelon of CBC executives and bearded young reporters from *The Sun*. In the closing days, after *The Sun* had published four or five columns of running copy daily, some spectators were required to lean against walls or sit on the floor.

It soon became apparent to them that this was more than a local squabble. From CBC headquarters in Ottawa, at public expense, the Corporation flew out President Laurent Picard and his resident counsel. From Toronto they brought news and public affairs chief Knowlton Nash.

It was an inauspicious debut for the champions of CBC news. The night before, British Columbia viewers observed the 11 o'clock national news with bewilderment and a mounting sense of *deja vu*. They were, in fact, looking at a tape of last week's news, shipped in error from Toronto.

Chivvied about this by McGall's lawyer, President Picard grinned and said: "We'll try to give you next week's news tonight."

Picard went on to raise two cheers for McGall. He had been given "highly positive" ratings in a CBS evaluation program and had proven an effective troubleshooter. But, Picard conceded, Victoria legislative coverage had been "crippled" and "makeshift."

One by one, witnesses trooped to the stand: CBC executives to argue that their coverage had been "complete in all respects" and that Henry Besier was an adequate stand-in for Arch Snow. They also pointed out mistakes in Hobbs' column. The situation hadn't lasted for "a month"—it was three weeks. McGall didn't play the "slush-pump"; he was, in fact, a clarinetist.

McGall told the court that he had been damaged in the eyes of his family and young staffers of the CBC, who might conclude from the column that he was "a liar and a fraud . . . whose numbing failures are all too familiar." *Sun* counsel rebutted that Hobbs had not called him a liar and a fraud: she had written that his *assertions* were a pathetic lie and his letter a fraud. Since McGall and Hobbs had never met, there was no personal malice and no evidence was adduced to indicate that it was a factor.

. . . Legislative coverage had been "crippled" and "makeshift."

Ms. Hobbs did not plead truth, but fair comment. Her columns, she said, were based on background information she believed to be accurate. She had nothing against McGall, personally. It was the job of a critic to expose shoddy service, to elevate standards, to write hard-hitting comment freely, without fear of CBC executives "whining to the courts." Satire and wit were legitimate techniques of attack.

On this latter point her counsel, Allan McEachern, for the first time in the hearing permitted a note of righteous indignation to enter his summation. The CBC, he noted, did not hesitate to lampoon The Queen, accuse a cabinet minister of sexual perversion, or attack the Speaker of the House of Commons—"the symbol of legal authority, the man at the center of our entire democratic system, the most important man in the country, a man who should be beyond cheap and mischievous denigration."

George Murray, counsel for McGall, said that Hobbs' words were clearly libelous. She had branded McGall "a liar and a fraud," had written of his "numbing failures" and thus had robbed him of his honor and his good name. His client should be awarded "substantial damages."

After 11 days of pleadings, of charges and counter-charges, Judge Aikins began his instructions to the jury. It took him more than two hours. Carefully, almost cautiously, he pointed out the duties of the judge and jury, respectively. He analyzed the difference between fact and comment. He asked jurors to consider the demeanor of witnesses; were they believable? He went through the contentious columns, word by word. He explained that the jury was not bound by his own expressions of opinion. He emphasized the importance of adjudicating what "a fair and right-thinking person" would conclude from the words written.

Finally, he turned to the question of damages. It was not the purpose of the jury to "punish" the defendant. What should be sought was "fair and reasonable compensation" if they found that McGall had been libelled. He was bound, he said, to inform the jury that there was no evidence of malice nor of pecuniary or personal damage to the plaintiff; McGall was still held in high regard by his employers, and had had a raise in pay since the columns were written.

The judge singled out the third and final paragraphs of the October 10 column as the "two branches" of the McGall case. He was inclined to believe that the closing paragraph leaned toward comment. With reference to the earlier paragraph, it was for the jury to decide whether McGall had, indeed, been called "a liar and a fraud."

Earlier in the argument, he noted, defence counsel had suggested that McGall "should not be awarded a nickel." If the jury found the third paragraph libelous, the Judge would be "astonished" if the jury brought back a "contemptuous award."

At 12:30 of a crisp Saturday afternoon the jurors, four men and four women, retired to consider the evidence. At one o'clock they broke for 75 minutes, for lunch. By 5:30 they had not arrived at a verdict and returned to court to tell the Judge that they were deadlocked.

Mr. Justice Aikins advised them of an important point of Canadian civil law. If a jury did not reach a unanimous

decision in three hours, they would move to a new balance: only six out of eight votes would be necessary to arrive at a verdict.

The Judge asked them if they would like to retire for supper. The foreman replied that there was a possibility that they could reach accord under the six-out-of-eight proviso. They would head back to the jury room.

"We assess damages in the amount of \$1."

An hour later they filed in and court was reconvened.

Court registrar: "Have you reached a verdict?"

Foreman: "We find that the plaintiff has been libelled."

Gasp from *Sun* supporters.

Court registrar: "Have you reached a verdict with respect to damages?"

Foreman: "We assess damages in the amount of \$1."

Gasp from CBC fans.

Then bustle. Lawyers shaking hands with clients. Incongruously, Lisa Hobbs and Robert McGall meeting for the first time, their arms on each other's shoulders, murmuring protestations of good faith and an absence of ill will.

Reporters surrounded the principals for statements. Hobbs saw the verdict as a victory for free speech and free press, a recognition of the right of critics to write tough copy in pursuit of better standards. McGall said he'd like to think about it. The next day he was quoted: "It was a case of an individual trying to achieve vindication and that vindication having been achieved."

The publisher of *The Sun* grumped that his paper had been sued with its own (i.e., the taxpayers') money. "But," he added, "if it means revitalization of the CBC and better coverage, it's money well spent."

The CBC sent 31 staffers to cover the opening of the new legislative session in Victoria.

—Stuart Keate

Mr. Keate is the publisher of *The Vancouver Sun*.

You find very few disenfranchised poor as anchormen.

—Richard Wald
News: Type and/or Tube

India

Aspects of the Democratic Order

The following is a lightly edited version of an address recently given to the World Affairs Council in San Francisco by Ranjan Gupta, special correspondent, The Indian Express, New Delhi. Mr. Gupta is currently a Research Associate at the Institute of International Studies, the University of California at Berkeley, and is completing a book on the diplomatic developments in the Indian Ocean region from the mid-1960s to the present. He was an Associate Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1975.

My comments will touch on some salient aspects of the Indian democratic order, and what the future could hold for the Indian people.

The three key parties both to present developments and the future in India are the Prime Minister, the opposition leaders and the army. The press, the judiciary and the bureaucracy, in that order, are important but in actual fact dependent for their survival and definition of role on the other three.

It may be worth examining some of the visible support bases of Mrs. Gandhi, because if we are considering the question of whether democracy is dead in India it would be necessary to see if the Prime Minister has the type of political base which could make, or has made, her a dictator.

The largest single unit of organizational support that Mrs. Gandhi enjoys is the Congress party. While the Congress party was an effective force during the independence movement, the party has since 1947 changed character. For one, it is no longer a cadre-based party, with a disciplined rank and file membership. Though there are local bosses whose effectiveness lies in mobilizing support during the elections, the concept of the state boss as in the time of Nehru has undergone change. During the Nehru years there were bosses at the state level, like Kiron in Punjab, B. C. Roy in West Bengal, Sukhadia in Rajasthan, Morarji Desai in Bombay, who were exceedingly powerful in their regions. They owed and gave a certain respect to Nehru as a chief among equals, strongly supporting him in federal measures but resisting infringement on their supremacy in their states.

With Mrs. Gandhi this has changed. The Roys, the Sukhadias and the Desais no longer have a place in the Congress picture. Replacing them are effective operators of the regional party machinery who are heavily reliant on Mrs.

Gandhi for their office and political future. The power they enjoy from the people is largely because of the responsibility vested in them by Mrs. Gandhi. So while Mrs. Gandhi enjoys full respect from her state chieftains, on the other hand there is no particular guarantee that state leaders of the Congress will be able to ensure support from their respective regions should there be an erosion of Mrs. Gandhi's authority at the federal level. No state congress President or Chief Minister would appear to have a strong regional base of his own which could stand without strong federal backing.

Minus organized party workers at the grassroots level, minus strong party leadership at the state level, Mrs. Gandhi can rely on no strength other than her own appeal to the people through the Congress. Consequently, it is not

The largest single unit of organizational support that Mrs. Gandhi enjoys is the Congress party.

the Congress which is a factor of strength to Mrs. Gandhi, but Mrs. Gandhi to the Congress. The usefulness of the Congress for Mrs. Gandhi lies in the fact that it can act as a loose sort of link between her and the people and that it provides an organizational framework for implementing political concepts like "Garibi hato"—the removal of poverty, land reforms—and most important of all, fighting the elections.

These are measures that the bureaucracy cannot very well execute; though from Mrs. Gandhi's point of view and style of politics, the organizational wing of the Congress counts less as some of the support work can be done more efficiently by a trained and orderly bureaucracy rather than party workers. The officials, those pushers of papers, can somehow keep things going, like an army of ants carrying bits of dead wood around.

In fact, Mrs. Gandhi has relied on the bureaucracy much more than either of her two predecessors. The Indian Civil Service was trained to a high degree of professionalism by the British. Over the years it was increasingly Indianized and by 1947 provided the new government with an efficient and highly effective civil service. Trained to be dispassionate and apolitical, the Indian bureaucracy has served all its masters with unswerving loyalty. However, the fact that the Congress has been the only party to run the federal government and most of the state governments for any period of time has led to a certain sense of familiarization between the Congress leadership and the senior bureaucracy. One has come, over a period of time, to rely on the other.

The Congress Party has been careful not to tamper too much with the esprit de corps of the civil service. The bureaucracy today enjoys unprecedented power and are now the true successors of the Viceroy's men which the old civil service had been.

To Mrs. Gandhi the detachment of the bureaucracy is a source of strength. Because it means that as long as she can have political control, she can have their services and support. For the bureaucracy it is also a happy situation because their strength lies in executing, but not ordering. They do not have the ability to run the government, they can only manage it and a strong central leader is in their vested interest.

I would not like to consider the army as a basis for Mrs. Gandhi's strength. It will support the Prime Minister so long as she is a ruler operating within an overall constitutional framework. But once the thin line between a "controlled democracy" and a police state is crossed, the army is not likely to remain neutral.

The armed services have grown in strength and confidence since 1962 when they were the greatest casualty of Nehru's Panchsheel, or peaceful coexistence policy towards Communist China. But the army in particular has come a long way since then. The fourth largest army in the world, it is respected, if not feared, from Iran to China. This powerful body is to be respected by any political leader in India. However, the army is largely apolitical; the basis of its loyalty is regimental discipline, as opposed to personal loyalty for generals found in some countries. What keeps it efficient and effective is its role as a purely military organization not concerned with civilian affairs. And in India's increasingly traumatic political world, the army's elan makes it even more removed from civilian life. Should it get involved for a long period of time in civilian affairs, the army is likely to lose its disciplined character which is based on the nature of its responsibilities, and will become subject to the same process of pressures and petty regional loyalties found in civilian organizations, leading to its disintegration on state and caste lines. So while the army is a source of strength for Mrs. Gandhi at present, she cannot count on it as a basis of support, particularly in any long term projection as she could perhaps on the police who take their orders from the local bureaucracy.

Mrs. Gandhi has found it more comfortable to deal directly with the masses more in the style of a "popular people's hero." The system of making speeches to vast masses is something that has come over from the freedom movement when popular leaders travelled across the country mustering support. In fact, whenever Mrs. Gandhi has been confronted with road blocks from Parliament, the judiciary and the larger newspapers, she has chosen to take her case directly to the rural masses and nearly always won their

support. In its own way this has bred the concept of a personality cult which in its essentials goes against the notion of a parliamentary prime minister. Nehru was able to combine the personality cult within a constitutional framework; Mrs. Gandhi has used it to challenge the constitution.

Having briefly examined the visible support bases of Mrs. Gandhi, I would like to have a look at the sources of challenge to her authority. The opposition parties are an obvious challenge to Mrs. Gandhi, but a question that could be asked after a closer look at them is, are they really? The opposition both to the right and the left is highly fragmented. Examining the opposition of the right, the Jana Sangh, the Socialists of the SSP (the Samyukta Socialist Party), the Swatantra, the Old Congress of Mr. Morarji Desai and various regional parties like those of Mr. Biju Patnaik in Orissa, the salient aspect to emerge is that they are of very different character. From the sophisticated, conservative Swatantra party to the street-mongering socialists is indeed a far cry. The Jana Sangh is still trying hard to live down its hindu chauvinistic image created largely by the apex body of its organizational wing, the RSS (Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh).

The nature of the Jana Sangh's cadre building and the outlook of its party workers also makes it a party which does not give enough emphasis to parliamentary change, but rather concentrates on demonstrations and rallies. The Muslim League and the Jama'at-i-Islami, which are mainly

The officials . . . can somehow keep things going, like an army of ants carrying bits of dead wood around.

devoted to catering to Moslem interests, use the same methods, if not worse, for getting votes from the more than 50 million Moslems of India.

On the left, the Pro-Moscow Communists, the Pro-Peking Communists, the left-wing Socialists and the fragmented wings of the Communist parties of West Bengal are again a divided camp. The CPI (Communist Party of India—Russian wing) has been able to create a niche for itself by backing Mrs. Gandhi and has consequently been able to enjoy power totally disproportionate to its strength in Parliament and the state assemblies.

The other salient factor that emerges as far as the opposition parties are concerned, is that few of them are committed in spirit and political outlook to parliamentary change, with the possible exception of the Swatantra Party. (In fact it was the Swatantra's program of parliamentary action and free enterprise which placed it far ahead of the thinking of the common man and led to its premature death.) On saying

this, it should however be borne in mind that no opposition party has formed a government at the federal level, or even come anywhere near it. This has had an important effect in molding both the character of the opposition leaders and their style of action, and sometimes made them lose patience with electoral change.

Many a time wrong people take advantage of the democratic order; so it was that Hitler, an unknown painter's apprentice during the reign of William II of Prussia, or Francis Joseph of Austria, grew as a political demagogue under the Wiemar Republic. In the same way Mussolini was obscure during the reign of Victor Emmanuel II of Savoy, but under a later liberal constitution became a journalist and member of the Chamber of Deputies. So it is in India. Different people have been able to exploit the system for their own advantage, dexterously manipulating the system to reach positions of prominence. In this category are the Com-

. . . Once the thin line between a "controlled democracy" and a police state is crossed, the army is not likely to remain neutral.

munists, those vultures feeding on the carcass of Indian democracy. They have wormed their way to a certain respectability in Indian political life which they neither knew nor enjoyed during the Nehru and Shastri years. Equally successful have been the black marketers and smugglers who used the freedom of the system for their own selfish ends.

Therefore I would say that Mrs. Gandhi's support bases are the Congress organization and the bureaucracy, though her own appeal with the masses, relying both on family ties and image, is of prime importance and would be the ultimate deciding factor. With a support such as this, it will be easy to either kill democracy or perpetuate it.

A rival to Mrs. Gandhi would have to rely on the same support bases as she does, except that it would be a divided Congress party, the division being between those who support her and those who would back the Prime Minister's rival. For a rival backed by the opposition, his main strength would be the extent to which the opposition parties can close their ranks and support him and his own appeal among the masses; the appeal to be effective would have to be on the same basic lines as those of Mrs. Gandhi, cutting across caste and state lines and being uniform in both the north and the south of the nation.

Taking stock of all factors, it would appear that Mrs. Gandhi's support bases are more solid than those of her rivals, her greatest asset being her hold on the masses in her own right and as Nehru's daughter. She moreover enjoys

the sort of strength that does not make her reliant on democratic institutions.

Nehru was able to combine the personality cult within a constitutional framework; Mrs. Gandhi has used it to challenge the constitution.

Mr. Jaya Prakash Narayan, who emerged during the recent crisis to challenge her, had three decisive factors against him: a) his age—he is 72 years old; b) the lack of his appeal outside the hindi-speaking states of northern India; and c) his close identification with Marwari businessmen, giving perhaps an erroneous impression that he had the backing of big business. The same three drawbacks could almost in the same proportion be applied to Mr. Morasji Desai, except that he is 79 years old.

The slow death of parliamentary democracy marks the end of an era of middle-class liberalism in India.

Yet given the irresponsibility among Congress and opposition politicians, the rampant corruption among bureaucrats and businessmen and the lack of social discipline among the people, it could not have been otherwise. But the tragedy has been that the worst casualties have been institutions which could have been the greatest asset to the new political transformation from a parliamentary to a centralized system. There has been total lack of foresight towards the press, the judiciary and Parliament. Just as it was the wrong people who took advantage of the earlier parliamentary system, so a whole new lot of political opportunists from the left and the extreme right may try to exploit the situation for their own ends in the name of Mrs. Gandhi. A future in the hands of either the Communists or a non-liberal right could well be a future of strife and chaos, of street fighting and witch hunting, of bloodshed and civil war.

Given the recent events, I would say democracy is dead in India; yet it is being "reborn" in a new form, one of more centralized control and with the overtones of a presidential system insofar as it could have a non-elected executive. But minus institutions like a free press, this could be exceedingly dangerous.

The French thinker Pascal once said, "Justice without power is unavailing, power without justice is tyrannical. We must therefore combine justice and power, making what is just, strong and what is strong, just."

Those of us who are caught up in the crisis can only hope that in India the just become strong and the strong, just.

USSR

A Press Like Ours?

H. Brandt Ayers, editor and publisher of *The Anniston (Alabama) Star* and Nieman Fellow '68, has recently returned from a three weeks' tour of the Soviet Union under the State Department Exchange Program for young journalists. The following article, datelined Moscow, is reprinted with the permission of his newspaper.

MOSCOW, U.S.S.R.—On an Aeroflot flight back from Siberia in mid-November I was reading a book by an American journalist about the Soviet media—to the intense interest of the Soviet official seated beside me.

He could contain his curiosity no longer and asked to see what I was reading, as luck would have it, just as I was into the third paragraph of a discussion of Glavlit, the government's pre-publication censorship organization.

With inner sheepishness which I hoped didn't show I handed the book, brazenly and nakedly open at the offending page, to my official seatmate, Yuri Goryachev, head of the Press and Information Department of the Central Youth Organization.

. . . Readers of *Izvestiya* and American newspapers aren't too different in what they like and don't like.

To my astonishment his reaction was one of amusement. He turned around and merrily told three Soviet correspondents behind us what I had been reading.

Then, he returned the book to my hand, removed a felt-tip pen from my fingers, quite deliberately drew a diagonal line across the page and said, evenly but pleasantly, "No Glavlit. There is no Glavlit."

For a second I stared at the slash of ink across page 125 of the book and then answered with a smile, "Yuri, that's what Glavlit does." He laughed and explained that the system of control was much more complex and sophisticated.

Goryachev is probably closer to the truth than a typical Westerner's pre-conception that the censor is more important than the editor-in-chief of a Soviet newspaper, or that they are one and the same person.

While three weeks as one of 12 American journalists on a State Department exchange program with the Soviet Union hardly qualifies me as an expert, we did meet with dozens of Soviet editors, a diverse group representing newspapers ranging from dailies in Leningrad to a weekly in Siberia.

Impressions gathered in lengthy sessions with the nation's leading editors (who, of course, are also leaders of the Communist Party) were clarified by Mark W. Hopkins' excellent though somewhat dated book *Mass Media in the Soviet Union*.

Hopkins, former Soviet affairs writer for *The Milwaukee Journal* who now works for Voice of America, reprinted a readership survey of the official government newspaper, *Izvestiya*, which was particularly revealing.

The poll shows that readers of *Izvestiya* and American newspapers aren't too different in what they like and don't like. For instance, long articles about political or party affairs

Circulation is one major difference: they're bigger, much bigger.

—so cherished by editors in both nations—draw a wide yawn from both sets of readers. Only 18 percent of *Izvestiya's* readers liked them. Editorials did better but most readers found it possible to stifle their enthusiasm for them, just as most Americans do. Editorials were popular with only 30 percent.

Light stories about everyday life, humor and satire are most popular with Soviet readers, scoring from 64 percent to 75 percent in the survey taken in 1966.

Soviet readers also get a type of service from their newspapers which is quite similar to American consumer-assistance columns. The Soviet press concerns itself with everyday irritations, including stale bread. Literally.

The issue of stale bread, and a new bakery delivery schedule to correct it, was on the agenda for a meeting of the executive committee of the Leningrad Soviet of Working People's Deputies the day we met with the chairman, Vasily Kazakov, who describes himself as the mayor of Leningrad.

Boris Feld, the editor of *Leningradskaya Pravda*, is probably responsible for that item being on the agenda of what amounts to the city council. In response to reader complaints his paper had run a series of articles exposing the problem.

Of course, in a city that was under siege for 900 days in World War II, which lost 400,000 (twice the number of total United States casualties) bread is an emotional issue.

As Feld put it to one of our delegation that evening at the apartment of the American consul, "I lived through the blockade. I buried all of the members of my family. They died because there was no bread. When you have experienced that, you feel something."

But even on more prosaic issues the Soviet press serves, like our own, as a critic of and goad to the performance of certain government agencies, exposing corruption and incompetence or simply analyzing practical reasons for the failure to meet goals.

Of course, media criticism in the Soviet Union does not extend to attacks on the system itself, just as the editors of *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* or *The Los Angeles Times*, for example, would not think of advocating the overthrow of the capitalist system.

As beguiling as some of the comparisons may seem, however, the similarities are only on the surface.

And, like some of the surface similarities, there are some differences that are relatively trivial—looks, content and style that are unfamiliar to American readers.

Circulation is one major difference; they're bigger, much bigger. Their big national papers have five times the circulation of our biggest, *The New York Daily News*, which has two million daily readers.

Komsomolskaya Pravda, the Soviet youth newspaper, has a circulation of 10.5 million. *Pravda*, the Communist Party paper, is slightly larger and *Izvestiya* slightly smaller.

They sell for less than a nickel but the reader gets less, too. The average paper is only four to eight pages with very little

Habits of thinking and acting today in the Soviet press . . . have roots in czarist history.

advertising, but the major papers do make a profit.

A typical front page mostly contains official information, like government announcements, and a long, windy editorial. To break up this daily bulletin board effect there is usually one stock photograph.

Inside are the usual listings of radio and television logs but nothing like the garden columns and recipes found in American papers. Instead, there are weighty articles on progress (or lack of it) in various industries, letters from readers, a few sports items and a few pieces of breaking news. No comics.

In fact, the Soviet press seems to function more as an eternal cheerleader for the party than as a means of telling its readers what is going on at home and abroad.

"The Soviet mass media tend to preach from a pulpit, taking their authority from the scriptures, and lacing their sermons with moral truths of Marxism-Leninism," wrote Hopkins in his book on Soviet media.

Differences between the approach to journalism in the two countries are basic, and deep.

Lev Nickolayevich Tolkunov, editor-in-chief of *Izvestiya*, put the differences to our delegation this way: "Historically, the system that you developed will allow almost anything

and historically our system has been structured in such a way that we prohibit certain things."

Habits of thinking and acting today in the Soviet press, far more important than overt censorship, have roots in czarist history.

Censorship dates from the reign of Czar Fedor II, from 1676 to 1682. But, more importantly, Russia never developed a politically plural press which challenged even the authority of the czar. It was unthinkable, for the czar received his seal of office directly from the hands of God.

If there is no adversary tradition of Soviet journalism, no sense among Soviet editors that they are guardians of the rights of the people against a wicked or over-reaching government, it is not so strange because there never has been.

Nikita Khrushchev explained the role of the press when he told a conference of journalists, "As soon as some (Communist Party) decision must be explained or implemented, we turn to you, and you, as the most trusted transmission belt, take the decision and carry it to the very midst of the people."

The conveyor belt functions best when it is running from the top, down. At *Izvestiya* Lev Tolkunov is the top, and very near the top of the whole Soviet hierarchy.

"As a matter of fact I am a member of the Central Committee of our party and, as such, I convey to the members of the editorial board the view of the party on the major matters that comprise the economic policy of our country," he told us.

Tolkunov, a kind of bluff preacher-politician, did not mean that he was so crass as to snap orders to his subeditors. They, too, are loyal and well-connected party men who have

If a Soviet Watergate occurred or some reckless military decision were taken in the Kremlin, the press wouldn't apply the brakes.

been conditioned—by history and a journalism education heavily weighted to ideology and politics—to seek and follow the line.

But this trickle-down, transmission-belt theory and practice of mass communication finally runs head-on into an ideological contradiction. That is, the insistence that the people themselves participate in molding the press.

They can't have it both ways—although they try. Reader involvement comes exclusively through a massive volume of mail, some of which is inspired by party committees and Komsomol, the All-Union Leninist Young Communist League.

Lev Korneshov, a member of the ruling nine-man bureau of the 30-million-strong Young Communist League and editor of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, told us he receives 600,000 letters a year. Some of those letters produce benefits for the

Letters to the Editor

To the Editors:

Alex Keyssar's naive piece on Portugal (Nieman Reports, Summer 1975) might have been closer to the mark if he had not confused the American press with one morning paper in New York.

Bernard Nossiter NF '63

London Correspondent
The Washington Post

people, like Boris Feld's stale bread crusade in Leningrad.

But we also learned at *Komsomolskaya Pravda* that they had abandoned their efforts to seek popular views through scientific opinion surveys. Thus, the press seems to have retreated from a course which would have given Soviet citizens a means of talking back to the authorities, of letting them know how they feel.

This retrenchment is understandable. What would Lev Tolkunov do with the fact that only 18 percent of his readers like the party propaganda they get on page one every day?

It is difficult to imagine him saying to Chairman Brezhnev, "Look, Leonid, I have this poll which shows the folks just don't like all that bullfeathers about the glorious, heroic party we keep shoveling them. They want more humor and satire, even more news about what's going on in the capitalist countries. Why don't we cut that stuff out and Westernize our papers. Give the folks what they want. Okay?"

Not on your life, not unless Tolkunov wanted to edit the weekly in Ust-Ilimsk, Siberia.

The conveyor belt seems to be running more firmly from top to bottom than it did just a few years ago when Mark Hopkins did the research for his book.

What that means to the average Soviet citizen is that he gets some service from the press which is like our own in all but the most important respects. If a Soviet Watergate occurred or some reckless military decision were taken in the Kremlin, the press wouldn't apply the brakes. It would be part of the conspiracy of silence.



Editor's note: *As we go to press, we learned that last year was the first for journalists to be part of the group of young American politicians touring the Soviet Union; and that this year was the last for newsmen. The director of the American Council of Young Political Leaders, which nominates participants, was told by the Russians, "The Americans came with an anti-Soviet attitude. All of their reporting was negative and we didn't get any benefit from it."*

The program was started in 1970, and to date there has been no indication that future young American politicians will not be welcomed.

International

Newsweek v. Newsweek

"Newsweek International, which announced a major expansion program in late 1972, enjoyed its first full year as 'the world's first truly international newsmagazine.' With the formation of its own editorial and commercial staffs, the edition reached its goal to be fully responsive to the needs of overseas readers. During the year, for example, Newsweek International ran hundreds of exclusive stories and featured 22 covers different from the domestic edition."

—The Washington Post Company
Annual Report 1973

The place of American multinational enterprises in world order is much discussed these days, for along with the benefits of transnational economic efficiency sometimes come undesirable political and cultural side effects. Since neither multinationals nor the controversies they spawn are likely to disappear soon, the multinational phenomenon invites broad inquiry. One aspect of such examination is the case study—in this instance, an analysis of the multinational medium, *Newsweek International*.

If the corporate parent of *Newsweek* has continued to keep count of covers which abroad were different from those in the U.S., the May 5, 1975 issue may have given the tabulators some difficulty. The overseas cover pictured a young Vietnamese lad, an improvised name tag with identification number hung conspicuously from his neck, waiting forlornly somewhere in the refugee-evacuation pipeline during "The Last Days" of the Vietnam war. *Newsweek's* domestic edition featured the same youth but substituted a background stressing a more American theme: "End of an Era." In the U.S., the photograph's original background of refugees amid their luggage was replaced by grim pictorial reminders of the American involvement in Vietnam—memorable pictures of wounded GIs, the execution of a suspected Viet Cong, self-immolation by a Buddhist monk, and a young girl, screaming in pain, fleeing a bombing strike.

"The Last Days." "End of An Era." The two phrases, printed large on the May 5 covers of the foreign and domestic editions of *Newsweek* respectively may seem to create an identical impression, with different words. Perhaps. But while each came as the result of the same process (group journalism), the phrases that set the tone and image for *Newsweek's* coverage of the Vietnam climax were arrived at from separate perspectives.

Newsweek May 5, 1975 issue: Tables of Contents

United States Edition

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

- End of an era (the cover)
- "La guerre est finie"
- A Saigon notebook
- Last exit from Saigon
- Cambodia: "We beat the Americans"
- A history of the war in photos

NATION

- Ford faces '76
- Watergate a la Breslin

THE BICENTENNIAL

- The arts of the American Revolution

INTERNATIONAL

- Portugal goes to the polls

SPORTS

- Derby jitters
- Connors wins again

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

- The economy: who'll buy what?
- Windy City windfall
- Champagne: a fizz
- Minority teen-agers and the recession
- The plant blast: an inside job?
- Energy: war between the states

LIFE/STYLE

- Those sleek black beauties, with two page color photos

THE ARTS

BOOKS

- Sex and the woman writer
- A talk with Erica Jong

MUSIC

- Economic bass
- On the upbeat

DANCE

- The Bolshoi bombs

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- Letters
- Update
- Periscope
- Newsmakers
- Transition

THE COLUMNISTS

- My Turn: Walter B. Wriston
- Peter Axthelm
- Paul A. Samuelson
- Bill Moyers

By midday Friday, April 25, Editor Robert C. Christopher had decided to pick up for use in *Newsweek International* the verbatim domestic version of the Vietnam story. He had committed himself, and *Newsweek*, to publishing the same 21 pages of information about "The War in Indochina" worldwide. But then Christopher elected to begin work on the cover independently. For seven minutes, starting at 12:02 p.m., the editor's midtown Manhattan office became a think tank awash with "slash" suggestions from

. . . Neither multinationals nor the controversies they spawn are likely to disappear soon. . .

Christopher and his principal assistants, Managing Editor Maynard Parker, and Assistant Managing Editor Richard Z. Chesnoff. Parker began. A good slash word, he thought, would be "exodus." But Christopher ruled the emphasis was wrong and then offered and rejected in the same breath "bugging out" because it's "not universally understood." More suggestions followed, were considered, and rejected. At 12:09 p.m., the editor, having heard, "How about, 'The Last Days?'" a moment earlier and having sensed an instant consensus, agreed—"Yeah, let's do that."

An independent "slash" line decision not many years earlier would have been impossible, if not unthinkable, at *Newsweek*. But starting in 1969, the news magazine began infrequently to substitute covers on its international editions, a practice built upon experiments of occasionally substituting stories of foreign interest for those of purely American concern in overseas advertising editions. Then in 1972, Christopher, a news magazine veteran whose career had been chiefly in foreign affairs, conceived and launched the International Edition of *Newsweek* in collaboration with Peter A. Derow, a rising young vice president whose fascination with the news magazine business began when he interrupted his Harvard education for a year's work in London for the *Economist*.

Newsweek always had been number two behind *Time*, more so in the international field where *Time* had a two-to-one circulation lead—over three-to-one, if *Time Canada*, with a special tax advantage not enjoyed by its American competitor, was included. During the years when foreign circulation consisted of random exports, being in second place abroad caused little concern at *Newsweek*. But following a surge in foreign circulation during the late 1960s,*

*According to data made available to the author, *Newsweek's* international circulation as of June 30, 1971, was 338,055, an increase of 49.6 percent over the 225,823 of June 30, 1967.

Christopher, the journalist, and Derow, the businessman, shared the opinion that the international marketplace was becoming increasingly important. Therefore it should neither be neglected nor, worse, left to *Time* by default.

The concept was for a news magazine explicitly designed for non-American readership, but one which drew on *Newsweek's* American resources, both tangible (capital and talent) and intangible (publishing experience and the U.S. position in world affairs).

Christopher argued that elite citizens of an interdependent world had an unsatisfied information need. He envisioned filling this by a medium through which, for instance, Japanese and Common Market businessmen might communicate about topics of mutual interests in addition to receiving an American perspective on external, not purely internal, affairs. Derow calculated that this made good business sense, for the readership to which the magazine already appealed was very affluent and therefore could afford a premium price. The significance of this was that *Newsweek* domestically generated 70 percent of its revenues from advertising and 30 percent from circulation, while abroad, where the price per copy has been 25 percent higher than in the U.S., the statistics were advertising 45 percent, circulation 55 percent. For the domestic and foreign percentages to be the same, Derow explained in an interview with the author, *Newsweek* would have to greatly expand its international advertising sales staff at a cost which probably would be counterproductive.

. . . Intramural differences are minor, however, in comparison to the radical content changes in the U.S. edition. . .

Essentially where *Newsweek* differed from *Time* in evaluation of the international market was to think globally as opposed to regionally. *Time* inaugurated a European edition in 1973. Indigenous regional publications, reasoned *Newsweek*, were bound to be competitive, so why not "leap-frog ahead of regionals," as Derow put it.

This then was the thinking behind a *Newsweek* announcement which read: "The world's first *truly* international newsmagazine was born January 1, 1973."

Actually, *Newsweek's* foreign history goes back to the Second World War when a miniature version of the magazine known as "Battle Baby" was published. It, and six other wartime editions for service personnel, had a combined overseas military and civilian audience of more than a million. At war's end, these editions were consolidated into two, one printed in Tokyo, the other in Paris. Latin America, then

May 5, 1975

Atlantic Edition

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

End of an era (the cover)
 "La guerre est finie"
 A Saigon notebook
 Last Exit
 Cambodia: "We beat the Americans"
 A history of the war in photos

EUROPE

Portugal: a victory for the moderates
 A talk with an MFA leader
 A reign of terror at the West German Embassy in Stockholm
 Nuclear power: the stormy debate over its future
 Holland: phony axes to grind
 France: le crime wave

ASIA

A sea change in Manila
 Kim Il Sung in Peking
 India: Aryabhata in orbit
 Australia: end of the "green bans"

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

Teen-agers and the U.S. recession: facing a no-job summer
 Denmark's quiet giant
 Champagne: a fizzle
 Investigations: an inside job?
 Superlong cigarettes

MEDICINE

Meditation therapy
 Umbrella for the heart

SCIENCE

An isotope breakthrough

SPORTS

Connors wins again

THE ARTS

MUSIC

Economic bass
 On the upbeat

BOOKS

"Japan: the Fragile Superpower," by Frank Gibney

MOVIES

Bertrand Tavernier's "Let the Party Begin"

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

New Products and Processes
 Periscope

Letters
 Newsmakers
 Transition

THE COLUMNISTS

Ranan Lurie
 Donald Horne

International Marketplace
 Worldwide Stocks
 Interview: David Rockefeller

May 5, 1975

Pacific Edition

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

- End of an era (the cover)
- "La guerre est finie"
- A Saigon notebook
- Last exit
- Cambodia: "We beat the Americans"
- A history of the war in photos

ASIA

- The Philippines goes Asian
- Kim Il Sung in Peking
- India: Aryabhata in orbit
- Australia: end of the "green bans"

EUROPE

- Portugal: a victory for the moderates
- A talk with an MFA leader
- A reign of terror at the West German Embassy in Stockholm
- Nuclear power: the stormy debate over its future
- Holland: phony axes to grind
- France: le crime wave

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

- Teen-agers and the recession: facing a no-job summer
- The East Asiatic Co.: Denmark's quiet giant
- Champagne: a fizzle
- Investigations: an inside job?

SCIENCE

- An isotope breakthrough

SPORTS

- Connors wins again

THE ARTS

BOOKS

- "Japan: the Fragile Superpower," by Frank Gibney
- "A City on a Hill," by George V. Higgins

MOVIES

- Bertrand Tavernier's "Let the Party Begin"

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- New Products and Processes
- Letters
- Periscope
- Newsmakers
- Transition
- International Marketplace
- Worldwide Stocks
- Interview: David Rockefeller

THE COLUMNISTS

- Ranan Lurie
- Donald Horne

and since, has been served by copies of the U.S. edition via airmail. This pattern continued, with some alterations. What was called the "Atlantic book" was subdivided into 12 advertising editions and printing shifted from Paris to Slough, England; its counterpart, the "Pacific book" was equally subdivided in order to serve geographic areas of specific interest to advertisers, and two additional printing locations—Hong Kong and Sydney—were added to Tokyo to facilitate distribution.

The editorial content of the first postwar international editions—the pin-up girls of the "Battle Baby" having been eliminated—was the same as in the U.S. Then, in the decade following acquisition of the magazine by the Washington Post Company in 1961, minor revisions appeared on an ad hoc basis and two regular features were added: a column about "New Products and Processes," and signed opinions, prepared individually by three leading American foreign affairs specialists—George Ball, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and William P. Bundy. Subsequently, their commentaries appeared at tri-weekly intervals in the U.S. edition, too. (In 1972 columns by Ball, Brzezinski, and Bundy were discontinued in all *Newsweek* editions.)

The situation, then, when *Newsweek* announced its new international concept in 1973, was unsystematic and limited editorial modifications of the overseas advertising editions, which had been rapidly growing in circulation. The new intent was to create a *Newsweek International* which was more relevant to the information needs of its elite foreign readership and thereby enhance its business prospects.

Because of a paucity of available data, it is difficult to estimate the economic condition of the international editions at the time of the change. But whatever the situation was at the start, *Newsweek International*, despite an enlarged payroll, was financially viable by its second year. Overseas advertising pages had increased to 1,771, up 60 pages from the first year, while circulation grew during the same year from 398,000 to 415,000. The overall result: "an outstanding year and . . . an operating profit," according to The Washington Post Company's 1974 annual report. From a corporate viewpoint, the commendable performance of the new enterprise apparently came at an opportune time. After two consecutive years of substantial growth in income from its magazine and book division, the company's 1974 income of \$10.2 million in that line of business reflected a comparatively unimpressive 10 percent increase.

The editorial concept which led to the business success of *Newsweek International* was implemented by assembling a staff separate from the domestic magazine for the purpose of publishing an edition on an average of 50 percent different from its U.S. parent. Besides the key American editors in New York who, in addition to deciding what to put in the magazine, supervised writer-researcher teams and did make-

up, two regional editorships were created and commentaries by distinguished non-American journalists and analysts were added.

The regional editors have on-the-scene responsibility for news coverage in the "Europe" and "Asia" sections of the magazine. Some stories they themselves cover, others have been handled by regular staff correspondents abroad, still others by stringers. Edward S. Behr, a Cambridge-educated British national who was born in Paris, has been regional editor for Europe since the start. He has been based in Paris, where he previously was *Newsweek's* bureau chief following a similar assignment in Hong Kong. In January 1975, Richard M. Smith, an American who for three of the previous four years had written about international affairs for *Newsweek*, was posted to Hong Kong as regional editor for Asia.

In order to further refine its U.S. accent, the international editions rarely have published any of *Newsweek's* American columnists, preferring instead the signed opinions of non-American contributing editors. Their roster in 1975 numbered eight; their specialties were politics and economics; their instructions were to observe and comment on an interdependent world. They were Donald Horne (Australia), Arrigo Levi (Italy), Bernard Levin (Britain), Mochtar

"The world's first TRULY international news-magazine was born January 1, 1973."

Lubis (Indonesia), Theo Sommer (West Germany), Olivier Todd (France), Jiro Tokuyama (Japan), Varindra Tarzie Vittachi (Sri Lanka).

The only Americans whose opinions have appeared in *Newsweek International* were political cartoonist Ranan Lurie and domestic columnist Bill Moyers, a former White House aide turned journalist, who has frequently written on foreign affairs.

The extent to which *Newsweek* differs around the world is illustrated in the following tables of contents from the May 5, 1975 issue of the American edition and the two international editorial editions—Atlantic and Pacific—which essentially have the same contents. The only regular difference between the two has been placement of the Asia section before Europe in the Pacific edition and vice versa in the Atlantic.

Back-of-the-book content has not, however, always been uniform. The reason is twofold. First, the amount of space for editorial text is determined in relation to the amount of advertising in each edition and, second, stories once written to a prescribed length, cannot be easily expanded or con-

tracted. The result is that when adjustments are necessary, they are made in the soft-news sections dealing with books, movies, science and the like.

In the May 5 issue, for instance, each of the various advertising editions in the Atlantic "book" totaled 56 pages, four more than in the Pacific. The space allotted to editorial copy on those four pages allowed editor Christopher to add a story to the Business and Finance section ("Superlong cigarettes," a pick-up from an earlier issue of the U.S. magazine) and also to publish short sections on Medicine and Music, neither of which appeared in the Pacific edition.

During the years when foreign circulation consisted of random exports, being in second place abroad caused little concern at *Newsweek*.

These intramural differences are minor, however, in comparison to the radical content changes in the U.S. edition. Superficially, the U.S. and international editions of *Newsweek* have appeared similar, for indeed the style and formats have been identical. But upon closer examination of 34 items listed in the Pacific's table of contents only 12 also appeared in the U.S., (half in the Indochina section), and four others were hybrids, that is, the Newsmakers and Transition sections both contained some original notes about people in the news plus material picked up from the U.S. edition. The additional articles which appeared in the four-page larger Atlantic edition all were done by the staff of the American magazine, so the content breakdown for it was 38 total, 16 pickups, four hybrids, and the rest was exclusive for *Newsweek's* foreign readers, including an Australian view on the meaning of the Indochina collapse by contributing editor Donald Horne. In the opinion of International Editor Christopher and his staff, overseas readers were more interested in the Philippines' reconsideration of its special ties with the United States than, say, a U.S. Bicentennial report on art at the time of the American Revolution. Or a profile of Denmark's little known, but giant multinational trading firm, The East Asiatic Company, than, say, a page of copy devoted to America's trendy Black fashion models.

Perhaps the best illustration of *Newsweek International's* perspective was contained in an interview with David Rockefeller, chairman of one of New York's biggest international banks, Chase Manhattan. Two questions in the interview dealt with the U.S. economic recession, another with the pending British referendum on membership in the Common Market, two with multinational corporations, two more with petrodollar investments in the U.S., and finally a pair of questions about international political developments.

What all this amounted to was what *Newsweek* has called the other issue U.S. readers do not see, an issue intended to be more relevant to the elite readership of American news-magazines abroad.

That perspective has not been universally welcomed, for *Newsweek*, like *Time*, almost invariably has offended foreign sensitivities somewhere each week.

The Singapore High Court, for example, charged *Newsweek* with disrespect after the magazine published a story on November 11, 1974, in which Singapore's jurists were alleged to have applied "selective justice" to political dissidents. The High Court held the magazine's local representatives—a distributor and a part-time reporter—in contempt. Fines and legal fees of more than \$30,000 were paid by the magazine. Whether the unusual penalty served to limit the magazine's perceived journalistic license cannot be easily determined, but that seemed doubtful. The experience probably was little more than an annoyance; the expense written off as an added cost of doing business abroad.

Before and since the incident, guidance to the staff has been to "think international" in order to implement a concept that has proved financially rewarding to American-owned and operated *Newsweek International*.

The trouble, of course, is that thinking international fosters a notion of global interdependence, and at the same time gives rise to cries of interference in the internal affairs of other countries. The conundrum asks: how should a multinational medium conduct itself? The temptation to reply with cynicism and say, "Profitably," begs addressing what is a new twist to the old issue of press responsibility.

Must serving the information needs of a global elite be achieved at the price of being insensitive to national concerns? How *Newsweek* responds bears watching, for by publishing "the world's first truly international news-magazine," *Newsweek* not only has undertaken an innovative journalistic experiment, but also has involved itself in one of the more perplexing problems of contemporary world order: interdependence versus interference.

—William H. Read

Mr. Read, former journalist in Cincinnati and news executive with the Voice of America, came to Harvard University in 1973 as a member of the Center for International Affairs. He is the author of the forthcoming book, America's Mass Media Merchants, and currently is doing research with the Harvard Program on Information Technologies and Public Policy on the politics of international communications.

United States

A Reporter's Reflections on America

Richard L. Strout gave the following speech in Washington when he recently was awarded the prestigious Fourth Estate Award by the National Press Club for his distinguished service to American journalism. Mr. Strout has worked in the Washington bureau of The Christian Science Monitor for 52 years. He also writes a weekly column for The New Republic magazine under the pseudonym "TRB."

On a happy occasion like this the speaker, I believe, is supposed to strike a forward-looking and inspirational note. I hope I can do as well as Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska in a speech in Missouri in 1940. This notable orator was discussing the future of China, and the American Dream, and he wound up in a great peroration to a wildly cheering audience,

"With God's help we will lift Shanghai up and up—ever up . . . until it is just like Kansas City!"

That was part of America's innocence; something that has been lost, I believe, in the half century I have been in Washington.

In 1923 I drove down from Boston to Washington in a towering seven-foot Model T, and it took three days. That was the car where you measured your gasoline by getting out, lifting the front seat, and sounding the tank with a yardstick.

I could park my Model T all day long on the ellipse behind the White House with plenty of room and no parking ticket.

It's hard to reconstruct 1923 today. There wasn't any Pentagon; the "State, War and Navy Building" beside the White House still held all the State Department and parts of the other two agencies; Harry Truman hadn't put the porch on the back of the White House, and there were sculpture groups in front of the Capitol that you will note in old prints—Columbus Discovering America, and a Pioneer, or somebody, staying the tomahawk of a ravishing Indian from a settler maiden—what Mark Twain called the "delirium tremens" style of sculpture. They lasted from 1853 to 1961.

There were other differences in the country. Population was half today's; you could buy four tokens on the trolley for 30 cents, and though the postage stamps didn't carry pretty pictures, they cost only two cents.

I always wanted to be a big spender, but I never thought it would come by buying bread, and bacon, and postage stamps!

As a journalist I note, too, that in 1923 there were 16 different makes of motor cars commonly made and sold, and there were also some 16 different daily newspapers published in New York City.

Today the number of automobile manufacturers has shrunk to five; and the number of New York newspapers

I always wanted to be a big spender, but I never thought it would come by buying bread, and bacon and postage stamps!

has shrunk to five, too. Big changes! I may add that *Time* and *Newsweek* hadn't been invented yet, nor the *New Yorker*, and *Life* was a comic magazine, edited by Benchley.

Warren Harding was President. I went to my first press conference and there, standing in plus fours behind his desk in the Oval Office—so close that I could touch him—was the handsomest President since George Washington. I was pretty naive. I had all the appropriate feelings of a youngster, standing in awe before his Leader. In fact, I remember my hostility to my blasé colleagues, crammed around the desk, asking sharp questions.

I have total recall: "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he pleaded at last, "please go easy on me—I want to get away for some golf." (I add that to the utterances of Great Men.) There was quite a lot going on that I didn't know about in the Washington of 1923. There was "the Little Green House on K Street" where the benign President got away from The Duchess and played poker and where Prohibition Commissioner Haynes arranged to have Internal Revenue guards with pistols and badges deliver liquor in Wells Fargo Express wagons. (That was 1625 K Street; the "Little House on H Street" was 1509. . .)

Mr. Harding's girl friend, Nan Britton, visited him in the White House and they made love on the closet floor amid the rubbers and galoshes while Secret Service man Walter Ferguson guarded the corridor and shooed off the suspicious Duchess.

Those were gaudy days. I can't help looking back at them wistfully. Yes, there was corruption then, but it was of a more innocent sort, I think, than nowadays. The Teapot Dome scandal broke in 1923, unraveled by reporters like Tom Stokes and Paul Y. Anderson (the Woodward and Bernstein of their day) and I covered it; yes, in the very same marble Senate Caucus Room where, half a century later, Senator Ervin heard the Watergate story.

The chronological cycle of events has led to the promulgation of Strout's Law. There's a major scandal in American political life every 50 years: Grant's (that you all remember) in 1873; Teapot Dome precisely 50 years later in 1923; and Watergate punctually after that in 1973. Nail down your seats for 2023!

It is instructive, I think, to recall that despite the Grant and Harding scandals the public elected Republicans again in the next presidential election. Strout's Law doesn't cover that, but it is a not unlikely event next year.

I must get away from Harding, one of my favorite characters. But I can't refrain from saying that one time when reporters who had covered the 1920 "Front Porch" campaign were having a reunion in the National Press Club (then located in the Albee Building), an awed servant rapped on the door of their private room and announced that the President of the United States was outside and would like to join them. They welcomed him, and the lonely President spent a quiet evening there, free of The Duchess.

Harding's successor, Calvin Coolidge, had an association with this Club also. The tight-lipped little Yankee—who took the oath of office by a kerosene lamp in a little village in Vermont from his father, a justice of the peace—laid the cornerstone of this building in 1926. I remember he had a mason's trowel with a dab of mortar on it, the size of a butter pat. If he had been working on the Club's present face-lifting, the work would be going even slower than it is.

. . . [Coolidge] had a mason's trowel with a dab of mortar on it, the size of a butter pat.

I have seen the Presidents come and go. In 1923 two ex-Presidents were living in Washington, jovial Bill Taft as Chief Justice, and Woodrow Wilson, who was just a wraith, lived on S Street until 1924. For a Washington reporter over the years the Presidents are mileposts; there have been ten in my time. You go to bed one night, it seems, a reporter, and wake up to find you are a pundit!

(I am surprised to find how many people mistake longevity for profundity.)

Harding I have mentioned: he was the handsome, genial, vulgar fellow whom Alice Roosevelt Longworth appropriately called a "slob."

Calvin Coolidge found duties so easy that he napped in the afternoon; it was said of him that he was weaned on a pickle.

There was Herbert Hoover, a towering figure in many ways, caught in an economic Greek tragedy he never understood.

FDR, elected four times—the greatest President of my time: a superb combination of Machiavelli's lion and fox.

Harry Truman, a spunky little fox terrier of a man.

Charming, bumbling Eisenhower, who gave us a caretaker government just when we wanted it, but who had the good sense to look at the clock, not to try to turn it back.

JFK, the fairy-tale prince, who gave us a brief, bright Camelot—but who, alas, sent “advisers” into Vietnam.

Lyndon Johnson, an elemental force, who exclaimed one time when I was interviewing him that he was no “babe in arms,” and jumped up to my amazement, pacing the floor, rocking an imaginary baby in his arms.

And then there is Richard Nixon. Of them all, I may say, he was the only one I actively disliked, right from the start. He was a flawed and insecure man, I think, who said once, you remember, that “the American people is like a child.”

And finally, it's refreshing to add, we have Jerry Ford, an accidental and attractive figure, the least devious of them all, whose crashing virtue is that he isn't Richard Nixon, but who sometimes seems to have difficulty in distinguishing between Running and Governing.

Looking back over a reasonably fruitful lifetime, I sometimes ask what the satisfactions are of being a newspaperman. It isn't well-paid; a lot of my good friends have dropped off into other jobs always, it seems, to their financial improvement. But journalism has rewards. You meet a lot of odd people. It flatters your vanity, too, to know things before other people do. Besides that, I think there is generally a feeling of commitment. You can look back every now and then with a feeling of having coined a good phrase; of having explained an involved problem; of having—let's face it—exposed something that needed exposure.

I mentioned the liveliness of the job. Two of my happiest recollections were traveling with Harry Truman on his famous 1948 whistle-stop campaign across America, and with Nikita Khrushchev in a similar trip in September 1959. Truman was imaginatively and wonderfully corny the further west he got, explaining to crowds that it was a non-political trip and that he was “going down to Berkeley fur to git me a degree.” When adversaries dredged up some scandal or other about the party, he exclaimed, “They can't prove nothing, they ain't got a thing on me.” Tom Stokes put the two lines together as a chorus to the tune of “Oh, Susanna:”

“They can't prove nothing, they ain't got a thing on me!
Oh, I'm going down to Berkeley fur to git me a degree.”

The Khrushchev trip in 1959 was the most hilarious I ever was on. We had hundreds of reporters and photographers from all over the world: the scene I remember best was when we invaded a supermarket outside San Francisco. We simply wrecked the place. Photographers are a special breed. One climbed up on a pyramid of glass coffee jars; it

collapsed. For safety's sake I got over to the check-out counter. There was one woman, an unfortunate customer I suppose, prostrate on the floor and people simply stepped over her. “She fainted,” we told a photographer later. “Oh,” he replied brightly, “I thought she was dead.”

“Why were you fighting with the butcher?” we asked another.

“I just don't know,” he replied in an injured tone. “He attacked me. I didn't do anything to him. I just stood on his meat.”

There were other, graver scenes.

On the morning of D-Day, off the Normandy coast, I watched the troops go ashore and then, amidst the flashing and banging, out of the west from English bases came an endless line of airplanes, each towing a glider, as far as the eye could reach! I felt such a feeling of exultation and of pride, as I have never felt before. The line kept coming—indomitable, invincible, implacable American planes, Ameri-

. . . I sometimes ask what the satisfactions are of being a newspaperman.

can gliders, American paratroopers. While it was still coming, the earlier planes began returning, this time without their gliders. They had crash-landed with their paratroopers behind the enemy lines!

And one final memory of the past: on the night of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, I was one of the reporters huddled under the White House columns on the portico. Under a slight moon grim senators in overcoats, rolled up in their cars, to hear FDR tell them the horrid news. Some were isolationists who had said this was a “phony war.” They came in silent and went out silent, and behind the iron fence a small crowd watched that, toward midnight, made an effort to sing the Star Spangled Banner. Nobody could sing the Star Spangled Banner. It quavered badly. It made me cry.

The crowd was out there, too, when they brought Jack Kennedy's body back. That crowd haunts the place. It always appears. It was out there when President Nixon fired Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. It is an actor in the drama. When it materializes—silent, steady, patient, watching all night—you know great moments of history are occurring.

Let me come now from the past into the present. One thing that strikes me, as it may you, is how many things that we knew couldn't happen have happened. I don't mean merely physical accomplishments, like putting a man on the moon. These are the easy things. We can walk on the moon but we can't walk in Central Park. I am talking about other

things that were "impossible:" a Roman Catholic couldn't be elected President. Schools couldn't be desegregated. Federal budgets couldn't be expanded in a recession. Birth control couldn't be discussed publicly. Public welfare was "socialism." U.S. troops couldn't be kept in Europe in peacetime. Oh yes, and there was a more pervasive myth: Americans couldn't lose a war.

This has been an extraordinarily fascinating half century from Teapot Dome to Watergate. It has marked, I think, America's coming of age. We have lost our innocence. This is a trying process but we have, I think, a more realistic view today of the world we live in. We supposed that when we became a world power our moral superiority and our wealth would lead the world to better things. There was the Utopian evangelism of Woodrow Wilson; I would not sneer at this idealism; on one hand it led us to the Marshall Plan; on the other, into the Vietnam war.

In just a few years we have lost our illusion of omnipotence. We have lost the safety of distance. In a shrinking world we have to reach an accommodation with the nuclear bomb. Some of our seemingly endless resources threaten to give out.

Nearer at home we have suffered a series of humiliations. I don't just mean Watergate, I mean the thought that behind our back government forces were playing with poisoned darts with the idea of assassinating foreign leaders! In brief, I think we are a decent people suffering a sharp recession in our spiritual standard of living; we are temporarily living above our material means, and below our spiritual means.

The problems that we faced in the past 50 years seem relatively simple, I think, compared to those ahead. I don't envy the upcoming generation! We brought a new grandson home the other day, so new that he hasn't got his eyes opened yet. The lids are not merely shut, they are scrunched tight. I held him while I was reading a paper last night and he gingerly flicked open one eye, took one glance, and closed it again as hard as he could. The story I was reading said the "CIA had opened 215,000 letters to and from the Soviet Union in a 20-year program that was not merely illegal but worthless." "Sonny," I said, "I don't blame you!"

I don't mean to say that these new problems are insoluble; I do feel that the clock of history has speeded up. The pace of history is overtaking our capacity to adjust. The margin of error is shrinking.

Take the global picture, for example. There are four billion people on earth, and the birthrate is such that population will double in 35 years. That's not a long time, really; about the time from Franklin Roosevelt till today. Every year the population of an East and West Germany combined is added—that's 73 million; every 24 hours the aggregate of 200,000 more people, the equivalent of a new,

instant Des Moines, Iowa (God help us); in the short time we're sitting here, population will expand 8,000 (a good reason for limiting this talk). And where will this doubled population go? Who will feed them? My friend Lester Brown, the demographer, simply says he thinks they won't be fed; population won't double. Pestilence and war and Nature will take charge of human fertility, if people won't, he thinks.

(And while I'm about it, let me toss off a thought; the Population Explosion is everybody's baby.)

This has been an extraordinarily fascinating half century from Teapot Dome to Watergate.

Here's another solemn thought. Of all the people on earth today, only five percent are Americans, and yet we consume one-third of all the energy, one-third of the food, and enjoy one-half of the world's income. I ask you, in all simplicity, can a disparity like this last? Personally I think it can't, and I think much of the news in the next 50 years is going to turn on whether we yield to the inevitable graciously or vindictively.

Cheer up; don't despair! But note that the planet is so restless already that it spends \$240 billions annually on armaments—to "protect" a world population, most of whose citizens earn less than \$100 a year.

Here at home my impression is that a good many injustices are slowly being ameliorated. When I was a boy, the World Almanac every year published a table of lynchings; that dreadful table has long since disappeared. Racial injustices continue but my impression is that they are not growing worse, but more visible. Yet the potential instability of our society constantly impresses me. One person in 11 in the world's richest country is below the "poverty" line. And about one American in 11 is nonwhite. One thing is certain, if we ever have social turbulence, the weapons are right there: there are 24 million handguns available, with a couple million more added each year.

I don't offer these pessimistic appraisals with the idea of sending you away steeped in gloom. After the Sick Sixties we are halfway through the Uncertain Seventies. There is something to be said, I think, for a little salutary anxiety from time to time. We are fed up with idiot optimism, the smirking assurances that Mr. Nixon, for example, gave about the budget just before the 1973 inflation which produced the comment, "If he had been the captain of the *Titanic* he would have told the passengers that he was stopping to take on ice."

One of my favorite worries is about our form of govern-

ment. I have always favored the parliamentary system, like Canada's, as more flexible than our separation of powers. What other country, for example, could have a one-year deadlock over the energy crisis between President and Congress! Our 200-year old government is slow-moving and sprinkled with roadblocks and vetoes. But when the crunch comes, as Watergate showed us, we have to get decisions from somebody and we automatically turn to the President and his power, I believe. The power of the President inevitably grows and grows. We encourage a kind of mysticism, a religiosity about the Presidency. It is a sanctification of the office and deification of the man, and I think it is dangerous.

I have meant to be challenging in this talk, which has ranged from Presidents I have known to problems of the future. So let me end with some comforting reflections. We have escaped most of the dangers that might have engulfed us.

Though we criticize America's "materialism" there is no more generous or idealistic nation on earth. There is no more stunning statistic than that we have made the leap from a median elementary school education for everybody to a median high school education, and done it in a few years.

"Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half the people are right more than half the time."

I have criticized the American government, but I believe there is no more open capital in the world than Washington; few secrets, thank God, are kept long and, as a working journalist, I get tremendous satisfaction from this. It is not so much the occasional News Leaks, it is the steady, persistent News Ooze.

So I come back, in the end, to the American Dream. We should make affirmation of our belief guardedly, with the spare reserve of E. B. White's definition of "democracy:"

"Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half the people are right more than half the time."

I have advice for fellow journalists. I hope they will stay committed. I hope they will retain their curiosity—their interest; yes, and at their heart a touch of anger. When the adrenaline runs low, when the little flame of anger flickers out, I think it is time for the reporter to think about going into some more remunerative form of work!

I agree with Ronald Steel: "America's worth to the world will be measured not by the solutions she seeks to impose on others, but by the degree to which she achieves her ideals at home."

So let me end with a quotation from that tough old Yankee historian Samuel Eliot Morison, who was not given to sentimental trivialities:

"If the American Revolution had produced nothing but the Declaration of Independence it would have been worth while. . . . The beauty and cogency of the Preamble, reaching back to remotest antiquity and forward to an indefinite future, have lifted the hearts of millions of men and will continue to do so:

"We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

"These words," said Morison, "are more revolutionary than anything written by Robespierre, Marx or Lenin, more explosive than the atom, a continual challenge to ourselves, as well as an inspiration to the oppressed of all the world."

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Media Responsibility for Economic Literacy

Louis Banks, *Visiting Professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, recently gave the following address at the reception and luncheon for the winners of the eighth annual John Hancock Awards for Excellence in Business and Financial Journalism. He served as a judge on the panel in 1967 to select the first prize-winning entries. A former Senior Editor of Time, and Managing Editor of Fortune, he was a Visiting Nieman Fellow in 1969-70.*

I have thought many times since participating in the first judging of the Hancock Awards in 1967, that a corporation must have a steady hand and a stout heart, along with faith in the good, the true and the beautiful, to underwrite an annual award for excellence in business and financial journalism. Especially since you at John Hancock have voluntarily chosen to entrust the judgments each year to a highly independent jury of professionals, who have no special sense of noblesse oblige when it comes to appraising stories about life insurance costs, or mutual funds, or advanced architecture. I am sure that you must have had that nightmare of standing before an assemblage like this with a broad smile on your face and feeding a fat check to the jaws that have bitten you.

I doubt that there are many in the media with that much confidence in the ultimate emergence of justice. My colleague at Harvard, Chris Argyris, spent a couple of years poking around an unnamed New York metropolitan daily that covers "all the news that's fit to print," and concluded flatly that news organizations are far more secretive about their own operations than the average publicly-held corporation. . . And if you will forgive a flick of personal and ancient history, I found myself working for Mr. Hearst's *Los Angeles Examiner* at the time that Orson Welles produced *Citizen Kane*. Not only was the name Welles banned from the newspaper—along with Rosebud—but my weekly assignment from the City Desk was to call the Beverly Hills draft board and ask if Orson Welles had been drafted yet. So I salute you for the eight years that you have underwritten this creative exercise in the name of an even larger cause than the John Hancock, and find its theme quite in keeping with the Bicentennial spirit.

Before I deal with the assigned subject of "Media Responsibility for Economic Literacy," I'd like to descend into a sub-theme that might be called: "Business and Journalism:

Do They Deserve Each Other?" And I will attempt to argue that in the present state of affairs perhaps they do, and then, with Bicentennial overtones, to suggest that the rest of us deserve much better from both of them.

First the good news. We have been talking today about economic policy, and beyond any question there has been a consistent and important improvement in the journalism of economic policy and public affairs. Partly this is the happy result of bread cast upon the waters by Art Okun, Walter Heller, Neil Jacoby, George Schultz and others like them who, while in the government, added to their heavy duties as economic policy makers the chore of trying to educate dozens of newsmen in the ABCs of economic theory. (Admittedly it was not always the same theory.) Partly we have become more literate because the spiritual children of Paul Samuelson and John Kenneth Galbraith have come of age and into power—and while you may argue about the theories and conclusions of one or both of them, you cannot

. . . We have become more literate because the spiritual children of Paul Samuelson and John Kenneth Galbraith have come of age and into power. . .

deny that they both know how to make economics personal and exciting, and therefore relevant. And therefore *news*. Thirdly, the happy state of affairs of economic reporting has come about because some very good editors have worked hard at learning, and because some very good economists have moved out of the university and into journalism—or into halfway stations like *Time's* board of economists—and in so doing have illuminated both the questions and the answers.

There has been progress, as well, at what we might call the institutional level—the reporting on those basic building blocks of economic performance, the corporations. Over the last quarter century we have seen the flowering of business journalism, and it seems to be getting better and better. My friend and mentor, the late Henry Luce, would have approved of your "economic literacy" title, for his avowed aim in founding *Fortune* in the early Depression was to create what he called a "literature of business." I think he would be dazzled by the editorial vitality of not only *Fortune*, but *Business Week*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Industry Week*, *Forbes*, the business sections of the weekly newsmagazines, and the Sunday business sections of a few key newspapers. The point would be not so much their literacy in economic policy—although that would be important—but the flourishing of a special art-form that he invented and called "the corporation story." Happily today this kind of journalism is strengthened and monitored by the scholarship of the business schools.

The bad news, though, is in the area that we might call general assignment reporting of business. And here I do not include the kind of hard-digging careful investigative reporting that characterizes the Hancock newspaper awards of 1975. I'm talking about the procession of stories that make the front page, or 60 seconds on network television—the daily brush between the run-of-the-mill reporter and the run-of-the-mill businessman with the latter caught in the glare of the spotlight. Here is where the damage is done. Here is where we are fed a daily diet of authoritative ignorance, most of which conveys a cheap-shot hostility to business and businessmen. Here is where the nation sees a persistently distorted image of its most productive and pervasive activity—business. The reasons are long and involved, and have engaged the attention of a number of very good sociologists and psychologists, and I won't try to go into that now. The fact is, though, that reporters and editors in the general media are woefully ignorant of the complexities and ambiguities of corporate operations, and being so, are easy targets for politicians or pressure group partisans with special axes to grind at the expense of business.

These are not tawdry little games that can be explained away with a wink. . .

In baseball a sports reporter can sense the meaning of an outfielder's single step to the left or right as a new man comes to bat, and he would be thumbed out of his job in two days if he patently didn't know what he was writing about. Ditto the drama critic or the police reporter. Yet, general assignment reporters plunge into issues that mean life or death for management, employees, customers—even a community—without the slightest sense of business perspective. Some of them are like kids with loaded pistols, prowling through the forests of corporate complexity to play games of cowboys and Indians, or good guys and bad guys. Their only interest in business is to find a negative story that will get them promoted out of business into Woodward and Bernstein. And by and large this is what too many of their editors want too.

Every businessman has his own tale of horror in this matter, and from my position in no-man's-land I have moved from cynic to skeptic to sympathizer on most of them. The president of AT&T, who at the time of a critical issue of securities, is challenged on his financial policies by a wire service reporter who, it turns out, does not know the difference between a stock and a bond. The chairman of Exxon who explains his company's policy in the Middle East for forty-five minutes to network television, only to see it compressed to 30 seconds and a half-sentence of what he

said, so inserted in the voice-over as to completely reverse his point. A progressive and socially-oriented corporation caught in a long, involved controversy with a small group of employees, that has to start all over again on each day's development with a new reporter who comes to a story with no knowledge but a clipping of the last story. The students of my seminar on "Business and the Media" will not soon forget the words of a visiting editor of a metropolitan daily who frankly stated that his happiest moment comes when he has brought a businessman to his knees.

This state of affairs would seem to say something about media responsibility for public illiteracy about business. There are a few rays of hope. ABC news has made a big investment in Dan Cordtz, formerly of *Fortune*, who is trying manfully to convey some sense of corporate reality in one or two minutes on the tube. Jim Thomson's Nieman Fellowship program at Harvard is beginning to attract general assignment by-liners with an interest in business, and some of them have made their way across the Anderson Bridge to the Business School to ask what they need to know to do their jobs better. And if anyone wants to come around later I'll tell him how I think a few well-chosen business school scholarships could change things a lot. But all that is another story.

In view of all this, then, how can I suggest that business and journalism may deserve each other? Because something serious and menacing has been added to the equation over the last year or so—and is still being added—which makes me cherish the independent, critical coverage of business in

. . . Henry Luce's . . . avowed aim in founding *Fortune* . . . was to create . . . a "literature of business."

whatever form. Something that, to my mind, shifts the burden of responsibility to the other side of the equation.

That "something" can loosely be described as the "post-Watergate disclosures" about corporate custom and practice. I'm sure I don't need to remind you of the details. The net message of the headlines is that chief executive officers of some of the nation's best known corporations have tolerated practices that range from illegal political payoffs to subornation of foreign governments, to secret Swiss bank accounts and laundered funds, to colossal short weight in grain sales, to deceiving Boards of Directors, and so on. These are not the tawdry little games that can be explained away with a wink, but transactions that trespass the soul of trust in the modern publicly-held corporation: rigging the market, and doctoring the books to give a dishonest picture of corporate performance.

So how does business respond? A tiny, few businessmen mutter that there's nothing new about all this, and it's just the fault of the goddamned media for stirring things up again. But most of you know from quiet conversations in board rooms, or in clubs, or at the Business Council that the responsible business community rejects and repudiates this style of doing business. For every Northrop or Lockheed there are ten Boeings; for every Phillips or Gulf Oil there are ten Mobils and Arcos; for every 3M there are ten IBMs and Xerox's, and for every United States National Bank there are 5000 Cambridge Trusts. (I just threw that one in because they are so nice about my overdraft lapses.)

But this general business attitude has become the world's best kept secret. The business community—with the out-

We draw our "real time" perceptions of what we are largely from television and the press. . .

standing exception of Irving Shapiro, the chairman of du Pont—has done nothing to challenge the lengthening public record, let alone to formulate a code of professionalism or ethics to guide future practice.

A personal friend who has helped build one of the world's most successful corporations—and has never to his knowledge passed an illegal coin in order to do business in any of the dozens of different countries where they operate—tells me that there has been a kind of informal retribution. He says that those executives whose names you've been reading in the headlines, and whose faces you've seen on the tube, have become, in fact, "corporate zombies," all but shunned by their business friends and wandering in some bewilderment beyond the pale. If so, perhaps this is all the retribution we need. But I attribute it more to the implied ethical standards of critical journalism—good, bad and indifferent—than to anything that the business community has yet said or done.

* * * * *

I suggested at the start that perhaps we deserved better of both business and the media, but I really mean that we all deserve better of ourselves. The basic fact about the United States is that we *are* a business society—you might even say a business civilization. This, of course, has been widely noted with varying degrees of alarm or approval, in both tract and fiction. But the news today, I think, is that this is exactly the way that the people of the U.S. want it, and after all they are sovereign in these matters.

Last year Daniel Yankelovich, the attitudinal researcher, re-

ported with some astonishment that 93 percent of Americans—and these are his words—"virtually a consensus—say that they would sacrifice if necessary to preserve the free enterprise system." I'm not sure that we could muster such a consensus even on behalf of the First Amendment. What this indicates in the Bicentennial context, I think, is that business leaders must come to perceive that their every decision and action has social and political, as well as economic, implications. What business does in sum total focuses the major effort of this country, defines the quality of its national life, and determines what our children ultimately will think of these times.

Against that 93 percent consensus for the free enterprise system, Yankelovich puts the more familiar finding that only about 30 percent of the people have confidence in business leadership. How to explain the difference? Perhaps one could argue that the spread between the 93 percent and the

. . . Reporters and editors in the general media are woefully ignorant of the complexities and ambiguities of corporate operations.

30 percent measures the gap between corporate performance and public expectation in these matters. We do deserve better.

I would suggest for the media that the message is much the same. We draw our "real time" perceptions of what we are largely from television and the press, and they influence powerfully our sense of what we ought to do next. We need, value and trust the competent, informed, honest, independent criticism that is implied in the First Amendment—and we have proved its worth over and over again. But today we are drowning in criticism, informed and otherwise. What we need now is a perception of achievement as well. The late Abraham Maslow, who contributed much to a perception of achievement in his field by studying the psychology of normalcy, offered a very trenchant warning in this regard. He writes: "If you demand a perfect leader or a perfect society, you thereby give up choosing between better and worse. If the imperfect is defined as evil, then everything becomes evil, since everything is imperfect."

And he goes on: "The demonstration that wonderful people can and do exist—even though in very short supply, and having feet of clay—is enough to give us courage, hope, strength to fight on, faith in ourselves and in our own possibilities for growth."

And that, I think, is the place to leave the subject of "media responsibility for economic literacy" in this Bicentennial year.

♦

J-Schools: A Nouveau Riche Environment?

Chris Savage was a teacher of Reporting and Editing, but once each spring he became a thespian, hamming it up in an amateur gridiron show that used to climax the year for the journalism students and faculty at Indiana University. Most of these productions were pretty awful—heavy-footed satiric skits and inside jokes—but Chris Savage could be counted on to rescue the show at the finale. “All together now,” he shouted, as the ancient piano broke into something resembling the Irving Berlin tune, “THERE’S NO ISM LIKE JOURNALISM, THERE’S NO ISM I KNOW. . . .”

The audience—a battered group of about 100 who comprised most of the Department of Journalism in those days just eleven years ago—joined in the parody, a laughing, cheering, self-mocking, yet somehow defiant statement.

It was not quite “We Shall Overcome,” obviously, but there were parallels. For in the academic community, Journalism was at best a second-class citizen. Many of the journalism faculty were regarded as tradesmen rather than scholars, a distinction most of us wouldn’t have minded except that it tended to affect salaries and promotions. Our journalism curriculum emphasized a harsh professional discipline that flew in the face of the Liberal Arts Tradition and offended some sensitive deans. Then there was the student daily. Doggedly ground out by a handful of overworked journalism majors, the newspaper was in its own way a source of pride to the Journalism Department—and an object of ridicule for the rest of the campus. (Indiana’s *Daily Student* was commonly referred to as the *Daily Stupid*; Wisconsin’s *Daily Cardinal* became the *Daily Crud-inal*, and there were far worse names elsewhere.)

“Journalism,” one university vice president once told me sternly, “simply does not reflect the intellectual environment we have achieved here on this campus.”

During the 1960s, Berkeley, the bellwether for so much of the academic world at this time, officially emasculated its Department of Journalism, and UCLA was making plans to do the same. Tulane University discontinued journalism altogether, and at Florida State there was a general reorganization of programs during which the Journalism Department simply disappeared. Long-range planning called for the phasing out of journalism at Southern Methodist University, among other schools, and everywhere—except at such bastions as the University of Missouri, perhaps—journalism seemed to be expendable. “Let’s face it,” the Vice President and Dean of Faculties said suavely, “Journalism, like Home Economics, is one of your marginal disciplines.”

That was in the 1960s.

Since then, for reasons no one can fully explain, journalism has been booming, booming, booming. Enrollments and journalism degrees have nearly quadrupled in the last ten years; currently there are about 43,000 journalism majors in the country’s 166 or so schools and departments of journalism. Countless other students crowd into journalism courses for their electives. Many of these are the brighter students, too, attracted by their perceptions of the power and influence of mass communications; indeed, much of the energy and idealism of the old student protest movements now appears to be directed at working for reform through the crusading press. There are plenty of new campus heroes—Jack Anderson, Dan Rather, Woodward and Bernstein, Tom Wicker, and David Halberstam among them. With it courses such as Investigative Reporting, News-Analysis, and Mass Media and Society overflow in the first few hours of registration while enrollment clerks from Philosophy, Classics, Modern Languages, and a host of other departments sit around anxiously clutching hundreds of class cards that won’t be needed this semester—again.

The student newspaper is as uneven as ever, but it too is enjoying unaccustomed popularity, especially with the university’s top brass. (The SDS had demonstrated just how helpful to friends—and how damaging to enemies—

Many of the journalism faculty were regarded as tradesmen rather than scholars. . .

the student press could be.) Student editors are openly courted by the central administration—wined and dined at the President’s home, whisked in university aircraft to conferences with Regents and Legislators, confided in and listened to with great care. Indeed, a dean at another school complained to me recently about the inaccessibility of the university president on his campus. The only person who could regularly get into the president’s office, the dean said, is Mr. A. Mr. A., 20, is editor of the student newspaper.

Journalism’s new acceptability—Eric Severeid referred to journalism not long ago as the “in” discipline—even threatens to rub off on the once-maligned journalism faculty. A couple of journalism professors were interviewed for university presidencies and vice presidencies recently, and this has rarely happened before. They’re even appointing journalism professors to university committees—a dubious distinction, but a distinction nevertheless. Many schools of

journalism—or Schools of Mass Communications, as they may be called now—occupy handsome new buildings. Salaries are better, and promotions come easier.

All of this is heady stuff, this riding in the front of the bus, and one wishes Chris Savage and the others who taught journalism in the have-not days were around to see it.

* * * * *

The situation, however, is far from ideal. Journalism's astonishing expansion has brought with it nagging problems—far more severe, perhaps, than mere growing pains. Specifically, there are these areas of concern:

1. *Too many students.* Journalism is expensive to teach in that much of the instruction has to be done individually or in small groups. The national guideline established by the American Council on Education for Journalism calls for no more than 15 students per instructor in the so-called "skills" courses, Reporting and Editing. In actual practice, the guideline is often ignored altogether—either that or harried administrators contrive "instructorship" positions and fill them with graduate (or even undergraduate) student assistants. Journalism faculties have not nearly kept pace with the increasing volume of students. Universities are inevitably strapped for funds, and remain under great pressure to keep overall faculty strength at present levels; many of the less popular departments such as Philosophy, Classics, Foreign Languages, Economics, and so on, have on the payroll about the same number of professors (many of them on tenure) as they ever did, though their student populations have fallen off drastically. There seems to be no way, short of a massive and no doubt illegal purge, to relate intra-university enrollment shifts to departmental faculty size.

2. *Too many graduates.* This year some 11,700 journalism degrees were conferred, four times as many as a decade ago. Yet the *total possible* number of vacancies on American daily newspapers is reliably estimated at only 2,600, and obviously some of these openings will be filled with non-journalism graduates, women re-entering the job market, and so on.

What, then, will the journalism graduates do? Some will find jobs in public relations, advertising, high school teaching, and with weeklies; others will work with magazines, industrial publications, and a tiny portion will go with the wire services or radio and television news operations. Still others will enroll in graduate school or—in increasing numbers—schools of law. A good many are still looking for work—in or out of journalism.

"No doubt about it," one publisher told me not long ago. "We can pick and choose. There's plenty of talent available."

He could have added—though blessedly he did not—"and we don't have to worry about paying top salaries, either." Pay scales on most newspapers have risen encouragingly in recent years, but these hard-won gains could be reversed in the face of an over-supply in the job market.

Summer jobs on newspapers—so important to the progress of a journalism undergraduate—are being denied to all but a privileged few. One managing editor boasted that he had received 112 applications for the 3 summer internship slots he had available. Some journalism majors can't even break into staff positions on the campus newspaper. The editor of our student daily has so many people available he has developed a sub-editor and a separate staff for each page.

There never has been enough scholarship money for journalism students, and the enrollment increases have tempted some administrators to subdivide each larger scholarship into several smaller ones—this at a time when inflation has pretty well diluted the award anyway. Especially in difficulty are the scholarship campaigns, long overdue, to recruit and train minority people for careers in journalism. One of the

One managing editor boasted that he had received 112 applications for the three summer internship slots he had available.

finest of these, the Michele Clark Fellowship Program at Columbia, was cancelled this summer, and fundraising efforts for similar programs elsewhere are lagging. With so much talent available anyway, the argument seems to be, why single out any one group for special treatment? Why indeed?

3. *Problems with motivation.* Many autonomous schools of journalism are authorized to set forth their own degree requirements, and these new requirements tend to be flexible, open, and filled with attractive options to suit individual student preferences. Only about 25 percent of the student's work will be taken in journalism; the rest, in many schools, is dealer's choice. There is much to be said for such liberated programs, but they are likely also to pull in students who intend to win a B.A. and escape the foreign language requirement at the same time. (Many such students used to major in Business Administration until Accountancy I froze them in their tracks.) One unaccredited journalism school I know of—and not the largest by any means—has on its books 1,200 journalism majors, including much of the football team and many other students whose dedication to the profession is, at the very least, suspect.

Nearly every journalism school has its share of diletantes, and some of them turn out to be bright, talented people. One young woman from Houston showed up in

my Communications Law class and later racked up a 99 on what I thought was a rather stiff mid-term exam. Elated with this performance, I called her into my office for congratulations.

"And what phase of journalism do you plan to enter?" I asked, expectantly.

"Oh, I'm not going into journalism at all," she replied. "My father owns a real estate business. Next year I'll get a realtor's license and go to work with him."

I was dismayed—and said so—about the time and energy our under-strength faculty was obliged to invest in her. "So why aren't you getting your degree in Real Estate?" I demanded.

She smiled and touched my wrist.

"But Dr. Farrar," she said, "Journalism is such a *fun* major!"

In fairness, it can be argued that we are purely an academic enterprise, not a conveyor belt to the news business; that the study of journalism is a worthy end in itself, demonstrably good preparation for a variety of career fields (journalism graduates seem to do unusually well in the law schools, as an example); that courses in journalism will result in a much improved *consumer* of the mass media—and isn't Mass Media Appreciation fully as defensible as,

Amid journalism's nouveau riche environment . . . there is some grumbling.

say, Art Appreciation? In short, it may be the Journalism Department's job to teach our classes and leave job placement alone. After all, does the English Department worry about what happens to its graduates? Or the History Department? Perhaps not, but benign neglect—Professor Daniel Moynihan's phrase—is an alien concept to most journalism professors. We come to know our students much too well to remain unconcerned about them when they leave us.

4. *The (Expensive) New Technology.* Incredible new equipment and processes have wrought nothing less than a revolution in the way newspapers are manufactured. These break-throughs came, and are coming, very quickly. It's bad enough that the journalism schools weren't more involved than they were in the development and implementation of the new technology. What's worse is that many of the journalism schools don't have the money to make this equipment available to their students. (The same university deans who routinely authorize purchases of \$50,000 microscopes for the Physics Department instinctively balk when the Journalism Department requests anything more sophis-

ticated than a manual typewriter.) If funds are provided for massive equipment purchases, something else—faculty, most likely—may be shortchanged in return. One university in the Southwest gave Journalism a new building, superbly equipped with the latest in video-display terminals, optical scanning devices, computer-assisted typesetting equipment, and so on—all the while keeping at status quo a small and not very impressive faculty. Once inside its new digs, the Journalism Department confidently asked for accreditation—and was turned down, new equipment and all. "They should have put their money into something that talks," one member of the accrediting committee decided.

5. *Uneven quality of faculty.* Ideally, the journalism professor should bring to his position several years of worthwhile experience as a working journalist as well as appropriate academic credentials. Without an earned doctorate, the professor will encounter problems with deans and vice presidents and may never be promoted; without the professional experience he runs the risk of being regarded by his students and his colleagues as naive and unworthy. Talented people who possess both a Ph.D. and media expertise are in short supply, and during the recent period of rapid expansion there weren't nearly enough of them to go around. Some schools—those which did manage to expand their faculties as enrollments shot up—may have grown too fast.

Factions developed. Some resulted merely from differences in personality among sensitive people, but more commonly there were disagreements in basic approach to the subject matter—the hard-nosed professionals ("Green Eyeshades") *v.* the bright young theoreticians ("Chi Squares"). Generally the two camps have come to tolerate and even appreciate each other, but at more than one campus open warfare has broken out.

Most journalism professors, but especially the ambitious younger ones, feel the publish-or-perish pressures, real or imagined, and the scholarly journals are deluged with manuscripts. At least two new journals—one dealing with journalism history and the other with communications theory and research methodology—were established this year alone. The long-established *Journalism Quarterly*, which once had to solicit manuscripts, now publishes only a fraction of those it receives. "If there's anything a journalism professor can do," the beleaguered *Quarterly* editor recently told his editorial board, "it's type."

* * * * *

Amid journalism's *nouveau riche* environment, in other words, there is some grumbling.

"This is not what I got into teaching to do," one restive professor allowed as he contemplated his course schedule for the new semester. "I want to teach a handful of serious-

minded kids how to investigate and report and edit—not administer a class of 400 dilettantes in something called ‘Introduction to Mass Communications’.”

Another man, this one the director of a highly respected midwestern journalism school and former president of the Association for Education in Journalism, put it this way: “I worry about our big numbers. I wonder—in spite of all our recent gains—if we’re really doing the kind of teaching job we did ten years ago.”

Many wonder with him. No one advocates a return to the back of the bus. But at least it was less crowded there.

—Ronald T. Farrar

Professor Farrar is chairman of the Department of Journalism at the University of Mississippi.

Why South Africa?

(continued from page 2)

were denied passports and instead granted only one-way exit permits that decreed permanent exile. One, Lewis Nkosi of *Drum* magazine, has remained in exile. The other, Nathaniel Nkasa, also of *Drum*, apparently despondent in the face of exile, committed suicide at the end of his Nieman year.

This year’s South African Nieman—Percy Qoboza, editor of *The Daily and Weekend World* (Johannesburg)—is again a black, for the first time in a decade. But thanks to subtle changes within the implementation of *apartheid*, he is traveling on a full-fledged passport, not a one-way exit permit. And he and his wife intend to return home at the end of their Nieman year.

* * * * *

So, the Nieman Foundation has long participated, and continues to participate, in the unique society that is South Africa.

Should it do so?

That was the central question that undoubtedly prompted an invitation from USSALEP for me and my wife to visit that country for three intensive weeks last summer—to see for ourselves and make our own judgments.

Out of that visit has come, for me, a mix of reactions. Among them is a strong sense that the South African English-language press has indeed served well, and sometimes very bravely, as both conscience and critic of the white

community, and has acted as a brake against the more brutal excesses of white racism. Among my reactions, too, is some satisfaction in whatever the Nieman program may have done over 15 years to enlarge the understanding and stiffen the spine of the white opponents of *apartheid*.

At the same time, one comes away feeling that indignation is hard to sustain for those whites who live on the scene—and that the press shows that difficulty. It is hard to sustain because life is so extraordinarily comfortable for whites; because *apartheid* has, in fact, succeeded in largely closing down even the tenuous communication between whites and non-whites that existed until the early 1960’s; and because it is impossible very long to perpetuate—or to have one’s readers tolerate—a crisis mentality.

Having been invited in the hopes that we would note and applaud South African progress, my wife and I disappointed many of our white hosts by being much more shocked by what we saw and heard than we had expected. Yet other whites quietly thanked us for the intensity of our reactions—for reminding them of things to which they had become temporarily numbed.

So, back to the question of “participation” in South Africa. Total “shunning”—in the Mennonite sense—seems both unachievable and self-defeating. Those South Africans who hate *apartheid*—both whites and blacks—need responsive visitors from the rest of the planet. Black workers probably need outside investments to help raise their slave wages, investments by enlightened industrialists who care about using their leverage to benefit the blacks (but how to find and pressure such industrialists?).

And that conscience and critic, the South African press, continues to need exposure to attitudes, learning, and support outside the country. The English-language types need encouragement and some of them, only superficially anti-*apartheid*, need a challenge to their smugness. The Afrikaner journalists—an increasingly restless group, no longer unquestioning in their support of the official ideology—need to be assisted out of their parochialism.

But most of all, the blacks—who own no newspapers, can find few apprenticeships in the media, and are denied any formal education in journalism—are those to whom programs like the Nieman Fellowships—and equivalents at other American universities—should especially direct their efforts.

Because some day, sooner rather than later, the black majority will assuredly at least share power and wealth in a transformed South Africa, or more likely will hold the lion’s share of both. And at that moment in history it would be salutary for South Africa’s new rulers to have as free and lively a press, staffed by men and women of high skills and liberal values and courage, as South Africa’s white masters have so long grudgingly tolerated.

—J. C. T. Jr.

Books

Children's Television: The Economics of Exploitation

by William Melody

(Yale University Press; \$8.50)

Our children have inherited a history of violence which stretches back through the years of our nationhood to the countries which produced our ancestors. This nation is celebrating 200 years of independence, but only a few of those years were years of peace. Jacob Bronowski, in his short play *The Face of Violence* says to us:

Life stares at the man
Out of the stony eyes of his boyhood.
And the man shivers to think
What he has become.
If the stony face will not flinch
Under his pleading look,
Forgive the man his violence
For violence has a human face.

Is violence an inescapable and indispensable function of the human being? Is it possible to contain violence by education of the young? Is it possible to change a profit-centered society sufficiently to protect our children from violence? What is the moral responsibility of the mass media in the development of a peaceful society?

These questions and a host of others are now forcing many adults and adolescents to examine more closely the most powerful educational medium in our culture—television. The problem is not uniquely American. In Japan the mass

Where Do You Draw The Line?

Edited by Victor B. Cline

(Brigham Young University Press;
\$6.95)

"Violence is as American as apple pie."

"The only good injun is a dead injun."

"We destroyed the village to save it."

"That bullet had Rockefeller's name on it."

"Guns don't kill people—people kill people."

media opened its doors to Taiyozoku—The Sun Tribe. This is a group of teenagers engaged in senseless brutality and violence. Their life styles are revealed in *Season of Violence* by Shintaro Ishihara.

The deep concern over the possible effects of violence on children's TV brought a typical American response—the formation of a citizens' action group—Action for Children's Television. This group has been in the vanguard of citizens who recognize the role of TV in the education of their children and are determined that the Congress and the regulatory bodies of the government take action to protect

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Editor: George Gerbner

(The Annenberg School Press; \$3.00)

our children from harmful education, and to promote enlightened TV for children.

Children's Television is a study of the structure and function of this segment of the mass media. William Melody concludes that "a forecast of industry developments under existing arrangements indicates that the trend toward market specialization in children's television will not only continue but intensify. Audience markets will tend to become tailored more closely to advertiser requirements, and the programs and advertisements will be made more effective in exploiting the vulnerabilities of children. Thus, the harmful effects that many people already see existing in children's television are much more likely to increase than to decrease. The problem is not one that shows any signs of correcting itself."

Children's TV is part of a complex business and all of the available technology for transforming programming into profits is used. Nothing is left to chance. Social scientists and parents may have doubts about the effectiveness of violence in children's TV, but the advertising experts have proof. Robert B. Choate, chairman of the Council on Children, Media, and Merchandising, has stated:

"Today, in motivational research houses across the country, children are being used in laboratory situations to formulate, analyze, polish, compare, and act in advertisements designed to make other children salesmen within the home. Armed with one-way mirrors, hidden tape recorders, and unobtrusive video-recorders, professionally trained psychologists and experts in child behavior note every motion, phrase, and other indication of children's responses."

William Melody's chapter on "Characteristics of Children's Television" should be required reading for parents and students. It is a frightening portrayal of thought control. The basic message of the study is the plan to change the structure of financing children's TV by gradually phasing out the present advertisers' control and increasing financial support outside of the advertisers' industry. The financial problems are practically insurmountable and the complexities of planning, production, timing and other changes would require far greater demand for fundamental change than exists at this time. If David had not killed Goliath, the giant would have died of old age.

In the *Journal of Communication's* article "Children's TV Commercials: The Vanishing Policy Options," written by William Melody and Wendy Ehrlich, the authors demonstrate the enormous psychological advantages the powerful TV industries have, when confronted by the possible loss of profit because of the actions of an aroused group of citizens. Although the Canadian Radio and Television Commission has acted to remove all advertising on children's programs broadcast over the Canadian Broadcasting System, the FCC and the FTC in the U.S. have left the whole problem of devising a voluntary code in the hands of a group representing advertising, broadcasting and the government. In the old West the code name

for this ploy was six-six-two (the size of the hole for the proper burial of an unwanted person).

So ends for now ACT's hope for government backing of "a new system of support for children's programming . . . in the belief that this system would look to the benefits of children rather than the profits of advertisers." This article is one of the clearest statements of the depressing power of industry over government regulatory agencies, which continues the scandalous history of subservience to industry at the expense of the general welfare, and in this case the children of the nation. The FCC and the FTC are fulfilling the Daniel Moynihan doctrine of "benign neglect" and extending it to white children as well.

Have you ever witnessed a Saturday Morning Massacre? Richard Nixon, a cornered man, had his Saturday Night Massacre and Gerald Ford, a good guy, had his massacre on the Lord's Day. But these were minor events compared to the weekly carnage which occurs every Saturday morning, when the minds of millions of American children are firebombed by hours of brightly colored violence on children's commercial TV. The immediate effect is a heightened emotional response and anticipation. The long-range effect is a gradual desensitization to acts of physical violence, and the preparation of another generation of citizens who will accept violence as normal and desirable. The feeble voluntary attempt to protect children from violence on TV by excluding it during the "Family Viewing Hour" has all the thunderous impact of the President's WIN buttons. At the present time 10 million children watch all the adult programs of violence until 10 p.m.

Where Do You Draw The Line is, as the jacket states, "an exploration into Media, Violence, Pornography, and Censorship." The main concern of this book is the First Amendment to the Constitution, and the structure and

function of censorship in a democracy. It is not primarily concerned with children—they receive 68 pages of attention in a book of 358 pages. However, the section on "Violence in the Media" is worth the price of the whole book. The subject is treated from the best tradition of scientific evaluation to an impassioned attack on the media and a plea for control of violence on children's commercial TV.

The most disturbing information in this book, and perhaps the most important, is the section on "The Desensitization of Children to TV Violence" by Cline, Croft and Courrier. It fulfills the worst fears of many parents and teachers.

The lasting effect of desensitization alters or obliterates the laissez-faire attitude toward emotional change and produces serious doubts about the effectiveness and durability of home training and school education. The easy-going acceptance of childhood innocence becomes a cruel mockery. Violence on children's TV is a double-edged sword. It can create conditions of aggressive behavior and at the same time dull the emotional response to violence. Girls are affected as intensely as boys.

A considerable amount of research on the effects of TV on the attitudes and behavior of children and youth has been accomplished by scholars—A. Bandura, G. Gerbner, M. Lefkowitz, R. M. Liebert and others. "The Early Window" by Liebert, Neale and Davidson is especially useful.

Although the media, especially television, are under critical examination for their part in glorifying and saturating the minds of children and youth with violence there are many other factors to be considered.

The United States, like most nations, was born in violence, nurtured on violence and institutionalized violence. From 1607 until the massacre at Wounded Knee nearly 300 years later, we fought the Indians and forcibly took away their land. We fought the Dutch,

the French, the Spanish and the British. We fought a devastating Civil War, and became a world power with World War I. Then came World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

The frontier made us a gun-dependent nation. It is now estimated that there are some 40 to 50 million hand guns and rifles in the homes of our nation.

The men and women who settled this land came from violent countries, with special forms of violence for children. Beginning in infancy children were beaten and tortured, abandoned or killed. Children from antiquity until the present century were considered inherently bad and needed to be beaten to make them good. Newborn girls were often drowned at birth; in one census the ratio of boys to girls was four to one. Sexual abuse was common and nearly every city in antiquity had a boy brothel.

Child abuse was institutionalized in the church. In Eastern Europe it was customary to baptize a newborn infant in ice cold water. The infant was plunged into the cold bath over and over, many until death freed them.

It was customary to take children to public executions to witness hanging, decapitating, drawing and quartering. The novels of Dickens accurately portray the violence which adults inflicted on children. Untold thousands were abandoned and left to live in the streets. When this land was first settled by Europeans, large numbers of children were brought here to work. Most of them came to New York. In 1888 it was estimated that 100,000 children lived in the streets. Those children who worked in the mills earned eight cents an hour for a 16-hour day.

At the beginning of this century nearly one-third of the work force was made up of children. The Puritan Ethic and hunger prevailed against the "sloth of children, their idleness by which they are corrupted."

In New York City police brutality was common in the last years of the 19th century. In a single year more than

10,000 children were clubbed, arrested, handcuffed and jailed without committing any crime. Children lived by violence, as well as with it. On October 8, 1870 Miss Etta Barstow, a teacher in Canton, Massachusetts, was stoned to death by children because she kept four pupils after school.

Children have always used adults as models of behavior pattern development. The adult violence in our culture has a long history. The many nations represented here are fruitful reservoirs for holiday and political rhetoric, but seldom do we speak about our heritage of violence.

A child in America today will witness some 15,000 murders or killings on TV during early childhood and adolescence. But in this next year more than 10,000 Americans will be murdered, one-third by a relative. Seven thousand will be shot, most with handguns. Commercial TV is saturated with gun fights—either on western or police shows.

As a nation we have one of the worst records of child abuse and the battered child. Most parents who physically abuse their children were abused by their parents.

Our two hundred years of enslaving blacks who were brought here to work in the fields, confirmed and entrenched violence as the most effective means of control. Black children brought up under those conditions were effectively taught that violence is the way to freedom and power. Their anger turned often to feelings of hatred.

C. Eric Lincoln in *Sounds of the Struggle* says:

The unhappy truth is that hatred is an integral part of any caste society, and the more strict the observance of the forms which hold the system together, the more intense the hatred is likely to be. It is inevitable that the intense hostility and resentment accumulated through generations of preserving (or attacking) the American caste system will find expression in in-

creasing violence. The alternative is the development of measures to accomplish rapid desegregation which obviate direct and hostile confrontation between blacks and whites who have disparate values at stake.

We live in a 200-year old paradox. While we were engaged in violent behavior which included conquest, slavery, labor organization and child abuse, we set out to establish the most remarkable society mankind ever dreamed of.

Ponder the following:

"All men are created equal."

"The consent of the governed."

"With liberty and justice for all."

"A government of the people, by the people, for the people."

"Free speech, free press, free assembly."

Is it possible to begin a generation of children who can rely on compassion and trust, or are we irrevocably committed to violence as the ultimate solution?

Children's commercial television will continue to be our most powerful educational tool. It will use violence as long as it is profitable to do so, or until commercials are banned. Since only 20 percent of our parents supervise their children's television viewing, we cannot substantially alter the effects of TV violence on our children.

Television violence has become a social disease, one of our most dangerous sources of pollution.

"WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that this TV program is dangerous to the mental health of your child."

—Jay T. Wright

Coming
The Boys in the Press Center
Richard C. Longworth

Rooms with No View

Edited by Ethel Strainchamps

(Harper & Row; \$5.95)

The world of mass communications is competitive by anyone's standards. Whispered promises of high adventure and brushes with the great and literary luminaries lure many more eager workers to the fold than are needed. So if the way to the top is a backbitten scramble for a man, it is next to impossible for a woman.

Rooms with No View intends to be the liberated woman's Baedeker to the ins and outs of working for the media. In 65 short essays, women who have worked in the field rate leading television networks, magazines, newspapers and wire services in New York City according to how well they treat their female employees.

The authors, most of whom chose to remain anonymous, judge editors and publishers on their policies of hiring, training, paying and promoting women. Ethel Strainchamps, a New York-based free-lance writer, edits the collection which was compiled by the Media Women's Association.

While many of the authors are angry and write predictable movement rhetoric, they occasionally lighten their accounts with humor (albeit black humor) and interesting gossip which mediaphiles of either gender can appreciate. For instance, one writer describes the low salary, nose-to-the-grindstone atmosphere (for both men and women) at the small publishing house of Farrar, Straus and Giroux: "There are no real office parties," she writes. "They tried one once. It lasted forty-five minutes, after which everyone compulsively went back to work."

Much to their credit, the authors attempt to relieve the predominantly negative tone of the book by pointing

out that at least things are better than they used to be. The situation may, in fact, have improved since 1973 when the reports were compiled. During the recent recession pressure from the feminist movement and the success of several sex discrimination suits made women often the more desirable job applicants.

The more militant essayists are well tutored in labor movement tactics: they appear to ask a lot in hopes of gaining a little. Loud voices demand that their bosses set up day-care facilities at the job; softer voices beg: "Please, just ask us if we can type."

For the wholly committed feminist, the book's appendix offers an explanation of her working rights and directions on how to file a sex discrimination complaint. Several model agreements between women's groups and employers are also included.

According to Strainchamps, book publishing remains almost unchanged by the women's movement. Several reports describe pathetic situations where women with advanced degrees are hired as receptionists and, if they are really bright, win promotions as secretaries. There they remain, lulled into complacency by paternalistic bosses who were so impressed by their exceptional capabilities in the first place.

Sexism is so extreme at the publishing house of Lippincott, according to an unnamed writer, that the all-male management consults in the men's room to avoid meeting with female staff.

On the other hand, the climate at several other houses appears to be favorable for a breakthrough. Avon received high ratings for treating men and women equally. Promotions and salary increases there are said to be based on merit, the opinion of the editor and experience—regardless of sex. Everyone receives the same amount of support from superiors in carrying out ideas, which, the author points out, "may, of course, mean no support at all."

Newspapers and wire services are considered the most enlightened sector of the media. United Press International earned the highest praise in the book as a company where assignments and opportunities are doled out according to ability. Salaries at UPI are controlled by the American Newspaper Guild which has strong policies of non-sexism. So far women have been excluded from the uppermost managerial positions, which are not covered by the Guild contract, but women run domestic bureaus, go to Washington, become foreign correspondents and cover wars.

All things considered, a woman's lot at the *Village Voice* is also good. The essayist reports salary discrimination does not exist there; it is as low for women as for men. Aspiring *Voice* staffers are advised to be offspring of wealthy or important people in order to survive New York's high cost of living. As for promotions, the writer describes the situation in characteristically breezy terms: "You can't sleep your way up (or down), although you can have a pleasant affair with someone you work with (or for) and no one will particularly notice, nor will your work get published any faster or slower."

Magazines fall midway between publishing houses and newspapers in their policies toward women. *Fortune* (which is said to have the best training program), *Newsweek*, and *Time* magazines traditionally have trapped talented women in the research department quagmire. But as a result of recent sex discrimination suits, it is now easier for a woman to rise into the writing and reporting ranks from within the company. However, managers still hire few women from the outside to fill such slots.

With the exception of *McCalls* and *Family Circle*, even the magazines for ladies are said to be battlegrounds for women journalists. Three of the four top editors at the *Journal* are men and a high proportion of the features and

articles are written by men who either use their own names or female pseudonyms.

Unfortunately, the situation is not much better at magazines owned and run by women. Helen Gurley Brown reportedly edits copy beyond the writers' recognition; and her concept of the sexually liberated female would have to mature a good deal to rise to *Playboy's* level.

MS. Magazine was not discussed in *Rooms with No View*, presumably because it is run by feminists for feminists. However, writer Jean Carper recently criticized the magazine's professionalism in an article which appeared in *The Washington Post* on September 21. According to Carper, free-lancers complain that the magazine frequently is late paying fees and its editors often change the focus of assignments after the writers are well into the work. Sometimes the stories are never even run. In these respects, the feminist editors resemble their male counterparts.

The title *Rooms with No View*—a corruption of the title of an E. M. Forster novel about a young woman's spiritual development—refers to the windowless cubicles female employees usually occupy in New York City media offices. (Those with windows, of course, go to the men.) These confining, dreary, work spaces stand as realistic symbols of the way closed-in careers stifle women.

Unfortunately, the book's own view is limited. The provincial, and all too common, assumption that New York City is all that matters prevents the book from fulfilling its goal to serve as a general guide to the media. Surely San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington and Boston are worth more than just a few remarks in passing. What there is, is well presented, but there should be [more].

—Frances Maclean

The Morality of Consent

By Alexander M. Bickel

(Yale University Press; \$10)

A colleague of mine, in a casual conversation about a Maryland Congressperson not long ago, remarked with sudden intensity that "she's an evil woman."

She isn't, of course. She is a slightly frumpish lady with three children and a COPE rating of zero. She is a Republican in a Democratic district, but her constituents appear satisfied with her. At any rate, they have elected her a couple of times. She's dull, certainly, but evil? Hardly.

A lot of us in the news business, thanks largely to Richard Nixon, have slipped into the dangerous habit of viewing the world in absolute terms. We are appalled by Mr. Nixon, so everything he accomplished is suspect. We disagree with a Congressman or woman on a few volatile issues, so that Congressman or woman must be evil.

Most of us, I think, are basically fair-minded and non-doctrinaire people. So when someone like Alexander Bickel comes along and throws his essays in our faces like a spray of spring water, we ought to be able to say—like the man in the after-shave commercial—"Thanks. I needed that." Besides, it feels good.

I read this book at about the time that William O. Douglas was stepping down from the Supreme Court, and I thought of something Hemingway said about Joseph Conrad not long after he died—words to the effect that if he thought that by grinding T. S. Eliot up into powder he could return Conrad to life long enough to write one more story, he would depart for London within the hour, carrying a meat-grinder.

To bring back Bickel, who died a year ago of cancer at 49, and put him on the court, it would be worth running a

score of federal judges and law professors through the hamburger machine.

Bickel taught at Yale for 18 years, and throughout that period he was constantly engaged, intellectually and often directly, with the great issues of the day—living by the dictum of Holmes the Younger that "it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived."

He was a thinking conservative much influenced by Edmund Burke, but he was known first of all as a libertarian; he was chief counsel for *The New York Times* in the Pentagon Papers case, he supported Robert F. Kennedy for president (though not, interestingly enough, for attorney general years before), and he condemned the execution of the Rosenbergs.

Yet he is most interesting now, especially to those of us in the press who are constantly confronted by difficult First Amendment and other constitutional issues, as a philosopher of restraint, a dedicated believer in civil discourse, and a supporter of the wheezy old System—by which is meant an open marketplace for political ideas.

He traces the roots of his philosophy to the English Whig tradition exemplified by Burke, and resting on what he calls "a mature skepticism." (It's a wonder to me that more journalists, who like to think of themselves as mature skeptics, aren't attracted to Burke.)

"Our problem," writes Burke with the confident bluntness of one who does not have to establish to his academic friends that he is not a fascist pig, "is the totalitarian tendency of the democratic faith."

Ideology, whether liberal or conservative, always decays; democratic ideology, since Rousseau and the French Revolution, has often decayed into coercive government, if not something worse. Vietnam was not old-fashioned imperialism, as David Halberstam and others have made abundantly clear. It



began as a moral, ideological commitment to something politicians called Freedom, and went downhill from there.

A pragmatic conservative like Burke or Bickel seeks always to avoid the clash of absolutes. That is Bickel's quarrel—a quarrel always gently, even pleasantly worded—with the Warren Court, and especially, albeit affectionately, with Justices Douglas and Black. *Absolute* rights to free speech, like *absolute* reliance (as in the crucial reapportionment cases of 1962 and 1964) on the democratic doctrine of Majoritarianism, in the pragmatist's eyes can only lead to trouble. There has to be some unoccupied ground between the lines, to leave reasonable men some room to maneuver.

On the question of free speech, Bickel writes, "where nothing is unspeakable, nothing is undoable." Can we, allowing all manner of verbal assaults on our sensibilities, assume confidently that assaults on our persons or property will not follow?

Yet this is no Comstock writing. When it comes to obscenity, he observes, "Each of us cannot but tolerate a very great deal that violates our freedom and privacy . . . because the alternative is to let government, acting perhaps in behalf of a majority, control it all; and this is tyranny—massive tyranny, if it works, selective or occasional and random tyranny if, as is more likely, it does not work very well."

There are those, like Justice Black, who maintain that there is a clear distinction between speech, which in their view must *always* be protected, and conduct. A man yelling "Fire" in a crowded theater would be arrested, Mr. Justice Black once said rather evasively, "Not because of what he hollered, but because he hollered."

"The point is absurd," retorts Bickel. "There is no bright line between communication and conduct. What is a live sex show—communication or conduct?"

Bickel also writes, movingly, of his shame in supporting a Yale faculty vote to countenance a student strike to protest the Black Panther trials in New Haven in 1970.

"We had listened—quietly, even solemnly, as if it were rational—to incredibly loose talk about the obsolescence and rottenness of our society and all our institutions, and came to parrot it in order to propitiate a sizable number of our young."

I fear I may be making this kind, intelligent man sound like a Bircher, and frightening away people who, if they bought and read this book, would find themselves returning to it regularly for the rest of their lives. Believe: it is not a book about ideology. It is a book about standards, principles, and intellectual responsibility.

We are writers, most of us, and we write and talk about these things. Here is a book by a man who can make us better at both.

—Peter Jay

Pungent Mencken

"If I ever marry, it will be on a sudden impulse, as a man shoots himself."

"I am a firm believer in monogamy . . . it is comfortable, laudable and sanitary."

"The truth that survives is the lie that is pleasantest to believe."

"Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another."

"Archbishop—An ecclesiastic rank higher than any held by Christ."

"If, after I depart this vale, you ever remember me, and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner, and wink your eye at some homely girl."

A Gang of Pecksniffs

And Other Comments on
Newspaper Publishers,
Editors, and Reporters

by H. L. Mencken

Edited by Theo Lippman, Jr.
(Arlington; \$8.95)

Henry Louis Mencken was born in Baltimore in 1880, later parted his hair in the middle, smoked cigars, drank all known alcoholic beverages, answered all his letters the day received, detested New York, never won a Pulitzer, edited two of the best American magazines, and was first and last a newspaperman.

Mencken loved good beer, intelligent women (including an actress of the 1920s, Aileen Pringle). Mencken scoffed at Boobs, 99 percent of American publishers, editorial pages, and the Lincolnization of the American Presidency.

Mencken wrote what he thought, even when it got him into trouble, as when he refused to leap aboard the pro-Ally bandwagon in World War I. Mencken was banned in Boston for publishing a frank short story in *The American Mercury*, and he was not overly surprised that the city's local papers editorialized for his hide.

Mencken died in 1956, a man whose gift of words was lost because of a stroke. His books gather dust on library shelves; most newspapermen have heard of him, few read him today, and the Boobs and Morons he loved to lash don't even know he ever existed.

In his latter years Mencken fell out of professional favor. He was criticized for being reactionary, a sourball, a word-smith whose time had passed. Mencken was (is) old hat, ice boxes, men's pants with button flies, crank telephones, upright typewriters, eyeshades, and runningboards. So they said.

There are no Mencken Schools of Journalism. But, there are the miles of words he left us. Theo Lippman, as is fitting, is an editorial writer on *The Baltimore Sun*, and he has put together a book of Mencken's words on newspapering. The chapters treat chronologically from 1914 Mencken's impressions, attitudes and prejudices about the trade he entered in 1899. Essentially, Mencken felt that newspapers were an entertainment medium for the bulk of readers, a fact Hearst and Pulitzer had discovered in the 1890s. Mencken entered a trade which at the turn of the century, he said, was peopled by quacks and frauds in the newsrooms, and money-grabbing fools in the business offices.

By the end of his professional career Mencken felt that newspaper consolidation in most towns was a good thing; and improved education and pay had drawn a higher class of workman to the editorial rooms. He also felt, however, that buncombe was still being packaged and shipped in gross lots to readers, and that louts and liars passed for statesmen because of a complacent press.

At times Mencken swung a meat axe—to the horror of his Pecksniff peers: "The average American newspaper, especially of the so-called better sort, has the intelligence of a Baptist evangelist, the courage of a rat, the fairness of a Prohibitionist boob-bumper, the information of a high-school janitor, the taste of a designer of celluloid valentines, and the honor of a police-station lawyer." (1920).

As one who had had his own opinion faucet turned off in the war hysteria of 1917, Mencken was properly outraged at the second mass stomping of dissidents in the U.S. by the government (the first had occurred in the Civil War) in the post World War I period and was affronted at the lack of widespread print

outcry. In 1924 Mencken wrote of turn-of-the-century papers that they were "ignorant, partisan, corrupt and puerile, and most of the men who owned them were for sale." In long forgotten essays, here collected by Lippman, Mencken explains how the business side of newspapering changed more swiftly than the trade of gathering and writing news. Mencken felt Americans were easily led goosesteppers; likewise he wrote that too often reporters and editors were incompetent lackeys to the established order, good, bad or indifferent.

All was not bleak, however. Mencken noted that Dana's *New York Sun* swarmed with young men ordered to report what their noses smelled of the time. "They became the novelists, the dramatists and the critics of the new century. It rid them of the national fear of ideas, the national dread of being natural."

Mencken's opinions (he was among the first to have a signed editorial page column, in 1910, in *The Sun*) have a freshness about them, whether or not the reader agrees with his views. To a German audience he wrote in 1931, "The most successful American newspaper, in all probability, is *The New York Times*. It is an incredibly dull and stodgy journal, but it spends immense sums for special dispatches, and so its news service, though not always unbiased, is thorough. It prints all public documents in full. . . . Thus, persons who wish to learn the last sickening detail of the news have to read it.

"Not many of the provincial newspapers of the United States discuss public affairs with any intelligence. Most of them simply repeat what the local bankers and businessmen say. . . ."

In the 1920s Mencken battered at every chance the cant of the Harding (first Publisher-President) and Coolidge Administrations. One wonders what

H. L. would have said about the political period 1968-72 when, until the election in the latter year, the vast number of American dailies backed Mr. Nixon, despite years of evidence written large about what was really behind that Administration's public image.

Needless to say, there was no Mencken replacement battering the pre-Watergate Gang for its gaseous presumptions, nor is there today one flaying a typewriter to point out the obvious to the dull.

Mencken's pitchfork had three barbs—America failed to practice what it preached; our civilization was a mongrel; and the nation was emotionally and esthetically starved. Has much changed?

At the end of his life, Mencken was interviewed for posterity on a Library of Congress recording. Lippman has transcribed the interview and included it in his book. (Mencken in life spoke to Nieman Fellows in 1940; and on tape from this recording in 1973.) He was an iconoclast to the last:

"I never got a scoop in my life. They were the things that were esteemed in those days. They never seemed to me to have any sense. Most scoops were bad stories."

After he asked what young newspapermen do in their off time, Mencken answered himself by saying that in his time it would have been psychologically impossible for a reporter to play golf.

"I hear that even printers now play golf. God Almighty, that's dreadful to think of."

This superb collection is a book to put in the handiest place on your library shelf—once or twice a year you'll find yourself in need of a dose of the Bard of Baltimore.

—Edward C. Norton

Massachusetts Newspapers and the Revolutionary Crisis 1763-1776

Francis G. Walett

(Massachusetts Bicentennial Commission)

On April 19, 1775, the day of the battles at Lexington and Concord, there were 38 newspapers in the American colonies. Some of the most important were in Massachusetts and they are the ones Professor Walett (Professor of History at Worcester State College) writes about in this Bicentennial monograph.

The subject deserves much meatier treatment, of course, than it gets here. But, depth and scope were not the assignment. As a quick, chronological glance at a very creative, volatile time in American political history, this is well done. There is enough hint of what was going on behind the scenes at the *Gazette*, the *Spy*, and the other papers of the day, to corroborate John Adams' contention that the war was not the revolution because the revolution was going on in the minds of Patriots such as writers and editors Isaiah Thomas, James Otis, John Mein, Samuel Adams, and Josiah Quincy.

Along with the pamphleteers and the preachers of the day, they were contributing some of the sharpest words against floundering English rule. As Professor Walett puts it: "Although there were numerous forces which contributed to the destruction of British authority in the period from 1763 to 1776, the Patriot newspaper press, which spread news and propaganda widely, and consistently upheld the Patriot cause, played an unusually large part in the movement toward American independence."

—Robert Nelson

Beyond Babel: New Directions in Communications

by Brenda Maddox
(Beacon Press; \$3.95)

Mass Communications and American Empire

by Herbert I. Schiller
(Beacon Press; \$3.95)

The study of mass communications and new technology sounds vague and impersonal, suited more to the interest of policy makers and university professors than the man in the street. But ask people what they think about the phone company's request for a rate increase, or violence on television, or whether they would pay five dollars a month to see blacked-out sports events on cable television and you will find that these are issues of communications policies which people can relate to and understand.

Beyond Babel, by Brenda Maddox, and *Mass Communications and American Empire*, by Herbert I. Schiller, describe both the promise and the political problems raised by satellites, cable television and other sophisticated communications systems. Although these books deal with different issues, both authors believe it is imperative to get the public, particularly minority groups and the disenfranchised, involved in making communications policy for the service of humanity.

The alternative, Mr. Schiller says, is that communications technology will continue to be controlled by the military and by profit-seeking corporations. Ms. Maddox and Mr. Schiller agree that if the status quo prevails, the losers will be

the illiterate of the world, the underdeveloped nations, and the powerless minority groups within the United States.

In her book, Ms. Maddox, a free-lance writer, clearly describes the potential of satellites, cable television, the telephone, data banks and some of the problems they present to entrenched industries, governments and consumers.

She believes that the major obstacles to the implementation of new technology are political and economic.

"There is an inherent conservatism in communications because the existing [communications] systems represent an enormous investment and because their smooth working cannot be interrupted.

"Communications is a liberating technology in need of liberation."

Ms. Maddox is at her best when explaining the history of our domestic and international communications organizations—from the FCC to AT&T. Mincing no words, she is candid about their successes, failures and ineptitudes. The author compares communications policy-making in Great Britain with that of the United States. She gives the U.S. Congress and the Communications Satellite Corporation (Comsat) high marks for starting an international satellite program, but criticizes Comsat for seeking to dominate its foreign partners.

It is a cause of some concern that Ms. Maddox' book is based upon data which is now more than three years old. Despite a factual quibble or two, her analysis of the status of the new technology and its developmental problems exhibits a comprehensive understanding of the communications field and a sensitivity to its issues that is unusual for most writers on the subject. For example, Ms. Maddox views satellites as major vehicles for processing international telephone and airline traffic as well as a facilitator for information and television-program sharing on an international scale. However, she correctly notes that satellites are expen-

sive and that for under-developed worlds they may be "under-used status symbols."

Her chapter on the American telephone system, "Will Ma Bell Survive?" will appeal to any reader who has lost a dime in a pay phone.

Philosophically, Ms. Maddox argues that responsibility for national communications policies must be centralized, that it must not emerge from "a tug-of-war among half a dozen government . . . agencies jealous of each other." She emphasizes, however, that it is important for public groups to have access to that policy-making mechanism.

Mr. Schiller's *Mass Communications and American Empire* is purported to be communications research, a study of groups that control communications in the United States and, so his thesis goes, the economy of underdeveloped nations of the world. In reality, his book appears to be a polemic built upon a conspiracy theory of military/big business relationships.

Historically, he contends, broadcasting has been a manipulated system in which the sale of goods over "free" television is carefully marketed and controlled. Today, he says, more than 55 billion dollars in private capital is invested overseas and this American presence is identified with "freedom of trade, freedom of speech, freedom of enterprise."

Mr. Schiller sees the growth of multinational corporations as "the engines that give thrust to American expansionism." He describes a set of circumstances in which, he says, American Presidents, starting with Truman, steadily gave control of the government communications systems largely to the military. A link between the military and multinational corporations was then formed, he says. As private corporations made inroads to new, developing nations (former colonies of other governments), there was concern that local revolution could harm American corporation investments. At the same time, the mili-

tary has been concerned with protecting American interests which could be affected by local uprisings.

Mr. Schiller also expresses concern that radio and television have grown too large and too concentrated.

It is worth citing a paragraph of this work as an example of Mr. Schiller's passion for the position he has taken:

"Mass communications are now a pillar of the emergent imperial society. Messages 'made in America' serve as the ganglia of national power and expansionism. The ideological image of 'have-not' states are increasing in the custody of American informational media. National authority over attitude creation and opinion formation in the developing world has weakened and is being relinquished to powerful external forces.

"The facilities and hardware of international information control are being grasped by a highly centralized communications complex, resident in the United States, and largely unaccountable to its own population."

Data to support these statements are not specifically provided. In fact, there are several places in his work where Mr. Schiller either seems to extend his conclusions beyond his data or uses data selectively to prove a point. One example of the latter occurs in his chapter on "The Rise of Commercial Broadcast Communications."

In his section on the early days of television, he contends that "the production of equipment took precedence over, indeed eliminated concern with the content of the medium. The retail value of factory output of television sets from 1946 to 1967 totalled 23.3 billion dollars."

This statement may or may not be correct, because Mr. Schiller does not provide us with another important piece of data: the amount of money spent on television production during that same period. This comparison would certainly

document whether the production of equipment "eliminated concern with the content of the medium."

I have this guilty feeling that, as someone who works in the communications field, I should know of Mr. Schiller. But I don't and, for some unknown reason, Beacon Press gives not a clue to his background in either the introduction or the jacket material of this book, other than that he is apparently a college professor. Not so with Ms. Maddox who, we learn from Beacon Press, is a writer for several well-known magazines and *The Washington Post*.

In the conclusion of his book, Mr. Schiller speaks out forthrightly in favor of a decentralized communications system which would encourage access and ownership by minority groups in the United States and Third World nations. His position on this issue would be supported by many, including those tired of the same old pap on television.

Mr. Schiller has written a provocative book with ominous overtones. If the link between the military and multinational corporations is as controlling, influential, and pervasive as the author indicates, it is an issue that merits greater attention than it receives at present in the national press.

—Howard Spergel

The Good Old Boys

by Paul Hemphill

(Simon and Schuster, \$7.95)

Paul Hemphill ain't such a bad good old boy. Hasn't done bad by himself either, from what I can understand on the promotional jacket of this book, living at sunny St. Simon Island on the coast of Georgia, and pecking out a piece now and then.

He has put together some of those pieces originally published in organs such as *Cosmopolitan*, *True* and *The Atlanta Journal* to make himself a book.

It's pretty decent reading, too.

If you're not from Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee or one of those states down home, a lot of this book you won't understand, but for the zoo in it, the book's worth its money.

And if you're from down there, you've got three third cousins funnier than Paul and his pa, but you'll kind of take to them anyway.

The weakness of the book, though, is all the talk about Paul and his father. It may be a personal prejudice, but I long ago tired of reading about writers trying to understand their fathers and their fathers trying to understand them, whether they be from Yazoo or Kalama-zoo. Why can't they just go off and have a talk privately?

So once you get past that street corner shrink game that Paul is running early in the book, you can settle back and enjoy yourself.

The best part of the book is toward the end where he reprints a few of the 1,000 word columns that he wrote about five years ago for *The Atlanta Journal*.

I remember reading them when Paul and I worked for the Atlanta papers, and then the columns looked pretty good. I'm happy they look better with age.

In fact, most of the stuff in this book is still good enough to be published in the country's big daily newspapers.

The book is basically about the southern white man cavorting in his southern environment. Hemphill's asset as a writer is listening to the good old boys, writing down what they say, and then typing it up. He has a good ear for idiom and a credible eye for character.

A one-time baseball player and sports writer, he knows that field best. When he writes about them has-been athletes, he's tough. That's his money pitch. With funeral directors and evangelists, he's not bad either.

If Paul would just stop trying to convince us that he's not a professional southerner, we wouldn't think to bring that up. He's a good old boy from Birmingham with a lot of smarts and hustle; and people who admire his writing when he's on, know that, and don't give a doodle bug about his hang-ups or whether he's appearing jointly with poet James Dickey on a college campus.

As Winston Churchill once said, "Southern writers are the worst, save all others."

—Remer Tyson

(Paul Hemphill was a Nieman Fellow in the Class of '69.)

The Old Man and Lesser Mortals

by Larry L. King
(Viking Press; \$8.95)

In about 1970, Barlow Herget, who was a Nieman Fellow in Larry King's class at Harvard, used to come over after the late Saturday night shift at the newspaper and we'd get drunk talking about God and stuff. After we had peeled the tin on about the sixth or sixteenth can, Barlow would start telling "Old Larry" tales and would go on right up to the time Millie would call and ask him when the hell he was coming home. I'd never heard of Old Larry King at the time, because I wasn't and amn't an avid reader of anything since E. A. Poe that isn't signed Faulkner, Wolfe, McCullers or O'Connor; because I don't like magazines without dirty pictures, and because I circulate in a community that is sometimes fortunate enough to be five years late hearing about the most recently fabricated writer of the century falling off the looms of publishing houses Up There.

So I simply dismissed Barlow's ecstatic rantings about Larry King as the usual plaudits of a drunken idolator and went on ignoring Old Larry until it

came prudent for me to look up "Blowing My Mind At Harvard," which is King's account of his Nieman year at Harvard. I'd got my own ascension papers by then, and I needed Old Larry. You see, *We Of The South*, if we have nothing else in common, have an incredible capacity to form alliances of pure use. I still had a veiled contempt for King for making an idolator of Barlow Herget, but I needed to know, for instance, whether Boston was south or north of New York City, what one does in or to a "Commons," and whether Derek Bok would allow beer-drinking on the premises. So I went to the library and checked out *The Old Man and Lesser Mortals*, which, I had been told by my newspaper's one literate copy editor, included "Blowing My Mind at Harvard."

This essay I read sitting behind the desk in the Editorial Department of the *Arkansas Democrat*. While I was not yet ready to accept King, I admired his literacy and guts because at the time—not yet having ascended—I shared with countless others among *We Of The South* the peculiar notion that putting Harvard down ranked second only to cussin' a Rockefeller or defeatin' a Kennedy in this truceless war to decide who, on the southern end of North America, really has supremacy. Having spent my own year at Harvard in 1974-75 (and they still speak of you, Larry Boy!), I now regard the essay as another example of what I have come to call "Compensatory Southern Writing"—an exercise in which a Southern writer, super-expatriated from all that he hates (which is the only thing that can engender love in him), unleashes his verbs and adjectives on a subject that will make him look good back home, i.e., making Yankees look like the fools they are. The essay, written after King's 1969-70 year at Harvard, is, happily, as much about King as it is about Harvard. I suspect that, in time, the two people who probably understood it least—Nathan Pusey and Larry L. King—will appreciate it most. Those godawful

60s, both in the guts of Harvard and in the lonely heart of a super-expatriated redneck, are summed up there.

Then I took the book home, having read "Blowing My Mind," and I devised to make myself sleepy by reading further, specifically, the introductory piece, "The Old Man," King's long requiem for his dead father, Clyde King. I report honestly now that, except for stubborn lovers who would not for all my rational pleadings, reciprocate, I have, to the best of my recollection and while oath-taking sober, burst into unashamed tears but three times in my adult life. The other two times are irrelevant here. The third time was when I read "The Old Man." My own old man, resurrected now, came back to ask me why I did not know the sainted stranger. I now had two reasons to despise Larry L. King; he had, first of all, made an idolator of my good friend, Barlow; and he had, secondly, walked in with the wasted ghost of an Arkansas log cutter and the two of them were now staring in fraternal judgment and asking: "Whadjew learn in college, Boy, and whyndjew come home oftener?" My ambivalence compounded—the supremest compliment to a writer—and I read everything else in the book.

It's all right. It's as if King (or was it the editors and publishers Up There?) said, "Now, after I've hit the mule on the head with *this*, I will, having gotten

his attention, go on to other, lesser things." The other, lesser things are a collection of essays, profiles, and reports King put together when he was a contributing editor at *Harper's Magazine* and, later, for magazines that got to know him, apparently via *Harper's*.

King looked up Brother Dave Gardner in 1970 ("Whatever Happened to Brother Dave?"), the prehistoric Jerry Clowers who taught America back in the 1950's that the rural life of the South was good material for a stand-up (and native) comedian. He went back to Faulkner's hometown (*Holiday* 1969), he scouted the Grand Ole Opry (*Harper's* 1968), and he looked up an old Texas lawyer-friend who tasted the 1950's, went sour, and then mellowed into the raucous 60s and the movement for human rights ("A County Lawyer and How He Grew," *Harper's* 1969). Finally, he profiled his old friend, Willie Morris, who was his editor at *Harper's* and who apparently displeased the moguls because Morris would not tumblebug the kind of copy *Harper's* wanted to sell in its magazine. In that piece ("Looking Back on the Crime, or Rememberin' Willie and Them"), King proves that he is, like Barlow Herget, an idolator: he loved Willie Morris.

In all the essays, profiles or reports (there are more, of course), it is Larry L. King one must contend with. As with Willie Morris (*North Toward Home*), you, the reader, must keep in

mind who he, the writer, is: he is a long way from home, he is lonely and afraid, and he is driven to excesses of verb and adjective or the flaunting of his own vacuum of ego because a long time ago—perhaps in the Yazoo City Methodist Youth Fellowship or on the high school football team of a small West Texas town—he realized that all he had was words. No faith. No football. No phallus. Just words. He set himself to the task of using them.

And that, if for no other reason, is why King's book is worth the attention of journalists. Not only must we always be a long way from home, lonely and afraid. We also must realize that the only thing between us and the hopeless fate of being an idolator or a Yankee is words.

Listen to this, from Larry L. King—Old Larry—and see if that ain't right:

"Originally, of course, I had come (as had Brother Dave) from hard-scratch working-class people in the rural South. And while I no longer believed with Brother Dave and his disciples, I understood something of how and why they felt as they did. It was like stepping back in time. Going home again, to be greeted by angry old ghosts."

Hot damn, Larry! Don't you feel sorry for all those mucked-up millions who never talked to an angry old ghost?

I recommend it.

—James Scudder

Notes on Book Reviewers

Peter Jay is an editorial columnist for *The Sun* in Baltimore, Maryland, and was a Nieman Fellow in the Class of '73.

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